

THE CROW'S NEST.—"THERE SHE BLOWS."

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

TRYSTING.

There, 'mid the ice-king's breath,
Vast mountains piled beneath
The Arctic wave.
Those giant forms rear high
In crystal terraces, and glistening domes,
Towards the sky.

A bright morning in March was dawning as the good ship Walrus shook out her white wings to catch the light breeze which now sprang up fair for carrying her out from an Eastern port. She had slipped her moorings in dock the evening before, and come out into the roadstead ready to catch the first favouring breeze of the morning. Leave-takings had been said, and hearty good wishes for a prosperous voyage had been uttered by interested spectators, including wives, mothers, and sisters of those on board. With the farewells many a silent prayer went up from the crowd of devout hearts among those who witnessed the departure.

The Walrus was one of the first of her class—a large whaling vessel bound for the Straits, and alike in the stout timbers of her sides, which enclosed the most ample stores, and the hardy, well-picked men that formed her complement, she was admirably equipped for the adventurous undertaking.

Her captain was one of the finest old "salts" that ever sailed in Northern seas, and a long experience in Arctic navigation had made him an authority in whaling enterprise. Thus no vessel left that port under better auspices than the good ship Walrus; but we give the best summing-up of these when we say that she carried a Christian captain and a little band of praying men,—an embodiment of what St. Paul wrote of as "the Church that is in thine house;" for from this floating home prayers and praises were to ascend and a record of Christian influence and character was to be wrought out amid the scenes and perils of Arctic life.

Genial in temper, as he was firm in command, Capt. M'Naghten was thoroughly respected by his ship's company, for although there were not a few among them who knew not God, he was not ashamed to show before them all under whose "colours" he sailed; and never did his ship leave port without a public recognition of the God of Providence, by asking his blessing on the enterprise. A living witness the captain also was that "godliness is profitable unto all things." For many a season, when other vessels were having poor fishing, or coming home almost "clean," the Walrus was successful.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," was the good captain's favourite motto, whether on land or sea, and a marked fulfilment of the promise contained in these words he considered himself to have received in the appointment of a Christian young surgeon to his vessel. Great was his satisfaction in having this important post filled by one who fully concurred with him in the highest of all matters, for he had known in one or two former voyages what it was to have a godless influence in the same direction; and he had made it his special request to heaven that a Christian man might be found for his post, one who would strive to do good to the souls as well as bodies of those on board. A very cordial reception thus awaited the young surgeon, not only on account of the high professional testimonials which had secured his appointment with the owners, but in view of the character he bore as a servant of Jesus Christ.

"Well doctor, I bid you welcome to the good ship Walrus, glad to find that we serve under the same flag," was the old captain's greeting accompanied with hearty hand-shaking, as Arthur Pennant stepped on board. "Captain and doctor should be true shipmates, and I believe we're well-spliced," he added in a kindly undertone, designed to convey a sense of his fatherly feeling towards the young man, whose slight build, despite his manly bearing, made him look somewhat of a stripling beside the burly old man.

"Now then, ladies, this way, and we will find time to show you our quarters, before we slip moorings," he continued, addressing those whom Arthur introduced as his mother and sister; and a kindly glance from the old sailor rested on the widow lady and her daughter.

"Tight fits on shipboard, m'am," he said, as he threw open the door of the tiny sleeping-cabin appropriated to the surgeon, and noted the surprised look of the ladies.

"Well, doctor, do you think you can square yourself into this nutshell?" he added, turning round to the young surgeon, with a broad, amused smile on his face. "A full cargo—and that is what we always hope to have—does not leave much room for kicking up one's heels, an amusement which, I believe, landsmen delight in; but perhaps you'll square round in time."

"No doubt of it, captain. Only give me space enough to make all my professional belongings taut and square, ready to hand, with good elbow room for any operation, and I shall be all right," replied Arthur cheerily.

"That's it. I see you are not afraid of roughing it. But here is your own special domain, doctor, and long may I be preserved from your hands," added the captain, with a comical gravity that brought a smile to all faces, as he showed Arthur into a small surgery fitted up with every convenience and medical appliance.

"Excellent! excellent!" said the young man, with a gratified glance round the complete little place; "I rather think all whalers are not fitted up like this."

"Quite true, doctor; but you see we've plenty of emergencies up yonder, so it's rather my pride to have everything very complete here; and being part owner, I can have my own way in the matter. But mind, doctor, you are welcome to sole rule within these doors, though everywhere else I am master of my ship."

"You must not mind an old tar's odd speeches, Mrs. Pennant," he continued; "for your son and myself will be excellent shipmates, I'll venture to say; and though we have our perils up north, we have God overhead and a good ship beneath us."

This last remark was added by way of answer to some anxious inquiries from Arthur's mother and sister as to the dangers of Arctic sailing.

"And now I believe I must ask you to make for shore, for we are just about loose off," said the old captain, as he noted the mother's anxious face, and heartily shook her by the hand. "Please God, we shall see old England again in six or seven months' time, and with a full ship too, I hope," was his cheering finale.

Arthur Pennant led his mother and sister to the gangway, and stepped on shore with them.

"Now, Lella, you promise me to keep up bravely, and cheer mother always?"

"Yes; and to remember our trysting-time too, Arthur," said the young sister, forcing back her tears.

"Ah, yes, Lella, we shall all remember that, and meet at the one place, however far apart."

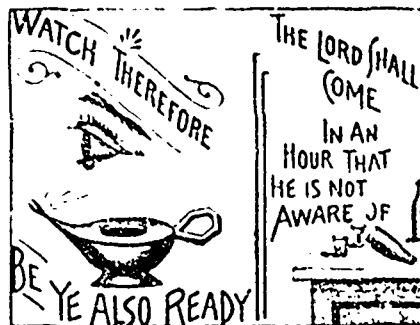
"Now, mother dear, be brave, and you'll soon hear of us from Shetland," was Arthur's farewell, as the last embrace was given with quivering lips.

The mother's heart was too full for reply.

"One hope—one meeting-place! we will all remember this," he added, glancing brightly upward as he stepped back on board; and amid many a cheer the vessel moved off.

Waving his last adieus, Arthur watched the receding group until distance rendered all indistinct, and then, commending himself and them to the One Almighty Friend, he went below. There he busied himself in good earnest with the "squaring round" process, and after a long pace on deck with the good captain, under a starlit sky, turned in for the night.

(To be continued.)



LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW

LESSON VII.—MAY 15.

WATCHFULNESS.

(Read chapters 23, 24, and Rom. 14. 1-13.)

Matt. 24 42-51. Memory verses 44-46

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come Matt. 24. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. The Reward of Faithfulness, v. 42-47

2. The Penalty of Neglect, v. 48-51.

Time—Tuesday, April 4, A. D. 30, probably in the afternoon.

Place—On the Mount of Olives, overlooking the splendid courts of the temple.

HOME READINGS

M. Warning.—Matt. 24. 1-14.

Tu. Unexpected.—Matt. 24. 32-41.

W. Watchfulness.—Matt. 24. 42-51.

Th. Ready and unready.—Matt. 25 1-13.

F. Expectation.—2 Peter 3. 8-14

S. Watch and pray.—Mark 13. 23-37

S. Hold fast and repent.—Rev. 3. 1-6.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Reward of Faithfulness, v. 42-47.

What is the keynote of this lesson's Golden Text.

Why should we always watch?

What should we do besides watching? Luke 21. 36.

What is said about the good man watching against the thief?

What would he thus have prevented?

For what ought we to be always ready?

What question is asked about a wise servant?

What servant is pronounced blessed?

What honour will his lord give him?

What reason will he give for thus honouring this servant? Matt. 25. 21.

2. The Penalty of Neglect, v. 48-51.

What would an evil servant say?

To whom would he say this?

What cruelty would he begin to practice?

What bad company would he keep?

What surprise would overtake him?

What punishment would his lord inflict?

Where would he assign him his portion?

What principle justifies this sentence? Luke 16. 10.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That the Son of man is coming again?

2. That no man knows when he will come?

3. That we ought always to be ready for his coming?

A TRUE HORSE STORY.

On Madison street one day I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune, for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering most excruciating torture. His head had been checked inhumanly high, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, producing a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she explained, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. I

never know a horse to be so fond of sugar. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him."

"Then why do you torture him?"

"Torture my Prince?"

"Yes, that is just what you are doing."

Do you know that the poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was no more aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to unloosen his check?" she asked.

When the strap was unslipped the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened the cramps out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had actually been released from bondage, and then looked round with such a grateful, delighted expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.—Chicago Herald

At the launching of the Japanese war-ship Kasagi, which takes place at Philadelphia to-morrow, the ship will not be christened with either wine or whiskey, but Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, will pronounce the name of the ship, at the same time loosening a silken bag and releasing a white pigeon, according to a beautiful Japanese custom. This is a foreign fashion that is worthy of American adoption. At the launching of a large vessel at Camden, Maine, a few years ago, the christening was attended by the scattering of flowers from her bow. The Japanese custom is even better than that.—Ex.

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