

## THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

(Ellice Hopkins, in Sunday Magazine.)

One of the most wonderful narratives of human endurance and human heroism that perhaps has ever been recorded, has lately been given to the world by Major Greeley under the title, "Three Years of Arctic Service, being an Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the attainment of the farthest north." Those who think meanly of human nature should read that marvellous narrative, and see for themselves the infinite possibilities of self-sacrifice and self-control that lie hidden in common natures, a sight indeed

"To make our faith more pure and strong  
In high humanity,"

and realize the truth of Lowell's words—

"All that has been majestic  
In life and death since time began,  
Is native to the simple heart of all,  
The angel heart of man."

the deep heart of man, whose fall is still an angel's fall from divinest possibilities of good to lowest depths of evil. And if that heroic struggle, with all the most pitiless forces of nature, ended in but seven out of the five-and-twenty surviving their awful hardships, let us remember that the brave

enough in a somewhat spacious house which they built for themselves at Fort Conger, with its double walls of stone and blocks of snow making it fairly draught proof, and affording even a bath-room, that luxury of our race which, more than any other, holds fast to that epitome of all true religion, "Wash and be clean."

As soon as the long four months' night was passed, and even those stern solitudes had burst here and there into verdure, gay with the golden sea poppy and purple saxifrage, one of the exploring parties had the satisfaction of attaining the farthest north that has ever been reached by the foot of man, planting the Starry Banner far in advance of the Union Jack.

To their no small disappointment the summer passed, and even those stern solitudes had burst here and there into verdure, gay with the golden sea poppy and purple saxifrage, one of the exploring parties had the satisfaction of attaining the farthest north that has ever been reached by the foot of man, planting the Starry Banner far in advance of the Union Jack.

sea we offered words of praise to the Almighty, and with renewed faith in the divine Providence, with no repining over past sufferings, but with a determination to do our best and utmost on the morrow, we sought what rest we could in our comfortable sleeping bags."

One of the greatest difficulties they had to contend with in their march across the frozen sea teaches us the use of shadows probably quite as much in the moral as the physical world. The decline of the long polar day which they had now reached (September 14) is accompanied by weeks of twilight before the sun finally disappears. "The absence of sufficient light to cast a shadow has had very unfortunate results, as several of the men have been badly bruised and sprained. When no shadow is formed and the light is feeble and blurred, there is the same uncertainty about one's walk as if the deepest darkness prevailed. The most careful observation fails to advise you as to whether the next step is to lie on a level, up an incline, or over a precipice. A few bad falls quite demoralize a man and make him more than ever doubtful of his senses." Travelling by this uncertain light night and day, now all but touching the shore after a hard day's tug, then drifted out to sea on the shifting ice

Littleton Island with orders not to enter the ice. "A Swedish steamer," wrote the commander of the "Proteus," will endeavor to reach Cape York during this month. I will endeavor to communicate with these vessels and everything within the power of man will be done to rescue the brave men at Fort Conger from their perilous position." Trusting to these assurances Major Greeley resolved to stay where they were and await the rescue.

(To be Continued.)

## THE DOOR WAS SHUT.

It was an elegant wedding. The ceremony was to be in the church, which was profusely and tastefully adorned. Great preparations had been made for the event. Invitations had been sent out to the numerous friends and acquaintances; and as the parties were well known and were general favorites in the community, all were anxious to be present on the joyous occasion. The hour appointed for the ceremony was eleven o'clock, and long before that time the house was filled with throngs of friends and invited guests. And soon the wedding party came in, walking up the



GROUP OF THE GREELEY EXPEDITION.

men who laid down their lives did not die in vain. In George Eliot's fine words:

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail;  
We feed the high tradition of the world,  
And leave our spirit in our country's breast."

The Greeley Expedition was organized and sent out by the Government of the United States in the year 1881 for pushing still farther north our knowledge of Polar geography, and for carrying out meteorological and other scientific observations. The base of operations of the exploring party was to be as far north as Lady Franklin Bay, from whence, as soon as the Arctic winter was passed, they were to push on as far north as they could attain, and be relieved at the end of the summer. Lieutenant, now Major, Greeley was chosen to command the expedition, a comparatively young man, still under forty, and leaving a wife and little children behind him. His bonny face looks out at one from the frontispiece with frank, kind eyes, irresistibly suggesting a brave, tender-hearted man. And nobly indeed did he fulfil his post of commander, with all the splendid self-giving of the true leader of men, first in danger and privation, and last in taking relief and rest, bearing proudly the motto of every heir-apparent to rightful rule over men, *Ich dien*, "I serve." Five-and-twenty stalwart young men volunteered to serve under him.

Their first winter was spent comfortably

was again passed through; but no signs of rescue appearing, with the opening summer the situation began to assume a very grave aspect. It was clear that the provisions would not hold out much longer; and, concluding that the relief expedition had failed to force its way through the ice-blocked sea and were detained farther south, they resolved, as had been originally agreed upon, if no rescue reached them, to try and make their way to the neighborhood of Littleton Island, as the appointed rendezvous.

So they broke up their quarters at Fort Conger and started, August 8th, on their perilous journey south in their little steam launch, taking their three boats in tow laden with all that remained of their provisions. But the huge drifting islands of ice came crushing and grinding down on them, compelling them over and over again to haul up their poor little craft on the moving mass lest she should be cracked like a nut between the vast opposing forces of tidal ice. But at length the ice closed remorselessly upon them and barred all further progress by open sea. There was nothing for it but to abandon the steam launch and one of the boats and endeavor to make for the shore, tugging the two remaining boats with their stores over the rough ice hummocks, as they are called, where the ice is torn and piled up in great broken heaps by storms and tides. "And so," writes Major Greeley, "that last Sunday afternoon on the frozen

miles away, now having the ice split beneath their feet, giving them only just time to scramble up on the ice floe which was crushing and grinding down upon them with the momentum of a slab of ice two or three miles in size, and some fifty feet thick, scrambling with their boats and sledges across the loose ice between, which for the moment was held together by the enormous pressure; after narrowly escaping being drifted out into Baslin's Bay, and having had to abandon all but one boat, after hair-breadth escapes and exhausting toil, they at last succeeded in reaching the shore about three miles from Cape Sabine at Erskine Point, and twenty-five from Littleton Island, on September 29, having travelled four hundred miles by boat, and more than a hundred miles by sledge and boat together, in fifty-one days of incessant hardship, exposure and danger.

A party at once started to Capes Sabine and Isabella in search of the relief vessel, which they fondly believed was waiting for them unable to get farther north. Alas! instead of the longed-for vessel they found a small "cache," recently constructed, containing a scanty store of provisions, and the intelligence that the relieving vessel, the "Proteus," had been nipped by the ice and gone down, her commander and crew escaping safely in the boats, carrying off the main part of the provisions. The same document informed them that the U.S. steamer, the "Yantic," was on her way to

aisle with deliberate and measured step, while the organ sounded forth the appropriate tones of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" to herald their coming.

Just as the party reached the altar the clock struck eleven. And then, according to previous directions, and to prevent interruption or noise during the ceremony, the doors of the church were closed. But scarcely were the keys turned in the locks, when up came a carriage bearing a party of several who were specially anxious to witness the ceremony, for which they had made great preparation. But they were too late! The doors were shut! And there was no entrance for them! Regret that they had not come earlier, intentions to have been there in season, desires and pleadings to be admitted—all were in vain. It was too late! The doors were shut!

As I came back from the church my thoughts went back through the centuries to the Mount of Olives, and I seemed to hear afresh from the Saviour's lips the parable of the virgins, five of whom were wise, while the other five were foolish; the former being ready, and going into the wedding, while the latter, who came too late the door was shut! And the solemn admonition sounded down again through the stillness of ages, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."—*American Messenger*.