

The Beacon

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NO. 26

SWEET REMEMBRANCES

LET Fate do her worst; there are
relics of joy.
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow
and care,
And bring back the features that joy used
to wear;
Long, long be my heart with such mem-
ories filled;
Like the vase in which roses have once
been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase,
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang
round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.
(1779-1852.)

AT SIXTY-TWO

JUST sixty-two? Then train thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
And lacks some hours of sunset yet.
At sixty-two—
Be strong and true,
Scour off thy rust and shine anew.
'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A ripper, more transcendent youth.
A wedge of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.
At sixty-two life is begun,
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swiftly as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty one.
At ninety-five
Should you arrive,
Still wait on God, and work, and thrive.
Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,
And freely let thy graces flow;
For life well spent is ever new,
And years anointed younger grow.
So work away,
Be young for aye,
From sunset, breaking unto day,
Anonymous.

THE MASCOT'S DOWNFALL

"SPEAKIN' about dogs as mascots,"
said the Corporal-drummer, "we
had a fair clinker in our battalion at home.
She belonged till the Sargeant-Major. A
great big brute she was, mair like a Shet-
land pony than a dog, wi' as muckle ill-
nature and pride tae the square inch as a
Prooshian Junk. But for a' that she was
a bonny beast an' was a fair ornament tae
the regiment, especially on Church parades,
which, bein' a female, she attendit wi' the
utmost regularity.
"Noo Maggie—that's the dog—had pecu-
liar tastes in dress. If ye wore the kilt ye
were richt as rain; if ye wore trousers ye
wad pass as long as ye had on the
glengairry. But Heaven help ye if ye
wore a flat kep; ye were fair fur it.
"At this time we had an auld Brigadier,
a terrible haun' for stalkin' roon' about
the camp efter lights out, seekin' whin
he might devour. Oor tent wis awa at the
fit o' the lines; an' the auld man used tae
come past oor way, which meant us daein'
some quick-change acts wi' the candle
whites.
"Ae nicht we heard him an' his Brigade-
Major come up an' then stop.
"Whit's yon?" said the Brigadier.
"A dog," said the Brigade-Major.
"He wis richt. Maggie had gotten aft-
her chain an' wis on the randan.
"Grr," says she.
"Guid dog," says the Brigadier.
"Grr," says Maggie, no likin' their flat
kaps name.
"Weel, matters had got tae whit the
papers ca' a diplomatic impasse when
wee Geordie Barr, the drummer, who
could imitate the Sargeant-Major tae the
life, whispered, 'See 'em af, Maggie.'
"Efter that it wis jist like the pictures.
Round the tents went the twa o' them, wi'
Maggie abint them, growlin' tae fair pit
the wind up ye; then across the parade
grun' slap hang intae the officers' mess.
"Of course whit happened then we
couldna see, but yin o' the Mess waiters
telt us next day that the Brigadier and
his Brigade-Major had tae stand on the
Mess table wi' the battalion officers
haudin' on tae Maggie till the Sargeant-
Major cam' across tae call her off.
"Needless tae say Maggie's popularity
rose tae unprecedented hights, for moon-
light raids by the Staff wis at a discon-
t for some time tae come. The band a'
said that mair than half the glory belongit
tae wee Geordie Barr for his prompt an'
soldier-like action; but Geordie himsel'
dina seem sae anxious tae claim it.
"A fortnicht efter there wis a Brigade
Church parade tae be held in the open-
air. Of course Maggie wis present,

glancin' around an' pullin' at the lead, jist
bung fu' o' pride an' vanity.
"Efter we were drawn up the Brigadier
entered wi' the customary flourish o'
trumpets.
"A' at yince he saw Maggie standin' in
front o' the battalion wi' her tongue out,
lauchin' like.
"The auld man edged round abint the
drums an' took up a strategic poseition
aside the Padre.
"Kindly have that dog removed," says
he tae oor Colonel in his best orderly-room
manner.
"Weel, d'ye ken, as sune's he spoke,
Maggie stopped lauchin' and looked at
him pecciously. Then aff the parade-
grun' she wis led wi' her head down an'
her tail entre her legs as if she wis
ashamed o' a' the folk seein' her doonfa'.
"A week efter she wis found deid.
Some o' the lads blamat the Doctor for
pisenin' her, him bein' aye in the danger
zone so tae speak, through wearin' a flat
kep. But maist o' us is sure tae this day
that she perished o' a broken heart.
"Ay, an' there's a moral tae that story.
Niver fecht the heid yins in the Army
yersel'; get some ither body tae dae't in-
stead."—Punch.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL

THE SURGEON-PROBATIONER
THE Surgeon-Probationer was very
young indeed, and our trawler was
his first ship; but if he lacked the sagacity
of experience he fully made up for it by
his great enthusiasm. He had an eager
look.

"I don't like it," said the Second En-
gineer. "I'd feel ever so much happier if
that case o' knives and forks be makes
such a fuss about was washed overboard
some night. I should sleep easier."
It so chanced that just at this time there
was an unprecedented epidemic of good
health among the trawler crews in our
area. In the course of a fortnight we had
only one call for medical assistance—a
suspected outbreak of measles; but even
this they had succeeded in checking at its
source before we arrived on the scene.
The ship's dog had been getting into bad
company ashore, but a timely application
of insecticide prevented any further spread
of infection. It almost seemed as though
people refrained from going sick on pur-
pose.

All this was a bitter disappointment to
the Surgeon-Probationer. He would scan
our faces anxiously each morning, but we
couldn't summon up a symptom between
us. When the third hand hit his thumb
with a handspike the Lieutenant and the
Skipper had to exercise considerable tact
to prevent the S.P. from amputating it
on the spot; but Joe was let off finally
with an antiseptic bandage and a stiff dose
of quinine.

The real trouble began when old Bill,
the Mate, refused a third helping of the
steward's plumduff at Sunday dinner-time.
I remember seeing the look that came
over the gunner's face one day when a
German submarine came to the surface
within a hundred yards of us. The S.P.'s
expression reminded me of it somehow.

"Are you feeling unwell, Bill?" he asked
sharply.
"Eh, me? Bless you, Sir, I'm champion,"
replied Bill hastily. "Ere, steward, pass
me over the rest o' that duff, quick."
"Wait," commanded the S.P. He re-
garded Bill earnestly and leaned across
the table to press down the under-lid of
his left eye.

"You're looking pale; sure you feel
quite yourself—no lassitude or disinclina-
tion to work?"
Bill, a stalwart sailorman bearded well
over sixteen stones and weighing like a
pard, passed his hand nervously over his
anatomy.

"No, Sir, I think I'm all right," he said.
"Let me look at your tongue," ordered
the S.P.

Bill a little shyly exhibited the member
in request.
"Oh, wot an' orrible sight!" exclaimed
the Second.

"Very interesting," observed the Sur-
geon-Probationer critically.
"Put it away at once, Bill," said the
Second, "before someone slips on it and
hurts himself."

"You 'old yer row," snapped Bill savage-
ly.
But he was obviously disquieted. All
the afternoon he wore a worried look and
several times I observed him trying to
feel his pulse. By reastime he was
thoroughly ill and refused the steward's
most tempting delicacies. The S.P. began
to get quite excited about it.

"I feel mighty queer, Sir," Bill confessed,
"I seem as though something was a-goin'
to happen to me."
"Ah," breathed the S.P. "I feared as
much. Where does it seem to catch you
the most?"
"Can't say exactly, Sir," replied Bill

JIM BOWKER

And a big
And the least
He'd filled the
And climb the
I dunno;
so it might be,
Then a'gin—
But he had farnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him.
The arrers ar' wrong they all ar' ag'in him.
So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clumb—
It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might be,
Then a'gin—
But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might be,
Then a'gin—

—The New York Evening Post.

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THEN AGIN

managed. The United States Congress,
on the 28th of August 1856, passed the
following resolution: 'Whereas it has be-
come known to Congress, that the ship
Resolute, late of the navy of Her Majesty
the Queen of the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Ireland, on service in
the Arctic Seas in search of Sir John
Franklin and the survivors of the expedi-
tion under his command, was rescued and
recovered in those seas by the officers and
crew of the American whale-ship, the
George Henry, after the *Resolute* had been
necessarily abandoned in the ice by her
officers and crew, and after drifting still
in the ice for more than one thousand
miles from the place where so abandoned
—and that the said ship *Resolute*, having
been brought to the United States by the
salvors at great risk and peril, had been
generously relinquished by them to Her
Majesty's government. Now, in token of
the deep interest felt in the United States
for the service in which Her Majesty's
said ship was engaged when thus neces-
sarily abandoned, and of the sense enter-
tained by Congress of the act of Her
Majesty's government in surrendering
said ship to the salvors: Be it resolved by
the Senate and House of Representatives
of the United States of America in Con-
gress assembled, That the President of
the United States be, and he is hereby
requested to cause the said ship *Resolute*,
with all her armament, equipment, and
property on board when she arrived in the
United States, and which has been
preserved in good condition, to be pur-
chased of her present owners, and that
he send the said ship with everything per-
taining to her as aforesaid, after being
fully repaired and equipped at one of the
navy-yards of the United States, back to
England under control of the secretary of
the navy, with a request to Her Majesty's
government, that the United States may
be allowed to restore the said ship *Reso-
lute*, to Her Majesty's service—and for the
purchase of said ship and appurtenances,
as aforesaid, the sum of forty thousand
dollars, or so much thereof as may be re-
quired, is hereby appropriated, to be paid
out of any money in the treasury not
otherwise appropriated.'

—The New York Evening Post.

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THE STORY OF THE "RESOLUTE"

PERHAPS the most remarkable voyage
on record, was that of the Arctic ex-
ploring ship *Resolute*. Abandoned by her
officers and crew to anticipated destruc-
tion, she, as if instinct with life, made a
voyage of a thousand miles alone, back to
regions of civilization—as if in indignat
protest against her abandonment.
In April 1852, Sir Edward Belcher, with
the ships *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, *Resolute*,
Intrepid, and *North Star*, left England to
search for Sir John Franklin and his com-
panions. Captain McClure, in the *Investi-
gator*, was at that time struggling against
appalling difficulties in the ice-bound seas
north of the American continent. On the
5th of April 1853, Captain McClure and
Lieutenant Pim had their memorial meet-
ing on the ice; the former having come
from the Pacific, the latter from the At-
lantic. Lieutenant Pim belonged to Cap-
tain Kellett's ship *Resolute*, part of Bel-
cher's squadron. The *Investigator*, the
ship with which McClure had practically
solved the problem of the North-west
Passage, was abandoned in the ice, and
her commander and the remainder of the
crew were received on board the *Resolute*.
With the exception of this single fact of
rescuing McClure, Belcher was singularly
unfortunate; achieving little or nothing
in other ways. On the 15th of May 1854,
at his express command, but sorely against
their will, Captain Kellett and Commander
M'Chintock finally abandoned the *Resolute*
and *Intrepid*, locked in ice off the shores
of Melville Island. On the 24th of August,
in the same year, again at the express
command of Belcher, Commander Sherard
Osborn abandoned the *Pioneer*, while Bel-
cher himself abandoned the *Assistance*,
both ships being ice-bound in Wellington
Channel. The officers and crews of no less
than five abandoned ships reached
England before the close of the year.

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NEWS OF THE SEA

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 22.—With one
of her crew dead from exposure, and all
the others badly frost-bitten, the yawl-
rigged French schooner *Quo Vadis*, from
Martinique for St. Pierre, Miq., with sail,
was picked up on Brown's Bank yester-
day by the Gloucester schooner *Catharine*,
Captain Arch, McLeod, and towed into
Liverpool, N. S. For days the schooner
battled with gales off the coast and the
crew were rendered helpless by the cold,
the men having no warm wearing appar-
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died on December 18, after intense suffer-
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