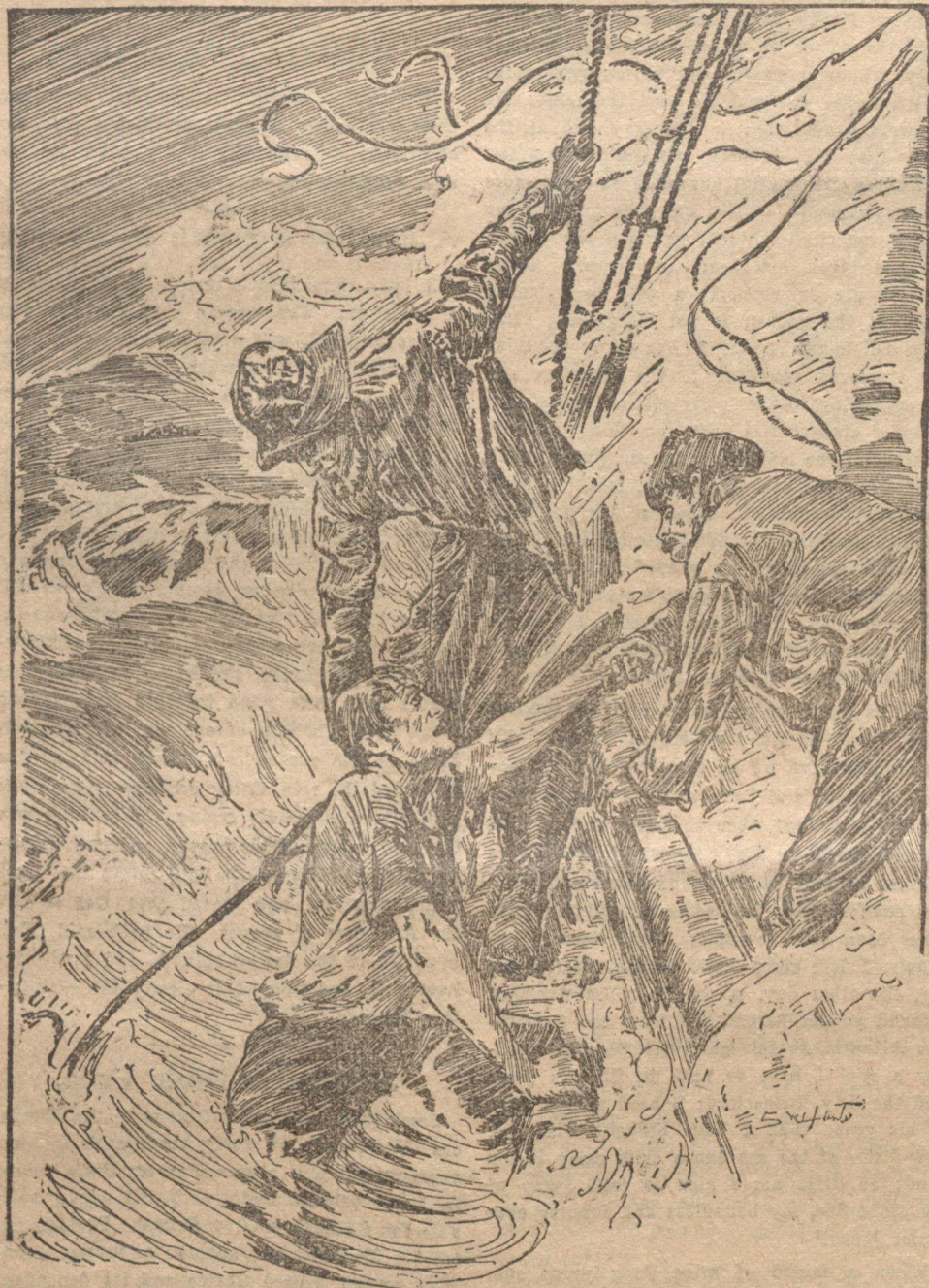


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RISKING THEIR OWN LIVES IN TRYING TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THEIR COMRADE.

## A Man Overboard.

(Joseph Woodhouse in 'Friendly Greetings.')

The SS. 'Romana' was three days out from Liverpool to New York when the gale sprang up. It had been a pleasant run, enjoyed by all the passengers, until on the morning of the third day, the barometer fell rapidly, and the sky became overcast. There was an ominous stillness, too, which experienced seamen knew betokened a change in the weather for the worse.

All hands were set to work to get the steamer ready to meet the utmost that wind and waves might do. Captain Henderson had crossed the Atlantic more times than he cared to reckon. For all weather he was prepared, for all emergencies he was ready. No more skilful commander ever walked the bridge of an ocean-going steamer. He had no fear, and his calmness in the greatest peril inspired complete confidence both in passengers and crew.

All was in readiness when the gale burst upon them as night came on. Passengers were below; the watch alert; the crew waiting to execute in a moment any orders that might be given.

When the storm struck the steamer she seemed to reel under the blow. From stem to stern she trembled. The waves swept right over her. Some of the sailors could not keep their feet, others clung for dear life to rope or rigging that was near.

And for eighteen hours the vessel was at the mercy of the tempest. Had the engines broken down she must have rolled in the trough of the sea like a log. Had the rudder been damaged nothing could have prevented the 'Romana' from drifting before the wind.

But no finer boat had ever left the stocks of the great Glasgow shipbuilders, Messrs. Westman and Co. Her sea-going qualities could not be better. Her build was perfect.

It was when the storm had somewhat abated

that the mishap occurred that almost cost Ben Thompson his life. He was the most trustworthy of the able-bodied seamen aboard, and had sailed with the 'Romana' for three years. He had a real affection for her, and fully believed that there was not a better ship afloat.

The first officer had given him some orders which he was about to carry out, when the steamer gave a great plunge, and shipped a huge quantity of water. Thompson was taken unawares; caught in the mad rush of the waves; lifted in their mighty arms and hurled into the sea.

He gave a scream as he went over, which caught the ear of the captain. 'A man overboard!' was the instant shout. The engines were reversed, and the steamer was brought about.

Half-a-dozen men with ropes and life-belts hung over gunwale and stern. Some flung the belts and ropes into the sea, in the hope that when Thompson rose to the surface he might make for one or other of them.

But in so heavy a sea as that which was running Thompson was not discovered for a few minutes. Fortunately, he was a splendid swimmer. But what could the very best swimmer do in a sea like that?

'There! There he is!' shouted Jim Farmer. And in a moment he had fastened a rope about his waist and was over the side of the steamer. He was followed by Tom Andrews. There they were—risking their own lives in order to save the life of a comrade—clinging with one hand to rope or rigging, and with the other waiting to give a hand to Thompson at the instant some friendly wave would carry him towards the vessel.

What excitement there was! How eager everyone on the ship was to render some aid! How one and another shouted! At last Andrews was seen seizing Thompson's hand, and Farmer had hold of him by the shoulder.

Ah, me! What joy there was when, drenching and dripping, Thompson was hauled aboard! Faint and exhausted he was—but saved. That was the supreme thing.

Saved! There is scarcely a more significant word in the English language! But when it alludes to a soul that is rescued from sin and death through faith in Christ Jesus it marks an epoch in a human life. It means a great deal more than saving Ben Thompson's body from drowning.

'What can a man give in exchange for his soul?'

God's love has provided a way in His Son, Jesus Christ, for all men to know the blessedness of being saved in the Lord with an 'everlasting salvation.'

The familiar hymn puts it in the simplest form when it says:—

'Oh, what a Saviour—that He died for me!  
From condemnation He hath made me free;  
'He that believeth on the Son,' saith He,  
'Hath everlasting life!''

'All my iniquities on Him were laid,  
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;  
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,  
'Hath everlasting life!''