

# Northern Messenger

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## Man Overboard.

It is a dark night; the ship is going free under top gallant sails, topsails and courses—with a fresh breeze blowing. Suddenly the watch below are roused up. 'All hands reef topsails!' are the words passed along the decks. In a minute every one is at his station. The top men spring aloft with cheery hearts and many a lively joke, and lie along on the yards. One of them, as fine a seaman

implores, hides him from his shipmates' sight. The gale increases—the seas rise more and more—the blinding foam flies from crest to crest of the leaping waves. What hope of rescue can he have? A landsman will perhaps say 'None; the ship will soon leave him far astern; no boat can make head against that sea; no means will there be of finding him.' But does hope desert him? No. Why? Because he trusts in his captain. He knows that he is a man who watches over the lives

swims on courageously. Life is dear to him. If he can but once grasp firmly that life-buoy he will, he feels sure, be safe. The ship will, he knows, be speedily brought to the wind. Scarcely had he touched the water when the order was given. The helm's a-lee,—the yards are braced up.

On he swims. He prays for aid from heaven as he never prayed before. The surge of the sea sends the life-buoy nearer and nearer to him. A few more vigorous strokes, and he will be safe. Does his heart faint now? Does he feel that there is no use in striving longer? Far from that is his thought. Still more eagerly does he swim on. With what joy of heart, with what thankfulness does he clutch the beackets which hang round the life-buoy! He climbs up—he seats himself astride on it. As he sees the ship standing towards him how cheerily he shouts to give his shipmates notice that he is safe! How cheerily they shout in return! The ship heaves to—a boat is lowered—and the rescued seaman is borne triumphantly on board. How his shipmates press round him! How warmly they congratulate him on his escape from death! Well may they do so, for under such circumstances, as you who read this full well know, how few, how very few escape destruction! —'Light in the Home.'



## Log of SS. 'Strathcona.'

Incidents of the Way.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Our cruise took us at one time among groups of 'offer islands,' that is, islands lying off the main coast line. On these, besides the summer folk, numbers of settlers live. When visiting a poor family in one of these, and hearing the story of the months that had elapsed since our last visit, a young fisherman came in nursing a tiny baby boy. To see a young man in fishing rig nursing a baby is somewhat suspicious. He at once caught the puzzled look in my eye. 'Susie's dead a fortnight gone, doctor,' he whispered. It wasn't worth my while asking the cause. 'Consumption, I suppose?' 'Yes,' he answered, wearily hanging his head down and keeping his eyes on the floor. And well he might. He had heard more than once my views on hygiene. He had persistently neglected them. He knew how in my mind I held him guilty. It was too late to keep the pane out of the window in his tiny house now. He seemed to hope I would say something. But I sat silent, and he went out.

It was no better at the next harbor. As I sat on a settler's heap of net, and watched a fat youngster rolling about in the sunshine, the bronzed father came up and shook hands warmly. After a few minutes' conversation I asked to see the girls. 'Where are Mary and Alice, John? I don't see them about.' 'They're gone, doctor,' he replied. 'Gone, gone where?' 'I've lost 'em,' he replied. 'Lost them both? Where's Will?' 'He've gone too. I've lost t'ree since I : v you, doctor. All of 'em pined away. 'Had they much cough?' 'Cruel, doctor, cruel.' I looked at the blissful youngster tumbling about in the sunshine, and remembered there were yet four others. That man at least

as ever stepped, is at the maintop-sail-yard-arm, and has the weather-gearing in hand, when the ship gives a heavy lurch. In an instant he who was so full of life and health and strength, and exulting in them all, is cast into that foaming, raging, sea helpless and gasping. 'A man overboard!' is the melancholy cry. 'man overboard!' is repeated along the deck.

What help for him now? His voice, once so powerful, cannot now be heard amidst the howling of the wind, the rattling of blocks, and the dashing of the seas. Thick darkness, as he drops astern stretching out his hands

of his crew; that there are means on board to save him, and that his shipmates will exert every energy for his rescue.

See! At that moment a bright light bursts forth: from the taffrail a large object falls into the water; it is a life-buoy. How cheering to the seaman is that brilliant light amid the surrounding gloom! It gives courage to his heart, it adds vigor to his arm. And why? Because he believes that it will prove the means of his preservation. Boldly he strikes out for the life-buoy; it rises on the crest of a wave—now it is hid from his view, as it sinks into the trough of the sea. Still he