

Life Cruise
of
Capt. Bess Adams.



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" Friends and neighbors, here's the little craft, Bess Adams."
Page 29.

THE LIFE CRUISE
OF
CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

A Temperance Tale.

BY

JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT,

*Author of "Jug or Not," "Best Fellow in the World," "How
could he Escape?" "Nothing to Drink," etc., etc.*

"Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while,
And raised his eyes from his book
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

"But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the king listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word."

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NOTE.



CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS is no mere creation of fancy. The best tales are not those that are products of some author's vivid imagination, but those patiently gathered from the common ways of life. Those who look for grand ideals of character only between book-covers, live ignorant of the lofty heroism of the daily duty and sacrifice of the men and women around them. The author who draws his material from the real is the editor of the works of God. We may look at God's providences as his daily commentary on his word of revelation; and to present these providences to a larger public than may see them enacted is to give new and compact editions of the noblest works.

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THE LIFE CRUISE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CRUISE.

“The soul that rises in us like a star.”

“**W**ELL, mate,” said Captain Phil Adams, “in my view, it is as tidy a little craft as ever was set afloat, and I hope it’ll have a long cruise and a lucky one.”

There was an infinite delight and pride in the sturdy captain’s voice, for the “mate” whom he addressed was none other than a wife whom he loved right well, and the “tidy little craft” in question was his first-born child, who lay before him in a blue-painted pine cradle, and, with her thumb in

her mouth, was looking unutterable wisdom at the brown rafters of the cottage ceiling.

Nothing that Captain Adams had ever seen in twenty years of roaming up and down the world was half so beautiful and wonderful as that round bundle of a baby in a "gown of sprinkled pink." You and I would have thought her "just like any other baby," but undoubtedly we should have been quite wrong and the captain quite right as to her superiority; for the eye of love, instead of being, as some ignorantly assert, blind, is clear and strong of vision as an eagle's; and if the outer form is moulded into a symmetrical likeness of the soul within, there must have been a deal of latent nobility expressed in this babe, even while she lay with her thumb in her mouth, gazing unwinkingly at the ceiling.

Captain Adams had just returned to his home at Lucky Cove after an eight months' voyage to the Mediterranean. Those were days when postal communication was costly and difficult, and people like the seamen's

families at the Cove seldom wrote letters; so it had happened that one letter, very much after date, and one message by a ship from the Cove, chance met, made all the news Captain Adams had had of his home since he left it, and for three months not a word. Therefore when his ship entered Portsmouth Harbor, and he was permitted to leave affairs in charge of his first officer, Captain Adams started with all speed for Lucky Cove, though with a heart full of fear and trembling, and oppressed with forebodings of what might have happened during the last quarter of a year to turn his snug home into a dismal wilderness.

People had to reach Lucky Cove as best they might, without car, boat, stage, or public conveyance of any kind; men generally made the journey on foot, and in those days women were eminently keepers at home. Captain Adams fortunately found the village trader's wagon bringing in a three months' supply of goods, and, seated in state on a lofty pile of bales, boxes, and barrels, he entered the

Cove. The third house passed was the tavern, sign of the "Blue Mackerel," and out of this rushed the tavern-keeper and Jim Wren, Tom Epp, Master Hastings, and various other worthies of Lucky Cove, and gave three cheers and a tiger at seeing Phil Adams safe home. These cheers gave him heart, for these friends would never cheer like that a man coming to bad news; so the captain began to scramble down from his uneasy perch.

"Come in, Adams, come in, my hearty," cried the landlord, "and I'll stand treat all round for your safe return, and you'll stand treat to the health of the trim little lass they've got for you up at your house."

"Oh!" said Captain Adams, entering the "Blue Mackerel" with alacrity, "then they're all well up at my house."

"Petic'ler well," said Tom Epp. "I drop in every day, and they were all bright as buttons this morning, and setting great hopes on the fine weather we've had lately, though nobody reckoned on seeing you to-night."

“Be quick, landlord,” said Adams. “I’m in a hurry to get home.”

Indeed, so great was his hurry that he left the glass of the second “treat” half emptied, and hurried along to the other end of the one village street, that bent like a bow around the Cove, stopping only to wave his hand or nod his head in answer to the greetings from his neighbors, who stood in their doorways or thrust their heads out of the windows with a hearty welcome as he went by; for the simple folk in these twenty or thirty houses had for the most part grown up together from childhood, and their hopes, fears, troubles, successes, good and evil fortune, were very nearly common property.

The Adams cottage was the last in the village; several rods from it was the village store, whose goods were yet lingering before the “Blue Mackerel,” while the driver comforted himself with several drams, for none of which he could render a reason. In front of the store a knot of youngsters were

building a fort in the midst of the sandy, little-travelled road. One of these set up a piping cry, "Oh! here's Cap'n Adams;" another shrilly screamed, "Say, Mis' Adams! here's your Phil." And now the wayfarer stopped with readiness; for out of the store came a little, gray, wrinkled, tottering old woman. What a glad, tremulous, quavering cry this old woman gave at sight of the weather-beaten seaman, who was the light of her eyes! And Phil, on his part, was man enough to catch the aged body in his arms, and lift her quite off her shaky old feet, while he hugged and kissed her right heartily.

In this joyful encounter Mrs. Adams lost her spectacles, which by some happy chance hung fast to Phil's shaggy coat; the stiff frill of her cap got quite crushed over her eyes, and the broad white kerchief pinned over her shoulders was dragged awry; but happily oblivious of this disarrangement of her dress, and her errand at the store forgotten, the jubilant old mother had her

wrinkled hand tucked firmly under her son's arm, and trotted off home much faster than she had walked for a year past, and all the burden of her garrulous tongue was: "O Phil! *such* a baby!"

The shrill-toned boy came flying after them. "I say, Mis' Adams! here's your tea wot you left at the store, an' that bundle of starch you dropped while you was a-hugging Phil!"

"Do tell!" cried the old lady. "*What* a good thing that paper didn't break; and, Phil, of all things, there's my spectacles hanging in your button-hole, and here I am seeing as clear as day without them! I wouldn't wonder if I was getting my second sight."

It was only that the old woman was so happy that she had not considered whether she saw clearly or not. The next day, more used to her happiness, she needed the glasses as much as ever.

And so we have Captain Adams fairly at home, and he has seen the wife whom, in

long, dark night-watches he had greatly feared he should never see again, and he has had time to sit down by the blue cradle, while his mother prepared the family supper, and examine at his leisure that "trim-rigged little craft" which is henceforth to be the chief delight of his heart, source of an ever-increasing, unselfish pride.

There was no end to the excellences of this youngster; she had not cried when beside the smooth, rosy face of her mother the big captain's bronzed, rugged features and shaggy beard had obtruded upon her gaze; when he gingerly took the pink thumb out of the pinker mouth, the little hand had firmly clasped his forefinger; when he ventured to chuck her under the small, round chin, she had made the house ring with such a crow as the captain was quite certain no other babe of three months could give. Yes, he and his mother and his wife all said, "*Such a baby!*"

"And she hasn't any name, Annie?" said Captain Phil.

“No, only Baby, until you came home,” said the wife.

“Well,” said Adams, speaking the wish of his heart, “I’d like to name her after mother there. It would please the old lady mightily, and she’s had troubles enough; besides, I’ve never done anything in particular for her.”

Never anything in particular! Captain Phil Adams ignored the fact that since he was twenty he had entirely supported his mother; that so long as his wages only sufficed for two he had remained single for her sake, and only when a captain’s berth came to him at thirty-five had he ventured to marry. Four sons and a husband had old Mrs. Adams seen go down to the sea in ships, and come again no more to her hearthstone, and Phil had, as each new loss came, striven to be more and more her comfort and stay—to be more to her than ten sons. Never a voyage did Phil Adams come from without bringing his old mother some token that in a foreign land he had thought of her and of his home;

and yet, by the side of his child's cradle, looking over the past, he considered that "he had never done anything in particular for" his old parent, and that in giving his child her name he could best show his filial love. "And you know, Annie, that Elizabeth is by no means an ugly name."

"Oh! it is a very pretty one, and we could call her Bess," replied Mrs. Adams cordially; for she had expected this very choice, but had said nothing, that the old woman might be gratified by her son's unbiassed decision.

"And Annie's a very nice name, too," said Captain Adams. "I'd like her to have your name—say, now, Annie Elizabeth, or Elizabeth Annie; how do you like that?"

"No," said his wife, "only Elizabeth, only Bess—Bess Adams; that name just suits such a jolly, breezy little body. And I'm glad you're not sorry she's not a boy."

"Oh! a boy," said Captain Adams—"boys are all well enough in their place, but it's just my idea that there's nothing in

the world nicer than such a little girl as this."

It was always so with Captain Adams—whatever happened was the best that could possibly be; to be satisfied was the rule of his life, to be dissatisfied the rare exception.

Supper being ready, he came to the table, and would have the wonderful baby in his lap while he ate; his wife being in an unspoken agony, which gradually passed away, lest in his mammoth gambols he should drop the little creature, and his mother nodding her old head and crumpled cap over her tea, and chuckling at the honor of having the baby named for her; it was something every way more delightful, suitable, and comprehensible than the possession of a kingdom.

"Bess she is!" cried Captain Adams, giving the baby a squeeze; "and she must take her name with honor—with a christening, and all that, like any other little ship."

"Oh! but, Phil," said his wife, "for christening a baby there must be a minister, and

there's none within twenty miles; and I've heard something about their only christening babies whose folk belonged to some church, though I don't know as that is always so, and you know there's never been a church, nor nothing like one, at Lucky Cove."

"So there hasn't," said the captain; "but how heathenish that sounds when you come to mention it! When I'm in port, sometimes a parson comes aboard, and asks all hands to his church, and some of us go out of compliment. And I'm sure you'd like it, Annie; it's an uncommon pleasant way of spending part of Sunday, and one feels somehow more quiet and satisfied after the singing, and praying, and talking, and all that."

"So they do," said the old lady; "and I'd like to be inside a church once more. When I was a young girl in Portsmouth, I very often went, but not over forty times since as many years ago I married your father and came here; and I have heard two or three preachings at funerals at the Corners."

“So have I,” said Annie, “and at my uncle’s up in the country they have preaching once a month in winter, and twice a month in summer, and we all went when I was visiting there, and the school-house was crowded.”

“That’s so,” said Phil; “and don’t you remember, Annie, the minister that married you and me? He talked and prayed right well for us, didn’t he? I’ll go to his church the next Sunday I spend in Portsmouth.”

“But about the baby,” said Annie. “You see she can’t be christened; there’s no church and no minister nor anything.”

“Poor Bess!” cried the captain, suddenly twirling her over his head, and holding her suspended in his broad hands. “Poor little craft! but she’s worse off than a ship; that can have a bottle of wine broken, and her name sung out, and cheered when she’s launched; and that’s what I will have for our Bess. But I say, Annie, without a church or preaching here she’s like to grow up a heathen.” This dismal view set the family to a melancholy consideration of their disadvantages.

disadvantages which appeared to them only in externals—having nobody to marry or to bury them. But the captain bro'ed out again.

“ I say, Annie and mother, we can have a name-feast for our Bess, any way. I've brought some nice tidbits on my ship, which will be along here next week, and I'd like to see our neighbors together; so we'll invite them to come for a name-feast for our Bess. And as to wine, I've six good bottles with me, and we'll have a punch too, and drink the lassie's health right hearty.”

By all means, thought mother and Annie; this name-feast was a splendid proposition. Hospitality was a shining characteristic at Lucky Cove, and the Adamses were well-to-do among their neighbors; they could set a hearty feast before their friends, and have a long, busy, good-natured gossip about all the news of the hamlet and the Corners, the school, the mackerel-fishing, the marriages that might take place in the next two years, the news from the ships that were off on a

cruise, and the rise or fall in grade of the men and youths of the Cove who followed the sea.

“And how is Jim Wren coming on?” asked Captain Adams.

“Right bad, and Sarah Ann’s clear discouraged. He’s lost his berth as captain ; for he was drunk aboard, and only for his mate, Jenkins, taking the power into his own hands, he’d have had *The Triton* on the rocks, and all six of them aboard of her lost. So when they got in, Master Hastings offered Jenkins the berth of captain, and turned poor Jim adrift. But Jenkins got them to let him have Jim for mate, so there is bread and butter for the family yet, only you see Sarah feels as if it’s the beginning of a come down, and likely to go from bad to worse. She was so mortified she wouldn’t go to a quilting at Master Hastings’s last week.”

“He’s home now,” said the old lady, as the younger woman ceased her account. “They got in yesterday, for two weeks, to

stop a leak ; and that's bad too, right in the middle of the mackerel-fishing."

"Yes, I saw him up at the 'Blue Mackerel' as I came in," said Phil, "and I thought he looked a little down and his nose was too red. I guessed he'd been lying by there pretty much all day."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not Sarah Ann," said young Mrs. Adams.

"I should think so !" cried her mother-in-law. "Jim and my Phil an't to be named the same day ; but Sarah Ann is a very nice woman, and her Lucy is a right, straight-forward, biddable little girl."

No bird of omen sweeping seaward struck his black wing against their window-pane ; no chill breath blew upon the little group ; no banshee cried, no warning spectre stood among them ; nothing of the shadow of coming events, falling athwart the still sweetness of a June evening, brought a misgiving of the scenes that between those four cottage walls should crowd the lives of stout Phil Adams, and the baby Bess, and that "good,

biddable child," Lucy Wren, when those other three, the old wife, and the young wife, and the discouraged Sarah Ann, should have slipped cable from all earthly moorings, and gone out into a sea that has neither tides nor shores.

Lucky Cove is to-day a plain fishing hamlet, where the utmost simplicity of living prevails, where two thousand dollars constitutes "an independent fortune," a musical instrument larger than a violin or an accordeon has never been heard, the silk gown of the mother descends unimpaired to the daughter, and a journey to Boston or New York is the event of a lifetime. What must have, then, been the primitive fashion of the days of Bess Adams's babyhood?

We may readily believe that within twenty-four hours the grand event of the coming name-feast, "as soon as the ship should come in"—and its coming was not so apocryphal as that of the nursery ship that is to bring the fortune—became the chief subject of conversation within all the village homes.

What cakes and pies it would be well to have was made a matter of discussion with the nearest neighbors ; and Sarah Ann Wren gave her promise to compound a famous raisin loaf "as soon as the ship came." This ship was none other than a Lucky Cove fishing-schooner, which Captain Adams had found in Portsmouth, and to which he had committed a box containing figs, lemons, raisins, and oranges, a half-dozen bottles of wine, some preserved ginger, and a pot of anchovies—rare treats for the home people, which treats were common enough in the Italian port whither he had been for marble. All the village, therefore, took an interest in the arrival of the vessel ; and when Captain Adams went out on the rocky headland at the northern limit of the Cove, he was followed by a troop of urchins, each eager to see and announce the approach of the *Goodwife*, owned by Master Hastings, the richest man of the hamlet, and the only dweller there not born on the soil. The name of this schooner had been in Danish at the first, but in defer-

ence to the wishes of the Cove, which could not twist its tongue to foreign speech, Master Hastings had translated it to plain English, *Goodwife*.

A fine scene lay spread before Captain Adams, as he went out daily to look for the vessel. Lucky Cove was a crescent a mile in diameter, with a bold and indeed dangerous pile of rocks rising at either end of the bow, and running treacherously out under the blue waters, which here curled and fretted, and broke into foam, giving zest to the navigation of that part of the coast, and for ever preventing Lucky Cove from becoming a prosperous town with an available harbor. The houses of the village, none of them more than one story high, were set in a straggling fashion along the line of the shore, and before them, on the sandy beach, fishing-boats were dragged up and nets were stretched to dry, while generally some little vessel lay moored by the rude wooden pier. One store and one tavern, "The Blue Mackerel," made up the public buildings of the Cove. Behind, the

land rose in a long, gentle swell, covered with choice green pastures, and two miles away, at the highest point, four roads met, forming the "Corners," where was the district school, where for ten months in the year a hard-headed, well-instructed "New England school-master" reigned supreme over all the youngsters within a circuit of five miles. Blue, bright waters, flashing in the sun or glorious in the storm; green swelling pastures where sheep and cows wandered feeding; village homes where no starving poverty sat with haggard face, where no gaudy wealth entered with its temptations; the skies above all blue, and beautiful, and shining, as that sun-loved sea—for propitious skies are for seven-eighths of the year New England's heritage; and held upon the headland between sea and sky, as a hint that this busy world was not the "end-all," lay, circled by a low stone wall, a little village of the dead. Few graves were there; children usually throve at the Cove, and few babes were buried. There were few graves

of men as well; for sooner or later the sturdy sons of the coast, whom old age could not wear out nor disease quell, went down by storm or misadventure at sea, and had only such burial as wind or wave afforded.

Some said it was because of the healthfulness of this place that it had gotten its name of Lucky Cove; others had a legend of a ship long ago here making happy refuge from the storm; but the children held to the myth that Captain Kidd had once had a *cache* here—a pit wherein he had buried gold and jewels, lovely daggers with shiny hilts, crowns fit for kings, and spurs grand enough for King Arthur. All the little lads of the village hoped some day to discover these spoils and become rich as the prince in fairy tale; to this end, they dug zealously here and there with wooden spades and bits of broken hoop-iron when they were little, and, when they grew older, secured their humble fortunes by going to sea, as their fathers had before them.

Well, the *Goodwife* was finally seen, with all sails set, making straight for the Cove before the most favorable of breezes, and straightway all the small boys, who had just got home from school, tore down to the pier, with breeches rolled above their knees, and sun-bleached locks flying out of their ragged caps, all eager to "help Captain Adams" bring his goods home; not that these little fellows were going to the "feast," but each knew that his mother would bring him home in her ample pocket a slice of cake and a bit of fruit.

Next day Captain Adams, carrying Bess in his arms, went to each house in the village, inviting his friends to the "naming." All day Sarah Ann and Mrs. Adams baked delightful compounds in a big brick oven out of doors, while the old lady and little Lucy helped prepare the ingredients in the little "lean-to" kitchen at the back of the house. Next morning most of the crockery of the neighborhood was borrowed by Mrs. Adams; the big room that

formed the main part of the house was scrubbed and polished, and decorated with fresh curtains and table-covers trimmed with lace of her own knitting; the two little bedrooms at the side—after-thoughts in the house-building—were arrayed in the finest patchwork quilts, home-made mats, and toilet-tables; and finally Sarah Ann Wren brought, to adorn the middle of the supper-table, a grand Chinese jug, the one treasured gift of her improvident husband, which she had now filled with a mighty nosegay of daffodils, and lilacs, and fragrant white jonquils. Baby Bess was arrayed in a cap and robe embroidered by her mother, and a string of corals brought from over seas by her father. Mrs. Adams wore her wedding gown of gray, and the old lady wore *her* wedding gown of brown, which was a little out of fashion, but looked very well. Master Hastings sent a Danish punch-bowl, which held two gallons, and Captain Phil brewed a notable punch, and made arrangements for a yet further supply. At one o'clock the

matrons gathered with their knitting, the half-dozen men who were at home came with their pipes, and adjourned with Captain Adams to the headland "to talk over matters"—*i.e.*, the last cruise, the next cruise, and the mackerel-fishing. At five o'clock Mrs. Adams made a pot of tea for the older dames, aided by Sarah Ann, set the table, talking all the while to her surrounding friends, and giving, at their desire, her recipes for various appetizing dishes. Then Lucy Wren was despatched to call the men, and in a few moments more the whole company were falling to, eating and drinking with the royal appetites produced by sea-air, hard work, and ordinarily plain fare.

By-and-by, when Annie Adams and Sarah Ann had "changed the plates" for the last time, the six bottles of wine were set on the centre of the table; Master Hastings's great bowl of hot punch was placed before Captain Adams; and Tom Epp was called upon to serve out eggnog from a huge tureen

which Phil's father had long ago brought from England.

Now, when Phil Adams had served to every one a glass of punch, he took Baby Bess from her mother, and, holding her on high, said: "Friends and neighbors, here's the little craft, Bess Adams, just setting sail in life, and we ask you to drink her health and wish her a long cruise and a lucky one!"

All drank heartily to the dainty maid, and Master Hastings rose to make a nice little speech; when he had concluded, his son Rolf, aged five, who was the only small boy present at the entertainment, and who had been taking hearty sips out of his father's glass, felt it incumbent on *him* to say a word of the new-comer on behalf of the juveniles of Lucky Cove, so he cried out that "the punch was tip-top, and the baby was tip-topper"—a remark received with acclamation.

"The baby shall drink her own health," said Phil, putting a spoonful of punch to the little pink lips.

Bess sputtered vigorously, without taking any.

“Let her be, Phil,” said the mother; “such stuff is not made for babies.”

“It’s only too hot,” said the captain, blowing the liquid, and offering it again. But Bess thought, if blowing was the order of the day, she could do as well at that as her father, and she blew forthwith to such good purpose that she filled her parent’s eyes and whiskers with drops of punch; and his bedewed countenance seemed so funny to little Lucy Wren that she fell under the table in a fit of laughter.

“The baby has the best of it,” said Sarah Ann Wren; “she knows whiskey is poor stuff. For my part, I don’t see why any one wants better than a good cup of tea. I don’t think any one likes strong liquor naturally; we only learn by coaxing it down with all sorts of sweets and flavoring. Why not all let it alone in the first place? We’d never know the need of it then.”

“Oh! but in moderation it’s very necessary

for health," said Master Hastings, speaking the current opinion of the day.

"Keeps out cold and drives off fever," said he of the "Blue Mackerel."

"It's very strengthening when there's hard work to do," said Tom Epp.

"Yes, and very heartening when you're unhappy," said Jim Wren.

After tea Captain Phil gathered all that was left of the wine, punch, and egg-nog—different forms of this wonderful medicine, counsellor, consoler, and strengthener—and carrying it to the throng of little lads before the house, gave them all "a sip of something nice" to the health of Baby Bess Adams.

We perceive from this chronicle that Lucky Cove was utterly uninstructed in "temperance principles"; indeed, such were nearly unknown then. Father Mathew, Gough, temperance leagues and societies, had never been heard of. That whiskey was good for the health, promoter of wit, sociality, longevity, and happiness, was a fundamental article in each man's creed, held at Lucky

Cove in the face of the facts that by means of it Jim Wren lost wages, his father had fallen from a mast and broken his neck, that toddy had made Tom Épp's father a loathsome burden, that drunkenness occasioned the loss of several vessels about the Cove every year—in the face of this logic of facts, they yet advocated whiskey as a public benefactor. But then the wrong side does not trouble itself to reason; it boldly asserts.

CHAPTER II.

OUTFITTING.

" He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own."



AND now we have seen how that little craft, Bess Adams, was fairly launched in life; how she had duly received her name, with the accompaniment of wine and feasting; and the next thing necessary to secure the desired "long cruise and lucky one" was a proper outfitting. They were wise parents in their way, Phil and Annie Adams. That "wisdom that is from above" they had not, nor had thought of its need entered into their hearts; but in the simplicity of their lives they exhibited many of those characteristics which are generally its fruits. They were peaceable and gentle, and easy to be entreated,

and full of mercy; and shut away from the follies and temptations and falls of the great world, in the little hamlet by the sea, they visited in all benevolence the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and were kept well-nigh unspotted from the world.

The first good thing which Annie Adams thought to secure for her child was health; to confirm that vigorous constitution with which she had entered upon life. Never had a child a better inheritance of vital power. Her strong and supple limbs; her broad, full chest; head well poised; overflowing animal spirits which kept her for ever active; the good, red blood rising in her sun-browned cheeks; the flash of fun and pride and resolution in her clear brown eyes; and even the free tossing of a mass of half-frizzled light hair, forming a *chevelure* which any hair-dresser might have heartily envied, impressed one with the idea that little Bess was capable of battling with the roughest of storms and enjoying the finest of weather, and had a high courage to meet any fate. She was

no tender nursing of an overwarm house and soft beds. Bare-headed and bare-legged she raced up and down the sands and waded in the shallows all day, and at evening, having been thoroughly soused in sea-water, was put to sleep on a fresh straw mattress, with the window open all night beside her little bed.

If there is anything brain-creative, in a fish-diet, anything to give good blood in drinking plenty of unadulterated milk, and anything promotive of good morals and good muscles in that Indian corn of which Whittier sings so well, then Bess should have had them all—brains, muscles, blood, and morals; for fish and milk and corn-meal made the most part of the little sea-maiden's diet.

By the time she was five years old she had been taught three things: to obey; her alphabet; and a little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which prayer contained the chief religious knowledge possessed by either mother or grandmother! Besides this, Bess had learned for herself much lore of fishing,

boating, marine birds and monsters, such as crabs, lobsters, jelly-fish, and whelks. Her particular friends and chief companions were Lucy Wren and Rolf Hastings, who, being respectively six and five years her seniors, were to her guides and philosophers as well as friends.

Indeed, by the time that Bess was five years old she was a more congenial companion to Rolf than even Lucy; for there was a shadow in Lucy's home and over her fading mother's heart that communicated itself to the girl. Lower and lower sank Jim Wren, and less and less were his wages, and Sarah Ann had become the dressmaker, and bonnet-renovator, and, on far separated occasions, the shroudmaker, to her village friends; and Lucy was often oppressed with an unchildlike consideration of ways and means, and a mature desire to help her mother and to draw a veil of love and charity over her father's failings.

Thus it happened that it was not Lucy, but Bess, who believed religiously in Captain

Kidd's deposit of untold treasures, and made long expeditions with Rolf in search of it. Not Lucy, but Bess, was to help Rolf build and inhabit some such magnificent palace as he read of in books belonging to his father—books that told of Norse and Viking and Scald, and all the brave mythology of the North. It was Bess who perched of evenings beside Rolf on the wooden settle in the porch of his father's dwelling, while Master Hastings smoked a big china pipe in long puffs, and told of little Heligoland, where "Rede are ye clyffs and white ye sond"; of Friesland, where the women wear golden helmets; of far-off Spitzbergen, and the hardy Russ sailors wrecked there—Bess who planned with Rolf to get a golden skiff such as Freya sails, and steer for seas lit only by the northern lights, and be wrecked happily on Spitzbergen, with a full cargo of tallow candles!

But now Bess was five, and old enough to go to school at the Corners, and get a further outfitting for her life-cruise, at the

hands of the sharp-faced, keen-eyed, learning-loving, poverty-beleaguered school-master.

Carrying her blue primer in a green flannel bag made by her grandmother, Bess, barefooted, in a blue-spotted calico frock and sunbonnet, set off for the temple of learning, Lucy Wren leading her by the hand, and Rolf Hastings gallantly carrying her dinner in the basket with his own. Arrived at school, behold the trio seated together on a long blue bench by the wall, and Bess is given a board with the alphabet painted thereon to perfect herself in "the small letters" under the superintendence of Rolf and Lucy.

A simple scene indeed, three barefooted children in a log school-house in the country side! Simple, and yet what a spectacle is this of a little child learning its alphabet! You have put into its hand the master-key which fits all wards and can unlock all knowledge. In his early studies he tries its power; and now the realization of the value of his possession begins to brighten upon his consciousness. There is the child and his

treasure. He may permit it to rust, or he may finally lose it altogether. On the other hand, he may use it continually; he may by means of it pass from one department of knowledge to another, until he has gone further in the vast spaces of the universe than any of his predecessors; sweeping on, far above the highest thought-limits of his fellow-men, he may pass into eternity, leaving his name shining in the firmament of genius with a splendor that shall cause the names of Erasmus and Pascal to pale like the stars before the day. All this may be possible to the child to whom you are teaching the alphabet. Some realization of the grandeur of these possibilities seems ever to have impressed New England school-teachers; and the shabby men, part of whose salary is given in the questionable privilege of "boarding round," with its concomitants of strange beds, cold hospitality, and all manner of queer fare, every one of whose books is bought at the sacrifice of some physical need, and each of whose books is thumbed and

studied until it is fairly worn out—these men have usually taught as if in the shock-headed infants before them they were sure of the Bacons, and the Newtons, and the Edwardses of the future; and out of this zealous instruction has come New England's true strength and glory, and from these rude school-houses and faithful masters have gone out the professors, the pastors, the men of science, the poets and historians, which have extended the glory of their rugged land in all the world.

Such a master presided at the Corners, and his careful eye soon discerned in little Bess Adams abilities worth cultivating. When it came his time, in "boarding round," to go to the Adams's, he frequently carried little Bess home on his shoulder. In the evenings he strolled along the beach with her by the hand, and Rolf and Lucy at his heels, telling them rare secrets about the wonderful animal creation around them; or, in the winter evenings, seated by the blazing fire on the hearth, he quite outshone Master Hastings

as a story-teller, giving with infinite relish, and a grand rolling forth of the old Greek and Roman names, the gems of classic lore. Or by times he drew on his varied stock of information for glowing descriptions of the foreign lands where Captain Adams sailed; and Sicily, with its towering mountains, and Vesuvius, with its fiery crown, and all the fair Levant, passed as in a panorama before these young listeners; for this man, who had ever been too poor to travel so far even as to Philadelphia, in reality, was a great traveller in imagination.

Thus the school-master became to Bess as choice a companion as Rolf himself; yet she had a third comrade, more of a favorite than either, and that was Tom Epp. Tom could tell her quite as wonderful things as the teacher, and, what was better, many of the adventures which he related were his own; and there is an unspeakable charm in "*magna pars fui.*" But more than this, Tom loved the seas as a zealous patriot loves his country; and indeed Tom held that salt water was his

native land, for he had been born on the sea; and thus Tom surpassed the teacher, who had no sympathy for Bess Adams's intense fondness for the ocean. As for Rolf, Tom outrivalled *him*, in that he was strong and middle-aged, and never led her into any mischief which caused reproofs from grandmother and a penalty of sewing from her mother. Tom could teach her all about boats and fishing—mysteries in which Rolf was himself a learner; while, to conclude, Tom vowed that he had seen a mermaid not half so handsome as Bess, and that he believed that Captain Kidd had buried his treasures in the Cove, and if *he* found them Bess should have them all; whereas that greedy child Rolf wanted half!

Nobody, seeing Tom Epp putting out to sea in his fishing-boat, a ragged, bronzed-faced fellow older than his years, or watched him dragging his boat to the beach, and "salting down" its load of mackerel, cod, or herrings, would have called him fit material for a hero. Neither was he heroic in the

eyes of his neighbors—and perhaps no one ever is. Tom was poor, even for Lucky Cove—one of those who, without being fools, are very soon parted from any money they may get. His father, taking drunkenness as his steady business, for several years just managed to catch fish enough to pay for his whiskey. Tom at fifteen assumed the care of his mother, and kept want at more than arm's length from her, until at the end of seven years the school-master read a simple burial service of his own compiling over her pine coffin, and Tom's description of himself was that he felt as if "his masts were snapped clean off, his rigging was carried away, and his hull being stove in, he was dead swamped." But just at this time Tom had a new dependent cast upon him, so he was obliged to refit after all these damages; for his father became incapable of supplying himself with either bread or whiskey, while he loudly demanded both. For three years more Tom fed and clothed this wretched parent better than he did himself; he paid his

liquor bills at the "Blue Mackerel" as punctually as if they had been honest debts, and they *were* so considered in those days. Tom missed good berths on merchant vessels, because he must needs be near home to see that the old man did not burn or drown himself; he went late on winter nights, and carried the insensible toper home on his back through the snow; he "took patiently the spoiling of his goods"; and after three years of this slavery, when Epp senior had fairly drunk himself to death, Tom said his little house "felt dismal lonely, and he wished the old man had hung on a little longer, that he might have done more for him."

People now advised Tom Epp to marry, have a careful wife to dispose of his wages to the best advantage, and take some comfort in his life. To such proposals Tom shook his head; he thought it would be very unfair to have a nice young woman worrying about him when he was out at sea, or breaking her heart over his fate when his bark and himself went untimely down in a storm.

“Besides,” Tom was wont to say, lowering his voice, “if I should take to drinking like my old man before me, I don’t want any woman to be made miserable by it, like my mother was.”

“Fie, Tom,” the gossiping matron to whom he gave such a reason would say, “you’re not going to ruin yourself that way.”

“I don’t mean to, that’s a fact,” Tom would reply; “but then I might. No man knows what shoal he’s like to run agin in this world. On headlands, like at the Cove, we set a light; but for folk cruising through this life I can’t see as there’s any great amount of lights or signals nor anything to warn a body of danger, ’less it’s a wreck lying high and dry like—like—well, no use of mentioning names.”

So it happened that at thirty Tom was keeping his own house in a slovenly fashion enough, and content to make a plain living by fishing, with Rolf and Bess and Lucy for his chief “cronies” when he was ashore. He was always ready to lend to every man

who wanted to borrow ; never came in with a good catch, but fish and lobster went up to Mrs. Wren ; if anybody was sick, Tom was ready to " watch " with them with clumsy kindness ; and he was the unpaid man of all work for all the dames whose husbands were off on a voyage, and who needed wood cut, fences mended, or a leak in the roof stopped.

When Tom went off after a school of mackerel or a shoal of herrings, he always put a bottle of whiskey and a loaf of bread in the locker of his boat ; he thought water would have been a very dangerous drink for a man wet and weary with fishing. Sometimes he joined his village friends for an evening spent in the light of the flaring tallow-dips at the " Blue Mackerel " ; he never refused to stand or share a treat when asked to do so, but he never was drunk in his life. And his happiest hours were when a familiar gleam along the waters showed a school of mackerel at play, and, with Rolf and Bess perched in the bow of the boat to wonder at his achievements, he sent his bark, with a

long sweep of his strong arm, flying over the sparkling waves, and returned with several hundred fish. It was a sight worth looking at, the bright boat; for Tom's one extravagance was paint for the *Dancer*, rocking on the waves, Tom carefully balanced for his work, his lines wound on reels on the boat-side, and each line furnished with several hooks. A jar of chopped herring secured within reach, Tom would sprinkle handfuls of this upon the water to tempt the feeding fish, and then cast out his lines, one in each hand, the greater part of their length being wound on the reels. Then the fish would begin to bite, in their eagerness for herring snatching at that firmly fixed upon the hooks. Up would come the line, and with one scientific "snap" Tom would have his fish free in the bottom of the boat; and his yet baited hooks flung out again. An expert fisher, Tom had never to delay to touch his fish to take it from the line, or to rebait the hooks which he had well covered at the first. Sometimes both lines must be jerked up at once; some-

times two fish were caught simultaneously on the same line. The fish in the bottom of the boat tossed and beat themselves about wildly, and their silver scales flew off in a shower like fine hail. Then as Tom rowed home the mass of booty was quiet at last, and the sunlight flashed upon it, and it seemed a pile of alabaster and broken rainbows, or as if Tom Epp had discovered and was carrying away all Captain Kidd's famous booty of silver and of jewels.

Trips in Tom's boat were occasions of great happiness to Bess. She never wearied of the sea, and her love of it was a new source of gratification to Captain Adams when he was at home.

When Bess was two, a new member had appeared in the family, a small sister, called Kate, from her mother's mother. This juvenile brought plenty of love with her, as babies are wont to do; but perhaps Bess had a little supremacy in her father's heart, because of her singular congeniality. What he loved, she loved naturally; and how he

gloried in her knowing all the names of all parts of boat or ship, and laughing fearlessly in being out in a blow!

Without Bess as a leader, Kate would have been a domestic little body, and have grown into a notable housewife. As it was, she took more kindly than her sister to the long seams and stocking-knitting, and out of doors emulated all the daring feats of Rolf and Bess. To enumerate these would be wearisome; perhaps one, which filled the Cove with excitement, may serve as a sample. Bess, being eight years old, and expecting her father soon to return from a voyage, thought that nothing would be finer than to be able to report that she had sailed a boat, and caught a load of mackerel herself! As to do this entirely alone was manifestly impossible, Bess confided the darling project to Rolf, and avowed a determination to make Kate a sharer in it, "because you know," said Bess, "that I am older than Kate, and I ought to see that she don't grow up a stupid." Bess's pro-

position exactly chimed with the boyish daring of Rolf, who had all the fearless ignorance of thirteen. Tom Epp's boat was to be used, of course; the much-enduring Tom was away from the Cove for a few days, and what was his seemed to belong equally to Bess and Rolf. It was holiday-time; by daybreak Rolf went to the beach, and, by great exertions, rowed Tom's boat from its ordinary place of mooring to a sheltered spot at the further point of the cove, where they might embark unnoticed. In the locker of the boat were Tom's shaggy coat, a couple of ship's biscuit, and a half-bottle of whiskey. There was bait enough ready, and Rolf, boy-like, thinking nothing equal to matches, which were in those days less common than now, had brought three of the precious things, with a little tinder and a twist of oiled tow—things which had been found useful in tales of adventure, but seemed quite superfluous in Tom's boat. Bess appeared about ten o'clock with Kate, provided with some bread and boiled pork,

and, mindful of Spitzbergen, a tallow-candle ; "for who knows, Rolf," she said, "but we *may* get wrecked on a desert island, or— wouldn't it be nice if we discovered a lot of new land, like Columbus?"

"I don't believe there's any new land around here, else Tom Epp or some of the fellows would have found it," said Rolf, bestowing Bess's complement in the locker.

No one noticed the boat putting out to sea, nor the absence of the children, who were accustomed to be off for hours playing along the shore. Rolf and Bess rowed vigorously for a while, and then Rolf dexterously set the sail, and they skimmed over the water quite merrily until the wind began to veer, and the *Dancer* rocked wildly, to the immense delight of the voyagers.

"We'll have down that sail and begin to fish," said Bess.

"It is coming up a storm," said the more experienced Rolf.

"All the better," said Bess. "It's no credit

to sail a boat in fair weather ; but if we have a storm, that will be nice."

"But," suggested Rolf, whose conscience was far from quiet, "you know Lucky Cove is hard to run in in a blow."

"I an't afraid. Are you?" demanded Bess.

Terrible imputation on the young man's courage! Rolf vowed he hoped it would "blow great guns."

The fishing was not a success ; it was a bad day, not in the fishing season, and the children, despite their self-sufficiency, were bunglers in the great art. By five o'clock they had only caught three fish ; were all tired, Kate was ready to cry, and as the heavens were now darkly overcast, and the wind came in strong puffs from the sea, Rolf proposed to go home. They had much difficulty with their sail, and the wind, being partly from the north, drove them southerly, while the tide rising and the wind carried them toward the land. About two miles from the shore a small, rocky island

lifted boldly from the sea—a favorite nesting-place for birds. Before they reached this the rising squall came down upon them and struck terror to their souls. To be on solid land was now all their hope. Rolf had often gone with Tom to Gull Peak for birds' eggs, and he knew well how to run his boat into a sheltered spot on the seaward side, around which the rocks rose like towers, descending perpendicularly into the water. Between these there was a steep ascent of the Peak, and various ledges where one could sit or clamber in tolerable security. Managing to take down his sail, he set Bess at the rudder, and then wind, tide, and oar carried him toward the Peak, which, rather by the kind care of Providence than their own skill, they reached safely.

“We must make fast this boat,” said Rolf, “else, if we lose it, we will never get ashore in the world.”

“Then what would Tom do for the boat?” said Bess.

“And what would mother say,” whim-

pered Kate, "if the boat went in shore with out us?"

Amid the gravity occasioned by this suggestion, they made fast the boat and clambered up the rock. Kate being safely established, Rolf, as became a shipwrecked mariner, carried on shore all the valuables that were on board the ship, and the three, being in a state bordering upon starvation, ate all their provisions with the utmost speed. Kate curled herself up on an uneasy bed of rock, with the two sun-bonnets and Rolf's felt hat for a pillow, and, presently falling asleep, was covered with Tom Epp's great-coat, and so well provided for.

The evening closed darkly, and Rolf and Bess, perched on Gull Peak, with the sea all about them, the low, dark line of land with its occasional glimmering light seen in the distance, and the disturbed gulls screaming over their heads, began to consider the disadvantages of their position.

"We won't get home to-night, and what

will mother and your father say?" said Bess softly.

"We'll try and run in to-morrow, after the tide's done running out," said Rolf; "and then this is a real adventure, you know, Bess, and you mustn't get frightened."

"Oh! I an't frightened," said Bess; "only suppose the boat gets loose, or we fall off the rocks, or— Do you think the water ever rises over here, Rolf?" Her voice trembled.

All these thoughts had troubled Rolf, but he tried to be brave.

"I don't believe the water *does* come up here, Bess, else it would carry off the nests and the little birds. It don't look as if it came here."

After the sun had been some time below the horizon the sky cleared; the clouds had been blown over across the land, and, except for a dark floating mass here and there, the heavens were bright, and the stars shone in all their glory. The chill of the night set the children shivering.

"Let's tell stories," said Rolf. "I'll tell

you something that Christine told me—something I never told you before.”

Christine was Master Hastings’s house-keeper.

“When Christine and my father were young,” said Rolf, “they lived away up in Denmark; and she says she has been far up in Norway, where the sun in the summer shines all night, and lies along the edge of the sky just like a ball of fire. Christine’s mother was my grandmother’s servant, and Christine was their little maid; and my father sailed in Danish ships, which go away off in the Polar seas, where the night is six months long, and where, if you and I got wrecked like this, it would be a good while to wait until morning for us to go home.”

“Oh! I’ve read all about that,” said Bess; “but there we’d have snow to make us a house of; here we have nothing. Go on.”

“By and by everybody died but father and Christine—I mean of their family, you know—and father was getting to be about forty or more, when one night there was a

big storm on the coast near our house, and father went out to help. Well, nobody was saved but a sailor and a young lady—the most beautiful young lady that ever was, Christine says; she had blue eyes and long, curly yellow hair, and all her friends had been drowned on the ship. So she stayed with father and Christine for a while, and then father married her. She was my mother, you know, Bess, and Christine got her picture out of father's desk and showed it to me. Oh! you can't guess how nice it was—much prettier than you will ever be, Bess."

Now this was a quite unnecessary and ungracious thrust on Rolf's part, and Bess, having a proper pride, responded tartly:

"I don't like girls with blue eyes and yellow hair; they're like the doll father bought Kate, and I hate dolls." Then, bethinking herself that the blonde beauty in question was Rolf's long-dead mother, she relented, and said: "But I guess she was *real* handsome, Rolf; wish I'd seen her. Go on."

“Father came to this country from Denmark to please her, because she was from America; but after she died he could not bear to stay where they had lived, and so he wandered around until they found Lucky Cove, and stopped here. Christine says I was a year old then. But some day I’m going to visit Denmark and all those lands far north.”

After this, conversation flagged, and the children fell asleep, but the cold and their cramped positions woke them in the course of an hour.

“I wish,” said Bess, “that we had a fire, I’m about frozen.” And here Kate woke up and cried aloud.

“We will have a fire!” exclaimed Rolf. “I’ll make one. Tom and I piled some driftwood and dried weeds in an arch of the rocks, just back here, last time we came. Don’t move, Kate. Bess, you scramble carefully, so you don’t fall. Now I’ll get out my lights, and paper, and the oiled tow, and start a fire.”

“Let’s light the candle so that you can see to fix the sticks,” suggested Bess. And when Rolf had lit it, she sheltered the flame with her hands, while he arranged the fuel, brought up a cracked boat-seat, and made it into kindling by breaking it on the rock and hewing at it with his jack-knife; so in the course of half an hour they had a fine fire, before which they all seated themselves upon Tom’s coat.

“Let’s cook our three fish,” said Rolf, and proceeded to clean them with his knife, and make a place among the coals for baking them.

“I wonder if they’ll send for us,” said Bess, as this went on.

“Who is there to come?” said Rolf. “There’s the landlord at the ‘Blue Mackerel,’ but he don’t care for anybody; and Jim Wren, but of course he’ll be drunk; and there’s father, he’ll come, and may be Tom Epp will get back; and I guess Joe Morgan is home, and perhaps some of the boats got in from the upper side of the Cove before

the blow. Bess, if you're cold, there's some whiskey in Tom's bottle. They say that's good to warm people; let's try some."

"The fire's better; I just hate whiskey; it tastes like—like everything; and if you only knew how it makes Mrs. Wren cry! You'd ought just to hate it. I do."

"I know how it makes her cry, and father says she won't live long, and that Jim's a beast," said Rolf.

"I guess she's a pretty good woman," said Bess; "mother says so, and she's got a Bible, and she reads it lots. Grandmother says people generally do when they're in trouble or sick; but it must be an awful hard book, for I heard Mrs. Wren ask the schoolmaster to explain to her what some of it meant, and he said he didn't understand it."

"Goodness!" cried Rolf, "why, he understands about everything else."

"And she cried, and said she wished there was a church or a parson somewhere. And then the schoolmaster said for her not to fret so; for, if she just did the best she

could, God would take care of her, and wouldn't ask anything more of her. I never heard such talk before; why, is God everywhere, and who is he, and what is he like, and what does he think of Jim Wren? Now, Rolf, don't you touch that whiskey, else you'll be like Jim, and then we can't find Captain Kidd's money nor go to Spitzbergen."

By this time the fish were cooked, and the three addressed themselves to eating them. In the midst of the feast they heard voices and hails, and the next moment the stout figures of Master Hastings and Captain Adams were in full view in the broad firelight as they clambered up the rocks.

Captain Adams had reached home toward evening, just as the absence of the children had begun to excite alarm. After searching the coast they put out to sea, sending three of their neighbors northerly in another boat. The fire on Gull Peak had attracted them, and they arrived to find the truants eating a supper of baked fish.


“Young sir,” said Master Hastings to his son, “you will go one more year to school, and then I will send you to sea with Captain Adams; and no more of these pranks meanwhile. Twice you and Bess have been nearly caught and drowned by the tide, and three times lost in a fog along the shore.”

“And you, Bess, take no more trips like this without Tom Epp, and some day you shall go a cruise with me in a fine new ship; but you must get an outfit first, my girl—get an outfit,” said Captain Adams.

CHAPTER III.

SAILING ORDERS.

“ The days are very evil,
The times are waxing late—
Be watchful and take warning,
The Judge is at the gate.”

“  ET an outfit,” said Captain Adams. And at this was Bess busy until she was twelve years old. By this time Rolf had gone to sea with her father, and Bess was the leading spirit in the old school-house at the Corners, and the pride of her master.

From her earliest years Bess had avowed her intention of going to sea with her father, and to preparation for this she directed all her efforts. She pursued arithmetic with enthusiasm, especially enjoying calculations of time, of latitude and longitude; geography was another pet branch of learning; the mariner's compass was an object of greatest

interest ; and while the other children nodded sleepily in their seats, Bess would engage the master in a disquisition, and sit with eager eyes fixed on his face, while he, happy in his young and ardent listener, discoursed of what was then known of the north pole and the magnetic pole, and the "open sea ;" of tides, and currents of the atmosphere ; of wave theories, and the Gulf Stream ; the eager mind of the unknown and diligent student projecting and anticipating much that has since been more fully unfolded. From the earliest of her school-days, Bess had been wont to pace the sands, on the starry evenings, hand in hand with her master, while he pointed out the constellations and the sentinel star that guards the pole, and to which the unerring needle points the mariner. To the master, the constellations rose, and set, and held their high courses as parts of a mighty mechanism ; to Bess, they were set as guides to bring her father's ship across the sea. To neither of them did the heavens declare the

glory of God, nor the firmament show his handiwork. The wind returned again according to his circuits, all the rivers ran into the unfilled sea, and not a thought entered their busy minds of Him who holdeth the winds in his fist, gathers the waters in the hollow of his hand, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing. Perchance the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now came his voice commanding all men everywhere to repent.

The first messenger sent to them was Death. In hamlets such as this, the simple people form, as it were, one family. One does not languish day by day on a sick-bed, and go down into the grave, unnoticed of his neighbor next door.

With the affectionate solicitude of relatives, the villagers had marked for years the daily sorrows and patience of Mrs. Wren. Jim's course had been steadily downward; degraded from the post of captain, he had been successively first officer, second officer, coxswain, cook, common hand before the

mast, and at length rejected altogether, and, too brutalized to feel shame or desire employment, he sat all day at the "Blue Mackerel," drinking what he could get, and at evening was thrust out by the landlord to go home as he could or sleep in the streets. Sometimes Lucy went after him; but, when Tom Epp was ashore, he fell naturally into that same thankless office, and carried Jim Wren home as once he had carried his own father.

Lucy, on her part, had quite enough to do to get bread and fuel for the little household, and nurse her dying mother; in fact, she would have found the work too great, except for the help of the neighbors. Fish from Tom Epp, this, that, and the other delicacy for the invalid from the villagers, liberal pay from Master Hastings for making his shirts, and flour and wood for friendship's sake, these helped Lucy over the rough places of her lot. Besides this, the ready neighbors sat up long nights with the sick woman, and helped nurse her during weary days, and

thus they all entered together into a new and solemn experience, which became the staple of conversation in all the hamlet, and stirred deep thoughts in all minds.

Lying there on her dying bed, Sarah Wren was unwittingly preparing the way of the Lord, and casting up in the desert a highway. She had never seen the minister she had longed to see, and the schoolmaster had never given her the explanations she had begged. A dingy old Bible had been her one helper; but on these dim pages had shone brighter and brighter the illumination of the Spirit. Out of her own infinite needs she had learned to pray. She had had only the Bible without note or comment, no preaching of the Word had been hers; but out of that Bible she had learned of a crucified but risen Saviour, waiting to be gracious. She had seen the gate of mercy set open for "whosoever will," and the Book of Revelation had opened the doors of pearl, and shown her the glorious vistas of the city of our God, the land where none shall say, "I

am sick," where there shall be no more curse, neither sorrow nor crying, and where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Therefore, before by the loosening of the silver cord she had entered upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God, Sarah had come to experience the perfect peace of those whose minds are stayed on Him; and amid poverty, shame, desertion, pain, and death, she had come into the pavilion of the Holy One, and abode in a great calm. A plain and silent woman, she had no narration of experiences; she could not describe the change that had passed upon her, nor any spiritual processes. She could not even announce that "whereas I was blind, now I see"; but the great change was evident to all. With that Bible in her wasted hand; and its words ever on her faltering tongue, her soul filled with a serene confidence of coming glory, Sarah practically taught her friends and neighbors how a Christian can die.

"O mother, mother!" cried the weeping

Lucy, throwing herself beside her parent, "you are dying!"

"No, my child," was the calm answer; "I know that my Redeemer liveth; because he lives, I shall live also; to-day I shall be with him in Paradise." And so she passed out of this life into a better, her last hour being evidently not dying, but the comfortable entrance into a nobler and happier existence.

As the neighbor women prepared her for burial, there was a general feeling among them that Sarah should have a different funeral from that common in the place, where the schoolmaster coldly and gravely read a chapter, and his own form of burial-service. That there should be a "regular parson" and a sermon, was the general opinion, though no one believed it possible to obtain this desire; there was no preacher within twenty miles, and, moreover, Jim Wren was too drunk to care anything about it, while nearly all the men were off in the vessels.

Sarah passed away toward the close of

the afternoon, and her death so engrossed popular feeling that the wonderful event of a stranger riding through the village, on a good horse, with well-filled saddle-bags, and putting up with Master Hastings, excited little attention. By seven next morning, about the time when all good housewives had "done up" their breakfast dishes, this stranger and Master Hastings set forth for a walk. They first passed by a small group of men, among whom was Tom Epp, getting out their fishing-boats. Here Master Hastings said briefly, "A relation of mine, and a parson." The parson shook hands all around, and with Master Hastings passed on to the "store." Here was the same introduction, this time to the store-keeper and to three women who were buying material for Sarah's shroud. Even by this time, so quickly does news fly in one of these little villages, every man, woman, and child knew that a "parson" was in the place, and all rushed to door or window to comment and wonder, as with Master Has-

tings he next proceeded to the rude, forlorn dwelling of Jim Wren.

Here were Mrs. Annie Adams, Bess, and Aunt Kezzy, the fat, kind-hearted landlady of the "Blue Mackerel," who was sorry enough for Lucy, angry at Jim, and entirely without a suspicion that she, her house, or her family had had anything to do with Sarah's early death; indeed, she had nursed the sick woman, and sent her chicken-broth and fresh eggs, she was wont to say, "just like a sister."

In the half-darkened room of the little house this group were seated. On the bed lay Sarah's body, covered with a fine linen sheet, part of her marriage providings. Fat Aunt Kezzy occupied the big chair, sighed now and then, and fanned herself, for want of other occupation. On a corner of the settle was Bess, the one bright, vigorous, comforting object in the place, gently stroking the hair of poor Lucy, who lay sobbing with her head on her little friend's lap; and now and then one of Bess's

valiantly-repressed tears escaped, to drop on Lucy's head. Behind the house, half-stupid, on a saw-horse, sat Jim Wren, his head on his grimy hands, wondering if he were likely to get any whiskey at the "Blue Mackerel" that day. Among the group in the cottage appeared Master Hastings and his companion.

"Friends," said Master Hastings, "here is a relative of mine, a parson, come to stay at the Cove for a while, and in good time, I think, to help us in this burial."

The stranger gave his hand to each of the women, cast his keen glance swiftly about the room, and, going at once to Lucy's side, spoke his first words under that roof: "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We are confident, and willing to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept; for, if we believe

that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

From the first syllable of that clear, firm voice Lucy's sobs had stilled. She lifted her head, and fixed her earnest gaze upon the speaker.

"Dear friends," he said, "the hand of God is upon you, and yet more in mercy than in judgment; for Christ has willed that those whom the Father hath given him be with him where he is. Let us together listen to the reading of the Scripture, and go to God in prayer."

Master Hastings reached the Bible from the shelf; but the words she had heard had recalled Lucy to duty. She had yet one parent; her father must not be forgotten like an outcast while they worshipped God. Without a word she quickly left the room.

"She's gone for her father, poor thing," said Mrs. Adams.

"Humph," said Aunt Kezzy, "much good it'll do *him*."

Lucy went into the back yard, and, kneeling down by her father, put her arms about his neck.

"O dear father! here's a parson come to pray with us, now poor mother is dead. Won't you come in?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Jim indifferently.

"And mother's *dead*, father," reiterated Lucy earnestly.

"Yes, I know, child. Your mother was always weakly, and she never would take anything to keep her up. She had queer notions, your mother had, and plagued me a sight."

"Well, come in, father," said Lucy with a weary sigh; "but let me fix you a little first—the minister's there."

Jim submitted with the nonchalance of those absorbed in great things. His whole soul was devoted to the question when and how he should get whiskey, and such little

matters as death, ministers, and decency failed to move him. He was barefooted, but Lucy brought his socks and the shoes which she always kept clean for him; she washed his face and wet and brushed his shaggy hair, and then succeeded in pulling him into a well-brushed and well-mended pea-jacket; she then led him into the house, and established him in a corner of the settle, sitting beside him and holding his hand.

The minister had been, during this time, studying his little audience. A keen and yet a loving student of human nature, he already understood the little band before him. He divined also, as soon as Jim entered, that he had better be left unnoticed until he had become accustomed to the sound of the strange voice, and might have heard some word to attract his attention. His eyes moistened as he saw the forlorn girl taking her father's unresponding hand, and not less did a sudden mist swim before the vision of the stalwart Dane. All being now ready, Sarah's well-worn Bible was opened, and to

those watchers by the dead came the words, "And a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany."

"O mother!" said Mrs. Annie Adams to her old mother-in-law when she went home at noon, "there is a minister come to stop awhile at the Cove, and he is to preach Sarah's funeral to-morrow afternoon. I wish you could have heard him this morning."

"A minister, did you say, Annie?" cried the old lady. "Why, child, since I've heard Sarah Wren talk, and have seen her die, I have thought much that I am an old woman, and my time's coming soon, and it seems to me that the words of the Gospel would come like cold water to parched ground."

Thus God had sent his messengers of sickness and death, and they, having done their appointed work and gone their way, were followed by the preacher of the Word. The new evangel had been spoken first in the house of Jim Wren. Aunt Kezzy thought it respectable. Bess felt that it was

wonderful. To Annie Adams it came as something for which she had long unconsciously sought. The Dane went home pondering, with his head on his breast. Lucy's heart, trained by long communion with a mother ripening for glory, had only to hear, to enter on her inheritance; but—alas! that man can be of the earth so earthy—Jim Wren's one whisper, as they rose from their knees, was, "Lucy, girl, you speak to Aunt Kezzy to let me have a glass of bitters if I go there this morning!"

The next afternoon the minister preached the funeral sermon of Sarah Wren. All the village came out to hear him. Store and tavern were shut. Mothers and babies were there; only two persons were at home, and they were bed-ridden. The little room of the house could only hold the table bearing the pine coffin, and the group of nearest friends that sat around. The remaining people stood in the front yard space; and standing in the doorway, between the living and the dead, the minister declared to them the good news: "He that believeth in me,

though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

This was on a Friday, and it was announced that on the Sabbath morning, as there was no room in the village large enough to hold the assembled people, the minister would preach on the sloping side of the headland that rose above the Cove.

And now was time in the Cove no longer numbered by the days of the week, nor by the marvellous catches of fish, but only by the preachings. For as that great wind that blew across the valley of vision started instant into life all the dry bones and disjunct members of humanity, so the mighty breath of God swept over this hamlet by the sea, and there was a strange stirring of emotions and a shaking of souls, and the one topic of conversation was the wonderful news brought by the preacher ; and the one manner of reckoning the passing days was that on this one was a preaching, on that a prayer-meeting, and on another the parson had opened up the

wonderful story of the prodigal, who would arise and go to his father.

Therefore, chronicling the life of these people as it was lived, we pass to the Sabbath of that first great preaching on the green land-ward slope of the headland.

Phil Adams was there. His ship had been winged home in a fortunate hour. He brought a chair on his shoulder for his old mother, and stood foremost in the group, his wife on his arm and Bess by the hand, while Kate filled up the space between Bess and Rolf, who was now nearly as tall as the father by whom he stood—Rolf, who had already seen Denmark and the northern seas.

The Dane, with his locks white as the snows on Hermon, his mighty frame unbowed by the many years that rested upon him, his fiery eyes bent on the speaker, as one passionately intent to hear, was a prominent figure in the audience. Lucy was there, in some attempt at mourning for her mother, yet with a calm hope shining through her grief. Tom

Epp was near her, lest the worse than fatherless girl should feel neglected and alone—Tom, hearing for the first time of charts and beacons and signal-lights for the cruise of life—things the lack of which he had so often deplored.

Aunt Kezzy was not absent. Curiosity and a vague idea that religion was something supremely respectable, with the fondness natural to her for being wherever many people were assembled, always brought her to the meetings. The landlord, Jim Wren, another confirmed toper, and the two invalids of the village, were now and for many an occasion the only people of Lucky Cove absent from preaching.

The minister had scattered among his audience some dozen copies of the "Village Hymns," and at his request whoever possessed a Bible brought it; aided thus, the congregation joined in the opening services.

A Sabbath stillness reigned about. The sea lay stretched like a sheet of silver before them. The deserted village was soundless

behind them. Now and then a gull wheeled close overhead, as if wondering at the concourse on the side of the headland. There was no echo, no answer, save of the voice within the heart, when the preacher said: "Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."

The story of Antioch was repeated in this hamlet by the sea. When the service was closed, hearts hungering for the word of life "besought that these words might be preached to them next Sabbath day." And "now, when the congregation was broken up, many followed" the speaker, "who, speaking unto them, persuaded them to continue in the grace of God."

Left alone at last, the weary preacher, while his hearers dispersed to their homes, seated himself on the side of the headland overlooking the sea, resting body, heart, and brain with that glorious earthly semblance of that "sea of glass mingled with fire," whereon those that have got-

ten the victory "stand, having the harps of God."

But a heavy step, disturbing the loose earth and stones, broke on his meditation. Tom Epp, with a sailor's easy freedom, dropped down upon a jutting rock beside him. "I say, parson, beside such a One as you told about to-day you make our hearts look pretty black. It seems to me that when a man's lived thirty years in sin, never thinking of God, he's got to be so bad that the only thing for God to do with him is to cast him overboard altogether."

"But that is not our Father's way, Tom. He loveth all the souls that he has made. He is not willing that any should perish. He says, 'Turn ye, for why will ye die? Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow. All day long have I stretched out my hands. Whoso cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He is waiting to be gracious."

"But, parson, suppose a man like me gets that grace, and then may be some fate's on him, and he gets idling and drinking, and

swearing in his cups, and goes to the dogs—that's worse than the first evil, an't it, eh?"

"Worse, if it should be, Tom; but Jesus says 'of those that follow him': 'They shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' 'He that is with us is more than he that is against us.' When we trust in him, we go to the strong for strength, and thereafter, with all our temptations, 'he will make a way of escape.' When we fall, he will raise us up. We shall no longer walk as one alone, if we take the Lord Jesus for our fellow-traveller."

"But you see, parson, we don't know what's right, and we're used to doing wrong. All our habits are dead agin right-doing."

"But God gives us a clean spirit. He renews our will. He gives us his holy Word and his teaching Spirit 'to lead us in all truth,' and 'we hear behind us a voice, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it.' He shows the right, and inclines to it; he makes light the dark places; he gives us his orders in every doubt; he comforts us in

trouble, saves us in peril, and encourages us in fear."

"Parson," said Tom, with a great light in his eyes, "this is to have a Captain always in command on your quarter-deck."

"Yes, Tom—a Captain who has sailed all seas and tried all storms; who understands every reef and sand and shore of all this troubled ocean; who has the harbor full in view, and will surely guide us safe to port."

There was a long pause; then Tom said: "But, parson, what becomes of those that don't sail with this Captain?"

"Tom," said the parson, pointing to a vessel out at sea, "what course will she take to get into the Cove?"

"She's got to fetch about and sail right in, straight in the middle between the two headlands; that's the only channel."

"Tut, tut, she'd better come in a sharp line from where she is."

"She'd bring up smash agin this rock," said Tom earnestly.

"Oh! a little forward, then, this way," said

the parson, marking a line with his cane, "and then she'd get in with less trouble."

"She'd wouldn't get in at all; there's a reef there, and she'd break upon it. Straight in the middle is her only chance."

"That looks ridiculous," said the parson; "her captain will run her in on a sharp northwest line."

"He won't," cried Tom excitedly; "there wouldn't be three of her timbers holding together in two hours. There an't a captain on this coast such an awful fool as to try *that*."

"So, Tom," said the parson, laying his hand on the fisher's arm, "there is but one way of entrance into eternal life; straight is the gate and narrow is the way. Jesus saith, 'By *me* if any man enter in.' 'There is no other name given under heaven whereby men may be saved.' No other captain is there for you but the Captain of the hosts of God; no other entrance to the port of heaven but that he opened with his blood. In God's name I offer

you safety, if you sail under his orders; if you refuse, it is your infinite and irreparable folly."

Tom sat for some time, as if watching the distant ship; then, without a word, he rose and walked away. The minister saw him go to the sands, unloose his boat, and put out to sea. He knew well that Tom was bent neither on business nor pleasure. The son of the sea found no place so fitting for the solemn and wonderful thoughts that were rising in his mind as the silence and loneliness of that great waste of waters where he had had his birth.

There was another preaching that evening, and after it, just as the moon was rising, Captain Phil Adams, with Bess by the hand, turned away from the village, and, wandering for a mile along the shore, sat down on the sand above the line of the incoming tide. For a long while the father and daughter sat silent, watching the water slowly rising under the long, bright track of the moonlight. The same mighty sympathy which had ever

made it seem as if but one heart beat within these two was between them now, when the grandest question possible to human lives was before them, waiting for an answer. "Bess, my girl," said the captain at last, "I've got new sailing orders for my voyage in life. I never saw it before, Bess, and it's strange enough I didn't; for I've heard preaching, but somehow none that came *right to me*. That's true enough what he told us to-night. We are not our own; we're bought with a price, and it was a wonderful and great price, my girl, calculated to make us set a mighty value on ourselves and our days, for the purpose of serving God. Late for me it is, but from this hour, child, I sail under new orders. The Lord Jesus is my master and owner, and his Word is my chart, and that heaven he tells us of is the port I'm bound for. So may God help me to hold fast that resolve!"

"Yes, father," said Bess with that calm determination of speech which characterized her, "I made up my mind to that the first

time I heard what he said at Mrs. Wren's. You know he read, 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die'; and when I went home, I hunted up grandmother's old Bible, and read more about it, and somehow I believed, and felt sure right away that Jesus cared for me."

"Ah Bess! my girl," said the captain, laying his broad hand fondly on her flowing hair, "you are only twelve years old. I saw in the Book this afternoon, 'They that seek me early shall find me.' I am hard on to fifty, and bring only the remnant of my days to God's service."

At this same hour, in the captain's cottage, Kate had brought out the long-neglected Bible, and by the flaring candle-light was reading the words of life to her eagerly-listening old grandmother; while Mrs. Annie Adams, whose motherly heart yearned over the motherless Lucy Wren, had gone with her to her deserted and forlorn home, and, seated in the darkness of the room whence Sarah had lately passed into glory, these two

held sweet communion concerning the kingdom of God.

Lucy Wren had long been learning of the way of life from her mother. In Annie Adams's heart the Lord had a short and a great work to do; he ripens swiftly the grain that is to be early gathered to the garner, "The reapers are the angels." Already had the messengers of God received high commission to go forth to gather both the wheat and the tares; but yet for a little was this end of the world that was coming to some at the Cove delayed, until the voice of the preacher had well proclaimed the glad evangel of the grace of God.


And many heard it. "At eventide it was light" for the old mother of Phil Adams. Master Hastings obeyed the order, "Go into my vineyard," at what then seemed his life's eleventh hour. Captain Adams, mourning much that he had not heard an earlier call, went at the ninth hour to do the bidding of the Lord; while Lucy, and Rolf, and Bess, and Kate remembered "their Creator in the

days of their youth." Others there were also who heard with willing ears the things that belonged unto their peace; and yet others in whose hearts the good seed lay a long while dormant, and bore fruit at last. And this is the record of those good days when Bess Adams got the best of her outfitting for her life-cruise.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TIDES ALONG SHORE.

"Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men ;
Till by their own perplexities involved
They ravel more, still less resolved."
—MILTON.

 TOM EPP maintained so long a silence toward the parson that the good man began to fear that the fisherman had elected not to leave all and follow Christ. But on a pleasant evening, about sunset, Tom invited the preacher to enter his boat and row out with him beyond the Cove. Tom waited until they were a safe distance from the land, and then, resting his arms on the oars, he set forth his difficulty. "Look ye here, parson, I've been overhauling the books, and I see it's a bad lookout for them as don't turn to the Lord. But tell me, parson, when a man and a woman's been living well out of the way of

preaching, only getting a word now and then, and being among those who never say a word of piety like, more than 'if we do as well as we can, the Lord 'll ask no more of us,' or of a dead one, 'that his troubles is over, and he's gone to heaven'—well, when two, a man and a woman, so gets out of the habit of religion like, and lives on, without stirring up to go to the Corners for preaching, or without overhauling the Book, and one of them two dies heart-broke, and the other—well, by way of rum goes bad, I want to know what I'm to believe about them two, and what's become of them, parson? For"—and Tom's voice grew husky—"I've had two just in that case, and if I take that Book as the truth of God, and believe according, I've got to believe hard things of them two, and it 'pears to me like just driving them two out into misery."

"Tom," said the parson, "the Bible tells us that as a tree lies where it falls, so man at death passes into a state that cannot be changed. What you believe or do not be-

lieve about friends you have lost can in no wise alter their present condition. As you commit their bodies to the earth, and thereafter do not go back into their graves to see how it fares with their dust, so commit their souls to God, knowing that while men are feeble, short-sighted, apt to err, and changeable, he is infinite in power, in love, in mercy, in justice, in truth. He does the best for his own glory and for man's greatest good in this world, and why not trust him to do the same in the world to come? All the souls which God has made shall fully justify his righteous dealings. If our friends pass out of life rejoicing in hope, our thoughts with satisfaction follow them to the glory where they have gone. If doubt and darkness abide upon their memory, that, Tom, is a burden which Christ permits us to cast, with all our other cares, on him. Your business is not with the dead, but with the living—with the salvation of your own soul. Your refusing the mercies of God for yourself will not better the case of any of the departed

who have rejected him. This, Tom, is a stumbling-block cast of the devil in your way, that you may be turned out of the path of the just."

"But it seems as if they didn't have half a chance," murmured Tom, bowing his head over his oars.

"Don't charge God foolishly," said the preacher. "Was not, by your own admission, the Gospel preached now and again at the Corners, and was not the Book of God lying on the shelf, only waiting to be opened to proclaim the whole counsel of God? If punishment follows one sailor's disobedience of orders, is it needful that all the rest of the crew should mutiny? Would that help matters? If you will fully give yourself to God, Tom Epp, you will feel able to leave your parents' case with him also. Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; perhaps unknown to you such a work went on in your mother's heart. I have only one word for you, Tom. Christ said to Peter when he asked, 'What

shall this man do?' 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.' So he says to you, 'Submit yourself, therefore, under the mighty hand of God; resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

Tom suddenly turned the boat about, and began rowing vigorously toward shore. As the keel grated on the sands, he said with a deep breath, "There! I've had a hard pull against a lot of temptations. Just overhaul me the Book, and let us have that Scriptor about casting all our care."

The minister took the Bible which Tom pulled out of his locker, and, marking the passage, went away. After that hour Tom, with Bess and Rolf, was most frequently with the minister; many hours they passed together on the shingle, and the simple-minded Tom Epp seemed as much a young pupil to the parson as the other two. To Tom the truths of the Scripture came with a singular freshness and beauty. To hear was to obey, though the new law was fre-

quently met with a burst of wailing over the long years wasted in its neglect.

To this minister, who had a devotion to his Master's work like that of Brainard and Payson, no hours were better or more happily spent than those when he was leading these young disciples on the upward way. Having been brought up in utter neglect of the Bible, the truths, the precepts, and the illustrations of history and of biography therein contained were quite new to them.

The preacher, Rolf, Bess, and Tom were sitting one evening on the headland. The calmness and beauty of the scene about them, with something of the Eden-like purity lingering over nature in these lonely places, perhaps suggested the teacher's theme—the Nazarites of old. He told them of these consecrated ones; of their early dedication; of their holy law; of Joseph, the one who was "separate from his brethren," and never swerved from his godliness; of Samson, the Nazarite who was strong; and of Hannah,

the Nazarite mother of a consecrated son. These were "the precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold"—"her Nazarites, purer than snow." "Nor," said the teacher, "need the law of the Nazarite be obsolete in these days. The church has great need of those who are consecrated indeed to the Lord; who will live holily before their fellows. We have fallen on degenerate days. Even in the church men conform themselves to the deeds of the world. They tell me I am a fanatic when I say that Christian men and women should eschew strong drink, whereby so many of their fellows are destroyed; that the hand that in the communion receives the bread and wine should not be soiled with the cards that bring so many men to ruin; that those who avowedly sit at the feet of Jesus to learn his ways should not sit in the seat of the scorner in the playhouse; that the same mind that professes to feed upon the Word of God should not fill itself with the loose, the profane, or the scoffing book; that those who belong to the assembly of the

saints, and by any sudden call might be led into the house not made with hands, should not be found here sharing the assemblies and amusements of the ungodly. This is no hard, ungenial life I offer you, my children. Christ and his work are enough to fill with happy activity any human soul. But in these days the sons of God follow the ways of the sons of Belial. The Nazarites, who should be whiter than snow, have 'their visage blacker than a coal, and are not known in the streets.' And yet the day is coming, though it may be after our time, when the Church will awake to her lofty duties; when she will eschew rioting and drunkenness, and follow after temperance and sobriety and purity in the fear of the Lord. Yes, the day will come."

"We need not wait for that far-off day," said Bess with flashing eyes. "We can bring it near by living such a Christian life now."

"It will be easy for the lass," said Tom, looking proudly at his little friend. "Parson, I don't believe one drop of strong drink has

ever been in her mouth, though everybody uses it at the Cove more or less, and all over the world, I reckon, as well. A sober, busy, honest-spoken child has our Bess always been—sort of a Nazarite by natur'. And Rolf there, he's a good boy too—Rolf don't drink."

"Not much," said Rolf, flushing—"a grog now and then on shipboard, like the rest. But I'll not take that any more. I've gone to the theatres and song-saloons in port, and to the grog-shops to stand treat; but this other life you show us is better than that, parson, and here I promise you and Bess and Tom to take no more liquor, play no cards, go to no irreligious amusements. If I'm going to serve God, I'll not do it by halves. And now for you, Tom!"

"Oh! but I'm a bad un," said Tom, shaking his head mournfully. "I might knock off now, but what an awful score I've got against me for all them things! Why, I've spent months, take them all in all, up at the 'Blue Mackerel.'"

"Well, it's never too late to mend," laughed Rolf.

"Oh! I'm going to mend," said Tom. "When I get down to the *Dancer*, I'll take the bottle I got filled with rum yesterday, and I'll give it to Jenkins."

"No, no, Tom," said the minister, unable to restrain a smile at his neophyte; "it will be as bad for Jenkins as for you. Better throw it to the fishes."

"They know better than to touch such stuff," said Bess.

But, like his Master and his brethren, the preacher did not find all the seed he sowed falling into good ground, and thus bringing forth fruit, thirty-fold, sixty, an hundred-fold. The parable of the sower is for ever true. When he preached in Jim Wren's hearing or went to him in private, beseeching him in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, the seed fell indeed by the wayside, and then came that wicked one, who had enslaved this poor wretch with strong drink, and caught away the seed sown in his heart.

Aunt Kezzy, of the "Blue Mackerel," was one of those who received the seed in stony places. Anon her joy was great. When others wept, she wept; when others spoke of serving God, it seemed good to Aunt Kezzy to serve him also; when heaven was the theme, Aunt Kezzy hoped to go to that city of gold as soon as ever she had finished making what money she could out of the "Blue Mackerel."

Now, the minister could be severe as well as gracious. When he went to the "Blue Mackerel" (and had declined the glass of spirits which Aunt Kezzy brought him into the parlor), Aunt Kezzy sat down, and told him fluently that she had been a great sinner, but now meant to serve the Lord.

"And when the sinner desires to serve the Lord," said the preacher, "he must forsake his sins. So you, my friend, if out of an honest heart you would seek the Lord, you must be ready to give up what is wrong in yourself and has been a cause of wrong to others. He who is forgiven much loves

much; he who loves much will sacrifice much. If your sins, which are many--"

"Oh! well," interrupted Aunt Kezzy, "as many as other people's, though not so many after all, nor so bad as some. A good neighbor and an honest, careful woman I've always made it a point of being; but I see something more is needed, and now I'm going to be a church member."

"I will tell you plainly," said the minister, bending his brows sternly at her, "that, without regard to the doings of other people, your sins should afflict your soul. Have you not lived forty years in indifference to the will of God? Have you not laughed at the profanation of his name, neglected his Book, broken his Sabbaths, despised his work, and lived upon the price of souls? Did not Epp's father die a miserable drunkard, made a drunkard at this very house? Is not Jim Wren going daily to destruction, getting so much rum here that he cannot keep sober enough to hear any plain preaching of the Gospel? Are these small matters?"

“I must say,” cried Aunt Kezzy, “I never thought you’d turn on me this away. As for the rum, why, it isn’t bad for them that don’t abuse it, and I an’t to blame for them that do. All the ministers I ever heard of before you take their grog. One of the biggest stills in the State is owned by a deacon. If it’s right to make it and take it, why is it only wrong to sell it?”

“But I believe it is not right to make it or take it, because it is yearly the cause of death to souls; and if we traffic in the accursed cause of his ruin, we are verily guilty concerning our brother. I know that in these unhappy days I stand almost alone in this matter; but the time is coming speedily, when the voice of the whole church shall be lifted up with mine, and when men who, while they do not love God above all, yet love their fellow-men generously, will cry out against the man who makes, and who sells, and who drinks’ strong drink. But I put this matter to your awakened conscience. You see Jim Wren going old Epp’s way to

death; you see mind, body, and soul perishing in his dram-drinking; you know that he steals his daughter's wages, and pays them away for gin at your bar. Now, in the presence of God, do you sufficiently fear your Maker and love your neighbor to reach out even one hand to stop this man's career to ruin? Will you cease selling this one man the poison that is destroying his soul?"

"That's a hard way to talk to a married woman, parson," whimpered Aunt Kezzy. "'The Blue Mackerel' don't belong to me; it's my old man is master here, and I can't help his making an honest living as he likes."

"But do you *want* to hinder it? Will you use your influence against it? Will you stop selling drams yourself? Will you interpose your influence just for this *one* unhappy man?"

"I can't say as I will," said Aunt Kezzy, "for honest folk must make their living. We've got the law on our side, and we can't refuse them as chooses to spend their money with us. It's like they know what's best for 'em;

and we can't go to refuse a man always when he hasn't money, for it gives us an ill name and spoils our custom; and me and my old man has only ourselves to look to, that we don't get to the poor-house in our old age."

"You have the eternal God to look to, if you will follow him. 'I have been young, says David, 'and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.'"

"No, nor I," said Aunt Kezzy, "if he'd laid up a snug bit of money for them and him; that's what makes sure of bread in this world."

"Do you know," said the minister, "that a heavy judgment will fall on him who lays a snare for his neighbor's feet. 'God is angry with the wicked every day. The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands; in the net which they have made is their own foot taken. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down on

his own pate. The wicked will not seek after God; his ways are always grievous; he sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages; in secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor; he lieth in wait as a lion in his den; he doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net.' ”

It was thus that forty years ago men of God did not fear or fail “to declare the whole counsel of God,” “and to rebuke men sharply, that they may be sound in the faith.” But there are some who will not endure sound doctrine, in whose hearts the good seed has no root; and “it dureth for a little while, and then vanisheth away.” Of such was Aunt Kezzy.

The early autumn came. Captain Adams and Rolf had set sail once more—for a long voyage now; their ship, leaving New York, was to sail through the bright tropic seas, toward the cold waters that circle the southern pole, and round that stormy cape that keeps guard beyond the outmost coast of Patagonia.

It seemed harder than ever to leave the dear ones, united now by nearer ties than before; and yet it was easier, in that the parted friends felt the one God over all, near to all them that call upon him, watching them equally on ocean and on shore. On seas never so wide these sailors felt that they could not drift out of their good Father's keeping.

Over some souls at Lucky Cove the preacher could lament, "The harvest is passed, and the summer is ended, and ye are not saved;" but yet not a few souls had here been added to the Lord. And now, with the first chill breath of the winter, came the gathering of another harvest. There were no eyes enlightened as David's when he "saw the angel stand above the threshing-floor of Ornan, with a drawn sword in his hand, stretched out over Jerusalem," to see now the "angel of the Lord, standing between heaven and earth," with his hand extended over this lovely village, where until now only healthful breezes had been borne.

They saw not the angel, but felt his power.

Some said that a pestilence had invaded the waters, and that the fish had become poisonous food; others fancied that a taint of some strange disease was in the goods that had come from Portsmouth; others listened to the school-master talking learnedly of malarious spores borne on atmospheric currents. Whatever it was, the disease spread through the terrified town, and the skill of the old women wise in the virtues of herbs, and the little knowledge possessed by the school-master of some dozen medicaments, were quite set at defiance. The country doctor, eight miles off, who administered to men, horses, and cattle when need was, came now frequently to the village; and when one of the long bedridden ones and two pretty children had been carried to the burying-ground, Master Hastings mounted the minister's famous horse, and went the weary forty miles to Portsmouth, to consult the doctors there and bring one of them, or some

well-skilled pupil of theirs, to the rescue of Lucky Cove.

The doctors talked about new diseases, and medicines did little good. Two more low brown ridges of earth, with the early snow drifted in fringes along their edges, showed that the graveyard had received the fourth and fifth victims of the pestilence.

Tom Epp became very ill, and Master Hastings removed him from his forlorn home to his own good home, where Christine could nurse him.

On the bed where his wife had died Jim Wren lay very ill, and poor Lucy was deprived of the comforting presence of her best friends, because Bess was watching by a dying mother.

Others in the village were sick, and all were alarmed. Lucy Wren had not now that neighborly assistance that had soothed her mother's last days; the two most frequently sharing the girl's miserable task were Aunt Kezzy and the minister.

Aunt Kezzy had done her part in helping

to destroy Jim Wren, and she was now just as earnestly doing her part to save him. She carried bedding from her house to Lucy, she sent fuel and pots of soup, and she brought a big black bottle of New England rum, thinking that than this nothing was better in sickness and in health, and that it might be likely to comfort Jim Wren in his troubles to know that he had a good quart of rum, for which he need pay nothing! Aunt Kezzy strongly urged Lucy "to take a swallow of the rum frequently." She assured her that it was "good to renew the strength, keep off contagion, rouse her when she was sleepy, prevent taking cold in night-watching, and calculated to build her up more than any other one thing."

Lucy doubted, and did not try the boasted prescription. Captain Hastings sent her a pound of excellent tea, and this she prepared for herself and the invalid.

When Aunt Kezzy was his watcher, Jim, in spite of doctor, Lucy, and parson, got many a stiff cup of grog. Aunt Kezzy felt

sure that it was good for him, and it was her way of atoning for any past evil which she might have done him; for in solemn vigils, when the unconscious invalid's face looked ghastly in the flickering firelight, Aunt Kezzy had reproachful memories and sharp recollections of what the parson had said to her.

But day by day the illness increased, and these three, Jim Wren, Tom Epp, and Mrs. Adams, seemed to near the crisis of their disease at the same time. It was a dark day at the Cove when all three lives hung trembling in the balance. At Master Hastings's, Christine, the Dane, and an old comrade of Tom's watched the poor sailor lying at death's door. At Mrs. Adams's, the old mother, the little daughters, and a neighbor or two watched the slow ebbing of a very precious life. But Aunt Kezzy had felt suddenly ill, and had gone home in haste; and while a winter storm howled about her home and drifted the snow in at door and window, Lucy Wren kept her watch alone. The minister went from one house to another, just where each

sick one was most needing, and best able to receive, his ministrations.

During Jim Wren's sickness the minister had been frequently with him, and most earnest in his efforts to bring him to a sense of danger or a desire for God's mercy in Christ. Jim heard as though he heard not; he could realize nothing of what death was, nothing of what might be for good or ill beyond this present life. Only when Aunt Kezzy was with him did he arouse to anything like interest, and then only to demand that she should mix his grog in some of the various ways for which she had acquired a village fame.

But now Aunt Kezzy was gone, and it was night, the wind raging and the snow drifting deep without, and Lucy Wren sat on the side of her father's bed, crying and praying, while he lay in a lethargy, that was fast passing into death.

This indeed was a bitter hour. In startling contrast to it came up that lovely June afternoon, when, in a happy calm, her mother went her way into the heavenly city, while

loving friends stood about, seeing how a Christian could die.

The minister had come in at ten o'clock, and finding Jim unconscious, and knowing that Mrs. Adams was desirous of seeing him, went away.

About midnight Jim awoke, and made an effort to rise. Lucy lifted his head upon an additional pillow, and asked him how he felt. He looked at her with a strange horror growing in his eyes. "*I feel afraid, girl,*" he said in an awful voice—"afraid. I'm going to die; to go somewhere in the dark. Keep me, keep me here with ye, Lucy!"

"O father!" sobbed Lucy, "I cannot keep you; but if you will give only one look to the Lord Jesus, he will keep you. He will be close by you, to take you to a home where mother is. Then you need not be afraid, dear father; if you look to him, he will drive away all fear."

"I tell you I'm *afraid,*" said Jim hoarsely. "There's only one thing can keep my heart up. Give it to me, girl; give me a good

glass of grog. When I have *that*, I'm never afraid."

"Don't, don't, father," moaned Lucy. "Think of Christ. O father! the grog ruins you; don't ask it."

"Just like your mother," said Jim bitterly "always setting herself agin my only comfort. Obey me, you little fool, and bring that grog."

"Oh! I cannot, I cannot," wailed the poor girl.

"If I had strength in my arm," gasped Jim, clutching at the bed-clothes, "you'd do it, or die." Then he turned to entreaty. "O my girl! help me. *I'm afraid*. Bring me the grog, I say, to give me the courage to die."

The reason for his demand was something so fearful that it gave Lucy courage to resist him. "O my father! let me pray for you. Pray with me, for the love of Jesus, my poor, poor father!"

He passed into a frenzy of rage. "Get me that grog; get it, or I'll die cursing you!"

Give me my rum, so I won't be afraid. You won't? **Misery** upon you, you bad, cruel child! May you die like a dog, with no one to give you a drop of water! May your bones—"

It was more than Lucy could bear; with a wild cry like a hunted animal she darted to the table, and began to pour out the grog he desired. As he heard the rum gurgle in the glass, he became suddenly pleased and friendly. Lucy poured she knew not how much, and in a blind agony rushed with it to his bed, and thrust it into the vise-like grip of his shaking, bony hand. Then, as he pressed it to his lips, she covered her face with her hands, and with a passionate burst of woe ran to the settle, and, throwing herself down there with her arms over her head, gave way to her grief.

"Good girl! I'll take that curse back, Lucy. Ah! I'm fine and hearty now. I'll be all right to-morrow. Ah!—"

Just here the door opened, and the minister, his hair and shoulders covered with snow,

came in from the storm. Jim Wren's eyes fell on him, and in a loud, unnatural voice he cried, "Come in, parson; I'm all right now. I an't afraid to die now. I was, but what I got from Lucy gave me such heart I an't afraid any more."

The minister stepped hastily to the bed. The empty glass lay by Jim's nerveless hand. The strong smell of the liquor hung over the death-bed. "Jim, Jim!" he said in a faltering voice.

"I'm all right," cried Jim, flinging his arms over his head—"all right." And his arms fell, and he dropped out of life—wrong for evermore.

Lucy sprang up from the settle at that cry and the great silence that followed. She gave one look at the pallid, distorted face on the bed, with wide-open eyes set in a horrid stare, and fell as if lifeless upon the floor.

The minister laid her upon the settle, and returned into the storm to send some of the neighbors to the home of the dead drunkard.

Only an hour later, with a loving look on

those who stood about her and a tender message to the absent, Annie Adams passed into "the glory that excelleth," where her "eyes might behold the King in his beauty."

And when the gray winter morning dawned faint and late, and the tide was creeping sullenly in along the shore, the ebbing tides of life turned and renewed their strength in Tom Epp's veins; for in the crisis of the night some breath of the Merciful One had whispered above him, "This sickness is not unto death, but that the Son of man may be glorified thereby."

This was the day that dawned on Lucky Cove: Jim Wren lying stiff and stark, his face knotted in a frown; Annie Adams on her white bed, calm as one very happily "fallen on sleep"; Tom Epp returning to strength—for "one shall be taken, and another left."

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN ADAMS'S CHART.

“Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed no man knows!
I see from far thy beauteous light,
And inly sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.”



THE summer found many changes at Lucky Cove—more than had heretofore occurred in ten years' time. The graveyard, as we have seen, was fuller. Jim Wren no longer staggered day after day to the “Blue Mackerel.” The landlord had taken Jim's place as toper-extraordinary. Partly out of fear during the time of sickness, partly out of a spiteful opposition to the parson, the landlord suddenly doubled his always large daily allowance of liquor, and, as he sat on the great settle in the corner, it was evident that old Epp and Jim Wren were to be avenged in the destruction of their destroyer.

The village blacksmith had been one of the victims of the winter's sickness, and a distant relative of Lucy Wren had come from near Portsmouth to fill his place. This man, named Sawyer, and his wife, took Wren's cottage, and Lucy was to remain with them, supporting herself, as usual, by sewing. A very pretty, mild, refined young woman of nineteen, Lucy found her happiness very little increased by living with the Sawyers, who were careless, noisy, and frequently ill-tempered.

Master Hastings and the minister had secured part of the long, low building which formed the village store, and arranged it as their church-room, where, in spite of the low ceiling, bare walls, and hard benches, a congregation gathered every Sabbath. Aunt Kezzy soon ceased her attendance, and with her new gossip, Mrs. Sawyer, had a deal of fault to find with the minister. The landlord vowed that the parson had nearly ruined Lucky Cove by his new-fangled ways. There were those, however, who rejoiced greatly in

the light and hope that had dawned on this place, where until now there had been a very unusual indifference and ignorance concerning religion; where, while there had been little flagrant vice (for poverty and hard work had served to keep the people out of mischief), there had been no piety, and God had not been in all their thoughts.

The school-master, who had long held aloof from the work of grace, was now an earnest supporter of the pastor, and the children who were gathered at the Corners had the advantage of their predecessors in the religious teaching which they received.

Captain Adams's voyage was a long one; he was absent for fourteen months, and his wife had been ten months in her grave when he returned home. The news of his loss had reached him long before, but it came to him in all its fulness when once again he reached the Cove; and, as he passed along the streets, the smile of greeting upon friendly faces died away into a look of honest sympathy, and while the kindly pressure of

the hand told the thought of each heart, scarcely a word was spoken until the Captain and Rolf came in sight of Master Hastings's house, and of the Master himself sitting on the porch.

The old Dane strode forth to greet his son in the hearty, foreign fashion of kissing him on both cheeks. Then he wrung Captain Adams's hand, saying:

"It's a hard home-coming, friend. I went through this trouble years ago, and I've never been half a man since."

Yes, in spite of the tender old mother's face and the dear welcomes of Bess and Kate, Captain Adams felt his home-coming hard enough.

"I could not have borne up under such a trouble, Bess," he said when, with his favorite child, he went that evening to the further headland, and sat down by his wife's grassy grave; "I should have become desperate, only for the Book and the promises of God. I can't see how men weather great storms without such help. Now, you see,

I know that she is happy, because the Saviour says, 'Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am,' and she is now sharing those good things which the Lord has laid up for those that love him. When my trouble comes breaking over me like a great wave, then I go to the Book, and read about the city of God, and it seems as if a gate were so set open for me to look right into heaven. I tell you, my girl, the longer you live, the truer you'll find it, that there's a great profit in godliness; there's nothing like it to help one over the hard places of this life, and then there's all the glory that's going to be hereafter."

"I wish," said Bess, resting her head on her father's knee, as her eyes filled with tears, "that we could all have gone with her; it's dreadfully hard living without any mother."

"Yes, child; but I don't know as it's exactly fair to wish to defraud the Lord out of any of our working-hours that way, even

though they are heavy hours to us, when we make sure that he'll give us our wages of eternal life. It's not honorable to dock the work just in our eagerness to get the pay. You know, Bess, we were 'not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ'; and, if he gave his blood for us, we ought right gladly to give our lives to him, and to be even anxious to have them as long as possible, so we can show our love in more service."

"Father," said Bess, lifting up her head and looking at him very earnestly, "you are quite different from what you used to be; and you know so much of the Bible, you must study it all the time."

"The Bible's my chart, child; and since I know that I sail on dangerous seas, I study my chart constantly, as a seaman should. It's wonderful what there is in that Book. How it lays down every rock and reef and shoal; how it gives you the whole coast; what wrecks and what escapes and what

splendid sailing you find told of in it; what narrow passages some craft squeezed through; what a dangerous shoal was that Samson made, and how nobly was he lifted off safe by the tide at last; look you how Solomon made port, with all his topsails carried away, cargo all flung overboard, and such a leaking going-on you'd have thought sure he'd swamp; what a storm was that for David when he lost his mainmast, but he mended up finely again; what a grand cruise did Joseph make, and how well old Abraham came into port with all sails set; what a staunch ship was that Nehemiah; and there was Peter—he always would carry too much sail, until he got laid over in a gale and his spars broken; once he'd taken out the axes and cleared away the wreck, he wasn't so top-heavy, and what a voyage *he* made! Yes, my girl, I read these things by day, and, like David, I meditate on them in the night-watches. There's hardly a place so good in the world for pondering over the Word of God as when one's pacing

up and down the quarter-deck. It seems to me a sailor's life is a specially good one for being religious in; you're away from the stir and temptation of the shore, and have plenty of time to think of your duty. But probably the truth is that every man's position is just the easiest place for him to be religious in, and that all ranks of life are equally fit for serving our Lord, if we'd only think so. Daniel was in all manner of situations, but he found one just as good as another for doing his duty."

"And can you do as much good on ship as on shore?" asked the earnest Bess. "I always like to think of *doing* something. A ship's rather a small place to work in."

"It's large enough, if a man will do with his might whatsoever his hand finds to do. It's larger than a man of my measure can fill; but, howsoever, I try to do what I can. You see, Bess, a captain in his ship is a sort of a king, and, if he uses his power right, he can do a deal of good. 'No swearing' is one of my rules. 'No Sabbath-break-

ing' is another. Every morning and evening all hands are piped to prayers. On Sunday I have a little service, a prayer and some Scripture, and I bought a good book or two in New York, and some of the hymns; and I read out to the crew, and they've got most of them so they can sing out pretty well. It sounds fine indeed over the water, Bess, and was often a comfort to me when my heart was aching. Then, in port a captain can do much, if he keeps it in mind, to keep the other captains whom he meets out of mischief."

"But about the men, father. They were all used to swearing, and what did you do when you found them breaking your rule?—which they often would out of habit."

"Why, my girl, I said to them, 'So, boys, if you won't keep your tongues clean, you'll keep the masts of this bark clean'; so whenever a man swore, he had so much time, more or less, to scrape the masts. For a while, Bess, those masts were wonderfully clean—one would think them brand-new

wood; but by the time we got home the men's tongues were kept cleaner, and the masts were just as masts ordinarily are. So with the prayers, Bess. Some of the men set themselves to jibe secretly at them. Well, I marked the lads out, and I said, 'It's disrespect to your Maker; but somehow you think you have a right to disrespect him. But it's disrespect also to your captain, and I'll mast-head you for that. If you don't feel able to take a lookout over the voyage of life without sneering, you may get up into the main-top for an hour, and try the lookout from there; and just bear in mind if I, your captain, punish a simple jeer at *my* service, what is that great Captain upon high likely to do to those who scorn him and his words?' I think that set a solemn light on it, Bess; for I hadn't to mast-head many of them. The poor fellows for the most part took to the religion as if they were hungry for it. And then Rolf was a great help to me."

"And why not have another such help?" cried Bess. "There is Tom Epp; he would

do good among the crew, father, and all these winter days and stormy nights I'd like so much to think that good Tom was with you on the ship."

"Why, that's a good thought, Bess, and I'll try to take Tom along as cockswain. But never you fear for me when the storms come up, my child; just remember who 'holds the winds in His fist.'"

Tom readily accepted the proposition to sail with Captain Adams on his next voyage, which was to be to Cuba; though so accustomed had the honest fellow grown to his fishing and his life along shore that he felt a little sadness as of parting from an old friend and an accustomed happiness, when he went out with his *Dancer* for a few last trips.

"And have you kept to what we learned about the Nazarites?" asked Tom of Rolf, who was sitting in the boat with him.

"Yes, Tom; but that's easy enough in a ship with Captain Adams."

"Why, what! has he given up a glass

of grog, and has he none on board the ship?" asked Tom in surprise.

"Oh! he takes his glass at dinner, just as everybody does, except us three and the minister; and then the men get their grog of course. They wouldn't ship if they could not have that, and they'd think themselves likely to die for want of it. Though just look at me, Tom; I'm strong and hearty, and I can get along in storm or shine, day or night, with nothing stronger than coffee. But then, Tom, Captain Adams don't let the men get drunk or get too much by selling their rations to each other or paying debts with them. If a man doesn't want his grog for his own drinking, he gets paid for it down on the spot, and the ration is not served out. That is a great help. But, Tom, how have *you* got on ashore here?"

"It's been a fearful hard pull for me," said Tom earnestly. "Why, Rolf, I wouldn't have thought I had so much sin dwelling in me. I'm a *great deal worse* than Paul was when he had to roar out about being

a miserable man. It would surprise you, Rolf; and I'm glad you have laid yourself upon a right course in the days of your youth. Then you will never know what a tough struggle a man has who has neglected everything religious until he is thirty-seven years old. I tell you, Rolf, I often feel as if there was a squall blowing on me from the four corners of the sky all at once. If I run before one wind, it is only to fly in the teeth of another; if I tack before one gust, I'm caught in another; and when I'm shaping my course to prevent getting capsized by one black squall, I'm laid on my beam-ends by one from an opposite quarter."

Jolly Rolf burst into a roar of laughter at this description of Tom's seafaring. "I should think you'd have gone to the bottom altogether, Tom."

But Tom shook his head. "Ah! Mr. Hastings, I would have gone to the bottom long ago but for the Captain aboard my poor miserable craft. After all there's a Hand on my helm, Rolf, that can put me safe

into port in the heaviest gales or the darkest nights. That was a true word the parson told me when I feared I couldn't hold out in the service of God: 'I have laid help on One that is mighty.' No, sir, I've found in my worst hours 'that it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure,' and though that going wrong so long makes things especial hard for me, there's a word in the Scriptor that won't have to be altered to suit Tom Epp's case. God will make Tom Epp's case suit the word: 'Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost.'

The day for the departure came. Rolf, Tom, the captain, were again ready to set off. Captain Adams and Bess went for one more look at the grave on the headland.

"Warned is armed, my brave lass," said the captain. "If I mistake not, I have seen my dear old mother for the last time in this world. I'm thinking, Bess, that you will soon see another grave made hereabout; but the dear old heart goes to her rest like a shock of corn

fully ripe. She will enter into the joy of her Lord, Bess; and when the cruise has been so long, and often so hard, we won't grudge her going before us to her port. May the arm of the Lord be about her! She's been a rare good mother to me—to all of us."

"But we'll be *alone*, father," said Bess, shrinking at the thought.

"I've spoken to Master Hastings, and he'll see that all is done right for you," said the captain. "Don't let a shadow fall on her last days, Bess. Be beforehand with every wish. Before she has a chance to know a want do you supply it. Don't leave her alone one hour, and show her that you keep near her out of *love*."

This was a good son's last care for his mother. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; but if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Old Mrs. Adams had reached this limit of fourscore, and the hour of her departure was now near at hand. Hers

was a "time of peace." Calm and satisfied in this life, and confident of the better life which is to come, she was unconsciously and imperceptibly fading out of earth, as the twilight fades imperceptibly into darkness. A winter's day was closing; the old lady was knitting in her chair by the window, Kate was reading to her the psalm she loved, and Bess was getting ready the supper, when, as the golden cord was gently loosed, the knitting slid from her withered fingers, and when Bess laid her hand on her arm, saying, "Come to supper, grandmother," the daily cares and ways of this life had, as often happens, brushed very near that other life, and the silver-haired old woman had already gone in to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

When the grandmother was laid under the snow, the minister brought his books from Master Hastings's; and as Bess and Kate were capital little housekeepers, and the neighbor who for some years had aided in their domestic labors was faithful, with occasional oversight

from Christine, the little family was kept together for the winter.

Spring brought back Captain Adams, and the question he put to himself, and was asked by his neighbors, was, "What was he now to do with these two daughters of twelve and fourteen years old, thus left to his sole protection?"

Bess answered it for him: "Take us to sea with you, father. You always promised we should go; and now there are so few of us we ought to keep together. Kate and I can live nicely on board the ship. There are two little rooms, you have told me, in your cabin—one for you and one for us; and I can learn to sail a ship and go to sea with you all my life."

"But there's the house, Bess," said the captain. "I don't fancy renting it to strangers, even if I could find any one to take it. It was built by my poor father when he married, and he did part of the work with his own hands. I was born in it, and it has been my only home all my life, and every stick of furni-

ture brings up something of my history. If we shut it up month after month, it will go to ruin as much as by renting to careless strangers."

"Oh! but I know, father; let the minister go on living there. It is a nice, quiet place, and old Jane and Christine can keep it in order for him. Then, whenever we come home, we can go right there again. Try that, father."

It was such a pleasant vision to Captain Adams, this gathering his broken household together in the ship, and having something of domestic life there, that he could not refuse the urgent entreaties of his children to live for a time at least on board the *Seabird*. Accordingly, preparations were at once made for departure. The captain had the village carpenter prepare a stout sea-chest, and Lucy Wren was called upon to aid in making up strong blue flannel dresses and heavy woolen coats and hoods for the young voyagers.

Lucy sat with the two girls sewing on

these garments with a heavy heart. The death of their mother and grandmother had deprived her of her best elder friends, and these two girls, though so much her juniors, had been her favorite companions. She had led them both to school for the first time, had watched over them in their earliest out-of-door sports, and they seemed like very dear younger sisters; while the brave, honest, independent character of Bess had caused the gentle, easily-grieved Lucy to lean upon her for advice and comfort.

“It seems as if my heart would fairly break with loneliness when you are gone,” said Lucy. “Mary Sawyer is so noisy and ill-tempered that I dread to stay in the room with her. I keep in my little garret upstairs whenever I can, but on cold days I must be by the fire. Sawyer fills the place with smoke when he is home, and they both seem to be drinking beer and grog perpetually, while the people that come there continually are the very ones that my mother saw the least of. It is such a contrast to the

neat, quiet home mother made of it when I was a child. And indeed it never was noisy or dirty until now, for poor father could always be kept quiet, and I had the place clean, if ever so poor."

"Dear me!" cried Kate, "why, I'd go away, I'm sure."

"But where would I go?" asked Lucy. "I have never been ten miles from the Cove, and haven't a relation that I know of. Here I can support myself by sewing, and very likely I could not do that among strangers. No one in the village has more house-room than they need for themselves, except Aunt Kezzy, and I *could not* live there, where my poor father got his ruin; so I and my three or four boxes of property must stay with the Sawyers. I suppose it is one of the troubles the Lord has ordained for me."

"I think he has ordained you a good many," said Kate.

"All people have a good many in the course of their lives," said Lucy, "some

sooner, some later. I have had a good deal of trouble; perhaps later years will bring more comfort. I learned a verse the other day: 'It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he has borne it upon him.'"

"Oh! yes, and I know what comes after that," said Kate: "'For he doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men.'"

When the last day at home came, Lucy finished the packing of the blue chest, and with many a tear bade her friends good-by. The minister had put his horse to the store-keeper's wagon, and was to drive the travellers to the stage-office, eight miles distant.

The captain, Rolf, the two girls, Tom Epp, and two chests were in the wagon. Lucy smiled bravely, and told the minister she would have his supper ready for him and the house in order when he came home

in the evening. Then she went into the deserted kitchen, and sat down to cry for the departure of her best—she almost felt then her only—friends.

Meanwhile all the village people came to the doors to shout good-by, and Aunt Kezzy and her husband stood at the door of the "Blue Mackerel."

"Stop a bit, stop a bit!" cried the landlord. "Don't go off without a parting glass and a health all round. Kezzy's brewed a special pot of drink to wish you a safe return."

"Oh! I'm not thirsty," said Rolf, laughing, as the minister reined up his horse.

"Thirsty! But people don't wait to be *thirsty* when they drink. There'd be precious little trade here if they did. Why, they drink because they like it and it's good for them," said Aunt Kezzy.

"Come in, come in," urged the landlord. "No use asking the parson, for he don't know a good thing when he sees it."

Rolf, Tom, and the girls shook their

heads, and Captain Adams jumped out of the wagon. He put his arm in the landlord's, and led him on one side. "Old friend," he said, "thank ye kindly for thinking of our going, and for wishing us health and safety; but I'll not drink to it with you, and I'll tell you why. I take my glass now and then, as I always have, but never with a man who is getting in a habit of taking too much; for, old crony, you're getting in a bad way, as Epp did, who was as stout a man as any of us, and like poor Jim Wren, who once stood without his equal in the Cove. Friend, I'm fearing you will go from bad to worse, if you don't knock off a bit. Doctors, they say, are wise when they take little of their own medicines, and landlords are on the side of safety when they do not often taste their own wares. Now, friend, a hearty good-by and God bless you, and when I come back may I see you and the old 'Blue Mackerel' in a better trim!"

The captain shook hands with Aunt Kezzy, and jumped into the wagon, leaving the land-

lord with his eyes fixed intently on a corner of the porch floor.

"I stopped," explained the captain to his companions, "to give him a word of advice. He's drinking far too much."

"I presume," said the minister, "that you did not advise total abstinence, and if you did not your advice will do no good."

"It would do no good if I gave *that* advice," said the captain; "for a man like him *couldn't* or wouldn't stand total abstinence. He would break up under it."

"He'll break up without it," said the minister. "Look at me, at Tom, at these young people. Is abstinence from liquor hurting us? It is only abstaining from a hurtful thing."

"You were not in the *habit* of drinking liquor like the landlord; and then I never have found a moderate amount hurtful."

"I will not argue with you," said the minister, sighing. "I will only say that our taking a harmless, moderate amount may cause our weak brother to take a harmful, immode-

rate amount. Thus we cause our brother to offend, and you know the words of the apostle: 'If *meat* make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat till the day I die, nor anything whereby my brother offendeth.'"

"I bear that in mind," responded the captain; "and so, as I said to the landlord, I never drink with a man who takes too much liquor, lest I cause him to offend."

It was thus that thirty or forty years ago the best of people and the most advanced of thinkers looked upon the temperance question. Liquor was then regarded something as lobster-salad is now—a choice and excellent compound, needful to a polite entertainment, and wholesome to some; while as for those whose stomachs were incapable of digesting it, they must be moderate or refrain, according to the necessities of their case. If there were a dozen authentic instances of death from lobster-salad, none of the rest of us who liked it would stop indulging in that delectable dish.

It has taken many years and much labor and enlightenment to show men that there is more than a "lobster-salad" question involved in the temperance cause, and some yet **fail to see it.**

CHAPTER VI.

A VOYAGE WELL BEGUN.

“ Whene’er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.”

HERE we mark a great change in the life of Bess Adams. Her home was no longer the calm shore, with its village life, its school-days, the quiet drifting-by of weeks and months, marked only by the change of seasons and the simple daily duties chiefly occasioned thereby. For two years Bess and Kate lived with their father on his ship, the *Sea-bird*.

In this time they saw the British Isles, the West Indies, and Holland. They were not girls to lead an idle life on ship, and Bess in particular set herself to learn seafaring as a business, and proud was her father of her pro-

gress. The end of the two years found the bright little girl changed to the young woman. Bess had attained her full height. Formed like her father, she was taller and more vigorously built than most women. To a singular modesty and gravity of demeanor she added a frank, earnest, fearless self-reliance natural to her and developed by her seafaring life. The hair that had once blown freely over her shoulders was now wrapped in shining braids about her comely head, and all her careless exposure to the weather failed either to burn or freckle her smooth, brown complexion. The sadness born of her early loss of mother and grandmother had passed away, and her buoyant spirit seemed never daunted.

At the end of these years Captain Adams and his daughters returned to Lucky Cove for a stay of two months, while the *Seabird* was undergoing repairs.

The little village looked quite unchanged. Tom Epp's *Dancer*, which was in charge of Master Hastings, was rejoicing in a new coat

of paint. The Dane seemed to be renewing his youth, and looked heartier than ever. Christine was a little grayer, but also somewhat stouter; while the minister was busier than before, his labors extending over all the formerly neglected stretch of country between himself and the next pastor.

The first question about Lucy brought from Christine the information that the poor girl "was leading a fair dog's life with that noisy Sawyer woman."

The landlord's appearance spoke for *him*. Bloated to a monstrosity, he sat all day half-dozing on his porch, and had scarcely a civil word for Aunt Kezzy, who was sorely distressed over a leak in the tavern roof and sundry discrepancies in fences, pig-sties, and kitchen garden which spoiled the former thrifty look of the premises of the "Blue Mackerel."

The two months at home were very pleasant. Lucy, rejoicing at having friends near her, was frequently at the captain's, and fell into a habit of aiding the girls in their house-

hold tasks and their needlework like an elder sister. As the three sat together at work Bess and Kate gave animated details of their life on shipboard or on foreign shores, and Lucy in return narrated the history of the past two years in the village, the facts of her own hard life which crept out in these narrations arousing the warm indignation of Bess and Kate. Bess did not fail to recount to her father the evil ways of Mary Sawyer; her unkindness to Lucy; her coolly borrowing Lucy's clothes without asking; her breaking open a chest and taking some of Lucy's mother's bed-coverings for her own use, which the authority of Master Hastings was needed to recover; her cruel flings at the former evil ways of Jim Wren; and her bitter taunts at Lucy's saintship, were tales that aroused both wrath and sympathy in the captain's soul. Bess frequently perplexed herself wondering what could be done to give Lucy a better home, and, fortunately or otherwise, her anxiety set the captain to perplexing himself on the same subject.

The time for departure drew near; the day was set, the sea-chests were refilled. But just here Kate fell ill. The measles prevailed in the village, and Kate contracted the disease. Evidently she could not go on the present voyage, and not one hour could the *Seabird* be delayed. When Christine had autocratically announced *measles*, and that Kate was likely to suffer more with them than a young child, and must take great care of herself for some weeks after convalescence, Bess and her father took hasty counsel.

"You two must stay home for the winter," said the captain. "I'll be home from the New Orleans trip by Christmas, and run up here."

"Well," said Bess, "you'll be lonely, father, and I don't like the shore as well as the ship. But we will ask Lucy to come here and live with us; it will be more comfortable."

"So it will," said the captain heartily. "Lucy is a good deal older than you two,

and it will be better for you all round. It is the very thing, I declare."

The captain went straight to Mrs. Sawyer's, and, having called Lucy outside the door, asked her if she would live with his girls during the winter, and help them take care of themselves.

"You'll all of you be profited by it," he said; "and you can have Tom move your boxes over there, if you like, so that you won't be worried about them."

Mrs. Sawyer, who had applied her ear to the key-hole behind them, felt wroth at losing the boxes and the mild Lucy, who made a good slave. As Lucy readily agreed to fetch her bonnet and go to nurse Kate immediately, that Bess might give all her time to her father, Mrs. Sawyer, who had just had a glass of rum, went to the foot of the ladder, and shouted up into the garret:

"So you're going to Cap'n Adams's, be you, with all of your things? I reckon you won't never come back,"

Perhaps this random speech increased Captain Adams's perplexities.

In a few weeks Kate was well, and the three girls made a very happy family. When Captain Adams returned at Christmas, he found them all very cheerful, Lucy brighter and busier than ever before in her life, and the home truly homelike. The minister, who had resigned the house at the first return of its owners, was settled at Master Hastings's. The stay at home was for six weeks. The *Seabird* was now engaged in a series of short trips to ports in the Southern States, and the captain could make frequent returns to the Cove. During this holiday visit there were many sociable tea-parties in the village, and young and old seemed bent on enjoying themselves, especially Rolf, who was ever close to Bess, seeing which Bess's careful father was more perplexed than ever.

There seemed a solution possible to these difficulties. Captain Adams might marry Lucy, and thus procure a comfortable home

on shore for her and his two daughters. The great disparity in their ages troubled the captain, but he thought that if Lucy could overlook this he could. He had always had for the girl a friendly, half-fatherly affection; indeed, if he had been asked, he would have honestly replied that, next to his own two girls, he liked Lucy! His own girls were very young, and it seemed well to the captain to have them at home instead of on shipboard, where Rolf might make love to Bess; and in the captain's opinion five-and-twenty was young enough for a girl to marry. These last considerations he judiciously withheld when he mentioned to his chief counsellor, Bess, his thoughts of a second marriage, but he laid them before his other confidant, Master Hastings. Whatever her father proposed was good in the eyes of Bess, and she, without one moment's hesitation, assented to a change which was to alter the whole course of her future life. No one could foresee that this marriage was to be a more serious matter to

Bess Adams than to any other one in the world.

The Dane highly approved of his friend's proposal. Captain Adams had two pretty daughters and no Christine. Some one in the place of a mother was needed, and, though Lucy was young, she was mature in character, and they all loved her.

Therefore the Christmas visit at home had not concluded before Captain Adams married Lucy.

For the next two years the *Seabird* made short voyages, and Captain Adams was often at home. Bess stayed constantly ashore; but Kate was for six months on the ship with her father, who felt very lonely in the cabin, where he missed the faces and voices of his daughters.

But the end of the second year brought changes. There were a pair of stout twin boys in Captain Adams's home, which boys needed a world of watching. Lucy was not very strong, and had very little executive ability. Kate loved the babies, and wanted

to stay ashore and pet them. Bess loved them too, and preferred to go to sea and help earn their living. To end all, Master Hastings found Rolf a position as second mate on a China-bound ship of large size, and Bess was told by her father that henceforth she might go to sea with him. This was exactly what she wanted. She had felt caged ashore, and her happiness seemed complete when, leaving Lucy, Kate, and the two fat babies happy at home, Bess once more stood with her father on the quarter-deck of the *Seabird*, and watched the rapidly-receding shores as the ship sped out to sea.

“It is well to have my girl with me again,” said the captain, as they paced up and down the deck. “I’ll not deny, Bess, that I have many anxious thoughts as I keep my watch on this deck. Perhaps it was over-hasty in a man of my age to marry again. Not that I ever expected to find any one to take your mother’s place—and Lucy is a dear, good lass—but I’m getting on in years, and have

nothing of any account laid up for the future ; and while I can hardly expect to live to raise a family of young children ~~to~~ years when they could look out for themselves, what could poor Lucy do, left with a family of little ones on her hands? I'm afraid those dear little lads will find a hard lot if their old father goes down in some storm."

"Don't fear, father," said Bess stoutly ; "if you *do* go down in a storm, I'll take care of the little lads—of as many of them as it pleases God to send. But there is no need for you to forecast evil. The Lord has always prospered you. You were never once shipwrecked or cast away ; and as for years," added Bess, laying her hands on his shoulders, and gazing earnestly into his face, "you are not nearly so old as Master Hastings, and he looks good for twenty years to come."

The captain shook his head. "These are serious matters, Bess, and we ought to look fairly at them. Here is the family of little ones, and absolutely no provision for them."

"We'll *make* provision, then," said Bess heartily.

"Yes, that ~~is~~ what I am trying to plan; it is a burden on my mind. I've a heavy heart often, pacing here and thinking of Lucky Cove."

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

"Yes, I remember, girl; but it seems somehow as if this was a burden of my own devising."

"Nearly all our burdens are," said Bess; "and those are the very kind the Lord means, because they are usually the heaviest. Of course the Lord knew that we foolish creatures would run into difficulties and make burdens for ourselves. But he took them all into consideration when he said 'thy burden.' If he had left us those of our own making to carry, he would have left us pretty heavily loaded."

"'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.' Yes, that is a rare good word, and I ought to think of my chart

when I am sailing in these troubled waters. But we must work as well as trust—that is duty, plain, Bess.”

“So it is, father, and we’ll go to work and earn a ship. If you can lay up enough to buy a ship alone, or in company with Master Hastings, even if she is not a very large one, it will be more profitable to you than now; and if I go to sea with you, you can get me the berth as mate. I can be second officer, and may be first after a while, and so I can help buy the ship.”

“I’ve been thinking of something of that kind myself, and all we can do is to try it. I’ve a small bit of money laid up in Portsmouth, and, if we can go on making it more, it may be a provision for those little fellows.”

“They’ll do bravely,” said Bess. “We’ll make sailors of them.”

Until now Bess Adams’s life had been spent in pleasant preparation for work to come, or in youth’s bright, merry cruising along shore, where the winds are favorable

and frolicsome, and the heaviest clouds bring only a passing shower. But now the voyaging was no longer for pleasure; the pleasure was incidental to hard work. Work for others, careful providing for the future, filled the story of her life. Equally with her father Bess felt the care of Lucy and the little children at home. The new family seemed hers quite as much as his. Her forethought looked with his to the household needs of food and clothes and a tight roof over their heads, and means of starting the little boys fairly on their voyage of life. Such thoughts as these filled Bess Adams's heart when she shared her father's watches on moonlight nights or on bright, sunny days. Walking up and down the deck, Bess Adams forecast the future: Lucy should train the children at home; by-and-by Kate would marry happily, and have a snug cottage of her own; Bess and her father would prosper well, and some day purchase a ship; and so the years to come stretched on indefinitely, with Bess and her father winning honest gains on the

beloved element, and making sailors of the little lads when they had been long enough ashore in the hands of the school-master. But the future very seldom comes to us in the fashion of our own devising!

On stormy days and dark and dangerous nights Bess had enough to think of in the exigencies of the ship; and well it is to consider that, however our hearts and thoughts may be distracted by stormy cares, no discords and tumults divert the constant providence of our Father throughout all the world.

Those who live always ashore, or who try the waters only in some magnificent steam-vessel or luxuriously-fitted yacht, have little idea of the amount of home-comfort possible to be elicited by an ingenious spirit from the narrow quarters of a sailing-vessel; cannot realize the amount of labor required, the steady industry and the precise order and thorough discipline prevailing now, and years ago also, on these vessels. Ships nowadays have a great advantage over those

of former times in the libraries furnished them by friends of seamen, the floating Bethel in many large ports, the seaman's missionary, who visits the crews, and in the far greater degree of temperance upon ship-board. Formerly, the seaman must have his grog dealt out every morning, this being esteemed a ration as needful to his well-being as bread; and as some sailors sold their allowances to the comrades who loved liquor most ardently, these unhappy creatures had abundant opportunities for getting drunk, for improving which they were often severely dealt with, the captains thus standing with temptation in one hand and retribution in the other. And yet, perhaps, in those days there was more enthusiasm for their calling, more *esprit*, more of generous affection for each other, among the seamen. The pits and dens and traps along the shore had not so long been at their work of demoralization as now, and there were fewer cases of deep degradation among the men;

at least thus runs much testimony taken from old sailors and captains.

However that was, then, as now, one honest sailor could have an almost unbounded influence with his mates. During a long voyage a good seaman and a generous heart would rise to be an almost undisputed authority, and opinions hooted as "new-fangled," "Methodistic," and "womanish," before the voyage was over came to be listened to with respect.

Thus Coxswain Tom Epp had come to have much influence with his fellows, and his "cold-water notions" were gaining some proselytes; for Tom in many a long discussion argued of the uselessness of strong drink, the evident good effects of abstinence upon himself, and the great advantage of a heavier purse ashore, filled with the price of rejected grog. Added to this, Tom was a rare hand at "spinning Bible yarns," could discourse of "Bible Nazarites" in a fashion quite as impressive to

his hearers as the parson's would have been, and his hearty reading of the Scripture stirred to their depths the simple souls of his brother seamen.

Morning and evening, except in severe gales, the crew of the *Seabird* were piped to prayers on the quarter-deck, and stood with uncovered heads and serious faces while the captain read and prayed. Invariably, when a storm was safely weathered, the captain called all hands forward, while he offered up his thanks to God. On Sabbath morning and evening there was a service, and the minister of Lucky Cove had not failed to supply Captain Adams with suitable readings for these services. Indeed, at his suggestion the evening service took a peculiar form; for he had provided the captain with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," with notes and references, and the crew, seated about with the Bibles that had been furnished them, found these references, and listened to the captain's ex-

planations. The Christian Pilgrim became particularly popular on board the *Seabird*, the only criticism ever ventured being, "It would have been far more like if he'd made him a sailor."

"Yes, but he's uncommon nice for a land-lubber," said another.

Books were scarcer in those days than now; but Captain Adams had brought a few volumes on board, and the minister had contributed a few more, and Master Hastings had given Bess a copy or two of works wherein she and Rolf had delighted; so the little world shut up on the *Seabird* was not without reading to furnish pleasant thoughts.

The cabin, under the sway of Bess, was a cosey, orderly place. The books, a picture, a pot of flowers (alas! wofully apt to die in sea-air), added a home-like appearance, in spite of the broad hints given by many clamps and fastenings attached to all movables that *this* home was "foundationless and built upon the seas."

But thus we live even in the safest homes ashore. A thousand evidences remind us of the uncertain tenure by which we hold all that we love the best and need most greatly in this mortal life; and these uncertainties and sore possibilities would destroy all peace, both on sea and shore, but for that immutable good to which we cling—the everlasting love and superintending care of our God.

There frequently come periods in life when a number of successive years bring but few changes; when there is little to chronicle but the return and consequent performance or neglect of small daily duties. Such a period followed Bess Adams's going to sea with her father, Year came after year, each bringing no great event. The laying-up of money in Portsmouth for the purchase of a new ship, of which Master Hastings was to be joint owner, continued, and the deposit was growing to what Captain Adams thought a "snug little sum." But as the money in-

creased in the bank, so had the little fellows at home increased, not only in size, but in number, and there were now, at the end of seven years, four besides the twins—three boys and a girl, this last the pet and baby, a golden-haired creature, whom Lucy had named Annie, after that dear friend, Bess's mother, and by this name the youngest born had been constituted everybody's idol.

Seven years had passed, and now Bess was twenty-five, and had been not only second officer, but first officer, on her father's ship, and her proud parent frequently declared she was as fit to be a captain as he was. There was no one, he thought, who knew better how to sail a ship in weather fair or foul; how better to meet a storm; how better to use nautical instruments; and when Captain Adams "turned in below," and left his daughter, in her blue-flannel gown and stout blue jacket, pacing the quarter-deck, he laid his head on his pillow thinking with serene sa-

tisfaction that his ship was in the best of hands.

As for Tom Epp—who was still coxswain, and would never be anything else, having found a position in life which just suited him—if his religion had permitted him to have a patron saint, he would have taken Bess Adams in that honorable capacity; for his devotion to Bess knew no limit. It surrounded her present, admiring every word and act; it predicted her future in the old fellow's happiest day-dreams, and crowned her with glory and renown; and it reverted to her past, and led him to tell his comrades wonderful tales of the astonishing child Bess had been; of her learning, her bravery, her skill in boating and fishing, and especially of her amazing performance of sailing in a storm to Sea-gull Peak, and being found there contentedly roasting fish in the middle of the night. In his desire to exalt Bess, Tom was such a villain as to leave his other favorite and ally, Rolf, almost out of his accounts of astonishing

exploits, which was very unfair, but for which neglect Rolf would have been the last one to blame him; for Rolf exalted Bess Adams quite as much as Tom did.

It had been partly by means of Master Hastings that Bess had obtained her promotion. Master Hastings had sold his little ship, the *Goodwife*, and invested the proceeds in a two-thirds purchase of the *Seabird*, and his half-ownership in the staunch little ship of which Jim Wren had been the first captain he intended presently to sell; for there was a stout bark, the *White Eagle*, now building, which was to be the joint property of himself and Captain Adams. The influence of Master Hastings and of her father had secured Bess her singular positions of second and then of first officer on the *Seabird*; but she kept the position in virtue of her own ability to fill it, and along the coast Bess Adams was becoming known as a remarkably good officer, esteemed alike by captains, ship-owners, and crews.

Not that Bess expected to follow seafaring all her life. She had once desired nothing better, but her views had changed.

There was a plan over which Master Hastings and Captain Adams had many a time shaken hands, but which they had wisely left circumstances to develop. The two old fathers thought that events were according beautifully with their views, and chuckled frequently over their own most excellent foresight. Captain Adams had sometimes secretly felt that in the matter of marriage he had been wiser for his daughter than for himself, and he was now sure that he had been wise for her indeed. What better could he ask than that she should marry Rolf, and go to live in Master Hastings's house, while Captain Adams and First Officer Rolf sailed that fine new ship that was a-building? And by-and-by, when Captain Adams was too old to go sailing any more, Rolf could take his place as captain of the ship, and the "little fellows," being then grown to tall striplings,

could go to sea and be trained by Rolf in good seamanship. These were the visions which now occupied the Dane on shore, Captain Adams on his quarter-deck, Bess on her watch, and Rolf on his, as he came home from the Levant.

Man proposes. Man also sometimes carries his plans a long way toward their conclusion.

The last trip Captain Adams was to make in the *Seabird* was to be to Grey Town, Nicaragua. A brother of one of the owners of the *Seabird* was to succeed to the command, and as he was now aboard of a vessel which sailed to Ceylon, he left her that he might be ready to take his post on the *Seabird* for the succeeding trip. That he might not lose time, and also might become acquainted with his new ship, it was desired that he should have the berth of first officer on the voyage to Nicaragua. Captain Adams, understanding this, had withdrawn Bess from her position to leave it open for the new claimant;

and Master Hastings proposed that Rolf should take the place of second officer to his old captain and future father-in-law, to be in readiness for transfer to a higher position on the *White Eagle*. Since this was to be, and the autumn weather promised well, Captain Adams urged that Bess should have one holiday trip in her life; and that he might not lack her society, to which he seemed to cling more and more, she was to go with him this voyage, now as a guest on ship-board, going only to be as happy as possible, and to add to the happiness of her father and Rolf. It looked like a very pleasant plan, and Master Hastings and Lucy and Kate, with all the children, looked on the whole affair as a manner of pleasure excursion, wishing them a glad good-by and a swift and happy return. But before we follow the voyagers to sea, we take one look at the village of Lucky Cove.

There is the Dane, as vigorous as ever,

his hoary head a crown of glory, because it is found in the ways of righteousness.

The minister found his church increasing in numbers and in godliness. For that which a man soweth, that also shall he reap; and this one had sowed to the Spirit, and the word had not returned void, but had accomplished the thing whereunto it was sent.

But while the preacher had labored to build up the kingdom of God in this place, there were those who had labored with equal diligence to destroy it. Of these it had come true, "In the net which they hid is their own foot taken"; "If the wicked turn not, the Lord hath prepared for him the instruments of death." At the tavern Aunt Kezzy and her husband, the landlord, had been diligently lying in wait to destroy souls, and an evident destruction was coming upon them and all that belonged to them. The tavern was out of repair; decay and poverty and misery seemed brooding over the place.

The landlord had become more and more of a sot, and had quarrelled with Aunt Kezzy over his cups, until she had wished him dead a dozen of times; and when he did die at last, her only words were that "it was the first thing he had done in five years to accommodate her."

Aunt Kezzy herself had tried more and more of her gin and rum, until her easy good-nature had entirely disappeared, and she could be heard at all hours of the day reviling at that habitual toper, Sawyer, whose forge-fires were generally out, while he heated his veins with gin at the "Blue Mackerel." Mary Sawyer, the idlest and dirtiest of the village gossips, was proving in her beggarly home that the way of transgressors is hard. These all were cutting short their own days; for "yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be."

CHAPTER VII.

RUNNING ON A REEF.

“ When through the torn sail the tempest is streaming,
When on the wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Do Thou in thy mercy the mariner cherish
Who crieth in agony, ‘ Save, or we perish. ’ ”



YOU can imagine nothing more charming than the beginning of this voyage toward Grey Town. Here is a good ship, an orderly crew, fair weather, favorable winds, lovely, shining seas, plenty of provisions for the voyage, fair returns in prospect; as for Bess Adams, she is taking a holiday with her doting father and life-long lover. Thus they sail, like the good children in fairy story, on toward the lovely tropic lands, and we look to see them glide through some gate of beauty, and be lost to view where palm-trees wave their arms; where pure, blue waters laugh over beds of corals

and shells; where flowers of all splendid dyes vie with birds who have dipped their wings in rainbows; and where some large, golden dawning that is never to have a night, breaks grandly from shore to shore, and makes beauty more beautiful with its own glory. Such is our dream for the *Seabird* and her voyagers, as with broad wings spread she flies, eastward first, and then due south. Yet even from the beginning of the voyage those on board recognized an element of discord, and that was the new first officer. The first officer had a habit of swearing, and was angry at being obliged to restrain himself on Captain Adams's ship. A sneering unbeliever, he loathed the morning and evening prayers and Sabbath services. Probably he would never have shipped on the *Seabird* had he not had an expectation of marring the enjoyment of these frankly happy people. Loving no one, and dissatisfied with himself, the first officer was greatly galled by the abounding love be-

tween Bess and her father, and was especially aggravated by the beaming happiness of Rolf and Bess, who felt as if, after many years of humdrum toil, they had now entered into an elysium.

What increased all the first officer's ill-humor, and rendered him incapable of nobler sentiments, was his constant use of strong drink. Of a hardy constitution, and accustomed to taking liquor from his boyhood, he never *seemed to be* drunk nor incapacitated for duty; while three-fourths of his time he was mentally and physically disturbed by strong drink—in fact, in a state of cross intoxication. While unpopular with every one, he was said to be a skilful officer.

When the *Seabird* lay in Portsmouth, the first officer spent much of his time at the ship-chandler's, where, in a den behind the shop, officers like-minded with himself got an abundance of rum and gin. Then, as now, a ship-chandler's was nearly as dangerous to officers as the pit called

a "sailors' boarding-house" is to the hands before the mast.

The custom of Captain Adams was to take a small glass of grog after each meal. This potion by no means satisfied the first officer, who laid in for himself a large supply of liquor, which he drank in his cabin, and had served to him hot by the cook during his watch on deck. Blinded by the manners of his day, Captain Adams could not see the least need or advantage of total abstinence on his part, while he cheerfully acknowledged that it was very good for those who preferred to practise it. The ways of his first officer, however, troubled his soul. He believed the man would speedily become a wreck, though he had not the least idea that he could possibly wreck the *Seabird*.

Rolf and the first officer held carefully aloof each from the other.

"I pity the future of the *Seabird* in the hands of that man," said Rolf to Bess. "A cruel, tyrannical wretch, this will be one of

the vessels where the men are treated like brutes, knocked down with belaying-pins and marline-spikes, the word following the blow, and where despotism and hatred glare at each other from the quarter-deck and fore-castle."

"It makes me heart-sick to think of such things," said Bess. "These men are all such good fellows, and for years they have been with father, and accustomed to the orderly, religious ways of his ship."

"As for that matter, these men will not be the sufferers," said Rolf, "for Tom Epp and nearly all of this crew will be shipped on the *White Eagle*; but there will be some to be made wretched and ruined through this man's viciousness, and the less religious knowledge that future crew shall have, the sooner and more completely will they become his victims. As for myself, I confess to most unchristian emotions toward him. I feel an absolute detestation of him, and ready for an explosion of wrath against him on the first occasion."

“You must conquer such feelings, or they will cause bitter repentance,” said Bess. “But yet you do yourself injustice; for he has given you many occasions for a quarrel, and you have restrained yourself.”

“I’m bound by my Christian profession to show him that much of good example,” replied Rolf.

The first officer fully returned all Rolf’s dislike. For himself, he was a coarse, ill-made man, unpleasant in his manners, and abhorred by all with whom he had dealings. Rolf, on the contrary, had been, like his father, cast in a herculean mould. His shining, golden hair was such as the Norse poets sing of, flowing over the shoulders of their gods. Elate in spirits, quick in wit, and heartily generous, he was the idol of the crew, welcome wherever he went.

The smothered wrath between these two enemies broke out on a very paltry occasion, merely on a question of how far the horn on Rattlesnake Shoal light-vessel, blown as a fog-signal, could be heard

in damp weather, and the relative value of horns and bells as warnings in fogs. On such a small point as this the smoldering fires of dislike blazed forth vehemently, and fierce words passed, until Captain Adams interposed his authority, which Rolf kindly, and the first officer sulkily, recognized. The repressed hate of this man was so evidently deep and cruel that it caused Bess anxiety. She, who had never before known fear, now made by love a coward, absolutely feared that on some lonely watch the first officer would catch Rolf off his guard, and fling him overboard. Rolf laughed at her fears and her warnings not to provoke the ungoverned man.

“He’d have hard work to handle me. Let him try it, Bess.”

“You have no right to be a cause of sin to your neighbor,” said Bess, and that argument was conclusive.

Thus time went on, fair weather, fine sailing, and all things going well, with only

this one cause of vexation, until the *Sea-bird* ran through the westward passage between Cuba and Hayti, and set her course toward the southwest. Here the weather changed. The wind blew from the southwest, and betimes was varied by short, fierce squalls. Heavy rain fell, the torrents approaching at times to a water-spout. There was heard during several days, while the ship struggled heavily on her way, battling with adverse winds and raging waves, thunder rolling sullenly by turns in every quarter of the sky. In this stress of weather a man was lost overboard, and no help could be afforded him. Never but once before had Captain Adams lost a man, and the accident filled him with affliction. Tom Epp offered him the only consolation he was capable of receiving: "Don't grieve, cap'n. Jack and me's had many a talk lately, and he'd found the Lord. He has got into heaven as the first fruits of your reading and praying with your crew, cap'n, as a Christian cap'n should."

For some days this foul weather continued, and all hands were well-nigh worn out. For two days there had been no streak of sunlight to give opportunity for taking an observation, and the needle was disturbed by the intense electricity of the atmosphere. At last, toward evening, the wind veered, the sea grew calmer, and Captain Adams went down to his berth to try and obtain an hour's rest before passing another night on deck. The first officer, who had been drinking even more than usual, being urged thereto by considerations of fatigue, wakefulness, wet garments, and the general discomforts of a storm, was in charge of the ship. Rolf was also pacing the quarter-deck, and striving to renew civilities with his brother officer. Not far from these two, and just below them, stood two men beside the wheel. The heavens now gathered blackness very suddenly. It became impossible to see for any distance along the water, and the *Seabird* rushed over the waves

with terrific speed, the first officer having crowded sail to make use of the first north-east wind that had blown for a whole week.

“There’s a squall, and a sharp one, coming up from the northeast,” said Rolf.

“So much the better,” growled the first officer; “perhaps it will drive us into Nicaragua. I’m sick of head-winds.”

A few moments passed in silence. To a friendly officer Rolf could clearly have expressed his opinions; but this man was ready to construe every hint of advice into hostility and insubordination. But Rolf had a deal at stake in the *Seabird*—not only his own life and his father’s property, but the friends of old, Captain Adams and Tom Epp, and Bess, dearer than all the world besides. Again he spoke:

“I fancy we’ll have to shorten sail, sir. The ship goes fast, and we are not sure where we are; besides, that squall looks able to cut our masts square off with that much canvas on ’em,”

“I’m sailing this ship,” cried the first officer fiercely; and Rolf was just considering how he should quietly get Captain Adams back on deck when his comrade ordered sail to be shortened, and the anxious crew sprang with readiness to obey. Bess, quite weary with anxious nights and days, was asleep with her head on the table of the little cabin. Had she known what was passing, she could have called her father; but Bess slept on, and now a dark, isolated cloud, remitting vivid lightnings with thunder, was observed, a mass of deeper blackness than the black canopy of the sky, moving under the violence of the squall toward the ship. At this dread moment, when all eyes were directed to the clouds, the man aloft gave that most terrible of cries at sea, “Breakers ahead!” and at that very instant a wild roaring and crashing of waters lashed by the storm, and a fearful sheet of foam almost under the lee bow, told that they had rushed un-awares upon the heavy breakers north of the

Arenas Light. Sober, the first officer might have been equal to the emergency; but he had been eating little and drinking much for three days, and the danger, that should have steeled his nerves and steadied his brain for its best work, unbalanced the drunkard's reason.

"Larboard! larboard!" he yelled to the men at the wheel. It was theirs to obey.

Rolf saw the terrible peril, the fatal error. He leaped at the first officer, snatched the trumpet from him, shouting, "Port! port! I say"; but as he put the trumpet to his lips to send the order ringing over the dire confusion, the first officer flew at him like a tiger, and, with a stunning blow on the side of his head, sent him senseless upon the main deck. Just at this moment a prodigious wave lifted the doomed *Seabird* high in air, and flung her on the reef with a mighty blow that rent her solid timbers and heavy planks, and sent a shudder through her from stem to stern, like the throe of some mighty creature in a dying agony. The tumult

of the breakers and the cry of the man aloft had startled Bess from her slumbers. She had cried out to her father, and the two sprang on deck just as the *Seabird* struck. The awful cloud had, like some angry monster, almost passed the ship; but now, as if attracted by its peril to complete its destruction, poured its terrific lightnings into the foremast, and, leaping along a chain, cut the maintop off as by a knife. Springing into a wet rope, the subtle destroyer darted through it into a pump, which it rent in two, and passed by the pump-irons out of the fated ship.

But all this was done quicker than the flash of thought. As Bess and her father rushed up the stairway, the foremast-top fell into the sea, the watchman in the rigging dropped dead into the water, and the severed maintop-mast crashed down between Bess and her father, while all the rigging left aloft burst into a sheet of flame! As that great mass of timber fell between them, Bess heard her father give



Her voice rose above the tumult. "Port! port! I say."

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a cry of mortal agony, and the great wave following that which had carried the *Sea-bird* to her doom swept over the ship from end to end as she lay, and carried away with it the first officer and one of the men at the wheel.

Three things occurred now simultaneously: first, the cutting off of the masts and their fall caused the ship to recoil violently under the shock; second, the wave lifted her just as she recoiled; and, third, exactly as the wave thus lifted her, Rolf, struggling to his knees, got back his senses just where he had lost them, gasping out the word that had been arrested on his lips—"Port!" He could do no more than gasp, but Bess, flying out of the cabin, had sprung almost upon him lying on the deck—and Bess never needed time to collect *her* thoughts; instantly the trumpet was at her lips, and her voice rose above the tumult, giving the order to the steersman, "Port! port! I say."

The steersman did not stand alone.

Somehow Tom Epp had leaped beside him like a cat, and Tom seemed to have the strength of a dozen giants in him when he heard Bess ringing her orders at him, as they lay there trembling in the very jaws of death.

Rolf got to his feet, but he staggered, and held fast by Bess. Bess felt sure that her father lay dead under the fallen topmast, while the ship was shattered and on fire above. Yet, if there was any life to be saved, any hope for that vessel, it lay in Bess Adams's seamanship and the way she exerted it for the next five minutes; for another blow or two on the reef such as the one she had just received would speedily turn the *Seabird* into small kindling-wood. With death all around her, white destruction foaming in the breakers underneath, and black destruction lowering in that pall of cloud stretching above them, Bess stood bareheaded on the deck, with her trumpet at her lips, and her keen thoughts weighing every point of advan-

tage or disadvantage, and brought her broken *Seabird* off the reef without another blow. With that appalling flash of lightning and burst of thunder the wind had instantaneously dropped away; it now sprang up in an exactly different direction, the southwest, and pressed them from the reef. The flames speedily died out of the rigging, shrouds and wood being so thoroughly soaked as to prove poor fuel. The lurid glare ceased to light the frightful confusion of the deck and the black, wide-reaching wings of the cloud.

Rolf regained his breath and his senses, and Bess ordered another sailor to the wheel, and bade Tom pipe all hands forward to man the pumps and clear the wreck. The crew of the *Seabird* had numbered sixteen, and there had been three officers. One man had been lost during the storm; the first officer and one steersman had gone overboard together; one man had fallen with the lightning-struck rigging; and one more lay dead beside

the split pump, with a hole as of a bullet through his breast. Nine sailors answered to Tom's call; two stood at the wheel. Rolf ordered five to man the pump that was left them, and headed the other four to clear away the wreck, under which lay the captain. Rolf believed him to be dead; but as he came near him, Phil Adams opened his eyes, saying quietly, "Have a care, my lad."

Knowing himself disabled, Captain Adams, with iron resolution, had repressed every sound, that his daughter might give undivided attention to the ship.

"Work with a will, boys!" roared Rolf. "The captain's alive!"

Bess gave one quick look over her shoulder, and then concentrated all her cares upon the duty in hand. The wreck was quickly cleared, then Rolf prepared to lift the captain.

"Not below," said the captain, and Rolf, dashing into the cabin, returned with the mattress and furnishings of the nearest berth and a razor.

The mattress was laid on the quarter-deck, Phil Adams put thereon, and Rolf without delay removed his boots by cutting them in pieces with the razor, the mast having fallen upon his legs just below the knee.

All this while Bess had pursued *her* business as if in oblivion of her father. But at the exact instant when *she*, better than Rolf, could care for him, she put the trumpet in Rolf's hands, and fell on her knees beside the mattress. One second her brown head, all wet with spray, bowed over her father's gray locks; one touch her hand gave lovingly to his; then, as if that dangerous deck had been the quiet room at home, and all the appliances of a hospital had lain ready at her hand, she set herself to caring for those crushed limbs. The cook stood by to help her, but all that he could bring was part of a flask of olive-oil and a bottle of wine, for his galley had been swept away by the first great wave. Bess tore a sheet into broad

bandages, and dressed her father's injuries as carefully as possible.

"Water's gaining on us fast!" cried Tom Epp, who was superintending the pumping.

"Man the boats!" cried Rolf.

The yawl was gone.

The long-boat was got into the water. The cook ran into the cabin, where the water was already rising, and secured some provisions from the pantry. A cask of water and a bag of bread were thrown in.

"We'll lower the captain on his bed there, Bess, and you must go with him, and Tom Epp to take charge," said Rolf, signing three men to lift and lower the mattress.

"O Rolf! come with us," cried Bess, giving way to her woe.

"I'll follow in the jolly-boat close to you," said Rolf, hastily telling off the men to go in the long-boat. Three of them were now standing in her. They

were just about to lift the captain when once more from that fatal cloud a heavy stroke of lightning fell on the *Seabird's* mainmast, and the awful pealing of the thunder mingled with the rattling of mast-hoops, the irons of the rigging, and the splintering of the wood that fell like hail upon the deck, while the mast, snapped like a pipe-stem, was hurled down upon the deck, which split like thin ice under its fall, and the torn side of the ship, the long-boat with its three men, and the upper portion of the mast, went down together in black water, that opened greedily for its prey.

Two more sailors lay lifeless on the poop, killed either by the electric current or the falling iron, and Rolf, Tom, Bess, and the captain with seven men clung close together on the miserable wreck that had once been the gallant *Seabird*.

In such emergencies as these there are some who can think quickly. The cracking of timbers had not ceased before Rolf

shouted to the men to prepare the jolly-boat, and himself plunged into the fast-filling cabin to secure provisions for her. A bag of biscuits and two or three bottles of wine were thrown into the boat. The cook came hurrying up with a ham, and leaped into the boat beside Tom Epp, who was standing in her, preparing to receive the captain. With the impetus of this spring the rope that held the boat, and which had probably been burned by the lightning, parted. In the gathering night and the fearful blackness of the down-sweeping squall, the jolly-boat was whirled away from the helpless hulk of the *Seabird*, and the loud, despairing cry of Tom Epp came back to the ears of those whom he, perishing, had left to perish alone.

In the wild glare of the lightnings could now be seen on the sinking and utterly dismantled ship Captain Adams, prostrate on his mattress, Bess and Rolf clinging to each other and to him, and five sailors, two of them helpless from injuries.

"We're going down!" shouted one of the sailors wildly. No one answered him. He screamed the despairing words again, and, driven mad by his fears, rushed to meet the very fate he dreaded, and leaped into the sea. But the others on that wreck were made of sterner stuff. God inspires his children in their hour of need.

"I don't believe the *Seabird* can sink," said Bess to Rolf. "Her cargo's all light, and will help float her."

"No," said Rolf, "she can't go to the bottom, though she may go to the edge of the water or under it. Come, boys," he cried, speaking his hopes rather than his doubts, "we'll float. Let us take care of those who cannot take care of themselves." And even in the depth of their misery these brave hearts answered him by a cheery "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Don't fear for the hulk, she'll float," cried Rolf. "We must lash fast to her, and look to be picked up."

The stump of the mainmast offered their

only refuge, and Rolf, Bess, and one of the sailors set themselves to lash Captain Adams and themselves to this, while Jerry, the other sailor, attended to his disabled mates.

The last thunder and lightning, while it had completed the destruction of the ship, had also exhausted the fury of the storm, and what wind there was drove them from the breakers still, though the filling ship moved very heavily, and there was neither canvas nor rudder to aid her course.

Your true sailor is apt in all emergencies. Rolf and his assistant, Luke, knew how to make the best of everything without loss of time. The waves were now sweeping across the *Seabird*, and she rolled dangerously; but these disadvantages only urged the men to quicker labors.

The pumps of the *Seabird* had been put in close to the mainmast on either side; between the pump left unharmed by the lightning and the mast Rolf and Luke contrived, by aid of the door of the aft staircase of the

cabin, a sort of rest, whereon they placed the disabled captain as easily as was possible, and lashed him fast, Bess exerting all her skill to contrive a place of support for his head, and by means of a blanket, which had come up with the mattress, and a rope, to fasten his feet so that they would be out of danger of further injury from the motion of the ship. Jerry, having secured his brother sailors, who seemed almost unconscious, made a heroic effort to get food from below. He succeeded in obtaining a part of a box of raisins, the lower layers of which were ruined by the sea-water; but the upper ones were dry, and of these he made a hasty division.

The last gray twilight showed the sea much calmer, and the ship sunk quite to the water's edge, yet rolling less than she had been doing. Luke, Jerry, and the two injured sailors were lashed together near the broken cabin skylight on the quarter-deck. Captain Adams, Bess, and Rolf were secured to the stump of the mainmast, and

thus the night closed around them, they not expecting to see another morning.

They felt the ship settling and the water rising around them in the night. At last Bess found that the water ceased to rise. At dawn the sea was quiet, except for the long, slow swells of the late storm, and the sun shone forth for the first time for many days. The quarter-deck was well out of the water, but the main deck was covered; and while Captain Adams was secured above water, Bess and Rolf stood deep in it. Captain Adams seemed quiet, but the contractions of his face at times showed that he was conscious of severe pain. To Bess's terrible dismay, Rolf was evidently in a high state of fever, and his breathing was strangely oppressed.

"One of those mast-hoops struck my chest yesterday, and it has injured me badly," he said to Bess.

Bess had kept their portion of raisins and the remainder of the olive-oil brought her by the cook out of the water, and she gave

some of both to her companions. The poor sailors had been sleeping; but the increasing daylight now awoke them, and presently Jerry called from the quarter-deck, "Matt's dead, captain." There was a solemn silence, then Captain Adams whispered to his daughter, and she called, "Cut the body loose, and let it go overboard, Jerry!" Jerry obeyed; but as the corpse of his mate slid almost out of his reach, he leaned after it, and dragging it back, began hastily searching it. Alas! he was looking for food, and was rewarded by discovering a dried herring. Men give their thousands with less generosity than Jerry showed when he divided that herring with Luke, while the body of his late comrade rolled heavily into the sea.

"There's no sail in sight, and we can't hold out this way long!" cried Luke presently. Then after a whisper from his third companion, he added, "And Ned says he's dying, and, Mistress Adams, if you get home to Lucky Cove, you're to take his message to his wife and children."

“Give me the message, Luke,” cried Bess; “but I trust God will send safety to us all, even at this hour.”

It was a short message the sailor took from his comrade’s feeble lips: “Tell ’em he found the Lord as nigh on sea as on shore; and they’re to look to meet him in heaven; and—God is the God of the widow and the orphan.”

“Bess,” said Captain Adams, “Rolf and I are past speaking so as to be heard; it remains for you to comfort our hearts.”

There was no sound but the sullen lapping of the waves about the water-logged ship.

“Boys,” cried Bess, “my father says it is the hour for morning prayer.” And with a clear voice she began the Forty-second Psalm: “As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!” How fervently rang those words! “Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will

command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

This was no hour for ceremony. The full hearts of all her listeners followed the words, and Jerry burst forth with the answer, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

All day not a sign of help; the dismantled hulk, with her suffering burden, drifting drearily upon the sea. A few raisins and the carefully-doled-out oil were all that Bess had for the sick men on either side of her. The three sailors were out of reach, and they had only raisins. Night once more settled over the sea.

"How is Ned?" cried Bess to the sailors.

"He's going fast," answered Jerry; "and that's well for him. I bear in mind those

words, 'Better are the dead that are already dead than the living that are yet alive.'"

And now Ned himself spoke out clearly in the silence of the night:

"Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed. Lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings."

Thus, even on these dangerous waters, Captain Adams gathered of that bread of life which he had scattered with lavish hand in all seas where he had sailed.

The captain and the men slept during the night, but Rolf was wakeful from illness, and Bess felt as if sleep was for ever banished, with these two whom she loved most in all the world apparently dying on either side of her. And now one while

she whispered the plaintive pleadings of the Psalms into her lover's ear, these two, like David, crying unto God out of the depths; or again she recalled for him the merry hours of their childhood, the days in the school-house at the Corners, the boating trips with lost Tom, their adventures along the shore, and their night on Gull Peak.

"How safe we should feel there now, Rolf, with a drift-wood fire, and fish to roast, and the lights of Lucky Cove almost to be seen in the distance! Ah! my poor Lucy and little lads and pretty baby at home, who will win your bread, now we are gone?"

"Don't fear for them, Bess," said Rolf; "if we three go down together at sea, be sure my father will look to them ashore."

Morning struggled slowly into the east once more. There was no need to ask of Ned's welfare; during the night he had passed into that land where there is no more sea. The last of the food was

divided, and then Bess, without waiting for her father's request, began the psalm, "The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and are troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

As it came near noon, Jerry scrambled from his place, and, climbing the stump of the mainmast, which stood about twelve feet high, fastened his red shirt to the top for a signal. Three hours later a ship, evidently making for Grey Town, came in sight; she presently observed the wreck, hove to, and lowered a boat. Jerry and Luke beheld the joyful vision, and called to Bess. Rolf and the captain were unconscious. In a quarter of an hour more the long-boat of this fortunate ship was beside them.

The strangers found "the hull of the *Sea-*

bird lying almost entirely under water; the captain and second officer lashed to the mainmast in a senseless condition; the captain's daughter between these two, endeavoring to support the head of each; a dead sailor on the quarter-deck, and two other sailors much exhausted. They had been floating in this way forty-five hours.' This was the report made on the ship's log.

Ready hands removed first the captain and then Rolf to the long-boat; Bess followed them. The body of Ned was lashed up in the blanket that had been about the captain, and was thus hastily committed to the sea, and then the long-boat returned to the ship, food and water being served out to the rescued ones on the way. The best that the ship had was at their disposal, and in thirty-six hours after, she landed at Grey Town, and placed the five survivors of the *Seabird* in hospital.

CHAPTER VIII.

A REFIT IN PORT.

“ Michael replied :

Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou livest
Live well ; how long or short permit to heaven.”



SCARCELY a place can be imagined more dismal than a foreign hospital. Bess Adams had felt a great heart-sinking at the thought of going with her invalids into the Grey Town hospital, but, entering there, she found her fears put speedily to flight. There were very few patients in the building, the officers and attendants were English, the low-ceiled, white-washed rooms were clean, and the warm air of the tropics came pleasantly through open windows, which looked on the one side to that smiling and dangerous sea, and on the other upon the luxuriant verdure of those sunny lands. The story of these shipwrecked ones speedily spread through

the town, and increased the kindness shown them. And this was well, for doleful days awaited them at Grey Town. Jerry and Luke were in a few days quite recovered and ready to ship for home; which, there being no American vessels in port, they were obliged to do by way of England. By this time Bess was also herself again, and demanding and receiving permission to attend upon her father and Rolf. A severe inflammation, occasioned by the blow on his chest, added to the exposure upon the wreck, had been accompanied by violent hemorrhages, and had brought Rolf very low. The vigorous young Dane wasted rapidly away, and his cheery voice sank to a whisper.

Nor was the case of Captain Adams any better; the injury to his limbs had been severe, and the long days when they could receive no attention had destroyed all hope of healing. There was but one chance for his life, said the surgeons — amputation. There was no chloroform in those days, and

this one chance of amputation seemed so terrible that the first thought of Bess and her father was that it would be better to die quietly than undergo so severe an operation. But the instinct to preserve life is very strong, and the better prepared the sons of men are for the life to come, the more honorable efforts will they make to preserve this present existence, because they feel its responsibilities and regard it as the gift of God.

“And what are the chances of amputation’s saving my father’s life?” demanded Bess.

“To be honest, only as five to ten; for your father is not a young man,” replied the surgeon.

“We’ll leave the event cheerfully in the hands of God, my girl,” said the captain. “Bless the Lord, I’m ready to die, and yet I see it my duty to take every means to preserve my life; so, doctor, set your time, and who knows, Bess, but I may see Kate and Lucy and the little ones yet? If not

there are better friends in heaven." He hesitated a moment. "You'll stay with me, my girl?"

He could not have made a more terrible request. The brave heart of the sailor girl stood still, but she answered calmly, "Yes, father."

An old and skilful surgeon from a British man-of-war was requested by the doctors of the hospital to perform the amputation.

The face of the chief surgeon, when the dreaded hour came, gave Bess courage; he looked so calm, so kind, so assured. "I need not ask you to be kind and quick," she said to him. "I know at once that you feel for your neighbor as for yourself."

"Are you all ready, father?" asked Bess.

"All ready—and—God bless you, my daughter!" It might be his last farewell, and was meant as such. Bess passed her arm under his head, drew his face close to her neck as she bent over him, and, hiding her face on his shoulder, her soft, steady voice murmured her fervent prayers into

his ear during all those few but dreadful moments. These two hearts had always seemed to beat as one; and now that Bess felt her father's breath coming more and more feebly, and his face growing chill against her own, it seemed as if her life also were dying away. But she still held possession of her failing senses, both for herself and for him, and still asked for strength whence alone it could come to them.

"All is done," said the surgeon, touching her shoulder. Bess raised her head, and looked eagerly into her father's unconscious face. "He'll revive presently. I have great hopes of him," said the surgeon.

"I've seen many sights, both in peace and war, in my time," said the ship's assistant surgeon, who stood by, "but never anything braver than this. No soldiers were ever more heroic than this man and his daughter."

"This, my friend," said the chief surgeon, "is not a courage that is born of earth. This is the Christian's heroism. It is the

strength that comes directly from heaven to those who ask in faith. This is something more and better than what we call 'iron nerves' and 'pluck'; and I have seen this nobler courage in children, in aged women, in those whom we would expect to see feeblest, and it is always the result of prayer."

The assistant surgeon knew nothing of such help as this, but he merely bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and did not argue with his superior.

The surgeon came frequently after this to visit a patient who had greatly interested him, and to rejoice in the good progress made by Captain Adams toward recovery. At the request of Bess he also saw Rolf. "If," said Bess, as the surgeon sat on the bedside, looking earnestly at his patient, "you can only get him strong enough to go home, doctor, to our native air, he will soon be quite well. These tropic regions seem sadly weakening to us of the far north. If I could now catch some of the bracing

air of our Maine winter, I should feel well at once; and so would Rolf, if he were back at the Cove."

"Well, bring me my note-book, and I will write a suggestion for my friend, the doctor here," said the surgeon. "Your sister?" he questioned, as Bess left the room.

"Nearer than that," said Rolf. "We were to have been married soon. I see what you think, doctor; but don't discourage Bess. If you think I can once get home to my father, the truth will come easier to her there."

"Well, really," said the surgeon, half-musing, "I can but wonder why so good a girl should have so many and such heavy troubles."

"Whom the Lord loveth—" said Rolf, but he threw his arm over his eyes, and did not finish the sentence.

Slowly the days went by. Captain Adams got better with every twenty-four hours that passed, and was able at last to wheel himself about in a chair. "It is a

poor miserable wreck of a man you'll have to take home, Bess," he said half-bitterly. "There is not much of me left to welcome."

"But you'll be dearly welcomed all the same, father," said Bess.

"Yes, yes," said the captain, following his own train of thought, "the *Seabird* and her captain went to pieces together; and our Rolf will be a sore sight for his father, Bess; and you, my girl, you don't look as you used."

"Rolf will be better as soon as he gets home," said Bess eagerly. "Sickness comes very hard to those so unused to it as he; and I'll soon look the same, father. It is only that you think me changed because I have cut off my hair."

"Yes, Bess, all those brown braids gone, I see, my girl."

"Because you know, father, I thought if I were to be wrecked again, I must not be tortured by having my wet hair lashing my face, and tangling about the ropes and masts; and then, father, it was getting very white."

“White, my poor girl?” said the captain, stroking the thick waves of short hair streaked with gray that lay over his daughter’s head. “Is all your youth shipwrecked in that fearful storm?”

“Once I get you home safe, father, and Rolf well again, I shall feel young enough,” said Bess.

“And, my child, if such happiness never comes, remember there is, after all these troubles, a rest that remaineth, and neither eye nor ear nor mortal heart can apprehend the glory of those things which the Lord hath laid up for them that love him.”

Bess felt that there was a warning in these words—a warning that her dearest earthly hopes were to be unfulfilled; but she put the thought from her, and went to meet Rolf, who came into the hospital-yard for a walk in the sunshine. His cheek was thin and pale, and his chest hollow; but Bess kept telling herself and him that once back in the dear homestead, with Christine’s

nursing and the bracing of the native air, all would be well.

There was a home-coming at last in May. A ship from Boston reached Nicaragua, and took the three victims of the *Seabird* disaster very comfortably back to Massachusetts. Thence by easy stages Bess conveyed her invalids towards home. She had written from Boston of the day of their arrival, and desired that a conveyance should be sent to meet them at the stage-office, eight miles from the Cove. As the stage stopped, what was the amazement of Bess to see Tom Epp rushing up to aid her father and Rolf. She had expected to see the minister there with the wagon and horses; but had the sea given back its dead, that here was Tom? As she looked at him, yet again seemed ringing in her ears his long cry as he was swept away from the sinking *Seabird* in the stormy waters far northeast of the Arenas Light.

Master Hastings was there too. He wrung Captain Adams's hand, and clasped

his son in his arms in utter silence. The sorrow past and the cloud that lowered over their future filled him with a woe too deep for speech. Like David, he could say, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it."

This was an early spring. The grass along the roadsides was of velvet softness and starred with flowers. The birds sang in the thickets. The buds just opening on all the trees gave them a tint divided between pink and green. Here and there bees and butterflies had found their way out into the world once more. What a homelikeness there was in all the humble dwellings scattered about them! The hearts of the wayfarers revived, and Tom Epp, trudging sturdily alongside the wagon, broke now and again into a merry whistle, inwardly vowing that "now the captain and Master Rolf were home again, they'd be all right in a jiffy."

"Well, Tom," said Rolf, looking down at him from his high seat in the wagon, "I

would really like to hear your adventures. They must be as wonderful as those of Sindbad."

"Oh! I haven't had any adventures. I was just picked up," replied Tom nonchalantly.

"Come, come, Tom, you can make a much finer story than that out of it," said the minister, laughing. "I've heard you do better a dozen times."

"But that was only because I had all about the *Seabird* and the captain and these others to put in. Now they know all that part, and that about me an't worth a straw. Not but what I'm thankful indeed to the Lord for his wonderful care of me," added Tom, lifting his hat.

"Well, we want to hear about the wonderful case," said Bess.

"It was just this," said Tom: "As we jerked away from the ship, I, making an effort to catch the broken rope and get back, lost the only oar we had in the gig. In a few moments we could see nothing of the *Sea-*

bird, and we gave you up for lost; and the cook and I both felt somehow as if we'd murdered you, taking off your last hope in boat and provisions. All there was for us was to commit our case to God, and wait patiently for his will concerning us. We had, you know, a little of food and drink in our boat, and we made it hold out; and for five days, by the reckoning I made with my knife on the side of the boat, we drifted up and down, seeing only two sail, and they didn't see us. At last, just on the edge of evening, we were pretty nigh run over by a ship bound for Cuba. That picked us up when we were out of provisions and water, and had given up all for lost. When we had cheered up a little, we shipped on a vessel bound for Halifax. Cook liked his berth so well that he kept it, but I sailed for Portsmouth, and then for Lucky Cove; and by the time I got here they had word of you by the letter you sent with the ship that picked you up. I stuck by the *Dancer* since then, for it wasn't in my mind to lay out

plans for myself until I'd seen you all home, and found out what you were going to do."

What were they going to do, indeed? There were seven little children in the crippled captain's home—eleven in all to feed and clothe, and the strong bread-winner helpless now in his wheeled chair. It was hard work sometimes for Captain Adams to keep from wishing that he had not lived to come back to those of whom he could take care no longer. When Tom Epp used those words, "what they were going to do," Master Hastings glanced at the bent form of his son, and thought of the lost *Seabird*; Captain Adams turned his look sadly on his daughter; and Bess gazed entreaty at the minister. One thought was in the hearts of all: it was very hard to tell what they were to do. Then said the minister: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He turneth the wilderness into a standing water; and dry ground into water-springs. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell. Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction. Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

This was the inspired history of their sufferings and the promise for their future; and so their souls returned unto their rest, because the Lord deals bountifully with his chosen.

"Be sure and make the home-coming cheerful," had Bess written to Kate; and when the little house was reached, everything was in its best. The children, Lucy, and Kate, in their "Sunday clothes," were on the lookout for the coming of the long-absent ones. Peace and plenty seemed to

have found abiding-places in that humble dwelling. But after the evening meal, while one of the twins, perched on either arm of their father's chair, was telling of exploits in school, and baby Annie was serenely falling asleep in her father's arms, Lucy made her escape to the yard in the rear, and sat down on the last wood of Tom Epp's cutting, weeping bitterly. Here Bess found her.

"I thought," sobbed Lucy, "that by your letters I was prepared for all; that I had made up my mind to what was to be; but, O Bess! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"You will be brave, as you have been often before, Lucy. Yours has been a hard life," replied Bess sadly.

"But I've been very happy for the last eight years," said Lucy.

"And now it remains for you to make my poor father happy for whatever years he has to live. You *must* keep up your courage, Lucy, for his sake. Ah! if you had seen, as I have, what he has suffered—those dreadful days on the wreck, and

those just as dreadful days in the hospital, when — when he was the worst! You would feel, as I do, that nothing must be spared to make the rest of his life happy. It will be a hard thing for him, after all his busy days, to stop here at home in a chair. You must make the home very cheerful, Lucy; keep the children in order, that they won't fret him; have the house bright; and make his friends welcome at all hours, no matter what's doing. We all have our work laid out, Lucy; very often not the work we plan for ourselves, but we must do it heartily, nevertheless. You must not let him want for anything, Lucy. Get him the best that the Cove can furnish to eat and drink."

"But, Bess, how are we to live? Think how many there are of us; and it will be long before the boys can do anything."

"I'll take care of you, Lucy. Kate and I will see to that, somehow; I cannot tell just how yet, but it shall be done. You keep up as you did to-day when we got

home. That was a good thought about those flowers, making the room so pretty."

"That was Kate's thought; she sent the boys two miles off into the woods to hunt for them," said Lucy. "You know how useless I am, Bess. I can't earn anything."

"Don't go back to that," said Bess stoutly. "We don't want you to earn anything. Why, you poor girl, with a house, and a sick man, and seven little children to take care of, have you not got your hands full?"

"I wouldn't mind that," said Lucy, "if I only knew that we could keep the house, and get the bread and those other things for plain comfort that he has been used to."

"You *can* be sure of all those. The Lord is going to provide them, though I do not know yet by what means. And of all things, Lucy, you must not let father see you fretting about that; for it is just what troubles him most, and will make him feel his helplessness more than ever."

For the first week or two after the return all was bustle and excitement; neighbors coming and going, and the story of the *Seabird* demanded several times a day. Bess was at Master Hastings's the most part of the time, watching over Rolf, or taking short walks with him where once they two had walked and played in all the exuberance of childish happiness. Yet in the hours when she was at home she saw plainly that some plan must be made and diligently pursued for providing for the family, where all those little lads were wearing out the knees of their trousers and devouring bread and butter at a fearful rate every hour in the day.

Bess and Kate began to take long walks on the sands and by the cliffs toward sunset, walking slowly arm-in-arm, and talking earnestly the while.

Each morning, before going over to see Rolf, Bess wheeled her father in his chair slowly along the village street to give him exercise. During these walks they gener-

ally fell into a discussion as to what should be done to provide for the family.

When they first returned to Lucky Cove, Bess had hoped that Rolf would speedily recover, and be able to take command of the *White Eagle*. But Rolf had grown no stronger. The Dane, when first he received his son home, had felt assured that the consumption which had carried his mother to her early grave had set its seal upon her son. This had been the dread of Master Hastings in Rolf's early years; but as he had seen him growing vigorous and accustomed to exposure, and showing the hardihood of his Danish ancestry, he had begun to hope that the dread scourge would pass him by. But the exposure on the wreck and the blow on his chest had provoked the onset of the hereditary enemy. There was now no hope that Rolf could sail in the *White Eagle*. Bess was the last to relinquish this hope, and, losing it, she was doubly bound to home, to remaining where she could be with him the

remainder of his life ; but meanwhile what would the family do for food and clothing ?

“ There’s only one way, father,” said Bess at last. “ Your one-third share in the *White Eagle* won’t support eleven of us ; we must have the captain’s wages. You and Master Hastings are sole owners, and you know that I can sail a ship. You must give me the *White Eagle*, and let her be put on coast trade for a while, until you are accustomed to my being off on her. By that means we shall have as much to live on as ever.”

“ I know you can sail a ship, Bess,” said her father, shaking his head ; “ but this is such a new and unheard-of plan.”

“ That is nothing,” said Bess quickly, “ if it is the plan God has marked out for me. There’s nothing else that I can do, father. There is no work for women near the Cove, and if I went to Portsmouth or Boston, what could I do ? I could not teach school, nor sit as a seamstress. I can keep a little house like ours, and I can sail a ship ; and,

as there is Lucy to keep the house, the ship is all that is left me."

Bess dreaded any arguments against the plan from her father; for was not her own heart urging her all the while to stay ashore, never to leave the Cove while Rolf lived?

"And, my girl, it would be much harder finding a crew and officers for you than for an ordinary captain."

"Yes; but we have many sailors near here who have sailed with you. There is Tom Epp for a coxswain, and Jerry and Luke, to begin with. I can have Kate go with me, and you can get John Porter of the *Ariel* for first officer. I have known him and his wife since I was a little girl, and he'd be faithful to my interest on the ship."

"Well, yes. And there's Hall Jenkins. He must be twenty-one by this time, and a neighbor's son, and he will make a good second. I don't know but it might be done, Bess; and if it can, why, there's provision for us all. But it is sacrificing you, my Annie's girl, to the rest of us!"

"It is no sacrifice, father," said Bess sadly. "What better is there now left for me ashore? A sore heart finds its best relief in work—working for others; and if I must live without Rolf, I can bear it better with a ship and its cargo, and the wants of a score of people on my mind, than sitting quietly at home."

Captain Adams gave a deep sigh at this passionate outburst from his daughter! How wise he had tried to be for her! How much he had hoped for her! He would have very gladly passed through his great troubles again, if this black cloud might be lifted from her future.

"I can make this rule, father," said Bess, conquering her emotion: "I can have all my men strictly temperance men, and Christian men too, father."

"They'll be equally hard to get, I fear," interrupted he.

"God will provide them, father, if it is right for me to go; for it would only be right for me to go with such a crew as would

make me sure of good order and subordination. Principle must enforce my authority; they cannot expect me to knock a rebel down with a marline-spike."

"Very true; but I should take care that your first officer was a man of muscle, as Porter is. But I never found the argument of a marline-spike needful, Bess, and I maintained strict discipline without sharp measures."

"And there's my advantage in having sailed with you so long. You know I am not without experience, father."

"Yes; well, we'll see what Master Hastings thinks of it."

"He thinks well of it; and the minister doesn't think amiss of it," replied Bess, sighing. "They do not see that anything else is left for me."

Master Hastings had indeed assented to the plan Bess proposed. Rolf approved it, and Master Hastings declared he was willing to trust all he had to the care of Bess. The loss of the *Seabird* had told on the

Master's resources. He knew that the Adams family could not consent to live on charity. Some one must earn wages when there were so many to be supported; and no way seemed open to Bess but seafaring.

"Ah! Bess," said Rolf, as she sat beside his easy-chair, "if the old dream had only come true, and we had found Captain Kidd's wonderful deposit, then all this care of what you are to do would be taken from us."

"Yes, and then I need not leave you to go to sea," said Bess.

"It is the way the Lord points out," replied Rolf; "and I know you will be blessed in it. The only breakers ahead will be if Lucy does not govern those children properly. That twin Jim, is just like his old grandfather! I remember Jim Wren better than you do, Bess, and little Jim is wonderfully like him. I wonder what possessed Lucy to name a boy after him?"

"He was her father, you know, and that covered a multitude of sins," replied Bess; "and she has a compassion for his unhappy

memory and death, and this naming was just one of our foolish human efforts at compensating what can never be compensated, and doing something for those who are forever out of our reach."

"Well, you warn your father about Jim. If he takes any grog, don't let him put the glass where Master Jim can get the dregs. The little mischief got half of father's glass of wine the other day, and rejoiced over it like a little toper. The school-master says he's sharp enough, but he is impish; and then the master is growing old, and the boy has no one to govern him."

"Little Phil is a much nicer child," said Bess.

"They're all nice children, and Jim will turn out well if he gets properly brought up. If Lucy will do as well on shore as you will do at sea, my Bess, the family will come up to be a blessing to you."

From Lucy came the stoutest opposition to the plan of Bess's being in command of the *White Eagle*.

“What would you have, Lucy?” asked Bess. “Shall Kate and I go into a factory at Lowell, and die of the change from our sea-life? Or shall we go to Portsmouth, and live out at service, getting fifty cents a week as first-class servants?”

“Your mother was my best friend,” said Lucy, weeping, “and now it seems as if you and Kate, her only children, are to be sacrificed to me and my children”

“It is not a sacrifice,” said Bess; “it is the way the Lord has appointed for us, and it will doubtless make us all happy when once we get accustomed to it and give up other hopes.”

It was August before the time for departure came. Rolf was only a little feebler than when he returned to the Cove, and Bess *would* cheer her heart with the hope that his lingering disease would yet take a turn for the better, and that he would return to something of his former vigor.

She could not believe it a last farewell when she took leave of him to go to Ports-

mouth, accompanied by his father, who was to remain with her until the ship sailed. Rolf, however, was in nowise deceived; for him the bitterness of death was past when he parted from Bess.

“I shall see you again, Rolf; I shall see you again,” were her last words to him.

“Yes, truly,” said Rolf, turning to the minister, who was to be his chief companion and guardian during his father’s absence, “I shall see her again. Bess is a true heart, and we two will meet where there are no more partings; but until then, never!”


The people of Lucky Cove said that it seemed as if half the village was going away that day when such a large party set off for the *White Eagle*. There were Bess and Kate with Master Hastings, Tom Epp, Jerry and Luke, John Porter going for first officer, and young Hall Jenkins as second. All the village crowded to their doors to see them off.

CHAPTER IX.

SEAWORTHY.

“ All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

.....
We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.”

“  HE line of march,” as Kate called it, began at Captain Adams's house. The captain, in his wheeled chair, and Lucy, with baby Annie in her arms, and her other six children around her, were in the doorway to bid good-by to the sisters.

Out of her untidy home came Mary Sawyer, declaring to her neighbors, that “after what had happened to the *Seabird*, she felt clear satisfied that these of the *White Eagle* would never see home again.”

"I'm just of a different mind," said the woman she addressed. "God's providence is over good daughters and those who do their duty. There's a blessing in store for Bess Adams, though these are dark days."

At Master Hastings's out came the Dane, and, giving his arm to Bess, walked with her in silence; for neither of them had courage to speak of Rolf.

Beside the store was the Jenkins home, and there was young Hall taking leave of his white-haired mother and little sister, who came out of their door to wish Bess and Kate "God speed you."

On the piazza of the store sat Tom Epp, Jerry, and Luke, and they, lifting their hats at the sight of their captain and her company, speedily fell into the rear.

In a few rods' further progress John Porter was found ready, standing at his gate with his fat, merry-faced wife, who had seen him depart on a score of voyages, and was always quite confident of seeing him safe home.

“It do look odd,” said Mrs. Porter to her husband, “to see a young woman going captain of a ship, and you the first officer. But how sumd’ever, a mate’s berth aboard the *White Eagle* is better than what you had on the *Ariel*; and they do say there an’t a body on these coasts knows more about sailing a ship than Bess Adams. I warrant you she was always in mischief, and plucky enough, as a child; and Tom Epp says there was never a ship afloat better handled than the *Seabird* while Bess was getting her off the reef. It was all along of the first officer being tipsy that happened, and Cap’n Adams lost his legs, and Rolf, so you may say, his life. I’m glad you take to the new notions of temperance, John; for my part, I ask no better drink than tea or coffee.”

Mistress Porter, a noted talker, might have gone on indefinitely with her remarks, but here came up the party for Portsmouth, and carried off her John.

And now they came to the tavern, the

“Blue Mackerel,” quite forlorn and ruinous in its appearance; and Sawyer, sitting drinking in the porch, essayed to rise and give them a parting cheer, but, being top-heavy with gin, rolled over upon the floor. Aunt Kezzy, in her bar, hearing the sound of passers-by, came out hastily, and, walking over the prostrate body of her latest victim, cried out: “Good-by and good-luck. So, Bess, you’re to sail a cold-water ship, I hear, and be the captain of a temperance crew, and have a plenty of psalm-singing on board, as your father had before you! Good-by! I won’t drink your health, because you won’t drink mine; but when you find out that folk can’t do hard, honest work without a drop of hot rum to strengthen ’em, you just remember Aunt Kezzy told you so long ago.”

“And, Aunt Kezzy,” said Tom, stopping before her, “you just remember what I tell you: that rumsellers and rum-drinkers are coming to a terrible destruction together.”

“Poor Aunt Kezzy!” said Kate. “She told the minister she must keep selling rum

to Jim Wren and such as he, that she might lay up money to be respectable and independent in her old age. But just see what a disreputable old age she has reached by that very course." .

"It wasn't for Cain alone that the voice of his brother's blood cried to God from the ground. There's brother's blood crying out against many a rumseller. I don't think the Lord will pass by the voice of such ruin as my poor old man and Jim Wren came to," said Tom Epp, shaking his head. "I don't want you to think I hold spite against Aunt Kezzy. I hope I'd do my Christian duty by her any minute I saw her have need; but it's Scriptor, 'Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.'"

Just beyond the tavern the party overtook the wagons that carried their sea-chests to the stage-office. The next day found them in Portsmouth, and the agent in charge of the *White Eagle* having well performed his duty, she was in ten days

ready to put to sea, her cargo well stored, and just such a crew shipped as Bess had desired—staunch and temperate and religious men all of them, fifteen besides the officers and coxswain. Of these, eight had previously sailed with Captain Adams and his daughter. The captains of the other ships lying in port laughingly declared that the owners of the *White Eagle* had taken the sixteen best sailors in that region for their ship; but there was not one who had not heard with a sailor's hearty sympathy the stories of the *Seabird* and the *White Eagle*, and did not feel that Captain Bess Adams was welcome to the best that could be had. A gallant sight was the *White Eagle* putting out to sea at three o'clock on the afternoon of the first of September. With union-jack and the starry flag floating bravely aloft, the snowy new sails filled with a favoring wind, the handsome ship, painted white with blue lines above the water's edge, put out from port, followed by the little boat that was to bring back

the pilot. Every sailor was on deck in his best. On the quarter-deck stood Captain Bess in a dark-blue flannel frock with silver bell buttons, and beside her stood the pilot and the Dane; and as the *White Eagle* got fairly under way, the crews of the other ships lying in the harbor gave a ringing cheer.

It might have seemed that Bess commenced her new life under very happy auspices; but heavy on her heart lay the thought that, but for those great sorrows at Lucky Cove, she would never have been captain of the *White Eagle*. It was these sorrows and this weight of care that set her apart from all other women in her work and her ways. And yet she had all her life long been in the training most favorable to the brave endurance of just these sorrows.

At four o'clock the pilot and the Dane left the ship; at five Tom Epp piped the crew forward to prayers. The big Bible, the minister's parting gift, lay on the cap-

stan. The men ranged themselves in front and lifted their caps. Kate, John Porter, the first officer, and Hall Jenkins, the second, stood together by Bess. "Friends," said Captain Bess Adams, "we are of those children of the Heavenly Father whom he has ordained to see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. We make our dwelling-place in those waters which he holds in the hollow of his hand. And now we have come together to entreat the Lord to preserve our going out and our coming in, from this time forth, even for evermore." After these words Bess opened her Bible, and read from the Psalms, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help." The reading concluded, she nodded to John Porter, and the first officer straightway, with fear and trembling, but with great heartiness, made the first public prayer he had ever offered. And thus began the first cruise of the *White Eagle*.

The supper was presently served for the

officers in the cabin, and Bess strove to make the meal pass cheerfully.

That evening, as Kate walked the deck with her sister as she kept her watch, she said, "I'm very glad, Bess, to see you once more eating your meals heartily and keeping your courage up."

"Look you, Kate," replied Bess, "I eat, and keep my courage up, because I have a crippled father with a wife and seven children to provide for." So saying, she walked to the after-part of the deck, and stood for some minutes looking out over the long, shiny track the vessel was cutting in the moonlit waters.

Kate, with a sigh, watched the tall, handsome figure, with the short locks, sprinkled with premature gray, which clustered under the snug compromise between a cap and a bonnet which Kate had carefully fashioned of blue flannel and trimmed with silver cord.

"I will never speak to her of her troubles again," said Kate. "She is one of those natures who prefer to keep their heart-griefs

to themselves, and to be taken as they choose to seem on the surface. My poor Bess! and what would the father and the wife and the seven children do without her?"

The *White Eagle* was bound for Quebec, touching at various northerly ports on her way. The days were becoming short and the weather cold; but the fall was a remarkably fine one, and the few hard blows which the *White Eagle* encountered only served to show her excellent qualities, and did her no damage. They were, indeed, a positive advantage to Bess, for the sailors learned that their new captain was no novice in handling a ship; and good management, firm discipline, and excellent order on the *White Eagle* soon extended among all the crew the enthusiasm which Tom Epp felt for Bess.

Absolute neatness Bess demanded in all parts of her ship and from all persons on board. The rations were of fair quality and

well cooked, and good health was the result of good care.

The captain of a sailing-vessel is also its doctor. He has his box of simple remedies, which he prescribes, with more or less discretion, as it may be, to those who are ill.

But one man was sick on this voyage, and Bess, having gone down to the fore-castle to see him, not only ordered his medicine, but gave such sound practical directions to the seaman acting as nurse, and to the cook, that the poor fellow felt an instantaneous increase of comfort, and progressed to speedy recovery; thereafter he vied with the coxswain in his devotion to the "captain."

The 10th day of November saw the *White Eagle* returning to port "all well." As the ship neared the harbor, one heart, and that one apparently the most calmly engrossed in the duties of the hour, was in a tumult of excitement, torn with mingled hope and dread. The hope died full soon. In the small boat approaching them there sat

beside the pilot a herculean form, with white locks flowing over his unbent shoulders—the Dane—and he had a broad crape band on his hat, and crape knotted above his elbow. The two climbed the ship's side. Bess signed the pilot toward John Porter, placed her hand silently in the Dane's grasp, and then, going swiftly down to her cabin, was not to be seen for an hour.

The anchor had been dropped, and the *White Eagle* lay at the pier when Bess returned upon deck. She gave a few orders to the first officer, and, putting her arm in that of Master Hastings, she said, "We will go up to your place."

The little hotel where the Master always stopped lay at the head of the pier, and as he and Bess went thither, followed by Kate, the captains and men upon the pier took off their hats, and so stood until the three had passed. It was the tribute offered by honest hearts to their great loss.

Not a word had been spoken when Bess entered the old man's room, and, sitting by

the window, fixed her eyes upon the busy street below. The Dane paced up and down, at a loss for words to break this silence. At last he said: "You'll come home with me for a little, Bess? Porter can see to the ship, and your father looks for you."

"I can't go home," said Bess in a hard tone. "There is no time. My father will understand it. The season is getting late, and there will soon be ice in these waters. If I get more men at work, we can hurry out this cargo, and get the lading of salt fish in, and be off for Savannah. If we write at once, we can get a cargo there for New Orleans, and so turn the winter to good account. My father's share won't support all his family, unless the *White Eagle's* time is turned to the very best account."

"Don't speak of your father's share so, Bess," said the Master in a pained tone. "What is mine is his—is yours. In the *White Eagle* we share as each one needs, not less."

"Even then," said Bess in a gentler tone,

“there are thirteen for the *White Eagle* to support, and she must work right well to do it.”

“So be it,” said the Dane; “you shall not go home. I will stay here and help you push matters forward, and get you off for Savannah as soon as may be. Hall and Kate can run down to the Cove. But, Bess, your thoughts and your heart are not now with what you are forcing yourself to dwell upon. I understand you by myself, my daughter. We have lost Rolf, but you and I shall never be less to each other than if he had lived.”

He laid his hand on her shoulder. Bess put up her hand and clasped it, but still looked into the street, and did not answer.

“My daughter,” continued the old man, “when I lost his mother, I could never bring myself to speak of her, even to her son, for years. Not until I found in Christ a sanctifier of my sorrow could I break down that wall of ice which I had built about my heart and its great trouble. But affliction, Bess,

springeth not out of the ground. Our blessings are from heaven, and equally so are our troubles, which come to bring us nigher to our God. You see me, Bess. I stand an old man on an alien soil, without one relative remaining to me in all the world. This son had been the one care and rejoicing of my lonely years, and yet, by God's grace, his parting from me was such that I can feel that he has only gone from us a little way, and though that little way has shut him into the infinite blessedness of our Father's house, yet he is now nearer to you and to me than he has been in many a long voyage which we have cheerfully seen him take. When we think that now neither failure nor danger can overtake him, there seems a selfishness in our sorrow. The joy is his, the loss ours, and the future reunion is sure, though we cannot tell its hour. And so, my daughter, be of good courage, and endure unto the end. I think our minister expected that you would not come home, for he sent a word to you. It is this: 'But though he

cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.'

It is well for us when sorrows teach us wisdom and patience and tender sympathy, as they had taught Master Hastings.

The Dane returned to the *White Eagle* to remain with Bess until the ship sailed for Savannah, and Kate and the second mate went for a short visit to the Cove.

In three weeks' time, just as the winter was setting in, the *White Eagle* turned towards the south, and the aged Master went back to his home, where the minister and old Christine were waiting to cheer him.

The *White Eagle* passed Cape Hatteras in a furious gale, but entered the broad Savannah River without loss of a spar or rope. The business in the great port of Georgia being satisfactorily concluded, the ship set sail for New Orleans, the region of storms seemingly left, and favoring breezes and sunny seas beguiling them on their way.

Doubtless during this voyage Captain Bess had many a hard hand-to-hand conflict with despondency. The trip was filled with sad anniversaries of the wreck of the *Sea-bird* and its doleful consequences. But it was her part to *conquer* trouble, and, whatever were her secret thoughts, she showed a calm face to her crew, and attended diligently to her business. The order and cleanliness of a man-of-war prevailed on the *White Eagle*. Sabbaths in port were opportunities of church-going for officers and men, as in turn they could be spared. No man from the *White Eagle* fell a prey to the sharks which wait on shore for sailors who have escaped the milder and more reasonable sharks of the sea. Port was never left on the Sabbath, no matter how favorable were wind and tide; but John Porter was wont to say, that if ever Captain Bess Adams did crowd sail dangerously, it was when nearing port on Saturday night, and desiring to have all quiet for the Sabbath morning.

Kate's last purchase ashore was invariably

fresh reading-matter—books, papers, magazines, all of which were freely scattered among all who wished to read.

Pursuing these ways, the *White Eagle* won golden opinions wherever it went.

Instead of returning from New Orleans direct to Portsmouth, an advantageous voyage was made to Cuba, and thence to New York, and it happened to be in August, after a year of absence, that Bess Adams revisited Lucky Cove. Tom Epp and Kate were with her, and just outside of the village she met Mrs. Porter going to spend the time that the ship was in harbor with her John.

“Well, Bess,” said Mrs. Porter—and the words fell oddly on Bess’s ears, she had been called only “captain” so long—“I’m going to have a real holiday. I haven’t been to Portsmouth for twenty-two years—not since I was married. And so my John writes me that the temperance ship is having fine luck, and is an A No. 1. I told Aunt Kezzy so this morning, but she could not believe me.”

“ And how are all at home ? ” asked Bess.

“ Dear me, they’re uncommon smart. I *did* think, when your father came home without his legs, that your house would be like a funeral for ever after, seeing, as you may say, that there was a man in it about half buried ; but bless me if I don’t think it’s the liveliest place in the Cove.”

Mrs. Porter went her way ; and next appeared a sight that brought tears to Bess Adams’s eyes, it so recalled the past and the days of her first going to school, when she returned at evening in triumph to the village, riding on the school-master’s shoulder, with Rolf trotting on one side carrying her books, and Lucy stepping more soberly on the other ; for there came the very same school-master, albeit now verging on sixty, and on his shoulder he carried Lucy’s second youngest boy, and on either side him ran, brown, barefoot, and merry, the twin boys, Jim and Phil.

No sooner were the travellers espied than the twin boys were off with a whoop to give

the news, and Kate seizing upon the little lad, who had that day made his first appearance at the school, the old teacher, who was going to Master Hastings's, walked with Bess.

At home they found Lucy loading her tea-table with all the good things in her possession, and the father outside the door in his wheeled chair, with Annie in his arms and all the boys about him.

It was here that Bess began to reap the reward of her labors. Here was this large family kept from fear of poverty by her exertions; Lucy contented and busy, the seven children tidy and well fed, and the father encouraged and consoled in his helplessness by the provision that was made for his family. The home itself was improving. Some years before the garret had been divided into two rooms, white-washed, and provided with a round window in each gable, to furnish sleeping-rooms for the children. Now a long porch ran before the whole front of the house,

and, in spite of the sea air, Lucy had contrived to cover it with morning-glories. It had seemed that a porch would be so pleasant and useful to Captain Adams in his chair that the minister had planned it, Master Hastings had given the lumber, and Lucy had paid the two workmen, who built it during their leisure hours, by doing sewing for them. Indeed, the piazza was a very happy idea, and Captain Adams had himself painted the benches white and blue.

Master Hastings came over shortly to see his "daughter," and before long the minister followed him. The evening passed pleasantly, but in that primitive place no one thought of sitting up later than nine o'clock. Bess turned to her father, by whose chair she was seated. "Good-night, father. I'm going home with my father Hastings."

"O Bess!" said Lucy, coming to her, "you're not going away?"

"There's more room for me over at Master Hastings's," said Bess.

“Why,” said Lucy, ready to cry, “as if there were not room here for you, when you keep us all together in comfort.”

“It is not for want of room,” said Bess; “but—I’ll be over here immediately after breakfast. He has only Christine with him.”

“Say no more,” said her father to Lucy. “It is all right for her to go.” And so Bess went home with Rolf’s father, and ever after his house was her home at Lucky Cove.

Bess did not fail to see that while Lucy was doing her best to keep her children in order, there was one wilful spirit which continually exceeded her control. The lads had duties according to their age: drift-wood to find and break up for kindling, wood to cut, the yard to keep in order, a front border or two of hardy flowers, as marigolds, poppies, ribbon-grass, and hollyhocks, to dress and weed; but somehow one pair of hands seemed usually to escape this kind of work. Master Jim had a wonder-

ful faculty for being out of the way when he was wanted, and for having his tasks made up by other people. He was not particularly idle. He was fond of boats and of fishing, and often brought home eggs, fish, and lobsters, trophies of his expeditions on sea or shore. But he wished to direct his own tasks and his own times. The school-master made known to Bess that this youth had been guilty of thrice playing truant—an enormity hitherto quite unknown at the “Corners.” He was quick-witted, yet given to neglecting his task. And, worst of all, Bess herself twice caught him lingering in Aunt Kezzy’s dominions. The first time he was only hanging about the gate, laughing at the fooleries of drunken Sawyer and the tirades of Aunt Kezzy. But the second time Bess came upon him sitting on the time-worn bench in the sun, with his head resting against the wall, exactly as his grandfather had so often sat. The little fellow was listening entranced to Aunt Kezzy’s gossip, and sucking a lump

of moist sugar which she had flavored with gin for him, and eyeing the scientific manner in which Sawyer disposed of a mug of hot toddy.

Rolf's warning flashed upon Bess.

"If he an't the very moral of his grandfather!" said the voice of Tom Epp just behind her.

Bess was too much enraged to speak to any one. She marched to the culprit, took him by the shoulder, and, holding him thus, conducted him out of the tavern limits. Master Jim began to whimper, considering that he might be about to get a whipping from the chief authority of the family; but Bess, without a word of explanation, walked him outside the village, and up the headland, nor let him go until she had stood him between two sunken, nettle-grown graves in the little burial-ground.

"What are these?" demanded Bess.

"They're graves," replied Jim in a subdued tone, as if considering that he might be at once consigned to one.

“Look you,” said Bess, “did you never think that for all of us who do not die at sea a grave must some day be dug? Do you remember that the time will come when people are digging a grave for you and covering you up in it? *Then* it will be too late to repent of evil or to undo any bad deeds that you may have done. Do you see this grave on the left? That man broke his wife’s heart, and she would have been left to starve, only for the care of a good son; this man, in rain and snow or heat, lay in the roads like a log, until he was carried home by that son—a dirty, ragged, idiotic object he lived, loathed by every one, and died without one thought of God or hope of heaven. What was the reason of all this? The man was a drunkard. *He* loved to sit at the ‘Blue Mackerel,’ talking with Aunt Kezzy and drinking gin; and the gin brought him to the miserable state I have told you. Do you see this other grave? My first recollection of anything, is of seeing this man sit just as you did to-day outside

the 'Blue Mackerel.' *He* too broke his wife's heart; he too was beggarly and sick and miserable. He had been a captain, and one of the first men in the village, and he went down to be a miserable wreck, and, in awful agony, died drunk. Will you, a little boy, with all the world to be good and happy in, choose the way of the sinner and the seat of the scorner, and make up' for yourself such a history as these men did? You are beginning it where I found you to-day."

"No, no, Bess," sobbed Jim, "I won't do so. I'll be a good boy and go to sea with you. I'll promise not to go to the 'Mackerel' again."

Bess put very little faith in his promises; but she talked very earnestly to him of his faults and the help whereby he must try to improve.

Nor did she leave the matter with him alone. She put his case in the hands of the school-master, the minister, and Master Hastings, urging them to look after the

boy, and pointed out to Lucy his careless, shiftless habits and his penchant for the "Blue Mackerel."

"He is now nearly ten," said Bess, "and in about two years I will take him on the ship, if he wishes to be a sailor; but habits of idleness and insubordination will make him quite as unhappy on ship as on shore, and if he has a taste for liquor he will meet temptation and fall a prey to it in every port where the ship touches. Besides, there is the danger of his example to his brothers. What would you do, Lucy, if you had a drunkard among these six boys? Watch him well."

"Ah! Bess," said Lucy, "that would be the worst trouble that has ever come to me—worse than sickness and death, because there would be *sin* in it, and it is the sin that makes troubles hardest to bear; and hard as it was about my poor father, this would be harder yet."

"Exactly," said Bess, "because we are responsible for our children, and we are not

responsible for our parents. This boy's existence and early training have depended on you; and if he goes astray, your grief will not only rise out of your love, but out of bitter regret for what might have been done better."

But Jim made Bess many promises of amendment before she returned to the *White Eagle*.

CHAPTER X.

STEERING TOWARD THE LIGHTS.

“ Angels of life and death alike are his ;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er.
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door ? ”



SEVEREN years had passed since Bess made her first trip on the *White Eagle*. Her captaincy of the ship had now come to be considered a matter of course, and she was known in many ports as a most successful mariner.

“ A lucky captain,” she was called by the shipping-agents. She had that good-luck which grows out of sound, good management; out of diligent doing of duty. More, she had that “good-luck” which comes in answer to earnest prayer and a committing of all our cares to Him who careth for us. This was the “good-luck” of Bess Adams. Bess no longer pretended to choose short

voyages or ports near home. Grown confident in herself and her ship, and possessing the confidence of all who knew her, she now sailed wherever the greatest gains seemed to await the *White Eagle*. John Porter was still first officer. He might have been captain of other ships; but he felt that he was necessary to Bess in her vessel, and thus indirectly necessary to the well-being of many people at the Cove. He considered that his present wages were amply sufficient for the childless estate of himself and his jolly wife; so he stood staunchly by the *White Eagle*. Hall Jenkins had found another ship; for he had married, and needed higher than second officer's wages. But the Cove had again supplied Bess with a faithful second officer. Tom Epp was coxswain still. Many of the old sailors stuck by the *White Eagle*, and the new ones who came were wisely chosen, and immediately fell into the ways of the ship. The *White Eagle* still held her honorable place as a vessel where voice of

swearing was never heard; where the Sabbath was honored; where no grog was served out, no liquor stood on the captain's table, no drunkard was among the crew; and the health and happiness and skill of every seaman on board justified this careful *régime*. But the *White Eagle* is, after seven years, running into Boston from Leghorn, loaded with marble. The ship is to go into dry-dock for painting and repairing; officers and crew are to have a holiday. We look into the ship to see if there are other changes there. Bess is on deck. There is a woman in the cabin, but she is elderly. She is the stewardess, and not Kate. Kate has been married two years to the son of the store-keeper at Lucky Cove, and is there settled at housekeeping, much more in her element than at sea. Bess has had young Jim on the ship with her for four years. Not all the rest of the crew has cost her so much trouble as Jim. All the firmness of her strong hand is needed to keep him

in order, especially in port; for Jim has still a fancy for grog-shops. True, there are times when Jim is overcome by penitence, by gratitude. He vows improvement, he applies himself diligently to his duties, and makes wonderful progress in learning navigation from Bess and John Porter. Then he settles into sulkiness or indolence, and does just as little duty as he dare. Phil, the other twin, a noble lad, has never been at sea, despite his strong love for the profession of his father and sister; for the careful youth of fifteen is needed as much to help the crippled father and the family at home as Bess is needed at sea. So at home he studies, and helps, and is patient, and Bess expects to see him on the *White Eagle* some day, outstripping Jim and becoming her reliable second officer. Why not leave Jim at home instead of Phil? Because of the "Blue Mackerel."

Another of the brothers is on the ship, a smart lad of eleven—Henry. This has

been his first cruise. The boy between Henry and the twins is the minister's namesake, David, and, being a remarkably quick lad at pen and figures, Bess put him in a shipping-office at Portsmouth, fearing nothing, for the boy of thirteen had his morals braced by sound religious principles.

Thus Phil, and two little boys, and Annie, are the only children now left at home, and these and all the other good people Bess is in thought hastening to greet as her ship enters Boston Harbor.

Two weeks pass, however, before Bess has business settled and gets in sight of Lucky Cove. Henry had already gone home with John Porter; but Bess had deemed it expedient to keep Master Jim in sight and busily at work until she could take him home. That little distich about Satan's finding mischief for idle hands was ever in her mind in regard to Jim.

Yet Jim, in his clean sailor suit, with his ruddy cheeks and the happy expectation in his face, was a promising sight, seated

beside Bess in the light wagon engaged to carry them and their blue chests home. Two miles from the Cove they met a cart driven by a neighbor's lad. A promiscuous bundle of clothes lay in the bottom of the cart.

“Hollo!” cried the driver, “here’s Cap’n Bess! Good-day, Cap’n Adams; and how are you, Jim? Guess what I’ve got here in the cart! Can’t? Ho! it’s Aunt Kezzy, and I’m taking her over to the poor-house. She won’t sit up—likely she’s too drunk; but we had a real fight to get her into the cart, and finally she tumbled in with her duds that there way, and so she’s stayed ever since.”

“Young man,” said Bess sharply, “if you don’t show more sorrow for the sins and misfortunes of your fellow-creatures, you will be exceedingly likely to share their lot. I’ve lived long enough to see that come true more than once or twice.”

She went to the side of the cart, and,

touching the shapeless bundle, said, "Aunt Kezzy!"

The words had the virtue of an exorcism. Up rose Aunt Kezzy, her face blazing with heat and rum, her bleared eyes wandering uncertainly in the broad sunlight—as dirty, ragged, disreputable-looking an Aunt Kezzy as one could see in a week's journey.

"Oh! it's you, Bess Adams," said Aunt Kezzy, sitting up on the cart-floor, and pulling forward her battered bonnet. "Come to see that young villain take me! *me!*? ME!! to the poor-hus'."

"How has this happened?" asked Bess of the lad.

"Easy enough," said he. "You know how the 'Blue Mackerel' has been running down, and Aunt Kezzy drinking her own rum, and in debt for all the place was worth. She and Sawyer had a bout some six months ago, and got the place a-fire, and Sawyer was smothered in the smoke and a deal of damage done. Then they made a seizure to pay the debts, and sold."

up everything, and left Aunt Kezzy with only the clothes on her back and a bundle of rags besides. She had only a few dollars, and the master and the minister added a little more, and put her to board in our house. But she won't keep sober, and we nor nobody can stand her. And so, as her money's gone, comes an order to put her in the poor-hus'; but she fit like a tiger against that."

Aunt Kezzy sat steadfastly regarding her accuser; as if to see that he told her story properly.

"How came you to take her alone? She'll get away from you," said Jim; but the lad only laughed, replying,

"She's too drunk. She's got a quart bottle of rum with her."

At these words Aunt Kezzy drew out the bottle, and put it to her lips. The liquor seemed to revive her, for she turned to Bess, saying: "Yes, this is what I've come to. This is the way Lucky Cove treats Aunt Kezzy after I've nursed 'em, and helped

'em, and laid 'em out this thirty-odd year. The parson, he tells me how he warned me of it long ago; I don't care if he did. He says I sold liquor to keep from going to the poor-house, and it's brought me to it. They all turn agin' me, just as if Lucky Cove could have done without a tavern for forty year back. What would old Epp, and Jim Wren, and Sawyer, and Mary Sawyer ha' done without my place to get a drop o' comfort in? And now they're sending *me* to the poor-hus'!" Aunt Kezzy began to scramble up, as if moved to jump out of the cart; but she only rolled over heavily, and again put her bottle to her lips.

"I'm very sorry for you, Aunt Kezzy—sorry that you have destroyed yourself, and are still drinking rum," said Bess.

"No, you an't sorry for me," snarled Aunt Kezzy; then, passing into a pathetic stage of drunkenness, she wrung her hands, saying, "Nor Kate an't sorry. Kate's gone and bought my house, my 'Blue Mack-erel.' Kate, what—you don't remember

it, Bess, but I do—what I dressed the first time ever she was dressed, and put her to sleep with a drop of gin-sling in her mouth—Kate, what I was always a friend to; and now she and her man fairly turns me out of house and home, and sneaks into the ‘Blue Mackerel’ to keep my tavern, and me in the poor-hus’. Oh! oh! oh!”

“They bought it fair, and if they hadn’t some one else would,” interposed the driver of the cart.

“My sister and her husband have bought the ‘Blue Mackerel’?” cried Bess, astounded. “What have they bought it for?”

“Why, to keep a tavern in, like other folks,” said the driver.

Bess sprang back into her wagon, and ordered the boy who came with it to whip up his horses. “I must see Kate as quickly as possible,” she said to Jim.

It was but a short time before they came in sight of the famous “Blue Mackerel.” The new roof, its fresh shingles shining in the sun, was the first thing to be seen; then

it was noticeable that the building rejoiced in fresh paint; that the piazza was mended; the fences were renewed and neatly whitewashed; the well and its troughs were in order; the barn was no longer ruinous; pig and chicken houses and yards looked thrifty; and the space in front of the house was well sodded, and the paths were filled with fresh, white gravel. High on its post was the renovated sign, a white board with a red border, and in the centre the bright "Blue Mackerel," with silver fins and tail, beautiful to behold.

No sooner had the wagon stopped than Kate, with her baby Bess in her arms, flew down the path to meet her sister.

"And so you have really bought the 'Blue Mackerel'?" cried Bess after the first greeting.

"Yes; and haven't we improved it?" replied Kate.

"But what have you bought it for?" demanded Bess.

"Why, for a tavern—a temperance tavern,

If you ever heard of such a thing, Bess; and I believe we'll make it succeed. We thought it would make a good home, and may be a good business, for us, and father-in-law said he'd refit, and the minister was afraid some strangers would come here and keep such another rum-shop as Aunt Kezzy did; so here we are, and, oh! here's Georgie too," added Kate, as their youngest half-brother ran around from the barn, where he had been milking.

"And you've got Georgie too?" asked Bess, her face in a glow of joy at her sister's plans and prospects.

"Yes," replied Kate; "it would be strange if I could not provide for one of them, when you have taken care of all so long. And Georgie, you know, has always been my favorite; so here he is, going to school now, and, if the business grows, he can make his living by it by-and-by."

"You and your house surprise me so that I have never asked how all are at home—all right, I suppose?" said Bess.

"Father's not all right," said Kate, growing grave. "He is very poorly; but your coming may cure him. Master Hastings is very hearty, but old Christine has been buried for a week."

"I must get home as fast as possible," said Bess, remounting the wagon, and the remainder of the short drive was occupied with returning the salutations of the neighbors, who came to their doors with hearty greetings.

Captain Phil Adams was in his favorite place on the porch. Indeed, he had kept his position there from early morning until dark for several days, waiting for the arrival of his daughter. Bess saw at once that he was thin and pale, and that he was glad of the support of a pillow for his head.

Nevertheless, in spite of this drawback, the home-coming was very pleasant. Affairs went prosperously now. There was no need for pinching or anxiety, for the *White Eagle* had always done well, and the family were beginning to take care of themselves.

Lucy was cheerful and healthy; Annie as sweet a child of eight as one might wish to see; and Robert, the boy between George and Henry, the scholar of the family, was doing wonders with his books. Robert was the prodigy of the village. He had no cravings for the sea, but asserted his intention of being a minister, which when Bess heard, she reflected with some satisfaction on her ability to provide for him a liberal education.

“There’s a new school-master,” said Robert, “and I think he knows even more than the old master. The old master got sick in the winter, and went to Montpelier to live with his nephew. He’s not going to teach any more.”

“How the changes crowd one another!” said Bess. “Christine is dead, and to-day I met Aunt Kezzy on her way to the poor-house. I thought of the Scripture: ‘Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!’”

“Yes, poor soul, and Mary Sawyer has been in the poor-house three months,” re-

plied Lucy. "But some of the changes are very pleasant, for Hall Jenkins has taken the Sawyers' house, and has refitted it, and his wife has furnished it neatly, so it is better than it has ever been since my poor mother spent her first married years there. I hope no trouble like hers will come to the Jenkinsons, and I think not. Hall is a good, temperate, Christian man."

"Yes," replied Bess; "when you are four or five years on a ship with a man, you know pretty well what he is; and I can only say good of Hall Jenkins or of any of my men."

"Oh!" laughed Jim, "Bess is as proud of her crew as any mother is of her flock of children. They're all nearly perfect."

Lucy sent for Master Hastings and the minister to have tea with them. For a week she had been preparing her choicest dishes for a feast when Bess and Jim and Harry should be home again; and now that the three had been brought to their desired haven, Lucy piled her cakes and conserves,

cheese, pickles, and potted meats upon the board with a lavish hand, sure that hearty sea-appetites would be brought to the discussion of her varied country fare.

It was a pleasant summer evening, and, as the sunset died away, the clear moonlight flooded sea and shore.

“Wheel my chair down to the sands, daughter,” said Phil Adams softly. Bess arranged the cushion for his head, threw a light shawl over him, and the two went out alone toward the water. The sand lay smooth and hard along the curve of the cove, and the water slipped up and down against it with a soft, musical sound. The little light-tower which rose out of the centre of the burial-ground on the further headland gleamed like a star across the quiet sea, and from the nearer headland shone a similar light, which had been within a few years erected for the further aid of shipping along that coast. About a quarter of a mile from shore lay a little boat on the waters.

“It is Tom Epp,” said Bess; “he has gone out there to read his Bible and pray. The sea is Tom’s closet, where he enters in, and, shutting the doors of its silence and loneliness about him, he speaks to his Father which is in secret.”

Further out, a ship might be seen making for the port. There was no wind to drive her hurriedly on her course; the gentle evening air sufficed to fill two small sails set aloft, and the rising tide urged her as with a careful hand pressing upon the keel. The port was well in sight. The home-lights of the inward-bound mariners gleamed from the windows. The beacons directed the way. Earth had not a more fair and pleasing spectacle.

Bess stood with her hand on the back of her father’s chair, the two gathering the same lesson from the scene.

“My daughter,” said Captain Phil Adams, “I have looked to the day of your coming home with a very great desire. I have felt for months the warnings that my time is

short. My one great wish has been for this voyage to end, when I knew the *Eagle* would be in the dry-dock, and you would have a while to stay with me. As Israel longed to see Joseph, and strengthened himself and sat up when one told him, 'Thy son cometh unto thee,' so I have longed to see you, my daughter, who have been better unto me than ten sons. Let that vessel that is now coming in be a parable to you of my state, Bess. My port is full in view; my home and my dear ones, many of them are there. I do not reach harbor in storm and fear, but in a blessed calm. All is well, and I am steering for the lights, my child—the lights in that blessed country where there are no night and no sorrow and no more sea. Ah! Bess, 'the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' I can leave Lucy and the little ones to you; for you have always taken care of them. I have had my doubts and distresses about Jim, but I believe now

that God has a thought of good to him. The day will come when Phil and the other boys will pay you back your labors of love for them. And I think, Bess, I shall have a further answer to my prayers, and die while you are here at home; and when that hour comes, you are to regard it, as I do, with joy, that the prisoner is free at last, and that I am going to walk with the nations of the saved, and be satisfied by awakening in Christ's likeness."

As her father had spoken, Bess had felt first a great burden of sorrow for her coming loss; but at once she considered with what infinite peace and contentment he was about to enter into his rest; what calm satisfaction he had for those whom he left; what assurance of peace for himself; and what a glorious liberty was he about to enter upon after more than seven years of bondage, crippled, and confined to his chair.

"Tell me, father," she said, "have these years since the wreck of the *Seabird* been years to regret? You were a Christian

and sure of heaven then; and these years have had much of suffering and self-denying—have they been unhappy? Have you regretted being saved from the *Seabird*?”

“Bess,” replied the captain, “in looking over my whole life, from my earliest years until now, I am entirely satisfied with the Lord’s dealings with me. Mind you, I’m not satisfied with myself, but I am with him, and I expect when I get to heaven to be more and more satisfied with my Lord’s ways the more fully I know them. And that is the way I wish you to feel, and to begin your satisfaction right here with my being taken from you.”

“I’ll be satisfied,” said Bess slowly, firmly repressing her feelings; then coming to the front of her father’s chair, she knelt down before him on the sands, and took his hand. “You tell me to be satisfied with having you go, father; but think how different I am from other people. You and Master Hastings will soon be gone; Kate has other ties; these children—and it will be right—will

grow up to have other interests and dearer loves than mine; and I—I may live to grow old, and I shall be alone, as Master Hastings is, or would be without me.”

The father looked earnestly at this best-beloved child, vigorous and handsome, thirty-three years of her life gone, and perhaps, as she said, many, very many more to come before age or disease could conquer that iron frame and iron will. He laid his hand lovingly on the thick, short locks that had been growing whiter and whiter since the *Seabird* disaster.

“My God shall supply all your need,” he said; “and ‘he that overcometh shall inherit all things.’”

The ship was very near the shore. Tom Epp’s boat had touched the strand. Tom came to wheel the captain’s chair to the house, and Bess walked by her father’s side, holding his hand. “We walk,” said the captain, “beside those we love in this world; but one by one our fellow-travellers pass away. One is recorded who had a

daily Companion who never forsook him— Enoch, who walked with God; and his wayfaring Friend is ready to be ours.”

“And He,” said Tom Epp, “is the only fellow-traveller who is able to go with us not only to the gate of death, but right through it, and to make our joy and rejoicing in the world to which we come.”

It seemed that Phil Adams had summoned all his strength to wait for the return of his children, that, like Israel, he might die in the midst of his united family; for almost immediately after their arrival he failed rapidly, and was obliged to keep his bed.

As is usual to faithful parents dying, his thoughts hovered less about the good children who had never caused anxiety than about the child who was most apt to go astray. Captain Adams had great troubles of heart betimes about young Jim. Perhaps we should not be justified in calling Jim the *black* sheep of the family, nor was he by any means a white one. Jim was, let

us say, a gray sheep, decidedly gray; and in such sheep as he is the grayness is much more likely to become blackness than whiteness. It is different with human heads, unfortunately their owners think, but we are writing of moral sheep. Jim was not of an ill-disposition, and, when he found that his father seemed to crave his presence, he spent hours seated on the foot of his bed. In these hours Captain Adams adorned his moral lessons with many a tale, and among others he told the stories of Jim Wren and of Tom Epp's father; of the days when Aunt Kezzy was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Replied young Jim: "You see, father, I like drunkenness as little as anybody; but there's Bess down on a fellow if he looks at a glass of grog half a mile off, or even stands with his face in the direction of a tavern. Bess is too strict. I know dozens of men and of officers who take their glass and are no worse for it. And so do you and Master Hastings."

“My son, Master Hastings and I belong to a generation of men whose ways, I humbly trust, are passing out of fashion. If you are looking for human models, I might point you to better ones. Look at the minister, at honest Tom Epp; and I could have pointed you to one who might have suited you for a pattern better than either of them; but he is not, for God took him.”

“But I don’t understand what you said about your ways going out of fashion, father.”

“When I was young—indeed, until I was past thirty, Jim—I never heard so much as one word against taking a glass of grog at times; in fact, it was recommended by all. Liquor stood on all tables; ministers indulged in it, doctors prescribed it. I do not think any one suspected evil.”

“And what made the change in opinion, father?”

“A terrible necessity, my son. There have been many who, walking along by

the sea, did not notice the silent rising of the tide, until escape was cut off, and it engulfed them. So in this country was it with the evil of drinking. The government, the church, men of the world, had no thought of alarm, until drinking had become an epidemic. Rum was carrying off more victims than the plague. The courts were filled with rum criminals; the church was robbed of its some-time pillars; the state was disgraced by its leading men; 'and there was hardly a home where there was not one dead.' Suddenly the land was mourning 'in bitterness, as one who mourns for an only son.'"

"But I cannot understand how all this happened at once."

"I've often talked about it with our minister, my son. You see population had rapidly increased, and the increase of unchecked crime is not in proportion to the increase of the population; it exceeds by means of some mental reaction or contagion. Thus, if in a town of one thousand

there were forty drunkards, when the number of inhabitants doubled the drunkards would be more than doubled, say ninety instead of eighty. Then people say our climate has altered with the settling of the land, and now renders men more susceptible to the influence of liquor. Again, the taste for drink is cumulative in several generations; the fancy of the parent often becomes the passion of the child, the insanity of the grandchild. The downward course is one of accelerating speed, Jim. All these reasons combined to overwhelm the land with drunkenness, almost before the lifting of one warning cry. But, thank God! that cry has been lifted, and is sounding louder and louder. Seven years in my chair I have been studying the signs of the times, and they are signs that 'the morning cometh.' The first warnings and protests I heard years ago, faintly and indistinctly, as 'a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees.' But that sound inaugurates a great battle of right

against wrong. It is the breath of the Lord stirring amongst men. It shall grow and become clearer and clearer, until, like an archangel's trumpet, it shall wake the dead, even 'those dead in trespasses and sins.' 'I shall behold it, but not now; I shall see it, but not nigh!'"

The old man was exhausted with ardent speaking, and lay silent for a long while; then he said more feebly: "You spoke of my example, Jim; but the lesson came home to me, though overlate. I have not touched a drop of grog this two years, nor has Master Hastings; and we were old men to change our habits, yet we were none the worse for doing it."

Such discourse from his evidently dying father moved Jim's heart. He resolved within himself that hereafter he would walk uprightly. But "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

A good word had the old man for all his children in turn. He would lie with his thin hand on Annie's golden head, telling

her of that elder Annie, the good wife and mother, who had gone to her reward, and bid her follow in her ways. David came home from Portsmouth to see him, and his father put into his hands his parting gift, a Bible, saying: “‘Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.’”

When the last hour came, it was rather like the going to a pleasant home of some beloved guest than like a death-bed. Kate's babe had fallen asleep, and the grandfather signed to have it laid beside him. This was the contrast—the rosy child in the sleep of health, the pale old man sinking calmly into the sleep of death.

Side by side knelt the twin lads, and, laying his hands on the head of each, their father gave them the blessing of Jacob: “‘The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads, and let them grow to a multitude in the midst of the earth.’”

After this he held out a hand in farewell to each of those who gathered about him—

to his family, to Master Hastings, to the minister—then there was a long silence.

“How is it now, father?” said Bess, bending over him.

A smile chased the shadow of death from his face. “The lights always grow brighter, you know, my girl, as we get nearer in shore. There’s been no mistake about the channel or about the port. The chart was a good chart; the sailing orders were all right; there’s the best of Pilots at the helm, Bess, and now the lights are very bright and very near indeed.”

“Ah! my father, my father!” cried Bess, for now the storm-worn ship was in harbor.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” “May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.”

CHAPTER XI.

BETWEEN PORTS.

“Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vessels of the faithless deep,
Oh! happier now escaped to endless rest,
Than we, who still survive to wake and weep.”



ONLY those who have experienced such losses can know what a loneliness and vacancy the death of Captain Adams made in his little home. The family were drawn nearer together than ever, and all thought of further separation seemed terrible. David must go first to his place in Portsmouth. Then the time drew near for the *White Eagle* to put to sea again.

“I can't bear to have you go,” sighed Lucy. “Need it be? We are less in number now, and there has been a little money laid up these few years.”

“A *very* little,” said Bess. “The Scrip-

ture bids us be 'diligent in business,' and to 'provide things honest, in the sight of all men.' Did you never think, Lucy, that if the *Eagle* came to great damage in a storm, what we have laid up would only suffice for our share in her repairs? Though, as to that, we shall hereafter have her well insured. But remember there are many expenses before us. Annie must be taken care of, and by-and-by she will marry and need her little portion. Kate has taken George, and David does for himself; but Robert must be educated, and that will cost a deal of money. Besides, you and I will grow old, Lucy, and must provide for our old age; and I am sure I ought not to leave the sea until Phil and Jim and Henry can take care of themselves and sail the *White Eagle*."

"Ah! Bess," said the minister, coming in, "resolving yourself into a committee of ways and means as usual? Never forget the one presiding Power above all your planning. To work is well, to worry is ill; the day's labor we can endure, but

not the anxiety of future results. Be careful for nothing!"

"And don't you think I ought to go to sea?" demanded Bess.

"I feel convinced that you have a mission at sea," said the minister. "Perhaps it would be hard to sum up the good you have done on shipboard."

"And if I am to start the boys well in life, I must go on as I have done for a few years more," said Bess; "for insurances do not cover the full value of ships, and, if our *Eagle* should be lost, it would take all that Master Hastings and ourselves have to get another ship, besides the loss of time."

The word "lost" set Lucy crying. "Ah! my boys may be lost."

"Be sure, Lucy," said Bess, "in any trouble my first care would be for them; and don't forget the words I heard on the wreck of the *Seabird*—that God is as near on sea as on shore. They've comforted me in many a stormy night. I feel that the Lord is always present in our ship, and

that he does care if we perish, although it may not be his plan always to say to the waves: 'Peace, be still.'

"Men must work and women must weep," said the poet. Bess Adams was one of very many women who have too much work to do to find time for weeping. As for Lucy, she thought it best to keep her tears until the three blue chests were packed and her house was left unto her desolate.

Looking down the long perspective of the past, we fancy we see them now going forth to that "great and wide sea." The lovely September sunlight falls over them—over white-haired Bess in her gown of blue; over the golden-headed striplings on either side her, Phil and Jim—ah! so long ago went forth to sea in boyish joy those other two, Phil Adams and James Wren, of far differing destinies—and over the brown locks and stout shoulders of Henry, glad enough to get back to his beloved *White Eagle*.

The *White Eagle* is the chief interest of

Lucky Cove. Thence she gets her officers and her men; there would be wailing in every house if she were lost; there is a festival in every home when she returns. And Bess, who from her recent loss feels more keenly than ever what it is to mourn for the dead, realizes especially now her heavy responsibility with all their lives dependent on her care. She makes a vow within herself that no fault of hers shall bring loss and sorrow to these families who come cheerily to their thresholds to cry, "Good-by, and God bless you!"

They walked through the village to the "Blue Mackerel," whence Kate's husband was to take them to the stage. Lucy and Annie went with them so far, and the minister and the Dane. The stout son of the North had now seen ninety-three years, and of him was the poet's description true:

"Hearty and hale was Othere;
His cheek had the color of oak,
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on the beach."

The minister attended upon him like a son,

but the proud old Master would never lean upon his ready arm, nor scarcely upon his staff, but held himself erect with a kind of independence good to see. To Bess he seemed nothing less than a true father; and, after she had bidden all good-by, her heart smote her at the thought of his great age and his loneliness, and she returned again to take Lucy aside and bid her go daily to visit him, and to see that his new servant was not ignorant or neglectful of those many little comforts with which the faithful old Christine had surrounded him.

"He will be gone before I return," said Bess with a sigh.

Boston was reached, and the business of getting ready for departure began at once. A light cargo for New York was put in, but mostly in ballast the *White Eagle* ran down to New York, and was there loaded with tobacco.

While here an unforeseen difficulty occurred. Just on the eve of departing from harbor one of the sailors was taken seri-

ously ill, and had to be sent to hospital; and another disgraced himself by accepting higher wages in a ship in need of skilled hands, and stole away in the night. Bess was compelled to ship two seamen of whose character she knew nothing.

Livorno, or Leghorn, a chief port in Italy, ships three principal commodities to the United States — marble, rags, and pumice-stone. For the last we may thank the agencies that have shaken the world and buried cities; of the second, one can only wonder whence they come. It is true that a heterogeneous mass of tatters flutters from all Italy's beggars. But how and when do they moult one covering of fragments in favor of the rag collectors, and appear in another? However that is, through the streets of Livorno move frequent processions of wagons, piled high with prodigious bales of rags.

But the marble? Ah! that is a better theme. Quarried in the long, swelling line of the Carracara Mountains, the mighty,

snowy cubes are hurled crashing to the bottom of the range, and are thence carried to the sea. An enormous waste and damage is the result of such treatment, yet the ships daily receive beautiful and flawless masses, such as Michael Angelo and all the great sculptors before and since his time, have made pilgrimages to Carracara to procure.

The same ship carries the three commodities of Leghorn; for when the huge marbles have been piled into the hold and firmly shored, the interstices are filled with pumice-stone and bales of rags. Then when the good ship reaches the industrious New World once more, workmen and maids make use of the pumice-stone; the marble shines white and fair in stately homes, reveals the artist's growing thought in the studio, gleams through the cypresses which mark where our beloved lie asleep; and the furious mills tear and spread and press the rags until they reach their recreation, and are the paper whereon we write the story of the whole.

For such a lading of marble, rags, and pumice-stone, did the *White Eagle* cross the seas, having her hold crowded full of hogsheads of tobacco. The voyage was longer than common; winds were baffling, or the sails hung idly against the mast, while all nature seemed asleep. Eighty days passed before the long swells of the swollen Atlantic were crossed, the narrow Straits of Gibraltar had delivered them to the shining beauty of the Mediterranean Sea, they had seen Genoa the Superb, seated empress-like on her heathy hills, and entered at last the pleasant port guarded by Monte Nero.

But as the ship came in sight of Leghorn there was gloom on the heart of Captain Bess Adams. The two sailors shipped at New York had given signs of insubordination from the first day out. The prayers and the Sabbath services had aroused their bitter disdain. More than once or twice had oakum-picking and mast-heading been the reward of transgressing the ship's law

against swearing; and the night before leaving Genoa they had broken over rule altogether, and taken the occasion of leave on shore to get drunk and disorderly, in this condition returning on ship, and being shut up to recover themselves, by John Porter. But here the matter was not to end. Bess Adams felt keenly that entire subordination was needful on the *White Eagle*, above all ships. To resolve with her was to act; she had at once posted at Genoa, in the last hour of her stay there, a note to the captain of police for Leghorn harbor, to send officers with the pilot's boat to the *White Eagle* to make an arrest. Not one word had been addressed to the offenders concerning their misdemeanor, and as the *White Eagle* lay to, waiting for the pilot, they were securely planning further breach of "Methodist discipline."

When the pilot and the officers came aboard, Bess ordered all hands piped forward, and addressed her crew: "I have to regret in this voyage the first insubor-

dination and transgression of orders which have ever occurred on the *White Eagle*. There are but two men on this deck whom I cannot thank for years of hearty and obedient service. Hitherto I have had friends, not enemies, in my crew. Nelson and Moore! step forward. You fully understood the regulations enforced on the *White Eagle* when you shipped with me. In all things as a captain I have done my duty to you, but you have flagrantly failed in your duty to me. I put you in the hands of the harbor police. Officers, do your duty." She motioned to the culprits, who were at once handcuffed and removed to the aft part of the ship.

The pilot and officers had not understood one word of these remarks, except the last order, but they had been deeply impressed with the earnest gravity of Bess Adams's speech and the respect with which it had been heard.

When the vessel dropped anchor inside the mole, Nelson and Moore were conveyed

in a small boat to the harbor prison, a sort of ark, moored apart from the shipping, for the reception of refractory seamen.

Three weeks was the time allotted for lying in port at Leghorn, and the lighters were at once busy around the ship, stowing the new cargo.

Amid all her business in the care of watching the proper stowage of cargo, refilling the water-tanks, taking on fresh provision, giving each man as much liberty as was just, and then seeing it suitably used, Bess had yet time to be careful for Jim, who seemed quite wild to be on shore after his longest voyage.

The ship-chandler's was the greatest cause of her anxiety, and Phil's guardianship was her greatest hope. Everywhere in the city, wine was much more freely drunk than water; and the chandler kept a den behind his shop, where he liberally served out liquors much stronger than the light, sour wine of Italy.

The ship entered harbor on a Thursday,

and the second Thursday thereafter was looked to by Bess as a white day—not because matters were progressing most beautifully in the stowing of the cargo, but it was always a white day to her when she could do any good, and on this occasion she was about to compensate herself for the severity she had been obliged to use toward offenders.

At five o'clock Nelson and Moore were returned to the ship by the police officers, and the next step, according to marine custom, would have been their dismissal from the ship without wages. As may be imagined, the culprits reported upon the quarter-deck with sullen faces.

“Nelson and Moore,” said Captain Bess Adams frankly, “I delivered you to the harbor police, not from any ill-will, but from duty to myself as a captain, to you, who must learn not to offend again, and to the rest of my men, who must see law honored. I am well aware that you have felt that my authority might be more lightly esteemed

than that of other captains, and that discipline on this ship would not be as rigidly vindicated as in ordinary. I believe you are not bad fellows in the main, but you are evidently below the standard of morals and manners required on the *White Eagle*. I might mention that you are not up to the mark of chivalry and honest manhood which particularly distinguishes my crew. You are aware that you have forfeited your wages. But you have wives and children, and for their sakes I pay you every penny due. Moreover, I have secured berths for you on other ships—you, Nelson, will go to the *Mora*; and, Moore, you are to take your place on the *Richards*. Mr. Porter will see you safe aboard these ships, and pay your wages to your respective captains, to be given to you when you reach port, with your other wages. For the money so paid you will have a receipt; and let me beg you, as a friend, not to spend one cent of it on the whiskey that will surely ruin you. Keep

it for your families, and may you be better men!"

Thus Bess Adams could be both generous and just. Alas! we sometimes cry prematurely that good deeds cannot reap an immediate reward! In stories the honest boy who finds the pocket-book is at once adopted and arrayed in purple and fine linen by the nabob who lost it. In real life the honest boy generally gets many a hard knock before he enters on his inheritance, if, indeed, he ever sees it this side of the city of the Great King.

By no rules of romance can we make it appear just, that, within two hours after Bess had dealt so kindly with her sinners, her heart should be torn by having Jim sent over with some other parcels from the chandler's—"drunk and incapable"! We say *other parcels*, because he was as inert and unconscious as the parcels, and was carried on deck in the same manner that they were. Jim was put in his hammock, and all the honest hearts on the

ship understood their captain's feelings; and there was a great silence on the *White Eagle* all that evening.

Yet there were some curious whispers in the forecabin: "Wonder what the cap'n will do about it?"

"The cap'n will do right in the fear of the Lord," said Tom Epp.

After breakfast Master Jim was summoned to the cabin. Bess sat there alone.

"James," she said quietly, "there are times when I must cease to regard you as a brother, and consider you solely in your position as a seaman on the *White Eagle*. On this ship you have had many immunities and privileges because you are young and my brother, and because this ship is in part owned by us as a family, and therefore you are a sharer in it. But in the matter of discipline all must be treated alike. I cannot stand before my crew and adjust punishments for breach of discipline with a partial hand. No man on board can transgress with impunity the rules of the *White Eagle*. All

other thought but justice must be set aside. I now sink the sister in the captain. I have sent for the officers, and they will take you to the harbor prison for the week that remains until we sail."

Jim heard as one stunned; but Bess bent her head on her hands, and did not look at him. John Porter came down and touched his arm to beckon him to the deck, and in less than two minutes poor Jim was handcuffed and on his way to the floating jail.

Then the sister began to cry over what the captain had done.

But how often had not her father told her that she, of all others, must maintain rigid discipline and strict temperance on her ship! Marline-spike arguments there were not; but authority never flinched a hair's breadth.

On the day of sailing Jim was returned upon the *White Eagle*. Bess, watching for his coming, met him with the greatest cordiality; Mr. Porter and the second officer shook hands with him as if he had only

been away on an excursion ; and Phil, locking arms with him, walked up and down, talking of the wind, the cargo, and the probabilities of the voyage home. After this they went down to dinner with Bess and the officers in the cabin, and all tried to show this sheep, who was growing blacker, that they had quite forgiven him.

The *White Eagle* weighed anchor, and under a good wind went swiftly out of port.

Jim had preserved the greatest sulkiness, but at twilight Bess sent Phil to tell him to come to her. John Porter was keeping the watch, and Bess had Jim sit down by her apart from others' hearing. She laid her hand on his arm.

"I am sorry you feel unkindly toward me, Jim, for doing that which I felt to be a duty, not only toward you, but to the rest of the men. Believe me, to condemn you and send you away was quite as hard for me as for you."

"I'll believe no such thing," retorted Jim.

"You treated me in a most tyrannical manner, and I won't stand it. I don't forget that I'm your brother and part owner in this ship, if you do."

"Tell me," said Bess, subduing all wrath, "did not I do right by Nelson and Moore?"

"That's a different thing," said Jim, who could not stultify himself by declaring *their* punishment unjust. "But I ought to have different treatment."

"No," said Bess firmly, "not when you commit the same error. Practically, as a seaman you are in the same condition that they are, and justice demands that no invidious distinctions be made with regard to the person of the offender. Similar crimes with equal aggravations demand the same punishment; and the forgiveness and trial that might be ventured on land, in ordinary life, cannot be used either in armies or on ships, where peril from insubordination is so great, and many lives may be destroyed by one fault."

“You needn’t talk to me that way,” said Jim. “I have a *right* here, and am not to be sent off like a common hand. I own part of the ship.”

“You reiterate that,” said Bess calmly; “but do you not remember what the Scripture says, that ‘the heir so long as he is a child differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors?’ And now let me ask you, James, do you realize the great offence you have committed against God, that you have degraded to a brutish level that body which he formed to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, and in perverting and then stupefying those moral faculties which he gave to guide you? Against your comrades you have sinned greatly in setting a bad example; against me, as your sister, who have also filled a parent’s place, in so deeply grieving me; and against me, as a faithful captain, in disturbing the peace of my ship, and rebelling against those laws which I made for the good and safety of those un-

der my command. Besides, James, they are our good father's laws; for they were formed according to his express wishes, and he constantly charged me to uphold them. More than your sin, which might have been a hasty act, your settled impenitence grieves me."

"Others did as badly many times before me, and will many times after me," said Jim stolidly. "I want to know if you mean to try this game with me again?"

"Let us feel sure that by God's grace you will not so offend again."

"But suppose I did, what then?" said Jim angrily.

"I shall never be afraid to do my duty," said Bess calmly.

"We'll see, we'll see!" shouted the young rebel.

"Hush," said Bess firmly, "you are speaking too loudly. I have held this conversation with you, not as a captain, but as a sister who, having watched over you all your life, has hoped very many good things for

and of you ; and, please God, I will yet hope them. But you are not ready to converse in a reasonable manner, so I leave you, hoping that you will come to a better mind."

Contrary to expectation, Jim, who had overmuch of the evil spirit of his luckless grandfather, preserved his ill-will in spite of the constant kindness of those about him, and the exhortations and remonstrances of Phil and Tom Epp.

The *White Eagle* had had an order, for Alicante for currants, to be obtained either on the outward or homeward voyage. Coming out, the wind, after so many calms or baffling airs, had proved excellent after leaving Gibraltar, and Bess had hurried her vessel on to get in advance of some other ships in securing the services of the port lighters ; for in Livorno the ships do not lie at a wharf, but at some distance from shore, and must be loaded or unloaded by lighters. The stop at Alicante must be now made, and was to be of but two days' duration.

The business was quickly performed, but just on the eve of sailing Jim was found to be missing. Vexed to her heart that he had gone ashore without leave, Bess despatched Tom Epp to look for him. After an hour Phil joined the search. The signal of departure was flying at the mast-head; the wind and tide that should have served them were being lost. For any other sailor Bess would not have tarried; but how could she trust this boy alone in a foreign land? Mr. Porter set himself to look for the stray one, and called in the aid of the authorities. The search continued all night. Bess was nearly distracted. Was Jim drowned—"gone to his account with all his imperfections on his head"? Had he been killed in some tavern brawl with these hot-headed Spaniards?

All next day searching still.

At last a boatman was found who was said to know something of the affair. Being carefully interrogated through an interpreter, he stated that he had taken an English-speaking lad to a vessel just about leaving

the harbor ; he had been during the previous afternoon to several vessels, and whether he took this boy to an English or a French ship he could not tell. He thought he was a sailor belonging on board her.

The *White Eagle* could not delay indefinitely ; after forty-eight hours' looking for the lost, the matter was put in the hands of the consular agent, who was to provide for the lad and return him to New York if he appeared ; and then the *White Eagle* left Alicante with a gloom spread over all on board, and Bess herself being especially heavy at heart.

“ Depend on it,” said John Porter, “ he’s run away to get more liberty. Let him have his fling ; he’ll find that wild-oat sowing and reaping are anything but pleasant ; and he will realize before long how well off he has been here. Then we’ll see Master Jim back in a better frame of mind.”

What could Bess do ? How could she send this sad news to Lucy ? It was equally hard either to believe the boy dead or so vicious

that he had run away to get greater opportunities of ill-doing. The voyage seemed very long, Bess was so anxious to get to port and look for her runaway. They spoke two or three ships on the passage, and reported the loss of Jim and the desire to have him returned to the *White Eagle*.

At last they reached New York, and Tom Epp was detailed for the special duty of searching for Jim. Bess also wrote of all that had happened to the minister, and asked him to break the news to Lucy as gently as possible, and make search for Jim all about Lucky Cove.

David was also written to at Portsmouth, and requested to prosecute enquiries there.

The second officer, a good fellow from the Cove, went to Philadelphia looking for Jim, but his search was fruitless; and as this loss seemed to wear greatly on the captain, giving her a pained, anxious look, the memory of the delinquent came to be thoroughly execrated, and both Tom Epp and the second officer were ready, if they saw him, to

lay hands on him both suddenly and violently.

Lucy was quite sure her son was dead. She *knew* he could not have run away from a ship containing his sister and two brothers. She was very certain that he had been drowned or murdered.

There was plenty of business besides looking for Jim. The cargo was taken out of the *White Eagle*, and then equal was the bustle and stir above and below, getting in a lading of wheat to be conveyed direct to London. Bess was very thankful for an opportunity of going to London; she was sure of finding her runaway there. He was not likely to stay on a French ship, even if he had first gone to one; and she thought the wonderful centre of the world's commerce most likely to attract one alike restless in body and mind.

Having made pretty sure, during a month in New York, that Jim was not at that port, Bess rejoiced when the anchor was weighed, and the ship was passing swiftly out of

the beautiful harbor, losing the white line of the New Jersey coast, and flying toward England before a breeze that filled all her canvas.

CHAPTER XII.

CAUGHT IN A STORM.

“The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog like a ghost
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.”



HOW many times had the fortunate *White Eagle* gone out of harbor, her cargo well stowed, her masts and decks white and clean, her rigging all right aloft, firm hands on the wheel, the cabin under the sway of the nice, motherly stewardess—the very perfection of a cabin—hearty good-will reigning on board, confidence in ship, captain, and, most of all, in God, making cheerful all hearts! So it was now, only for the trouble about that deserter, Jim. One person's ill-doing embitters the cup of many an innocent one.

It was a bright moonlight night. Land had now been out of view for four days. Lights

hung at the masthead. Our ancient friend Jerry was in the foretop. All was quiet below. Phil and Henry were on duty, Henry seated on a coil of rope, and Phil walking about the deck. The stewardess, enjoying the loveliness of the hour, had come up from the cabin, and, standing in the aft stairway, her white cap was just on a level with the quarter-deck, where Bess was keeping her watch. Tom Epp was at the wheel, and Bess stood just above him. Sometimes, at such hours, Tom, with the utmost respect, exercised the privilege of an old friend, by falling into conversation with his captain.

"It's odd to me, Cap'n Adams, that in all our sailing we've never come across a downright wreck."

"There were the *Orion* and the *Petrel*," and Bess added one or two more, "that we overtook in distress and helped with water, spars, and a carpenter."

"I remember, and, thanks to the *Eagle*, they went on all taut again; but them wasn't real wrecks, cap'n."

"All the better for them," said Bess. "And we picked up the survivors of the *Queen* off Brest."

"Oh! I know, and they wouldn't ha' survived much longer ef we hadn't; but what I'm driving at, cap'n, is, we've never picked up an abandoned ship. We've never made a real salvage, and some cap'ns make their fortunes on a salvage—all in a minute, as one may say."

"I'm sure," said Bess, after a few turns on deck, and hailing Jerry in the foretop, "you are not the man, Tom, to wish for loss to our neighbors, that we may make salvage."

"By no manner of means, cap'n; only since ships do get abandoned, and there is salvages, I wish some of 'em would fall to your share, cap'n; not for my fortune, for I've got every whit as much as I want, but for you and others at the Cove."

"For my part," said Bess, "I'm sufficiently thankful that the *White Eagle* has come to no loss herself, and that nobody

has made a salvage out of her. There's only one salvage that I'm anxious to make, Tom, and that is to come across that poor dear brother of mine. Perhaps I was too hard with him."

"Considering all things, cap'n, I don't see as you can charge yourself with that," replied Tom; "for you couldn't let his conduct form an after-excuse for others of the men going and doing likewise. Don't you fear his going to the bottom, cap'n; if he does make a wreck, somebody'll be sent to tow him into port and repair him. He's got his father's prayers, and that's a sort of insurance like, I take it."

In spite of herself, Bess could not but smile at Tom's mixed-up metaphors and his odd ideas of insurance; yet, as she paced up and down the deck, she took some comfort from his faith in Jim's ultimate preservation. Perhaps, also, Bess unconsciously took courage from the approach of the time when she could again be doing something towards getting upon Jim's track,

and that in a place so promising of success as among the shipping in the Thames. With most of us, what we call faith is most vigorous when we are putting forth some active efforts in our own behalf, and when really we are trusting less to the unseen Prayer-Hearer than to our own selves. That is a very lofty faith that lives and grows amid our own enforced and absolute inactivity. It is really wonderful, after so many failures, great and small, how much confidence the human race yet has in its own endeavors; there are even people who are trying to obtain salvation by their own efforts and deservings!

Whence soever grew the faith and hope of Bess Adams in speedily finding her lost brother, it was destined to a rebuff and a longer trial.

When the ship reached port, every man on board esteemed himself a special committee to consider the case of the deserter; and that not only for Bess's sake, but for the boy's as well, for he had been several

years among the men, and they regarded him with half-fatherly, half-fraternal affection; and then Jim had many a good point and pleasant way, in spite of his great failings.

As Jim was not to be found, Bess felt secretly grieved at the celerity with which the cargo of wheat was removed from the *White Eagle*, and the bales of merchandise began to take its place; and as the exchange was made, Bess had hardly a moment to spare for personal search for her stray; it was important how the cargo was stowed. Who knew what winds and heavy seas the ship might encounter? And were there not eighteen faithful souls, among them two brothers, with her in the ship, whose lives must be cared for with earnest solicitude? And there were owners' and merchants' interests to look to. So, as cart after cart rolled up, this bringing great boxes of Balbriggan hose, and of handkerchiefs, and bales of Irish linen, and that one groaning under a load of Scotch tweed, and another

burdened with the products of Paisley looms, Bess seemed to be everywhere at once—now by the gangways, anon near the mighty cranes that outdid the labors of twenty men. How skill in these later days has inspired dull matter by potent laws and realized the fables of Briareus and the Titans! Again, she was gazing into the huge black depths of the hold, seeing that all was made secure and ready to endure any force of lurching, or pitching, or rolling, or any other evil freaks which in a moment of sore temptation the *White Eagle* might be betrayed into playing.

Thus the days in port passed, and all was ready for departure; and, wind and tide serving, early one red, murky morning down fair Tamise went the *White Eagle*, and lagged on her way, getting now a puff of wind here, and then a puff there; tacking now and again, and one while making pretty good speed for an hour, and anon doing nothing at all. However, by four o'clock the wind freshened marvellously, and away went the

White Eagle, swift as its namesake of the upper air.

At six o'clock Bess was keeping her watch, and, as she paced up and down the quarter-deck, her mind dwelt on the disappointment and sorrow there would be at home when no news of Jim came with the returning ship. Once all her desires would have been filled at making a successful voyage, delivering a valuable cargo in good condition, and getting another safely packed away in the depths of her ship. But now the failure to find Jim cast a gloom over everything. Tom Epp was on the main deck, busy at some of his duties. The sight of this grizzle-headed, furrowed-faced, wiry old fellow, who had been her lifelong friend, and always had such a hearty sympathy for her joys or woes, never failed to cheer Bess. She could frequently speak to him of some care or vexation which she hid from every one else on the ship. As she came now near the place where he was at work, and, sweeping the horizon with her glass, let fall the

hand with the instrument with a deep sigh which told that her heart was far away, the old sailor looked up quickly:

“Well, Tom,” said Bess, “we’ve failed again. God has not given me the desire of my heart, and I feel very greatly discouraged.”

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him. He that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he,” replied Tom quickly. “And by your leave, cap’n, it an’t so much a virtue in us to be trusting when all goes well with us; but when troubles are on every side, there’s the grip, and then’s the time when we gets the full vally of trusting—an’t that so, cap’n?”

Bess continued her walk on deck for some minutes. Gradually her face brightened. She looked down at the sailor again. “Tom, ‘a word spoken in season, how good it is!’”

“Ay, ay, cap’n: ‘As iron sharpeneth

iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.’”

Again Bess pursued her rounds. Once more she paused. “Tom, you know the promise, ‘If any two agree together, touching anything that they shall ask—’”

“Ay, ay,” said Tom, “I’ve borne it in mind all along, and I’ve agreed with you in asking; and so has more than one on board of this ship.”

At this moment there was a shrill shriek as of some passing demon through the top-sails, and a cold blast smote Bess Adams’s cheek. She swept again the gray horizon with her glass. There was a narrowing of the circle of vision, as if the skies contracted and the sea had grown suddenly smaller, while far and wide it was ridged with crooked furrows.

“Storm brewing,” said Bess laconically to Mr. Porter, who just then came up from his watch below, and she handed him the glass; but too absorbed in the thoughts awakened by her conversation with Tom to leave the

deck, she stood looking absently at the water.

"Dirty weather, very," said John Porter, concluding his observations of sea and sky. "Barometer's been threatening it all day."

Bess made no answer.

"Hadn't we better shorten sail to be ready?" said the mate.

The words startled Bess out of her reverie like an electric shock. Here she was, pondering over Jim, whom Providence had put entirely out of her reach, and whom all her musing would not help, and she was forgetting the eighteen souls, kindred and friends and faithful followers, who were under her immediate care.

"By all means, Mr. Porter," she said; "the storm is rising quickly. I'll go below now, for we may have a bad night and be all needed on deck within a few hours."

"It is out of season for a heavy gale," said the first officer. "I reckon this will pass over before long."

As it was now her watch below, and she

was quite unneeded on deck, Bess descended to the cabin and her stewardess, Mrs. Wort. An odd, quizzical relation subsisted between these two. So long as Bess was on deck, Mrs. Wort regarded her with all the awe and reverence suited to her absolute royalty over the ship; but as soon as Bess was below stairs, she became in Mrs. Wort's eyes a beloved creature, to be coddled and cared for by an excellent, motherly old body like Mrs. Wort.

When Bess was in port, she could, according to Mrs. Wort, "go to bed and sleep like a Christian"; but at sea she slept like a sailor—broad awake, by some mysterious instinct, as soon as her watch below ended, and ready at all times to spring up and dash on deck at a moment's notice. Mrs. Wort was quite assured that Bess had "terrible hard times," and she had set herself to afford her as much compensation as possible. Therefore, when it was watch below for Bess, she always found her stewardess at her state-room door with a nice wadded

jacket and a pair of warm slippers, as a sort of compromise for the blue dress and the deck boots; and when there was a fair chance of sleeping her time below out, Bess accepted these ameliorations of her estate in a spirit of charity. The next care of the provident stewardess was to have a cup of tea or coffee or a mug of soup ready for Bess before she went up into the darkness, cold, or storm for her watch on deck; and this refreshment was always heartily acceptable. On this night, as Bess came down and found the guardian of her comforts with jacket and slippers, she shook her head and put them by.

“Humph,” said Mrs. Wort, “weather foul?”

“Likely to be,” said Bess; and stepping into her room, she left the door ajar, and Mrs. Wort saw her take a night-glass from the hook where it hung, and throw the strap over her neck; then buckle about her waist an oil-cloth case which she wore in bad weather to keep the glasses dry; next she

put about her throat a large silk kerchief, and looped the ends, so that one hasty pull would tie them safely; after that she took a thick reef-jacket from its peg, and, turning her light low, stretched herself in her berth. In five minutes she was asleep.

Mrs. Wort knew that all these preparations meant war. When Bess left her door ajar, and slept, as one may say, in her armor—*i.e.*, with her kerchief on her neck, and her storm-cap in one hand and her reefer in the other—Mrs. Wort knew there was a likelihood that Bess would bounce out of bed and appear upon deck in full panoply, like Minerva, when she amazed the immortals by leaping out of the august head of Jove.

“Oh, I see,” muttered Mistress Wort, “we’ll be busy to-night. Ah! then it shall be oyster-soup.” She entered her pantry, and reached from a top shelf a can of oysters. She next procured and carefully secured in its place a little tin kettle, firmly fixed over an alcohol lamp, which latter

burned in a cage like a miner's safety-lamp. It then took but a few minutes to add the required condiments to the oysters and have in course of preparation a most notable broth. The lamp and its kettle properly placed, Mrs. Wort set beside them a large mug, and remarked: "Now *I'll* have a wink of sleep." In pursuance of this intention, she extended herself on a lounge with her head by Bess's door, and drew a great travelling-rug over herself.

Bess had often remonstrated with her stewardess concerning this uneasy fashion of spending her watch below, but the stewardess never failed to reply: "Bless you, *I* can sleep any time!" So there she was, always ready to see the refreshment she had prepared administered before Bess went on deck and she at last to her own room.

On this night quiet had not very long reigned in the cabin when the ship began to leap and curvet like a half-broken and ill-tempered steed. The vagrant demons seemed to assemble in great numbers about

the upper rigging, and hissed and yelled and moaned in an outrageous fashion.

Up sprang Bess and up sprang the stewardess. Bess knew as by instinct that there was no immediate peril, but she jerked fast her neckerchief, strapped on her cap, and was buttoned into her reefer with amazing celerity. Meanwhile, the stewardess had poured part of the soup into a mug and tossed it from that into another mug to make it cool enough to be drinkable, and barricaded the foot of the stairs, with an extended arm holding a dish of fragrant broth. Bess drank it in a fearful hurry that would have ruined a dyspeptic, and ran to the deck. A terrible blackness had settled over the sea. The only lights to be seen were those hanging at the masthead and gleaming over the unerring hand in the binnacle. The voices of sailors aloft were heard, as they scurried through the rigging. The first and second officers were at their posts, and great, cold handfuls of salt, sharp spray were snatched off the combing tops

of the waves, and flung into the anxious faces of all on deck.

Tom Epp was shrilly piping all hands up, and the man at the wheel struggled with the spokes, as if some giant was writhing in his desperate clasp.

"It's a night to blow one's ears off, captain," said John Porter.

"Wind's from the northeast," said Bess.

"And 'tan't five minutes since it was north, and before that nor'-west. It's from everywhere," said the second officer.

"All made snug above?" asked Bess.

"All close," said John Porter; and just then there was a loud crack high overhead, like the firing of a gun, and the ship bowed and staggered. A sail had shaken out of its fastenings, and now snapped and shook and cracked like the firing of a pistol, despite all their late care.

There was a bellowing of orders and a rushing along the decks, a sound of voices far aloft, while the sailors went on their perilous duties, and Bess held her breath in

dread, lest she should hear that wild cry, that heavy *something* rushing through the air, as she had heard when the doomed *Seabird* labored in southern seas, and should know that one of her men had gone overboard in the blackness, when there was no eye to pity and no hand to save.

All was right overhead once more, and still the gale increased and the waves rose mightier and mightier, and tossed the *White Eagle* like a mere single feather on their crests, and thundered against the staunch oak sides as long ago battering-rams thundered and crashed against the walls of beleaguered cities. The fury of the storm when the *Seabird* went down was nothing to the fury of this storm on the North Atlantic; only now there was no lightning, and the *White Eagle* minded her helm, and showed all her best qualities in a grand fashion.

Two men toiling at the helm, the ship laboring terribly, happily no leaking; midnight now, and black as Erebus. Some evil

spirit, on broad, horrible wings, must have gone sweeping along the topmasts and cut the clew-lines; for once more is that shriek and crack, and now something tears off from the ship and dashes away on the tempest—for the first time the *White Eagle* has lost a sail! In less than an hour some brother demon, emulous of the first, rushes along and snatches off one of the head-lights, and it flashes in a wide parabola like a falling star, and is lost beneath the sea.

Ten minutes, and there was a whistling ominous to hear, and the ship lurched wildly, as a horse shies in fright, and loud rose the sound of breaking wood, and the topmast, where swung the other light, was snapped off, hanging dangerously, dragging the ship over, and the taunting light swaying far over the lee side.

Even while the word of command was uttered the sailors sprang aloft with axes to clear the wreck, and crash into the angry water went the gallant topmast, that had well served the *White Eagle* for many a

day. Showing no lights, in a short time some wandering, storm-pressed ship might come crashing into the *White Eagle*; so presently two other lanterns went creeping and swaying up the side of the masts, and, hanging on high, defied the turbulent demons that had carried the other lights away.

Morning came at last, cold, sunless, stormy—fit dawn after so fierce a night. Bess ordered the best food and drink that could be served to be got ready for her wet and weary mariners, and, while everybody staggered and reeled like a crew of drunkards, they swallowed their hot, strong coffee, and made ready to fight the day out. A hard fight it was. Ten o'clock saw them in a worse state than ever; the ship gave a mighty lurch, and off snapped the two great masts as if they had been lily-stalks! The indefatigable crew rigged spars on the stumps of the lower masts, and they went overboard in an hour. About noon they saw a vessel as hard driven as themselves, but lost her presently.

Bess gave strict orders for everybody to eat and take coffee at noon. All night up and wet in a storm, and all day in the same case, began to tell on the stoutest.

The cook and stewardess were ordered to get ready provisions, to be at hand if they must take to the boats, of which two were left, the jolly-boat having been carried away in the night. By three this care was proved useless, for a great wave devoured the long-boat as a lion crunches a bone; and a little later a mountain of hissing water swept the ship, took off the galley and sky-lights, poured half a ton of water into the cabin, nearly drowning the stewardess, and cut the life-boat clean off the davits.

Then the strained ship began to leak, though slowly, and the pumps were manned.

“We can’t hold out another night,” said John Porter, and the thought of his faithful wife tugged grievously at his heart, and he looked far and near for a more fortunate ship which might rescue them.

“Oh! for a steamship to help us,” cried the second officer, remembering a pair of lovely blue eyes that would grow dim with weeping if he never reached land.

Phil and Henry drew near to Bess. Before their thoughts rose the mother and Annie and all the dear pleasures of home-life. Bess glanced along her dismantled vessel. Every man was safe yet, but every man seemed doomed to find the *White Eagle* his coffin that night; and, oh! what a cry of mourning would sound up from Lucky Cove if news came of such dread burial.

The pumps were worked well, another spar was rigged, and signals of distress floated aloft; and as the dark day declined to darker night, a long, black roll lower than a cloud rose at intervals as if out of the sea, floated along the southwestern sky, and a black hull lifted slowly from the waves.

It was a stout steamer, by some miracle holding her own against the storm! Here

was hope. Bess ordered a gun to be fired in token of distress. The steamer wavered a little. The *White Eagle* fired another gun, and was answered. Evidently, the steam-vessel was having a hard time of it, and was reluctant to be hindered. However, humanity prevailed, and she turned her course to the *White Eagle*, rolling helpless in heavy seas, with water creeping up by small degrees in her hold.

The men were kept at the pumps, but had opportunity to go below by turns to secure, tied in handkerchiefs, their most necessary effects. In such a storm the nearing ship could not be expected to take any great amount of baggage.

“I’ll thank you to get the books, Mr. Porter,” Bess said, “and take care of them.” At last the steamer lay to, as near as she dare come to them, and John Porter went to the side and bawled at them the name, destination, and command of the *Eagle*, how many hands she carried, what

her case was, and that their only hope was in rescue by the steamship.

The officer of the steamer shouted back that he could not keep by the *Eagle* nor tow her, but he would take off the crew; stated also that the rescuing ship was the *Triumph*, bound for Havre.

Mr. Porter roared that their boats were all gone; and then a boat was lowered from the *Triumph*, with two men in her, and "be quick" was bellowed above the storm. Bess dashed into the cabin, and jerked a little case from under the mattress of her berth. Back on deck, she gave it to John Porter. "You'll go with the first boat, Mr. Porter. There is money. I have gold about me. If anything happens to me, you will take the men home safely. I put my brothers in your care. If anything occurs to divide us, go to London, and report at 'Lloyd's.'"

"You go in the first boat, and let me send off the others," implored the first officer.

Bess Adams's eyes blazed at the proposition. "I'm captain of this ship, and the last to leave her deck," she said imperiously. "Be ready for this boat, Mr. Porter." And she began hastily to tell off the men who were to go first. The steersman had lashed the wheel, and all the souls on the *White Eagle* were gathered waiting for the boat. It was under the side now, and Mrs. Wort was first lowered. Bess clasped Henry in her arms, as the stewardess went into the boat, and then signed him to go. He seized a rope, and was down like a cat. Phil departed in like manner, two sailors followed, and then Mr. Porter. Bess wrung his hand as he turned to descend. "Thanks for years of goodness. God bless you!"

Eagerly they watched the boat on those terrible waves. All were safely put on board the *Triumph*, and back came the boat. Five more men and the second officer were ordered down. Again the boat went

and returned. It was now so dark that one could not see a yard's distance. Bess stood calmly in her place, warning and instructing her remaining men. Six were yet with her; among these Tom Epp and Jerry. In the gloom these men began the perilous descent, Jerry first, then the other five one by one were called off. There seemed a little hesitation or trouble once, but it passed. The boat below was held by the rope by which the sailors descended. All the men were down. "Cast off!" shouted Bess.

"Captain!" howled the men below in an agony of remonstrance, "come down."

"I stand by my ship!" shouted Bess. "Cast off!"

There was a prompt mutiny in the boat. Jerry caught the rope to reascend. Bess felt somebody seize it, and had anticipated the act. She had an axe in her hand, and promptly cut the rope with a furious blow. "Off with you, I say!" And again the cry of "O captain!" came

up, but fainter, for the boat was falling away towards the steamer.

When the six men came on board without Captain Bess, there was a yell of woe and despair, led off by Mrs. Wort, Henry, and Phil; and John Porter in agony implored the sending of another boat. "I'm perilling all our lives every minute," said the commander of the *Triumph*. "I have done my duty. I feel for you; but every captain has a right to choose his own lot." And the ship steamed away. There was a light on the mainmast stump of the *White Eagle*, and the *Triumph's* lights were gleaming far above the sea. By these lights the parting company of the ships could be traced—by the crew on one ship, the lone watcher upon the wreck—and in a little space each lost sight of the other. Now the low thunders muttered all around the sky, while the wind, which had been lessening for an hour, fell more quickly, and that awful quiet which frequently precedes an electric

storm began to reign around. Bess had not chosen her course without full consideration and a thorough knowledge of all the facts of her condition. She had some hope left that her ship would not founder. The hope was by no means strong enough for her to risk nineteen lives upon it, but it confirmed her in her intention of remaining on the *White Eagle*.

She felt sure that they were not over fifty miles from land. She had observed in the latter part of the afternoon that the barometer indicated better weather; and, moreover, Tom Epp's most careful observations had assured her that for two hours the water had ceased to increase in the ship, even after the pumps had been abandoned. These were certainly favorable indications; but, on the other hand, she had a dismantled vessel, a howling storm, great waves at intervals sweeping the whole length of the ship, boats all gone, and eighteen opin-

ions that the *White Eagle* would not live the night out, to combat her own trembling hope that it would make a port.

At all events she had chosen her fate, and standing here alone on the deck of the reeling, unmanageable ship, it remained for her to make the best of the situation. She took advantage of a roll of her craft to dash down into the cabin, where the water that had come in from above lay washing about a foot deep. One or two lights were yet burning, and Bess made short work of getting some ship-biscuits from the pantry, and crowding them into the case with her glass. Then she staggered up to the deck, and made a rush for the mainmast stump, around which the lantern shed a little circle of light. There were ropes and life-preservers here, and Bess fastened on a "preserver" and then prepared to secure herself to the mast. She seated herself in one great coil of

rope, passed her arms through another, and then wound a long end of lighter cordage about herself and the mast. She still had her axe. It would be her best friend if the ship went down and she needed suddenly to get free her lashings; her worst enemy if, in a lurch of the vessel, it should fly in her face. Her first care was therefore to secure the axe. This done, there was nothing remaining for her but to patiently wait. Thoughts came crowding to her mind of that other wreck, when she had, as now, in night and storm, been lashed to the stump of a mainmast; and then her father and Rolf had been suffering on either side, while her two poor sailors lay dying on the quarter-deck. Ah! better be alone. "Thank God," said Bess from the depth of her heart, "that these weary ones are entered into rest! Verily, the righteous is taken away from the evil to come!"

The thunder now rent the air in loud peals, and the rain came down like a

deluge. It seemed indeed that now were "the fountains of the great deep broken up and the windows of heaven were opened." Now again those long-separated waters from above and under the firmament seemed meeting. A terrible rain like this allays the waves. The sea seems to be trampled smooth under mighty feet; and now, as for an hour the torrents of rain came down incessantly, the motion of the ship became sensibly less. The wind had been falling for some time, and there was hope that this spasm of fury was the last dying struggle of the storm. The thunder was still accompanied by fierce lightning; and as one broad flash dropped like a great curtain of fire, Bess distinctly saw a human form on her ship, holding by the wheel. A shock of superstitious fear passed over her, but she determined to challenge this unknown comrade, and, putting her trumpet to her lips, cried with all her might, "By the wheel there!"

"Ay, ay!" came back in a hoarse shout, and presently she heard some one scrambling along towards her position. Another minute, and Tom Epp, bare-headed and dripping, stood in the circle of light.

It was an instant of amazement, an instant also when Tom might end his career by being washed overboard.

"Lash fast by a rope, Tom," said Bess, throwing one at him. She saw him now making fast to the mast.

"Why are you here? You disobeyed orders," said Bess. "I bade you go on the *Triumph*."

"I know I disobeyed orders, and I don't allow I'm sorry for it," replied Tom stolidly. "What are you here for, cap'n?"

"That's a different matter," said Bess. "What would Lucy and her children and Master Hastings do, if this ship were towed into port derelict, and I went home disgraced by abandoning my post? My place is here; yours is not."

"And what would them same folks do," said Tom doggedly, "if you never got home at all? There's many a one to mourn for you, cap'n. But here I am. I've no old folks, no wife, no youngsters, no one to pipe their eye, if Tom goes down at sea. Why didn't *you* go on the steamer, and let *me* stand by this ship to hold her for the owners, if so be that she don't sink?"

"Leave *you* to hold her!" cried Bess loftily. "I would not be a captain worth any man's obeying if I had done that."

"And I wouldn't be a coxs'n wuth blowin' a whistle if I'd left you to fight it out alone," retorted Tom.

Bess made no reply, and after a little Tom, sensible of his offences, and willing to justify himself, began on the pathetic. "I wouldn't desart any cap'n, least of all you, Cap'n Bess Adams. The first time ever you went out of the house *I* carried you, all done up in a blanket, and

I took you down on the sands to have a look at the sea. I knowed you was a goin' to take to that element, by the way you looked when you first got sight of it. The first time ever you was *on* the sea you went in my boat; you wasn't big enough to walk, but I fastened you safe in the starn, and I knowed you'd be a sailor by the way you behaved on that there occasion. The first time you went sailin' under your own orders, cap'n, you ran off in *my* boat to Gull Island for a picnic in the middle of the night. Your mother and me lay at the point of death at the same time. When I knew God had called her and left me, I made sure I'd some duty to do by *her* children. Since ever you've been to sea, I've been coxs'n. Once we was wrecked, and I deserted you, but not of my own will. When your honored father lay a-dying, he says to me private, 'Tom, you'll stand by my daughter so long as you live.' I said, 'Ay, ay, sir,' and that's as good to

me as taking an oath on it. Last time I see young Master Hastings, who ever cared more for you than himself, *he* says, 'Tom, you'll follow Miss Bess as long as there's breath in your body'; and I says, 'Ay, ay, sir,' to him. Now, after that, cap'n, was I likely to leave you this night?"

"Say no more, Tom," said Bess in a choked voice, laying her hand on his shoulder. "It is of God's good providence that you have remained with me on this ship. Thank you for it."

"I'm glad you're satisfied," said Tom. "I'm ready to go down with you at the post of duty, if it's God's will. I don't know as I could get into heaven in better company. I tell you, cap'n, as I hung on yonder, I couldn't but think of the seven angels and their trumpets, and the four winds striving on the sea, and of that New Jerusalem, where there is no more curse, and no more night, and no more sea. And I heard a voice in my soul, 'Fear

not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' And I can't help feeling, cap'n, that God has given you your own life and the lives of all that are with you on the ship, like he did to Paul."

"God grant it!" said Bess. "There are those for whom it is better that I should live."

"The sea an't so bad now," said Tom, "and the wind's changing. The thunder-storm is passing, and it seems to me the night is getting lighter."

"Yes, we may win through," said Bess. "Have a biscuit, Tom," reaching him down one from her swing.

"I might as well sit as stand," said Tom, taking the offered refreshment, and, slipping a life-preserver over his head, he sat down on deck, and leaned against the mast.

For more than twenty-four sleepless hours in a raging storm had Bess fought for life. Nature was exhausted. Tom's

words had recalled early scenes. Through her tired brain the pictures of the home-life drifted; sounded again in her ears, timed to the dashing of the waves, those grand old sagas of the Northland, wherein she and Rolf had much delighted long ago. Once more she heard the minister preaching on the green hillside, proclaiming to all the assembled village the virtue of the cleansing blood. Before her passed the slow procession of those who joyfully received the life-giving word, and had now gone to walk above, in robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. Once more she was the untroubled, undoubting child, confidently putting the hand of her faith into that Strong One's clasp, to walk with him in newness of life; and a deep calm took possession of her spirit. Earth and its toils and fears passed away from her thought. Mighty indeed was this her cradle, rude the lullaby of the dying storm, yet she dropped into a slumber profound as that of a little child. Thus

also Tom, crouching upon the deck, had passed into a realm of unconscious resting; for "so He giveth his beloved sleep."

CHAPTER XIII.

SALVAGE.

“A wind came out of the sea,
And said, ‘O mists! make room for me.’
It hailed the ships, and cried, ‘Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!’
And hurried landward far away,
Crying, ‘Awake! it is the day!’”



WHILE Bess and Tom slept, the thunder-storm wheeled down the distant skies, the heavens over the ship grew clearer, the wind settled itself in the southwest, and blew steady and strong; and by-and-by stars trembled into the great dome that arched the ocean, and with their calm eyes reproached the angry waves.

On drove the *White Eagle*. He who “giveth his angels charge” may have sent some blessed one to lay a strong hand on the helm, and guide on its safest way that ship where his two children

slumbered in his keeping. The sun rose fair and golden, and his first ray smote the faces of the sleepers, and awoke them to new life.

Already the decks were drying in the wind.

If this had been a ship in good condition, bound for Britain, nothing better could have been wished than just this wind and this sea.

Bess and Tom loosened themselves from the ropes, laid aside their life-preservers, and looked abroad. Tom went and gazed over the side of the vessel, then he reported: "She hasn't settled an inch more, lies easier than yesterday, and she's moving along some too." Then he looked aloft. "We've got no sails and no rigging, cap'n, that's a fact; but with this breeze we'd be bound to scud under bare poles anyhow. If this holds, we may bring her into port safe yet."

They both looked upward with hearts full of what God had wrought. Said Bess,

"Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion; which stilleth the noise of the seas, and the noise of their waves. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" And they were both silent for a space, "giving thanks to God in their hearts."

Bess then brought her instruments to take an observation. After this she applied herself to her charts for some little time, and then, feeling that all was prospering as well as could be desired, she went to her state-room for dry clothing. Meanwhile, Tom was busy enough. The cabin was not fit to be in, but he got the famous little cooking apparatus of the stewardess, and made coffee; and then brought plenty of savory viands from the pantry, and, spreading these on a safe corner of the quarter-deck, he had breakfast ready for his captain when she reappeared. "Come and eat, Tom," said Bess. "I have made many a hearty meal with you on your *Dancer*."

"Take your breakfast, cap'n," responded Tom. "I've got to mind this helm."

When Bess had finished her morning meal, and went, for form's sake, to the helm, Tom found himself possessed of a noble appetite.

"Where do you make us out to be, cap'n?" asked Tom.

"Less than thirty miles from Plymouth," replied Bess; "and if all goes well, and with this breeze to help us there, we may get in sight and signal for help to take us in before dark."

"I wouldn't want to be rolling about in this craft, short-handed and dismantled, a-nigh Plymouth Hoe in the night," said Tom dubiously.

"We shall most probably see some ship to take us in," replied Bess. "We are just in the line of such assistance."

The wind held gloriously. Bess took every advantage that was left to her. Tom seemed a host of sailors in one; and at four o'clock they sighted a tug.

They signalled immediately, and were answered.

The captain of the tug very promptly agreed to tow them into Plymouth, and before dark the dismantled *White Eagle* was anchored in Plymouth Harbor, and the wonderful story of the storm and the resolute Captain Bess was flying over the town. Bess made it her first care to telegraph to "Lloyds," for the benefit of John Porter and the crew, and began at once to lay her plans for a refit.

Tom Epp felt that he beheld a wonderful succession of special providences at Plymouth. He declared that he never had seen ship-carpenters so easily obtained, so skilful, so reasonable; never were repairs so successfully carried on. What a wonderful thing it was to welcome the first and second officers, the stewardess, the fifteen men, not one missing, all standing in Plymouth as sound and happy as if they had never passed through that fierce storm!

A month passed, and things began to look like going to sea once more.

During all the bustle and business at Plymouth, Bess had not ceased to remember her lost brother, and to go into all likely and unlikely places to look for him. She thus one morning entered a police court, which was open for trials before a magistrate, and where people were idly lounging in and out.

She went in scarcely conscious of what the place was. She heard the words "charge of vagrancy," and saw before the magistrate in the box a young man, a lean, shabby, bowed figure, but with hair so like what had clustered about the heads of those twin brothers. She stepped hastily forward for a glance at the haggard face. There was Jim! There was no moment for delay. The magistrate was about to pass sentence on the prisoner, and Bess, darting to lay a hand on her brother's arm, exclaimed: "I claim this prisoner!" Jim's head dropped on

his arms, rested on the front of the box, and his thin figure shook.

"Who is it that so interrupts the case?" asked the magistrate, moved to some deference by the stranger's appearance.

"Captain Bess Adams, of the *White Eagle*, ship of New York, come into Plymouth for repairs," replied Bess quietly. 'And this, sir, is not only one of my seamen, but my brother. I lost him from my vessel, and to find him was beyond my expectations."

At once those in court supposed that Jim had been lost off the vessel in the storm; and there was a very general feeling of sympathy for him. Bess saw that accidentally she had conveyed a false idea.

"Release the prisoner!" said the magistrate to the officer. This done, to Bess: "Were you so fortunate, as to lose only this one man in the storm?"

"Sir," replied Bess gravely, drawing Jim's hand through her arm, "I did not lose my brother in the storm, but previ-

ously in a port of Italy. I have looked for him anxiously; for, among other claims, he is one of the minor heirs of my ship, and I am his legal guardian, appointed by our late father."

"Young man," said the magistrate, who had heard more than trifling charges against Jim, "take care in future that you do not disgrace so faithful a guardian." He bowed to Bess, and she turned with her brother to leave the court. All eyes were bent on the captain of the *White Eagle*, of whom lately the papers had had much to say; but Bess never noticed the gaze of eyes, curious, sympathetic, respectful. Her soul was singing its "Magnificat," and all her senses were absorbed by that glorious strain. Ah! how her heart rejoiced. For months had she not sought this one carefully and with tears? Here was her "brother who was dead and is alive again; was lost and is found."

She took him to her quiet lodging-house, where, with her younger brothers

and Mrs. Wort, she lived while her ship was repairing.

It was the old, old, oft-repeated story of the "prodigal" retold again. He came to her ragged and dirty, destitute and half-starved. Her bounty put on him the best clothing, "and a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet"; for when he once more stood before her, clean and well clad, she took from her finger an agate seal-ring which her father had always worn, and put it on Jim, and bade him, wearing that, never to go in the ways of sin or in the drunkard's fatal path, but follow that good father toward the city of the King.

And yet, even while Jim wept in his repentance, while he reproached himself and blessed her for her forgiving love, Bess felt that he had not come to loathe the inebriating cup, the cause of his woe; that he mourned rather over the *consequences of his sin than for the sin itself.*

There is a good deal of this kind of repentance among men.

Not that Jim meant to err again—he intended to walk uprightly; but he could not understand why he had been so bitterly afflicted for such a small transgression. He could not see that liquor was very dangerous or to be entirely shunned. He thought it might be a good thing well used; he had neither a spiritual, a moral, nor a physical abhorrence thereof. He did not say all these things, but his friends perceived them in his mind.

Yet Bess, as she heard all the story of his wanderings, his constant misfortunes and miseries, felt that God had taken Jim's case into his own hand; that he had a thought of good toward the lad, and was leading him, in ways that they knew not, to better things. Her soul whispered, "I will wait, to see what God the Lord shall speak."

While Jim was thus clothed, but not entirely in his right mind, with indeed

the same unsoundness about him which he had had before, the *White Eagle* was completely overhauled and refitted, and, perfect everywhere in hull and hold, in keel, masts, spars, and rigging, she made a gala day of getting out of Plymouth, with flags and streamers flying, and gladness on ship, and hats and kerchiefs waving, and good-wishes shouted from the shore. In this jubilant fashion they passed the tremendous rock and its notable light, and were presently out of sight of the land which had sheltered their distress.

The weather proved fair until nearly the end of the voyage, when a storm overtook them, driving them out of their course; and when the gale was safely weathered, the *White Eagle* found herself among the many islands and dangers which guard the coast below Halifax. However, it was daylight and clear sailing. Bess knew the coast well, for the *Eagle* had often been in these seas, and they were pro-

ceeding cheerily on their way when a signal was descried floating above a lonely pile of rocks, one of those singular islands well away from shore, which seem designed only to shelter sea-birds and destroy ships. Doubtless some ship had been wrecked here the previous night, and this was the signal of her survivors. At this time especially Bess could not pass such a sign by. The *White Eagle* was headed toward the island, and went discreetly along, all eyes turned upon the flying signal.

Within half a mile from shore the *Eagle* dropped anchor; but now intense was the excitement on board, for most unexampld was the sight which presented itself.

A ship had evidently run upon the extending tongue of rock south of this island and gone to pieces, and portions of the wreck were yet fastened among the rocks. The island divided itself into a sort of cone, which descended steeply to where the water was deepest and a land

ing could be most easily effected, and a lower portion, which with rock and sand ran off to the tongue where the breakers dashed and the ship had been destroyed. The extent of the whole island was less than two acres. On the elevated part which we have mentioned the signal had been erected, and beside the staff so set up were crouched a little group. On the slope, half-way down the cone, was another very small party; but on the lowest portion of the island was a most amazing spectacle of confusion. Here the rocks seemed covered with people, not one at rest, but all making the most frantic movements. There seemed two centres of this tumult, one close by the water, where people clustered like bees swarming on a branch, and the other where there was apparently a circle formed about some open space.

Bess, John Porter, and the third mate all brought their glasses to bear on the scene, and Tom Epp and Jerry were up

at the mast-head, while the sailors crowded to the ship's side, wondering at what was before them.

"A mutiny!" shouted the second officer excitedly.

"Those cannot all be sailors," said Mr. Porter. "The ship that ran aground there couldn't have carried so many hands, nor are they marines."

"A passenger ship!" shouted Jerry from above.

"There are certainly women there, Mr. Porter, some in that second group, and more lower down. But no ordinary passengers could in any circumstances behave like *that*. An emigrant ship, Mr. Porter," exclaimed Bess.

"I make it out," cried Mr. Porter; "they are emigrants in a wild state of disorder, fighting, dancing, and wrestling; and those other groups are afraid of them."

Meanwhile, the anchor had been dropped and a boat lowered. The group about the signal staff were making eager signs

for help, also as if for caution, and pointing for the boat to come to *their* side.

“You will have to go there, Mr. Porter; the water is deepest, and those must be the officers,” said Bess. “You will go and act to the best of your judgment. I shall have Mr. Merry prepare the two guns, and, if you are attacked, I shall defend you at any cost to those people. Take a couple of revolvers in the boat.”

Here Jim prayed to be sent in the boat. He was a boy crazy for all scenes of excitement. Recognizing this restless craving in him, Bess permitted him to go. Three other sailors, among them Tom, followed Mr. Porter into the boat, and they pulled toward the island.

The shouts and yells from the people on the rocks came plainly to the ship, and Bess watched her boat with some trepidation. No notice either of boat or ship seemed taken by the frantic multitude, and the interest in it of the other parties appeared to be studiously suppressed. As

the boat came close to shore, Mr. Porter saw that the second or middle group consisted of two men sitting near together with a bound man lying between them, while three women and two young children were near at hand. The party about the staff consisted of two men, two women, a lad, and several children, two of whom were lying on some things that were piled up and covered with a blanket. The lad left the party, ran down to the water, and called excitedly to the boat to land at the spot where he stood, and be quick and quiet.

John Porter, however, very prudently kept the boat half a length from the shore; but at once the two men above looked eagerly about, unceremoniously tumbled the children from their bed, and seizing two small but heavy boxes which had made part of it, and leaping beside the lad, one of them cried: "For the love of mercy, take me and my specie! I have thirty thousand pounds here, and

I'm expecting those wretches to find it out and seize it at any moment."

Mr. Porter at once took the boxes, the speaker—who stated that he had been the captain of the wrecked ship—and the lad into his boat, then dropped back at length to discuss.

The rescued captain wanted the money taken to the *Eagle* at once. Mr. Porter wanted to understand matters. It took but a few moments to explain. The ship had been short of water from the leaking of the tanks, and much hurt by the storm. The first officer and purser, with one sailor, had been lost, and the captain was endeavoring to run into Halifax. The ship had on board no cabin passengers, but one hundred and fifty emigrants of the worst description. When the ship went ashore the previous day at evening, most of the people had reached the rocks in safety; but as the ship broke up, several unlucky kegs of whiskey came safely to land, and were at once tapped by the

poor, cold, and famished emigrants, who had eaten little during the storm, and were suffering for water.

In these circumstances, even the best disposed began to drink. Authority was defied. The second officer, a lion-like youth, was bound, and would have been murdered for striving to enforce order had not two of the sailors, who were secretly on the right side, offered to mount guard over him on the slope. The three women with them were decent people of the emigrants, who were in an agony of fear at the antics of their comrades. The two women near the staff were the stewardess and her sister; the lad was an apprentice; the children were a few rescued from their mad parents by the surgeon. The captain seemed nearly demented, but the doctor was collected, and begged Mr. Porter to take the captain, the lad, and the five women with the children to the *White Eagle*, and then return to him and make an effort

to release the second officer and bring the insurgents to reason, or at least save the poor children.

Tom Epp volunteered to remain with the surgeon until the over-crowded boat returned from the *Eagle*, and stepped on shore carrying a revolver.

"We have a few revolvers, but were not enough to use them. The rascals could have overpowered us, and the captain wanted to save the specie, if possible," said the surgeon.

The boat made speed to the *White Eagle*, and the surgeon and Tom went back by the signal, lest the revellers should notice the absence of the women, and be moved to fall upon the second officer and his guard.

Such an awful scene Tom had never looked upon. At the edge of the rocks were the kegs of Scotch and Irish whiskey, in keeping of the burliest men, who lavishly served it to the dense crowd about them. Ever as they drank they

became wilder and wilder. Having rioted all night, now in the fresh morning some had fallen here and there, and lay in a stupor on the rocks; others had reached an affectionate stage of drunkenness, and reeled about, hugging and caressing whomsoever they could lay hands on. Many more were furious with the liquor, and fought and raved, tearing the hair of those whom they seized, and flinging about stones, which generally missed their aim. Some—and many of the class were women—were in the pathetic mood. Their voices rose in long, horrid wails; they recited their calamities in a passionate key, howled, wept, cursed their day, and yelled like maniacs. A portion were jolly; they danced, and capered, and hurrahed, and clapped their hands, and plunged toward the casks to get more whiskey.

“What,” said Tom, “may be in the centre of that circle, where they leap and shout and whirl around so?”

“*A dead child.*” replied the surgeon

with a groan. "One of the women poured so much whiskey into her poor child's throat last evening that it went into a fit and died almost immediately. I could get leave to do nothing for it, although I am very popular among the poor wretches. They determined at once to *wake* the child, and, laying it on a little mattress which had floated on shore, they spread a shawl over it, and there they have anticked and howled and put wild beasts to shame all night. Fortunately, our ship was not large, and of the comparatively small number of emigrants which we can carry, many were single men. Our children were less in proportion than usual. Eight you have saved, one is dead; there are some huddled behind yon rock, in terror of their lives. I doubt not some of those little ones scattered as if asleep here and there are dead. The bigger and half-grown ones seem to revel as zealously as their seniors."

Revel! Let us hope the world never

saw anything to compare with it! Half-naked, dishevelled, filthy, blasphemous, mad, this leaping and yelling, fighting, dancing mob made the island as the very mouth of hell.

The boat was soon back from the *White Eagle*, and a council of war was held at the water's edge. "Your ship is not large enough to carry all these people to the nearest port," said the surgeon, "even if it were reasonable to take such a demented gang on board, or if they would consent to be saved. I'll venture there are not ten of them who would agree to leave these rocks while a drop of whiskey lasts. After all is gone, the fury will pass off, some of them will be dead, the rest exhausted, some penitent, and all anxious to get ashore. Now there is no help for them."

"But your second officer and the two sailors?" said Mr. Porter.

"Yes, we must have them off; and, in the name of heaven, help those poor chil-

dren. There will be an awful loss of life among them if they are left here."

"How can we get them?" asked Mr. Porter.

"This way," said the surgeon nobly: "These people in their senses have a liking for me. I will go down among them, and beg them to let the children be taken on board of the ship. If they fall upon me, do you rescue the second officer, the two sailors, and any children that may be within reach, and make off. You will have to send help from the mainland. I am ready to risk my life to save these poor little ones."

The surgeon tied a handkerchief to a stick, put his right hand in his coat-breast, holding a revolver—for he meant to make an honest man's defence of himself—and turned his steps toward the insurgents. Two sailors from the *Exgle* kept the boat. Mr. Porter, Jim, and Tom Epp advanced near the second officer, whose guard, seeing help at hand, loosened his bonds, and

prepared to escape to the boat, but showed no signs of starting at once, lest the mob might take offence and the surgeon be imperilled. The surgeon, taking his way past the children, whom he had noted crouching behind a huge rock, warned them to run to the boat on the further side of the cone. They began eagerly to obey, and thus drew the attention of the mad rioters, some of whom bellowed to them to come back, and others started in pursuit.

The surgeon waved his pacific handkerchief, and shouted to the pursuers in a pleasant tone "not to mind the children; *he'd* look after *them*, and save them the trouble. There was a ship at hand; would some of them like to go to Halifax on her, or would some of the women get out of the way?"

The mob broke out into a furious storm of curses and howls. "Go? Not they. They'd not try salt water again. They'd stay where they were free men; and more,

no one should go, not the doctor, nor the officers, nobody. The next thing would be to send the police." With stones, yells, broken staves from the empty kegs, and furious looks and words, the crowd made a rush at the surgeon, as if to tear him in pieces. The warned children had skurried to the boat like frightened rabbits, and two women with babes in their arms unexpectedly showed their sanity by breaking out from the crowd and following suit. This occasioned a division; for some, leaving the attack on the doctor, pursued the women, who, being sober and understanding their ground, ran faster, while three of their foremost pursuers fell prostrate; and as the fugitives turned behind the cone, the others dropped back to the surgeon's assailants.

Finding good words useless, the doctor had exhibited his weapon, and warned the rioters not to press him. He was going backwards towards the position held by the three from his own ship and

the three from the *Eagle*. None of the five who were armed had fired a shot; not only that they hesitated to take life, and compassionated the youths and women in the mob, but they dreaded provoking the drunken swarm to making a simultaneous rush, which could easily overpower them, when all their lives would be sacrificed.

Their hope was to have the surgeon reach them, and then all make off with those whom they had rescued.

One burly enemy grasped the doctor, but he gave him a crashing blow on the head with the handle of the revolver. This felled him, and one of the barrels chancing to go off, though unaimed and in the air, the drunkards held back a little. The surgeon was now with his friends; but the wildest spirits of the mob rushed upon them, surrounded them, and attacked them furiously. For some ten minutes an awful *mélée* reigned. Every man was for himself. Shots were fired.

At last — how they never knew — the assailed party reached their boat, and made hastily for the ship, the rebels stoning them madly, and, having possessed themselves of weapons in the fight, firing after them, but harmlessly. Mr. Porter and Tom Epp were badly hurt. Fierce was the excitement on the *White Eagle*, where the guns could not be used to aid the right side in the little battle, because both sides were so inextricably mixed together.

When the boat had left the *White Eagle* on its second errand, Bess, occupied in receiving the captain, women, and children thrown upon her care, had bidden Jim send another sailor in his place, and had not seen that Jim had chosen to disobey. She was, therefore, unaware that he had been in the fight on shore; and in the tumult of getting the boat's people on the ship, and caring for wounds and bruises, she had only noticed that all whom she had ordered to go had returned

in more or less safety, and the *Eagle* had weighed anchor, and was flying toward Halifax before a strong wind before Jim was found to be missing.

It was then evident that he had been left in the hands of the insurgents.

There had seemed but one course for Bess to take in the interests of reason and humanity, namely, to make speed to Halifax, and notify the authorities, so that a ship with armed men to capture and bring off the madmen on the island might be speedily sent out.

No other course seemed feasible, now that Jim was missing. John Porter reminded the distressed sister that the rioters had not shown any especial disposition to commit murder; that very possibly they would merely bind Jim as they had the officer, or, glad in their triumph, they might treat him civilly.

The crew of the *Eagle*, encumbered now with saved women and children, was not to be pitted against the mad emi-

grants. All they could do was to crowd sail for Halifax. In the course of an hour or two they met a steam-tug, which, being informed of the singular consequences of the last night's shipwreck, went off in haste to a revenue cutter, whereon was the officer in charge of the port customs, who, having boats and marines ready, could subdue and capture the rioters.

The *White Eagle* ran into Halifax port and landed the men, women, and children which she had rescued, and then lay at anchor, waiting to hear of the unlucky Jim.

It was sunset before the boat sent to bring in the drunkards returned. Crowds had gathered at the docks to behold the spectacle; and it was sad enough. The mad mob of the morning had now reached the reaction after their debauch. One or two were raving in delirium tremens, bound that they might not destroy themselves or others and in the care of the

surgeon. The forlorn children were placed by themselves, had eagerly devoured the food and water sent to them, and, tired, tattered, and dirty, were a sight to move any heart. In the centre of the boat a little platform had been erected, whereon lay "something" covered with white. Here were the bodies of the babe that had been so furiously *waked*, of two men killed in the free fight, and of one child that had died of fright and neglect. Several of the wildest rioters were in irons below; but the most of them, half naked, bruised, exhausted, were huddled trembling and repenting on the decks, realizing the full hardness of the transgressor's way.

Mr. Porter rushed on the boat, as she touched the wharf, and began to search for Jim.

"The *White Eagle* sailor?" demanded one of the officers in charge. "He's below, poor fellow!"

Down dashed John Porter to the little cabin.

In consideration of his having been roughly handled in an attempt to do good, and of his being brother to the captain of the *White Eagle*, Jim had been accorded favors. He lay on a sofa in the cabin, but his head had been half shaved, in order that the surgeon might dress some cuts thereon. His face was scratched and bruised, and one eye was swollen quite shut. His own jacket and shirt had been torn to ribbons, but he had been arrayed in some clothing borrowed from the officers of the boat. One arm was in a sling.

"My poor lad," said John Porter, bending beside him, "what a terrible state you are in!"

"It's all my own fault," murmured Jim. "I'll pull through this, and I'll know better next time."

"I must go and tell your sister, and bring a litter for you as soon as these emigrants are off the wharf," said Mr. Porter.

At last Jim was carried aboard the *White Eagle*, and laid on a bed improvised for him by Mrs. Wort in the cabin. The surgeon had paid him another visit, and said that he would be all right in a few weeks. The arm was sprained, and would be tedious. He must be kept quiet, and beware of fever. Bess was instructed how to treat his case; and, that no more time might be lost on the voyage, the *White Eagle* got under way for New York. Going in or out of Halifax Harbor, it behooves all good officers to be on deck, and Jim was left to Mrs. Wort; for Bess did not come down to the cabin until four in the morning, when she found Jim sleeping soundly in his bed, and Mrs. Wort quite as sound asleep in her chair.

After breakfast, Bess came to sit awhile by her brother, gently patting his face, asking how he did, and lamenting that he was a poor fellow, and why did she let him go ashore.

"You know very well, Bess," said Jim, "that I wasn't *let* go ashore. I went against your orders, and this serves me right. O Bess! I *must* tell you about it, and all that I have felt."

"No, don't; not now. You are not to excite yourself," said Bess.

"But it excites me ten times more to keep it to myself. I go over and over it in my mind. You must listen to me, Bess."

"Very well, then, I will; only you are to remember that it is all over, and you must think of it coolly, as if you were telling the adventures of another person."

"I am," said Jim solemnly. "I am not the same person that I was yesterday this time, and hope never to be that person again."

Then, after a little pause, he began: "In the fight there yesterday, Bess, when we were trying to get to the boat and they were trying to keep us, I held my own, until two huge men got at me, tore my jacket and shirt to pieces, bruised my

face, and at last dragged me off. When the boat had gone, they yelled and raved, and all ran back to the whiskey for a while, and then they declared they would kill me. They had seized somebody's revolver, and one barrel was loaded. Two of them led me up, and I made sure I should die; and, oh! what an awful feeling that was, and all my sins rushed up before me like a black cloud! I knew I was not ready to die. I tried to think and pray, but I could not. Oh! I can hardly believe that I am here safe. One man, who was very wild and drunk, had the revolver, and was to shoot me, when a woman screamed out that it was a 'shame to kill a boy without giving him a drink of the "crather," when there was plenty.' Several agreed to this, and another woman brought me a tin cup half full of whiskey. It came into my mind that if I drank it boldly they might feel better pleased with me, and spare my life. So I swallowed about half the stuff at a gulp. But I never had drunk anything like that.

I thought I should die. I was in agony; they saw it and began to laugh at me, and some cried that my life must be spared 'until they taught me how to drink like a man.' The fellow who was to shoot me got impatient and fired. The ball just cut my shoulder without harming me very much. The fearful wretches then got around me to teach me to drink. I was horribly mauled and abused. Some held open my mouth, others held my nose, others poured whiskey into my throat, and, between their struggles and my own, I was drenched with whiskey. I suffered twenty deaths, I am sure, and ended in having so much whiskey that I was as drunk as possible, and in that state fell, and got this sprained arm. But that was not all; for now the supply of whiskey was gone, and they all got crosser, and fell to fighting, and in the brawl I got this wound on the head. I got somehow near the water, and partly in it, and the tide began to rise over me. One of the

women pulled me out of danger, and threw water over me. This and the pain I was suffering brought me to my senses. I got apart from the rest, and, when rescue came, I made them understand who I was." Jim made a long pause. Then he continued: "I never knew before, Bess, what a fiend whiskey was. In liddle I have liked it, and thought it quite harmless. But, oh! now, since yesterday, the very word makes me sick. I shudder at the thought of it. There is nothing so horrible as the simple name of intoxicating liquor. I felt yesterday that I had gone out of the world, and stood in hell among lost spirits. I hate myself, and all my wicked ways, and all my abominable liking of strong drink! How can I ever thank God enough for letting me live to repent? I think if I ever again see a drunkard, or a glass of rum, or a grog-shop, yesterday will rise up before me with its torments. I want a pledge to sign, Bess, and I'm praying God to help me keep

it. Ah! how I thank you for all you have done for me; and, by God's grace, you shall never have such trouble with me again."

"Who bringeth light out of darkness," said Bess to herself, as she went back to the quarter-deck.

The *White Eagle*, after all its good and evil fortunes, ran very quickly from Halifax to New York.

News of the safe arrival and of Jim was sent forthwith to the Cove, and, as soon as possible, Bess and her three brothers ran home for a little visit.

It was a time of great happiness. The prodigal had been converted from the error of his ways, and during the visit at the Cove the good minister's heart was made glad by receiving both Jim and Henry into the church, of which Phil and David were already members.

Master Hastings was still hearty, and as much interested in the *White Eagle* and all her adventures as ever. The staunch way in which Bess had held by

her ship in its distress filled his brave old soul with enthusiasm. Although all the villagers knew the story quite as well as he did, with the garrulity of age he would sit in the store or in the cosey room at Kate's thriving "Blue Mackerel," telling of the dismantled ship, the stormy sea, the departing boats, the staunch Captain Bess, who had cut the ropes to force her men away to safety, and how Tom Epp had cunningly stood by her, whether she would or no. "But I always knew how it would be; she showed her character from a little one, did my Bess," he would add, and, with the love of old age for earlier scenes and days, he would pass into long tales of the juvenile exploits of Rolf and Bess, and wander from that to all the history of Lucky Cove for fifty years back. But there was no one in the village who would not listen kindly to their oldest inhabitant, whose "hoary head was a crown of glory, found in the way of righteousness."

CHAPTER XIV.

PORT AT LAST.

“ Accomplishing great things by things deemed weak ;
Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death, the gate of life.”



THE prosperous years pass swiftly by for those whose fortunes we have been following. That salvage which Tom Epp looked for with so divided a mind was made at last. “ The *White Eagle*, Captain Bess Adams, brought into harbor a ship found derelict. Salvage heavy.” This is part of a paragraph which indicated the establishing of the Adamses' fortunes on a much broader basis—so much broader that they could buy half of a new ship, and send young Phil, who had been first mate of

the *Walrus*, forth as captain of a ship. By this time John Porter had given up seafaring, and Jim was first and Henry second officer on the *White Eagle*. Robert was in college, the other boys were doing well, and Annie, a tall maiden, was the beauty of the Cove.

The day had come when Bess Adams might leave the sea. She had accomplished all that she had undertaken. Comfort had smiled on Lucy through many serene years. Her father had gone down to his grave in peace. All of those six brothers had been well provided for, and one was captain of his father's ship, and another of a vessel which would one day be his own.

Bess finished her last voyage in the *White Eagle*, and, as the ship would lie some while in port, her brothers accompanied her home. It was a grand and gala home-coming. As there had been a notable feast when Bess Adams received her name, now Lucy made a glorious

festival in honor of Bess's coming home to end her days comfortably on shore.

By a good Providence all the family were at home. Phil's ship was lying at Boston, and Phil came; and it was vacation at college, and Robert came; and David from the shipping-office in Portsmouth, where he was one of the chief clerks, came on leave of absence; and Phil and David brought their wives with them, though Lucy secretly shook her head, and said that David had married over-young. Here the minister differed with her, saying that David was a good youth, of age, and able to support a wife. But we all know that mothers cannot understand that their little children have grown up to be women and men.

If it had not been that the Adams homestead had received many alterations and additions of late years, it could not have contained the guests; but there was now room for all.

The feast was not for Bess alone, but

for the Dane as well; for it was set upon the Master's one hundredth birth-day, which Lucky Cove had united to celebrate. It is not every village which has an "oldest inhabitant" who has seen one century and entered heartily upon the second, and Lucky Cove appreciated its good-fortune.

Therefore, early in the day, a band of children, clad in their best, and carrying flowers and Danish and American flags, had gone to sing before the old man's door, and in the afternoon came the grand Adams banquet, marking the Dane's century anniversary and the "coming home for good" of Captain Bess. The Dane had the head of the table, and Bess the foot. The minister sat by Bess, and Lucy by the Master. Kate was there with four sons and daughters, and her husband, and George, the youngest brother. All the other Adams sons and daughters were there as well. John Porter and his wife, and Tom Epp, the faithful friend, were of the guests, and more than half of Lucky Cove

besides. It was a very goodly gathering, and a very goodly feast was set before them; in fact, everything was so inspiring and jubilant that when the minister had finished saying grace, the old Dane could no longer contain himself, but then and there burst forth with—

“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,”

and all the company joined him in singing it.

The Master was a sight to do one's eyes good at that moment, singing with all his might, his hand keeping time to the grand notes of Old Hundred, while

“White as Mount Soracte
When winter nights are long,
His beard flowed down o'er chin and belt,
But heart and arm were strong.”

It was a day to be remembered in Lucky Cove, and the children for a long time dated by it; as, “it was ‘before’ or ‘after’ the Adamses had the feast, when Master was a hundred, and Captain Bess came home to stay.”

Here was Bess once more in the home of her childhood, she and Lucy and Annie living together alone, except for the visits of the sons and the presence of their little serving-maid. Perhaps Annie's lot was the happiest of any in the family, for Lucy strove with a mother's devotion to bestow on her child all that she herself had lacked in early years of innocent pleasures and home comforts; and Bess, with a wistful tenderness, saw her own youthful and perished loves and hopes revived in this glad girl, who "walked like love" between these two mature women, who guarded her in a "land serene."

The minister was an old man now, thin, bent, and gray. He was yet going in and out in earnest labor before this little flock, which he had gathered and nourished as in a wilderness. The minister is not one of those elder men who are always telling how much better the world was in the days of their youth. He thinks the world is better now than it used

to be, and will grow better still. He reasons that this *ought* to be so, because the Word of God has been longer and more widely preached, and that Word "shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I sent it." He shows that it is so by pointing out the good harvesting of the sown word.

In his hundred and third year the Dane was gathered to his fathers, "like a shock of corn fully ripe."

He had for some years taken much interest in improving the singular little burial-ground, with its warning light in the centre, upon the headland. He had built a fine wall about it, had the sod well set, paths laid out, the graves filled up and neatly bordered, and had put plain stones to mark where his old acquaintance rested, and a handsome monument for his son. Bess had placed suitable memorials for her mother and father, and for Sarah Wren, Lucy's mother. On the evening after Master

Hastings's funeral, Lucy and Bess went with some hardy flowers to plant over his last resting-place, and make his grave share the beauty of his memory.

After this work was finished, they walked slowly about among the graves, talking of this one and of that who rested there, and came again to the main path and the burial-place of their family. The two women stood at the foot of Captain Adams's grave. The sunset light fell redly over them—over Lucy, pale and slender, and growing old early, standing in her black dress and widow's cap, leaning on the arm of Bess, who, vigorous, erect, clad as usual in her blue flannel gown with silver buttons, her face smooth, healthy, and bronzed, nothing old about her except her thick white hair, short about her head, was a singular contrast to her companion, and in any place a figure to command attention. The two stood looking at the ground,

“Where underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of death.”

Annie Adams was buried at her husband's right hand. There was but room between him and Rolf for one more grave.

Bess and Lucy stood with the same thought in their minds. Presently Lucy spoke: "Dear Bess, there is a place left beside your father and beside Rolf; that is yours. You were always the one strong heart in which they both trusted. You and I are growing old together very contentedly, and by-and-by, when I go to join our friends in the better country, I want you, who have for so many years secured my home and its comforts to me, to place my last home where I wish it, here between your mother and mine. There was never a better mother, never a better friend, than they were to me. It is a very pleasant thought for me, to wait for the resurrection morning beside them."

Then the two went down to the village, and stopped to see that the minis-

ter was not lonely, now that his comrade of so many years was gone.

The Dane had left his house for a parsonage, a sum of money for enlarging the church, and divided the moderate remainder of his fortune between Bess, and his kinsman, the minister.

We look once more at Lucky Cove. It is a bright morning, and Bess and her old friend, the minister, have gone out for a walk to the headland, where he preached and taught so many years ago. Tom Epp, who left the ship when Bess did, and established himself at the Cove to have quiet in his old age, meets and accompanies them. The three sit down on the very spot where so long time back they had the talk about the Nazarites. They were four then, but now Rolf has long been rejoicing in the city of his God.

"We have lived," says the minister, "to see great changes. More than thirty years ago we sat here speaking of tem-

perance. In those days I was called a fanatic. Moderate drinking was the proper thing; total abstinence, in the view of most, was a chimera. In those days, even more than now, liquor makers, sellers, and drinkers had a wonderful number of rights to be protected—rights to ruin themselves and their fellows. Now the world is beginning to see that people have *no right* to spread desolation and ruin. Drunkenness has been found, in the dictionary of facts, to mean homicide, suicide, infanticide, human sacrifice to a horrible idol. People in this land may worship what and as they please, always provided they do not worship to the damage of the State; but the god of the liquor-men is only to be worshipped in a way to injure the State. Therefore people are waking up to the fact that he is a 'god to be abolished. We shall none of us live long enough to see this idol utterly destroyed and his unhappy followers saved from themselves; but,

thank God, we have lived to see very great things, and I believe we shall yet see greater things than these."

Yes, they had lived to see great things indeed. As then the summer morning was growing in its beauty above the sea to brighter and brighter day, so was the good work of the world's regeneration growing toward its eternal noontide splendor. They had lived to have their native State give the name to a legislation so clear-sighted, so just, so honorable that it crowns the State of Maine with the best of glory. They had lived to see, not premature and futile laws, made to be repealed, but a grand growth of public sentiment, creating, demanding, and sustaining the laws against intemperance. They had lived to hear John Bright saying to a gathering of Friends: "You talk of temperance legislation, and point me to Ohio. In Ohio there is temperance sentiment among all classes. The people demand temperance legisla-

tion, and support it. In America they have created right opinions on the subject of temperance."

Yes, again we say, these our friends have lived to see great temperance societies over the land; the flower of the nation enlisted in the good cause; magistrates and judges and government officials defending and advancing it—to see the good day when in the courts of the land the baffled liquor-dealer learns that he has *not a right* to plunder wives and babes, and take the furniture and the homestead as the price of making the husband and father a demon. The citizens have learned that they can unite and banish the den of human wild beasts from their nearest corner, can cut away that net spread at the head of the street for their sons, can banish the high-priests of disorder from their midst.

Ay, more: they have lived to see the mighty wave of a temperance revival sweeping over the land—to see prayer,

the Michael of the soul, contending with Satan and his host, and rebuking them in the name of the Lord.

No railing accusation, no arm of flesh, no bloody sword, is carried to the contest. The daughters of the land have been called by some voice from heaven to go forward to the rescue; and when has there ever been a weapon so well fitted to a woman's hand as prayer? And so the wives and the daughters and the mothers have gathered together before the idol, and have cried unto the Lord of heaven, and before them has fallen down again and again, broken into fragments, the image of evil, as Dagon fell and was broken before the Ark of God.

APPENDIX.



FOR the benefit of those who know little of the fortunes of the "toilers of the sea" we transcribe a few reports of accidents and disasters upon the ocean. These are chiefly gathered from Parliamentary papers in the British Museum.

ACCIDENTS BY LIGHTNING.

"Eighteen merchant ships are known to have perished, being totally destroyed by the terrible agency of lightning, within twenty years (1834-1854). There is no form of shipwreck which may not arise out of the sudden and irresistible force of the electrical discharge."—*Report of Sir S. Harris to the Lords of Admiralty.*

"Case of the *Surinam*. Lightning struck the mainmast and split it in pieces; it fell partly into the hold, where it lodged. Its fall split the deck

and killed two seamen. The ship recoiled violently under the shock."

"The *Eagle* was struck in the southern seas by lightning at 12.25 P.M., and again in fifteen minutes afterwards. The second day following she was *struck the third time.*"

"The *Palma* being struck by lightning, the foremast was knocked over the side with the top-gallant and royal yards. The mast hoops and irons came rattling down on deck, while chips and splinters flew like hail. The fluid, passing down the side of the mainmast, leaped into the pump, and left the ship by the pump-irons."

"*Resistance* was wholly destroyed by lightning. Nothing was left but the foremast and part of the quarter-deck. To this thirteen men were lashed, but only four were alive when they were picked up."

VESSELS DERELICT.

Ships are very frequently abandoned and saved afterwards.

"*Emma*, loaded with deals, abandoned off Portsmouth, found derelict and towed into port."

"*Sara Ann*, sloop, abandoned at sea in a storm. Taken derelict into Mostyn Harbor. Cargo in good condition."

"*Sisters of Dumfries*, a sloop loaded with flour. Towed derelict into a Long Island harbor."

"*Brig Fancy*, 171 tons. Collision at night. Crew taken off by the other vessel. Brig afterwards boarded and saved. Not much damaged. Salvage heavy."

"*Sacramento*, emigrant ship, stranded on an island. A total wreck. Emigrants and crew got hold of rum, overpowered the officers, and held drunken orgies, half-naked, on the beach. These demonized creatures refused to quit the island on a ship which came to their rescue. The captain had £60,000 in specie in his care. He was saved, and a ship with soldiers was sent to secure the rioters."—*Report of Emigration Officer to the Parliamentary Committee on Emigration in regard to the Loss of Ship "Sacramento."* Documents in British Museum.

"Loss of the *Annie*. This ship was dismantled in a heavy gale from the westward. Spars were three times got up on the stumps of the masts, during a gale of several days' duration, but they were quickly lost overboard. With one lurch three of the masts were snapped off. The ship went ashore on Barra of the Hebrides, and broke up entirely in five minutes. The captain got ashore

on a floating portion of the poop-deck. Only three men were saved. Nothing of the wreck recovered."

ADDITIONAL HIGH MEDICAL TESTIMONY REGARDING
THE MODERATE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS
AND CONCERNING WINE-DRINKING.

35 WIMPOLE STREET, W.

To His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury :

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP : I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquor to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition—and such as is quite common in all ranks of society—injures the body and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of professional experience during more than twenty years of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it. Thus I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary

and daily use of fermented drink, *taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate.* Whatever may be said in regard to its evil influence on the mental and moral faculties, as to the fact above stated I feel that I have a right to speak with authority. And I do so solely because it appears to me a duty, especially at this moment, not to be silent on a matter of such extreme importance. I know full well how unpalatable is such truth, and how such a declaration brings me into painful conflict, I had almost said, with the national sentiments and the time-honored and prescriptive usages of our race.

My main object is to express my opinion, as a professional man, in relation to the habitual employment of fermented liquor as a beverage. But if I ventured one step further, it would be to express a belief that there is no single habit in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist in which the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON,

F.R.C.S., Surgeon Extraordinary to his Majesty the King of the Belgians, and Surgeon to University College Hospital, to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the new Church of England Temperance Society.

After the publication of the above, Sir Henry Thompson received a number of commendatory letters from professional brethren. The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. E. Decaisne, a French medical authority:

“I, like yourself, my learned brother,” says Dr. Decaisne, “am convinced, from an experience of fifteen years, that the predominant cause of disease in the upper classes may be attributed to the daily use of fermented liquors, even though taken in moderate quantities. In these days, when sanitary measures are so all-engrossing, and when the fatal habit of drink is so imperilling both the present and future well-being of the masses, it behooves medical men, who are the natural guardians of the public health, to raise at once the loud cry of alarm, ‘Caveant Consules!’”

I asked a well-known medical missionary his opinion of wine-drinking, and the use of fermented beverages by travellers, instead of the water of the countries through which they passed. His reply was, “I have been in every zone on the globe; I have lived in almost all climates; I have passed through many countries in a single year, and I have never found a place where it was needful to use wine, where men were not healthier and less subject to the especial diseases of the country by abstaining from

wine. My experience has proved, to my own satisfaction at least, that even what is called poor water is much more wholesome than what is called the best wine. And nowadays every traveller can with no inconvenience carry a small filter and have water as pure as he likes." My own small experience of eight months in the wine countries of Europe corroborates this testimony.

