

TWO SURPRISING SEA STORIES.

A Whale Hooked With an Anchor—A Curious Shower.

In the year 1861, about midsummer, being then 150 miles to the west of the Island of Juan Fernandez, in the Scotch ship *Highland Belle*, we were bearing up for the island under a light breeze, with the full ship's company on deck, when a monster whale breached on our port bow and only a cable's length away. The carpenter was repairing the rail on that bow, and four or five men were scraping and painting. At least six of us saw the whale as he first pushed his head above water, and our exclamations attracted attention, so that all the others saw him before he fell back. He shot straight up like a log on end, and he never stopped going until five-sixths of his body stood in air. We all saw that he had half a dozen wraps of chain around him, and that an anchor was fouled in the corner of his mouth. He fell back on the surface with an awful crash, kicking up a tremendous swell, and there he lay without a movement. We ran on for a quarter of a mile, and then laid the ship to and lowered a boat. I myself had charge of this boat, and after laying off and on to see if the whale was dead, finally concluded that he was and pulled in on him. While he was floating the anchor kept him down by the head, and we could not get at it. We, however, cut away a fathom or more of the chain, and found the wraps about his body so tightly drawn that the creature must have suffered great pain. We got the bight of a rope over one arm of the anchor, but the use of us could not pull it out of his jaw, and we returned to the ship and left the carcass to float away. Two days later it was found by the Bristol whaler *John G. Pitkins*, and when cut up alongside yielded about one hundred barrels of oil. They found one of the anchor flukes deeply imbedded in his mouth, being, as you might say, a big fish hook on which he had been caught, and this anchor, together with sixty feet of chain, was afterward identified by the Russian brig *Cronstadt*. This brig was at anchor on the north side of the island one day a week before, when the whale, whose presence was entirely unsuspected, picked up her anchor and towed her half a mile. Greatly alarmed at being towed out to sea by an invisible power, the Captain ordered a shackle pin slipped, and thus stopped his headway at the expense of an anchor and sixty or seventy feet of chain. Later on the three vessels I have named found themselves in Valparaiso together, and it was easy to fit all the details together and make a straight case. We had the proofs right there, and the Russian signed a receipt in black and white for the anchor so strangely recovered, and we hung our bit of chain in the office of the English Consul. Yet, despite all this, I have seen several American newspapers which referred to the incident "as a yarn which even children would take no stock in."

During the last year of the American war I was Captain of an English brig which voyaged to Guinea. On the voyage of which I speak we called at Trinidad and then continued our course to the south. We had stood to the east and got our offing from Trinidad, and the course had just been laid for Georgetown, when a strange circumstance occurred. During the forenoon we had observed two waterspouts at a distance, and at 3 in the afternoon the lookout reported one bearing down upon us from the east, in which direction the whole ocean lay before us. The wind, what there was of it, was from that direction, and as we had no gun aboard every one was alert to keep the brig clear of danger by rapid and skilful manœuvres. The spout came dancing down our way in that eccentric fashion so characteristic of them, and we could not fail to observe that it was an unusually large one. While its top was lost in the clouds, its base and stem kept growing larger and larger until, when it was within half a mile of us, four or five acres of surface were terribly agitated. There was a hissing, swishing sound as the waters were sucked up, and the spout travelled right at us until not more than twenty rods away. Then it obliqued and passed us astern. For five minutes there was a great downpour of water on our decks, and the sea was so confused that the brig was knocked about like a cork. The spout continued to the west as far as we could see but the rain had no sooner ceased

than we found the decks littered with strange objects. There were many small fish, a turtle weighing quite two pounds, and an eel at least six feet long. But we had little interest in those things, for among them was a straw hat, several lengths of rope, two or three bits of cloth, which proved to be handkerchiefs, the wreck of an umbrella, a handbag, and a sailor's jacket. These things had all been rained down on our decks, and when we came to look over the sides we saw planks and other wreckage.

Now, what had happened was this: A schooner yacht in which a party of wealthy Germans from Paramaribo—there were nine of them, and all men—were cruising for pleasure had been caught up in that spout, and hurled to destruction. We had the proofs of it, and we alone could tell what became of the unfortunate. It was our testimony and the articles which had rained down upon our decks which settled properties valued into the hundreds of thousands, and yet the matter has been held up to newspaper ridicule and classed as a sailor's yarn.

The Law of Labor and Law of Rest.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."—Exodus xx., 8-11.

Above the noise and din of our common life we have heard in the week gone by a great cry of those who earn their daily bread by daily labor. The cry does not ignore the dignity of labor, nor ask to be released from its claims. At the heart of it there is a plea for less labor and more rest. That the plea is well sustained none will question. And who does not wish that the lot of many who toil could have a pleasanter path to walk and an easier burden to carry? We need not discuss the whole question now, but is it not pleasant to turn to the earlier pages of this book and find that the law of labor and the law of rest overlap each other, and are bound in inseparable bonds. The commandment that came from Sinai, amid thunderings and lightnings and awful tempests, guarding the sanctity of the ancient Sabbath, was at once a law of labor as well as a law of rest. The Sabbath was not established as a caprice on the part of a lawgiver whose laws sprung from caprice rather than eternal righteousness. Sinai was the mountain of eternal order and of eternal righteousness; the fingers that have graven those majestic laws upon the table of stone were moved by a divine wisdom; as all the ages of the world since, give ample attestation. The law of Sabbath sanctity and rest followed the week of work. First toil, then rest. To invert the order would be folly, to try to separate the two would be absurd. First the work then comes rest. Without the rest, work would change to slavery; without the toil that gives rest to leisure rest would have no meaning and no worth. Let us listen this morning to the music of that grand old commandment the world has been wise enough to hold dear through generations and centuries. Let us call it the law of labor and the law of rest. Just as much a law of labor as a law of rest. What a picture of the days of that desert life when all was not weariness and surely all was not a dream! Everybody worked in those days. Sons of the household and daughters, too, had their share of toil, and even when the visitor came it was not only to be "entertained" but to take a share in the life, and the life of every household meant reasonable toil. And so when all had done what came to the lot of all in the week of work, joy bells rang through the tents of Israel, and then sons and daughters, even servants and maid servants, the strangers who were visitors or way-farers, the oxen and the asses all had worked and all were now at rest. And peace, such peace as the Sabbath always brings brooded over Israel. We have often had impressed upon us the moral that a well spent Sabbath brings a happy week and there is great truth in this teaching. But the moral works every way. A week of idleness is not a good preparation for the Sabbath, any more than a mispent Sabbath is a good preparation for a week of toil. Let

us look upon the labor that fills our hands with more gracious eyes, as we think the weary Saturday is but the well-prepared altar that has been all week a building for the hallowed fires of the Sabbath sacrifice. It is worth a week of toil to know the true value of the Sabbath's rest. So life's long toils will bring us at last to the rest that remains for the people of God.

HEROISM OF A BOY.

A Remarkable Story of Pluck and Endurance from Far Australia.

From a remote part of distant Australia—half the world away from us a newspaper comes, bearing a strange name the *Capricornian*. It devotes several columns to accounts of a boating accident and fatality which occurred at Rockhampton, Queensland. The head master of the Allentown State School and his assistant took two pupils out for a holiday excursion, round the Keppel Islands. One of the boys was landed shortly after setting out; the other remained on the boat; his name is Walter Mooney. The boating party left on Dec. 19 intending to make a three week's cruise, camping out occasionally. With the new year the weather became squally and dangerous. One or two waves broke over the boat. Clayton, the assistant, got nervous, being very anxious about the little lad. "This won't do," he said, jibbed the sail, and the boat upset. In an instant all three were struggling in the water. Clayton then, showing coolness and courage, dived, cut the stays, and unshipped the mast. Then both Smith, the head master, and Clayton had to dive for the anchor. When all was got to rights, so far as could be, Walter Mooney was swept away by a wave, and had to be rescued. Now, however, it was found that the boat was sinking and could carry only the boy. They lashed Mooney to the boat, hopeless of hearing of him again, bade farewell to each other, all three, and the two teachers swam off to the distant shore. Clayton's retriever dog accompanied them. It has instinctively caught up a piece of bacon in its mouth and kept up with them. Unfortunately all grew tired, and the dog tried to get on its master's back. Clayton thought to kill it, but Smith feared the blood might bring up the sharks in that dangerous sea. At length, suddenly, Clayton and dog disappeared, and Smith reached the island only in time, as a large shark swam past. "Sensational as was Smith's escape from a watery grave," says the *Capricornian* "it is eclipsed by that of the lad Mooney." I was not supposed that he could survive; the boat was water-logged and the billows ever and again broke over it in a bitter brine. Drifting, drifting from 1.30 through the long afternoon under a blazing sun—drifting still, without food or drink, as the red sun sank over the invisible continent—drifting through the long watches of the dark night, parched with a fever of thirst famished from long fasting, drifting till the changing form of the Southern Cross told the turn of midnight was far past. Then the boat was carried to the shore on the impulse of the great waves. Now came the peril of perils. The place it approached was the most dangerous of the coast. Two rough reefs of rock ran out into the sea, leaving a chasm between them. To run on either rock was certain wreck and inevitable death. The heaving billow raised the boat in its irresistible grasp, and with one mighty rush, hurling it along, shot it right into the chasm and up on the sandy beach in safety—by God's providence. Now, Walter Mooney shook off the loose lashings, the insecure ties, struggled on shore, and fell down on the ground fast asleep, utterly worn out. Early in the morning he was awake, and was seen walking, in a dazed state, but with the steadfast purpose of speeding help to his castaway friends. By his means Smith was quickly rescued from the desert island, where he was found hopelessly of for a long period, and amazed at his escape.

cape. Great credit is due and great credit is given to the young lad in all the papers. His steadiness in the boat when Clayton lost nerve, his courage in the wreck, and his stout heart through all the weary day and night of danger, combined with his promptness of action on land, are all worthy of praise.

Racing appears to gain a greater hold upon the public affections in England every year. Forty four meetings were set down to take place during the second week in April. The majority of these were of a holiday character, of local interest only, but with sport under jockey club rules at Kempton, Gosforth park, Croxton park, Northampton and Leicester, and with the big steeplechase meeting at Manchester on the first two days of the week, the forces have been scattered far and wide. At Kempton on April 7 the crowd was enormous. Over 20,000 people passed the turnstiles into the course, a number which has never been exceeded except on a Jubilee Stakes day.

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