

It come on frightful heavy, tearin' down as if it fairly meant to beat us into the sea. Hows'over we kep' her to it, with just enough canvas on to give her steerage way, an' mighty partic'lar we had to be about the steerin', I tell 'ee. Well, we was doin' very well, considerin', an' I was in hopes we'd get through without damage, when a terrible accident happened. We picked out the carefullest men we had for steersman, o' course, an' the gale was so bad they was lashed to the wheel. The second day o' the gale we was gettin' along middlin', though the sea was awful rough.

I never see it worse afore or since—an' I was standin' somewhere amid ships, when all of a sudden I heard a frightful crash aft, an' the nex' moment I was swept right across the deck an' agen the bulwarks on th' other side wi' as ter'ble crash o' fallin' riggin' an' smashin' timber in my ears, as I went off senseless.

"Nex' thing I knew I was in my bunk in the cabin, wi' the steward an' another o' the crew bathin' my head, an' my right arm broke in two places an' four ribs broke—all wi' the clout I got agen the bulwarks from the stroke of the sea,—an' I had been near twelve hours insensible. It seems Dave French had been at the helm—he was one o' the best and carefullest sailors we had on board,—an' a heavy sea broke right over her stern an' smashed the wheel to pieces, knockin' senseless the two men who was steerin'—an' the rudder flyin' round, she broached to, an' three ter'ble seas came aboard afore they could secure it, bringin' down the masts, an' sweepin' the decks. Fortunately, no one had been knocked overboard, but four o' the crew besides myself was badly hurt, an' L. French the worst of all.

"This was what the mate told me, when they had called him down. He told me too that the gale had abated, as quick as it came on, an' the sea had gone down. We was now workin' along very well under jury-masts he had rigged up, an' from an observation he had got, he found we was not far off Gibraltar, an' would likely get in nex' day.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, we did get in nex' day, and Dave French an' myself an' the rest o' the sick men was taken at once to the hospital. Th' other men soon got around an' was able to start in the ship, when she left after bein' repaired, but I was very badly hurt an' poor Dave French was worse than I was. He had the bed nex' to mine, an' I could see the doctors shake their heads an' whisper, as they went away after visitin' him. It seems he was hurt inside, an' the doctors couldn't do him much good—he kep' gettin' weaker an' weaker. I could hear him prayin' quiet to himself often, an' readin' his Bible, an' the tracts the minister used to give us when come his rounds, an' I never heard a murmur out of him,

although he used to suffer ter'ble on times, while I was grumblin' an' impatient as could be at lyin' in bed helpless so long.

"At last, one mornin', after we'd bin more'n a month in he says to me, 'Cap'n, do 'ee know what day it is!'

"'Tis Sunday, I b'lieve, Dave,' says I, 'though I can hardly keep the run o' the days here.'

"'Yes, sir,' says he, 'tis Easter Sunday, so I heard one of the nurses say. Easter comes early this year, don't it!'

"'Aye it do,' says I; 'I didn't think 'twas Easter, yet a bit.'

"'Aye,' says he. 'Well I didn't think last Easter Sunday that I should die on the next. But 'tis all right, all for the best.'

"'Why, Dave,' says I, 'you musn't be down hearted. Who says you're goin' to die! You an' I'll see old Consumption Bay, yet, please God.'

"'Ah, no, Cap'n,' says he; 'I'm not down hearted, an' I'm not afraid to die, but I know I'll never see home agen, though I hope you will. I'm goin', Cap'n, I'm goin' fast. I've knowed it for days. An' I'm goin' to-day, I think—an' with that he was quiet an' dozed off like.'

"When the doctors come in he was still asleep, an' they didn't disturb him, only looked at him an' shook their heads; an' one of 'em came over to me—I was sittin' up that day for the fust time—an' he whispered, 'French won't live through the day, poor fellow; he'll wake out o' this an' be conscious a little while an' then he'll go off.' So I went over an' sat down beside his bed, an' the nurse drew a screen around, as they do when a man is dyin'. By'n by he woke, an' catchin' sight o' me sittin' beside him, he says:

"'O, Cap'n, I'm so glad to see you able to get up,' an' he put out his poor thin hand to shake hands wi' me. 'Twas good o' you to come an' sit beside me; I'm real glad to have 'ee so close, an' he grip' my hand so well as he could.

"'Any pain now, Dave?' says I. "'No, Cap'n, no pain now, thank God. I'm quite easy now. I'll soon be at rest with my blessed Saviour.'

"'Is there anything I can do for you, Dave, my boy,' says I; 'any message I can take home?'

"'Thank 'ee, sir,' he says; 'if God spares 'ee, I be glad if you'd tell my sister in Bay Roberts that I died happy, an' have my chest o' clothes sent home to her. She's the only one I got left, since poor old mother died, last spring. Tell her I'm gone home to be with Jesus, an' that his grace helped me wonderful in my pain an' sufferin'. Aye, an' tell her, too, that the doctors an' nurses an' all was very kind to me, an' that I had every comfort in hospital. That'll comfort her, poor thing, an' make her bear up better.'

"'Aye, indeed, I will,' says I, 'I'll go an' see her fust thing when I gets

home. Now is there anythin' else, boy?'

"'Cap'n,' he says, 'there's one thing I'd like, if you wouldn't mind. Would 'ee read me a chapter, sir, please?'

"'Certainly, Dave,' says I, takin' up his Bible, 'what shall I read?'

"'Please read me the twentieth o' St. John, sir, about the blessed Lord's risin' from the dead, you know.'

"I turned to the chapter an' began to read, an' as I did, I remembered 'twas the very same chapter I'd heard poor Dave readin' to the others, when I turned 'em off the ship last year for not breakin' the Sabbath. How I got through I hardly know. My voice trembled an' shook, an' the tears runned over my face like peas.

"When I'd finished, Dave looked up an' thanked me, an' he says, 'Why, Cap'n, you have a wonderful tender heart.'

"'Dave, my son,' says I, cryin' now like a child, 'I heard you readin' that same chapter last Easter Sunday when I turned you an' the other men out on th' ice, because you obeyed God rather than me. I heard 'ee readin' an' prayin' from behind a hummock of ice.'

"'Did 'ee now, sir?' says he, 'I never knowed you was anywhere near.'

"'No, boy,' says I, 'but I was, an' I haven't forgot it. I was ashamed then, an' I'm more ashamed now, for treatin' ye men like that. Will 'ee forgive me, Dave?'

"'O, Cap'n,' he says, 'course I've forgiven 'ee. I forgave 'ee at the time, freely. But there's one thing I must tell 'ee, Cap'n, while I've strength. I've prayed for 'ee very often that the Lord would bless 'ee an' lead 'ee to himself. Will 'ee accept my little Bible, sir? 'Tis the one my poor old mother gave me, when I first went sailin', an' it's the same one I was readin' out of the time you speak on, at the Ice. Will 'ee take it as a keepsake o' me, sir?'

"I was cryin' bitter by this time, sir, as you may well think, but I told poor Dave I'd take it, an' never part with it, an' that I'd read it, too, reg'lar, but the talkin' had exhausted him, an' he could only smile. He lay that way for some time with his eyes closed an' a smile on his face, an' every now an' then he'd whisper a passage o' Scriptor, or a line of a hymn. By'n by, he opened his eyes an' looked at me, an' I see he wanted to speak to me an' couldn't, so I bent over close, an' he whispered:

"'Jesus is very precious to me, very near to me.' Then as he grip' my hand he says, 'Cap'n, will 'ee meet me in heaven, will 'ee?'

"'I will, Dave,' says I, 'with God's help, I will.'

"'Aye, do,' he whispers. 'Come . . . to . . . Jesus . . . to-day. Come . . . to . . . Jesus . . . to-day . . . Jesus . . . will . . . save you . . . if you ask him . . . to-day.'

"Them were his last words, an'. He jus' gave me one more grip o' the hand, an' opened his eyes wide, an' smiled an' fixed 'em on me; then he closed 'em like a little child goin' asleep, an' in a moment he was gone.

"I knelt down by the bed an' cried bitter, until the nurse come along an' helped me into my own bed. Then when I got over the shock a bit I prayed to God to forgive me. Poor Dave's last words, 'Jesus will save you if you ask him, to-day, kep' ringin' in my ears, an' earnestly indeed I asked him. An' there, sir, on that Easter Sunday, lyin' on my bed in Gibraltar hospital, Jesus heard my prayer an' saved me, an' praise his name, he've kep' me ever since.

"When I got back to St. John's, sir, the old merchant says to me, 'Well, Barter, I s'pose you'll be expectin' the *Sea-Gull* agen. She's there fer you, an' mind you always do as well as you did the first spring.'

"'Sir,' says I, 'I partly loaded her on Sunday that time; but I've signed articles with the Lord Jesus Christ since then, an' no more Sunday work for me. If I can have her on these conditions I'll take her, if not I can't—so then I told the old man the story I've told you, sir. Poor old fellow, I have seen him wipe his eyes more'n once afore I'd done; and when I stopped he shook my hand, an' he says:

"'Well, Barter, take her an' do your best with her. If you do your duty to God, I don't doubt you'll do your duty to me.'

"An' now, sir, come down to house, an' I'll show 'ee poor Dave's Bible. It's old an' worn, now, for it's bin wi' me, afloat an' ashore, all through these years, but it's very precious to me; and you'll not wonder when I tell 'ee that I reads an' cries over that twentieth chapter o' St. John every Easter Sunday."—*Methodist Magazine*, 1887.

NATURE'S way of bringing order out of chaos is to steadily flood darkness with light, and we shall never get beyond this method by any spasmodic pyrotechnics, which, no matter how popular for the time, only serve to make the darkness more visible when artificial corruscations are withdrawn. When I see our schoolboys stunting their growth and drying up their brains with smoke; when I discover that their very cigars are soaked in alcohol and liquors, and that the boys are baited with beer and are enticed into saloons by music, games and evil company; when I am told of their degeneracy in scholarship so that the percentage of girls who graduate and who take honours is steadily gaining on that of the boys, it seems to me that I cannot wait until the schools of my country focus their splendid light upon the problem of prevention.—*Frances E. Willard*.

MIND your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words.