

peering anxiously into the dark until a brightness, upward rush of light, followed by an explosion, told him that the vessel for whom he had been so long waiting, was signalling him; and then up with all the canvas which the little craft could carry, put a match to the blue-light—his return signal—and in a few moments the cutter was alongside the vessel, and Lyne had scrambled on board.

This was just the service which Lyne had rendered to his country for years. His cutter, the *Dart*, was out in all weather, for he was a bold seaman, and his prudence and calm courage, combined with daring, had raised him to the position of head pilot. Was it blowing great guns, and the waves dashing against the iron-bound coast with a noise like thunder? Lyne, dressed in his dreadnought coat, leggings, and the sou'-wester tied firmly on his head, was ready to venture out in the little *Dart*, when every other pilot thought that it was death to go.

Thomas Lyne was the head pilot of his port, brave, gentle, honest, and true; he was all this, and something more—he was a humble Christian.

He had brought all his sins to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; and heavenly peace filled his soul. It did not make him less daring—oh no; he often used to say, "Mates, I was brave, I know, before I cared for Jesus, but it was skin-deep. I've often shivered when death stared me in the face, at the thought of hell, and my poor soul; but now I don't see death when all seems up. I look ahead, and there is Jesus walking on the dark water, as He walked on the Sea of Galilee, saying to me—yes, to Thomas Lyne—'It is I, be not afraid.' Yes, mates, I often think that I should like to go to Jesus on the water; and maybe I shall."

The Sunday-school where he taught a class of rough lads; the fishermen and seamen to whom he often spoke, and into whose hands he thrust the tract with a kind slap on the shoulder, and "Read it, lad, read it; no pipe-light, mind, and God bless you;" his young son, whom he was training up in his own dangerous and difficult calling, and in the love of Jesus, all bore witness to the reality of the faith which was in him. This was the man who stood at his cottage door, shading his eyes from the moonlight, and looking out to sea for the expected packet, on the ominous stormy evening with which my story commenced.

Ned went off like a shot to do his father's bidding. He loved a stormy night, and, like his father, he knew no fear. Thomas meanwhile sat down to his supper in the pretty little kitchen kept so comfortable by his tidy wife.

"Mary," said he, as he laid down his knife and fork, "bring out the big Bible, and let's have a word and a prayer before I go. Stay, here's Ned."

The young man entered breathless. "No news of the packet, father; but we'd best get afloat. She's overdue. The cutter will be ready in a quarter of an hour."

"All right, my lad," answered his father, cheerily. "Now then, you and me and mother 'll have a word with Jesus, and then we're off."

He opened the Bible on his favourite page, St. Mark, 6th chapter, and began reading at the 45th verse: "And straightway Jesus constrained His disciples to get into the ship, and to go to the other side before unto Bethsaida."

The sailor's face glowed as he read of the sudden storm, the sinking boat, the arrival of Jesus. "Yes," said he, "Jesus knew that storm was brewing, but He made them go, to show them what He could do. A nasty squall that, and not much hope, seeing the boat was making water so fast; but Jesus could save. Wife, Ned, Jesus has saved us, hasn't He, crazy crafts as we are? and He seems to me now coming along on the water and calling. Let us speak to Him."

The little company fell on their knees, and in forceful words Thomas consecrated all afresh to Jesus, for life or death. A calm light shone on his face as they got up, and kissing his wife, he threw on his bad weather clothes, and, followed by Ned, went down to the cutter.

The moon had set, and the night was intensely dark as the little vessel left her moorings. "Why, Ned, one can't see one's own hand," cried Thomas. "'Tis dark to be sure, but not too dark for the Lord to come, Ned. Let me see, 'twas the fourth watch of the night, wasn't it, when Jesus came?"

"Yes, father," said Ned, who was talking to the two other seamen. "Hark! there's the gun!" A flash in the darkness, and a boom along the water, revealed the whereabouts of the steamer, and, quick as thought, Thomas, followed by Ned, leaped from the cutter into the boat to pull alongside.

"Reverse engines," cried the captain of the steamer, who caught a glimpse of the white sail of the *Dart* close ahead.

"Ay, ay, sir." The ship trembled, but her momentum still carried her forward.

"They're lost!" cried several passengers, as the bowsprit of the steamer pierced the main-sail of the cutter.

"No, no, all right," replied the officer, as the reversed engines now carried the vessel back. "A close shave; but for that main-sail, we must have cut her in two."

Some minutes passed. "Where's the pilot?" was passed from mouth to mouth. Again the signal gun was fired, and that report sent a death-pang to the hearts of the men left on board the *Dart*. Another gun; then where was Thomas Lyne and his son? They should have been aboard long ago!

Overwhelmed with fear, at last they communicated with the steamer: "Were they not on board?"

"No!"

Then if the boat was between his cutter and the packet, he must have been run down, and both himself and his son drowned. Anxious questions passed from one to another, and all that could be discovered was that a man on board had heard one faint cry, but thought nothing of it. He described the voice; it was recognised as Ned's. Yes, the day and hour to which Thomas had long looked forward had arrived; and in one of the night-watches Jesus had come to them, "walking on the sea."