



HAVE you ever known fear, the stark fear of a slow, lingering, painful, abominable death?" remarked James E. Smith, Fishery-Guardian at Lower Shag Harbor, Shelburne County, Nova Scotia. "I have. Imprisoned in a capsize vessel, gnawed by hunger, tortured by thirst, steeped in a horror of helplessness, racked by a black, blind, bootless rage of resentment against fate, I knew fear, the fear that makes the hair bristle, the saliva in the mouth turn salt and bitter, the perspiration come out in clammy beads on the forehead, the heart almost stop beating." Then Mr. Smith told this tale:

THE WRECK OF THE COD-SEEKER

By COLIN M'KAY

On Wednesday, May 9, 1877, the schooner Cod-Seeker, bound from Halifax to Harrington, was running before an easterly gale. Her master was Philip Brown; her crew numbered fourteen hands all told.

A while before nine o'clock the lookout reported breakers ahead. Capt. Brown claimed that the white spaces seen were only the reflections of the Cape Light upon the waves; and he kept her going, though some of the older men criticized him sharply for doing so. I didn't like the look of things, but I was little more than a boy then.

The schooner stormed along, growing wilder in her motions, but as nothing happened I soon went down into the fore-castle for a drink.

Before I could raise the dipper to my lips the schooner gave a wild lurch and flung over her beam-ends, and I went sliding to leeward.

The schooner lay on her side, with her spars flat on the sea, and the water roared into her through hatchways and companions. Getting to my feet I hauled myself up toward the companion, and tried to get out. I might as well have tried to crawl through a sluice-gate. The rush of the water splashed my fingers apart. Soon the bows plunged downward, and the water wheeling in with greater force swept me out of the companion.

I fell down on a heap of wreckage on the side of the ship, struck my head against something and was stunned for a space. When I got my wits I was standing up with my feet in the mouth of a berth and against the ship's side, and the water up to my armpits and a raffle of floating wreckage about me.

In a few seconds more I was struggling in a whirlpool of icy waters, beating my hands against the foams of the fore-castle, unable to see anything or to get a footing. As the ship moved, the flood in the fore-castle, rising rapidly, surged back and forth, and once I became entangled in some half floating blankets and nearly succeeded in drowning myself. Like all fishing vessels she had a large fore-castle down in the bows of her, in the utter darkness I could not tell my whereabouts.

Imprisoned in Capsized Schooner.
For a time I was too frantic with fright to think of getting hold of anything. I only thought of keeping my head above water.

But presently the ship seemed to grow quiet for a little, and I thought of getting a grip on something. Striking out I ran against a wall with an under slope, felt around, realized that it was the deck and, as there was nothing to hold there, I turned about and swam to the other side.

I paddled about for quite a time. But at last, stretching my hands out of the water, I managed to catch hold of the edge of a board—the face-board of one of the weather bunks. As I held on, taking breath, the water rose and lifted my head and shoulders into the mouth of the berth. I hastily scrambled on to the inner side, then the top side, of the face-board.

While I waited appalled, for I knew not what, I became aware of a moaning sound, and cried out, "Who's that?"

It was Sam Atwood, a young fellow about my own age. He was lying on his stomach on the inner or top side of the face-board of what had been a lower bunk. When the schooner was holed down he had been asleep in his bunk, but somehow he had managed to cling to the face-board, though the mattress and bottom boards had been rolled out into the fore-castle. A man can face death better with a friend near him. I grew composed and began to take stock of the situation.

The schooner had settled as the water got in her and, happily for us, the bows were the highest part of her. We learned afterward that she had drowned two men in the after cabin.

The way she lay, the round of the star-board bow was the highest part of her, and we were in the after tier of bunks, built against the bulge of the bow. But our position was precarious enough, and neither dry nor comfortable.

Sluggishly she rose and fell to the heave of the swell, and we were afraid she would sink or turn turtle altogether.

After a time she seemed to bring up against something with a violent jerk, and her head was dragged downward, while the water in the fore-castle surged afterward.

Mightily alarmed we sat a-straddle on the face-boards, and pressed our noses against the skin of the ship in the angle made by the supporting knee of the deck beam. We found a little air imprisoned there after our shoulders and the backs of our heads were under water. But her bows continued to swoop downward and soon the water was over our faces. I thought it would soon be the end of us. I felt as if my head would burst with the intolerable pressure.

But before either of us lost consciousness something snapped—I thought it was something giving way in my brain. The schooner's head rose swiftly, the water receded and we found ourselves able to breathe again. Oh, but the air was good! Trembling, dizzy, exhausted, we stretched ourselves along the face-boards and rested.

What had happened was this: When the schooner was hove on her side the anchor chain, stowed in a box on deck, went overboard, and presently, as she swept along with the tide, the end fouled the bottom and dragged her head under water. Then a miracle occurred; the big link in the shackle of the other end near the widlass broke and allowed her head to come up again.

The schooner wallowed on her side. She rose and fell to the heave of the swell, in a heavy, sickening way, but she did not roll much. Often we were ducked under; and the noises were frightful; roaring, snarling sounds of surf; blood-thirsty gurglings, the dull booming sound of things beating against the skin of the hold.

I was numb with cold, and awfully weary and before long, in spite of the noises, the fear of slipping off my perch, the horror of it all, I dropped off into a doze. And as I dozed I dreamed the schooner was hove down while I was on deck; dreamed that I saw my chum Will Kenney washed overboard and dived after him.

Thirst, Cold and Horror.
Then I woke up to find myself struggling under water. It was still pitch-dark and for a moment or so I had no idea where I was. As my head came above the water I struck something hard, and down I went again before I could get my lungs full of air. Half stunned I struggled up again, and rammed my head through a small opening, so small that I could not get my shoulders through. My mouth was just above water. When I tried to struggle through the opening, the thing resting upon my shoulders would lift a little and then press me down till I could not breathe. I struggled frantically, and the harder I strove to keep my mouth above water the more I seemed to be forced down.

I could not imagine what kind of a trap I had got into, and my imagination was mighty active; just as they say of a drowning man. A moving picture of my whole life seemed to flash before me. Every deed of a sinful nature I had ever done seemed to rise up against me, crowding out all hope of salvation.

At the same time my mind was wildly searching for an explanation of my plight, and at last, when I was nearly done for, it struck me that the thing that was drowning me was the step-ladder of the fore-castle-gangway. That was it; the ladder was floating, and I had got my head between the steps. I knew what to do then, but it was not easy to draw my head down and out, for the bevel of the steps held my head as in a trap. But at last I managed it, and hooked my arms over the floating ladder till I got my wind.

I yelled for Sam, but got no answer. Of course I could not tell what part of the fore-castle I was in, but I paddled around and finally, as a sea lifted me, I got hold of the bunk side-board and hauled myself up inside the bunk. Atwood was still sleeping. I touched him, but he did not wake. I got hold of some pieces of boards floating just below me, and propped them across the mouth of the berth so I would not fall through, and soon I guess I went to sleep again.

The Yankee Captain Volunteers.
When the schooner was flung on her beam-ends, one dory took the water right side up and somehow Capt. Brown, Nat Knowles the cook and John Smith managed to get into it. Whether they tried to row back and pick off any of the other men left clinging to the weather rail I don't know; probably it would have been madness to have tried it in the sea then running. Anyway, they drove before the gale for several hours, and then, after passing through a quarter of a mile of surf, landed on the southern side of Cape Island. How they managed to live through the surf has always been a mystery; but they did and were soon at the house of Pelick Nickerson telling their tale.

Nickerson soon carried the news to Clark's Harbor, and the hardy fishermen of that place were roused from their slumbers to consider means of rescue. The American fishing schooner Matchless, Capt. Job Crowell, was lying in the harbor, where she had come for shelter from the gale, and when told of the disaster her skipper was quite as ready to go to the rescue as the men of the port.

His crew was scattered, but there were plenty of men ready to volunteer. So, by the first streak of dawn, the Matchless with a picked crew aboard was standing out to sea under double reefs, bound on a mission of mercy. Into the teeth of the gale, putting her bows under to the foremast every plunge, they drove her out to where they expected to find the wreck, and then for long hours they tacked back and forth, straining their eyes into the gloom of the flying mist.

When the Cod-Seeker was hove down, the line of men who had been on deck were left clinging on under the rail. They held on there for a

while. But when she listed farther over they feared she would turn turtle. They got up on the side, and rove a lifeline between the fore and main chain plates to hold on by. In this position they were exposed to the scourge of the wind and spray, and now and then a heavier sea, making a clean breach of hulk, would stamp right over them. But they held on, and you may imagine that after daylight they searched the howling seas with eager eyes for sign of a sail.

As the morning wore on the buffeting of the seas, the numbing cold, began to tell on their strength, and along about noon a towering comber bursting over them swept one poor fellow, Crowell Nickerson by name, from the lifelines, and he was drowned before the eyes of his mates, powerless to help him. His body became entangled in some cordage, and hung to leeward.

Naturally this tragedy affected the spirits of the survivors. They watched the towering surges rushing down upon them with a new fear in their hearts, each man thinking that perhaps the next big sea would sweep him to his death. But soon they learned the calmness and the courage of despair. Will Kenney, as a requiem to the dead man to leeward, began to sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."
All the men joined in the good old song.

And then, just as they finished the last verse, Will Kenney cried: "Look! Look! A sail!"

The schooner sank into a trough. The men waited, their hearts in their mouths. And when she rose again all saw the sails of a schooner swinging out of the mist hardly half a mile to leeward.

Knew Nothing of Rescue.
It was the Matchless, and the men on her had already sighted the wreck. Tack by tack she beat up to windward and then her big seine-boat was manned. It dropped under the lee of the wreck, and the men were picked off by being hauled through the sea with a line about their waists.

The Matchless picked up her boat without mishap, and then, because it was blowing a gale of wind with a heavy driving mist making it impossible to see any distance, she was hove to for the night.

Next morning, the weather having moderated, she made sail and at three o'clock in the afternoon stood into Clark's Harbor with the Stars and Stripes flying at her masthead as a sign to those on shore that she had accomplished her mission.

Meantime Atwood and I, inside the hulk, knew nothing of this rescue, and nobody suspected that we were alive. As Thursday dragged along we began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, and our flesh began to feel benumbed, the result of our frequent cold baths. But we dared not move from our perches. In spite of it all I would fall asleep and dream of the disaster, or of home and loved ones—and then awaken with a start to a keener fear and horror of our plight.

The time dragged along and, as the thirst took a fiercer grip on us, we ceased to feel the pangs of hunger. Our tongues swelled and burned; gripping pains took us by the throat; our muscles ached as if pricked with hot pins. Having swallowed so much salt water, I suffered more than Atwood, and that afternoon I grew so wild I cut the ends of my fingers and sucked the blood. But that did me no good.

When Saturday morning came we were half stupefied with suffering. Several times we talked of dropping into the water and drowning ourselves. And always the temptation to drink the salt water was strong upon us. But we kept our heads; we hoped against hope that we would be rescued, and determined to hold out as long as we could.

That afternoon the long swell began to subside. The schooner grew quieter, and ceased to duck us, and the fever of our bodies dried our clothes. The fact that the swell was going down brought us face to face with a new cause of fear—the fear that soon there would not be sufficient trough to the sea to cause the main hatch to blow, and give us fresh air.

But we did not worry greatly over the prospect of being stifled for lack of oxygen; we had about exhausted our capacity for fear; we were too sick and miserable generally to be much troubled by the appearance of a new peril.

After Saturday noon it was just suffering and endurance. We seldom talked; our parched throats and swollen tongues made speech painful and our voices sounded weird and unnatural. Nor did we think much. Most of the time we lay as in a stupor. Now and then we dreamed of beautiful ships all around us, all coming to our rescue, and would awake with a start to wonder if we were going mad. We lived as in a nightmare, lost count of time, felt as if we had suffered through eternity. We were growing light-headed.

The Spook of the Derelict.
On Sunday afternoon the schooner Ohio of Gloucester, Capt. Edward O'Dor, was standing up for the Cape Shore when she sighted something black floating upon the waves. Some of her crew took it for a dead whale; others said it was a wreck; and a heated argument ensued. To settle it, the captain hauled up to investi-

gate. Seeing that it was a vessel bottom-up he sent a boat to try to find out her name, and see if they could salvage anything.

So presently I thought I heard some unusual noises, and roused myself from my lethargy to listen. In a few minutes I heard a sound like the clang of iron on iron; a man cutting at the lanyards of the fore-rigging with an ax had hit the iron strap of the deadeye. "There is somebody outside," I said, shaking Sam.

But he showed no interest. "It's only something washing about the hold," he answered.

"Let's shout, anyway," I said, and yelled as hard as I could: "Help! Help! Help!"

Over my head there was an answering yell of startled fright, then footsteps pounding aft and a voice crying: "She's haunted. Get into the boat, for—sake!"

And that chap so frightened the others that they piled into the boat and started to pull away. But, after recovering from their fright and astonishment, they grew ashamed of themselves and came back.

Meantime I had got hold of a stick and was rapping against the side. Soon I heard raps on the outside. I gave three raps and there were three raps in answer. We kept that up for a few minutes. Then we heard a man walking forward on the outside, and soon a voice called:

"In the name of God, are you ghosts, living men or the devil?"

We shouted that we were living men, and asked them to get us out, or we would not be living men very long. The voice asked no questions for a few minutes as if incredulous, and then some of them got to work with axes over our heads, while the boat went back to the Ohio for more men and axes.

They worked like Trojans, and cut right through a frame bolt to make a hole to get at us. When they broke through, the eruption of imprisoned air acted like a whirlwind, and the water leaped through the hole in a solid stream fifty feet into the air. Small sticks which had been floating in the fore-castle whizzed by our heads. One man was knocked over as if by an explosion. They told us afterward that the released air gave off a sickening stench.

The schooner settled two or three feet, lurching as if she would turn turtle completely, and the men chopped away with redoubled energy. They soon had a hole about nine inches by eleven inches.

Rescue at Last.
Atwood, being slim, was pulled through without trouble, but when I got my head and one shoulder through, I stuck. Four men got hold of me and pulled, and at last when I thought I would be pulled apart I came through, minus my vest and several strips of skin.

The schooner which four days before had been taut and trim was now almost bottom-up, lying with her keel six feet above the water and her weather rail nearly a wash. Her mainmast was broken off and, far below the surface, I could see a faint shadow of canvas. We thought then we were the only survivors.

Was it any wonder I thanked God for my deliverance?
Capt. O'Dor said, "Come, my boy, let me help you to the boat," and took me by the arm. I thought I could walk, took a step and went tumbling. If it hadn't been for the captain I would have slid into the sea.

Aboard the Ohio they had made ready for us. The cabin table was loaded with everything to eat. But we weren't interested in food; we wanted water by the bucketful. They gave us a teaspoonful, and that only put an agonizing edge on our thirst. We pleaded wildly for more.

But they had realized our condition, and kept us waiting for about fifteen minutes, and then only gave us another spoonful. After what seemed ages of raging agony they began to give us a spoonful every five minutes.

Needless to say, when I was carried home my parents were beside themselves with joy. As they expressed it, I was as one risen from the dead. The news of our rescue spread up and down the shore, and was generally received with unbelief. Many people would not believe we had managed to live so long in the capsized vessel, and hundreds came long distances to see us.

After I reached home I developed a high fever and my feet began to pain me. I had no desire for food; in fact I scarcely touched food for two days. I was still raging with thirst. I wanted water all the time—milk or tea was no good. I was allowed a glass of water every half hour, but it was four days from the time we were rescued before I got over that awful thirst.

But my sufferings were not over then. My feet pained me terribly, and I couldn't sleep without a narcotic, and then only for a short time. Dr. Clark who attended me said ten drops of the narcotic would kill the devil, but I was so crazy with pain and lack of sleep that I used to cry for a big dose every few hours.

And one afternoon, when mother was out and the spasms of pain were wracking me, I crawled on my hands and knees, got up on a chair, took the bottle of narcotic from the shelf and drank half the contents. Then I navigated my way back to the lounge, crawled half-way up on it and went to sleep. That was the deepest, the best, most blessed sleep I ever had. The doctor and everybody thought I had gone to sleep for good and all, but I came round in twenty-six hours, feeling fresh and fine. But I continued to suffer great pain in my feet for two weeks, and it was a month before I could walk.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 1

THE UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR.

LESSON TEXT—Luke 11:1-13.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek, and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Luke 11:9.

The only record we have of this parable is in this gospel. This portion of Scripture is usually thought of as being a great teaching on prayer. It is that, and it is more than that. It is a great illustration of the sound principles of pedagogy employed by that wonderful Bible teacher, our Lord and Savior.

1. Teaching by example (v. 1). There was that in the prayer life of Jesus that was different than that of the formalistic religionists of his day, something that inspired the request, "Lord teach us to pray." His prayer life was different, it was effectual. Notice, in passing, the respect of the disciples "when he had ceased." If there is one lesson the oncoming generation needs to learn it is that of reverence. His prayers were too sacred to permit of any intrusion. His praying also awoke in their memory the prayer life of John the Baptist. There is deep psychology here. Observation, memory, perception, concept, all in their logical order.

Most Wonderful Prayer.
II. Teaching by formula (vv. 2-4). The human mind is weak and needs that assistance which is to be found in a clear statement of truth. Not always can we have the benefit of a strong personality. Hence Jesus gives us a formula, or prayer, often called the "Lord's Prayer," but more correctly termed "the disciples' prayer." This is in some respects the world's most wonderful prayer, certainly the most familiar. Lacking in personal pronouns, it begins with that matchless conception of God, "our Father." It descends step by step from a consideration of his hallowed name, his kingdom, and his will (Luke 22:42) in heaven and upon earth, down to the question of our need of daily food. It then sweeps backward through the relations of mankind to each other, to temptation, to the power of sin, back (Matt. 6:13) to God once more, back to the Alpha and Omega. In it is invocation, supplication and adoration. It sweeps the whole gamut of man's need, physical, mental and spiritual. It begins in heaven, it encircles the earth, it rebounds to those realms of glory from which the Son came, and to which he returned. A study of the prayers of the saints, living and dead, ought to be more emphasized. This kingdom here mentioned is yet to be fully established. A kingdom demands a king (Rev. 22:20); its beginning, though, is in the hearts of men; it implies entire submission to God's will (Luke 22:42); it delights in doing that will (John 6:38, Eph. 6:6); it demands an entire sanctification of our lives, and a desire that his will shall rule in the earth (1 Thess. 4:3). The fifth petition is not the prayer of the unsaved sinner (John 9:31). Fellowship with God depends upon our willingness to forgive others (Matt. 6:14, 15; Mark 11:25); but that is not the ground of God's forgiveness (Eph. 1:7; 4:32). God does not tempt men (James 1:13); he does permit temptation to assail us, such as modern economic conditions (Mark 1:12, 13), but God never allows us to be tempted above what we can bear (1 Cor. 10:13). Voluminous have been written about this prayer and yet its fulness has not even been suggested. The teacher who really prays cannot be a failure, for he has the power of God behind his labor. He must, however, not limit himself to his prayer only (Phil. 4:6; Jas. 5:13, 14). The Christian's prayer must be in the name of Christ, which is not named here, for he was not yet crucified.

The Holy Spirit.
III. Teaching by parable (vv. 6-10) "A parable is an earthly story with a heavenly meaning." Only the teacher who can translate truth into terms of "it is like" has really begun to teach. Let us beware, however, of a wrong comparison and of too vivid details. This is not a picture of God, only by way of contrast is he suggested. There are three friends here: (1) The needy one in his journey; (2) the needy one who was a selfish neighbor. The parable of the second was inexcusable (Phil. 4:19); the wandering of the first at night time cannot go unchallenged (Matt. 28:20). As for the third, it was a most unseasonable hour and his friend's insistence was unreasonable, yet, his insistence emphasized the urgency of the request and the confidence of a friend.

Teaching by contrast (vv. 11-13).
IV. Teaching by contrast (vv. 11-13). Pedagogically considered this is the application. Notice it is introduced by the word "for" and the summary is the sum and substance of all good, the Holy Spirit. Jesus contrasts bread, which preserves life, with a stone, which is dead and lifeless. He contrasts fish, one of the most common meat foods, with a serpent, which signifies deception, and an egg, which is not only nutritious but reproductive as well, with a scorpion, which has in it the sting of death. Each promise is predicted upon a command (Jas. 4:3), ask, seek, knock.

Sanity of Hamlet.
Shakespeare was asked if Hamlet was sane.

"No New York jury would convict him," He answered confidently.

Doubtful.
"Now they say that alcohol causes insanity."

"Maybe so. I never knew anybody to fall to hear an invitation to drink."

HIS FIRST YEAR AT FARMING IN SASKATCHEWAN

Win Premiums and Prizes in Competition With the World.

There are thousands of young men filling positions in stores and offices, and in professional occupations throughout the United States, who in their earlier life, worked on the farm. The allurements of city life were attractive, until they faced the stern reality. These people would have done better had they remained on the farm. Many of them, convinced of this, are now getting "back to the land," and in the experience, no better place offers nor better opportunity afforded, than that existing in Western Canada. Many of them have taken advantage of it, and there are to be found today, hundreds of such, farming in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The conditions that surround farming operations today are so much superior to those in existence during their early farming days, that there is an attraction about it. Improved machinery, level and open plains, no rocks to shun, no trees to cut down, but wide stretches with mile-long furrows, elevators to handle the grain, railways to carry it to market, and bring almost to their doors the things necessary to operate. Splendid grazing areas, excellent opportunities for raising cattle. These things are all so different from what they once were that there is reason to speak of the attractions. R. H. Crossman of Kindersley, Saskatchewan, the man who won such splendid prizes at the International Dry Farming Congress held at Tulsa, Oklahoma, last fall, grew the prize grains during his first year farming. Up to 1913 he was an engineer and the only knowledge he had of farming was that obtained when he was a boy. That was very useful; in fact it was valuable to him. He had not forgotten it. Thousands with a little experience as he had can do well by taking up one of the 160-acre grants offered by the Canadian government. — Advertisement.

PROBABLY BET WASN'T PAID

Youngster Undoubtedly Had Won It, but There Were Other Circumstances to Consider.

It was the day after the party. Nine-year-old Robert came to his mother and said:
"Mamma, how many of those nice cut-glass ice cream dishes of yours are there exactly?"
"Twenty-four, my son."
"Will you bet me that you have more than 23?"
"No, darling. Grandmother Brown gave me one dozen and Grandmother Sullivan another dozen. That makes exactly two dozen."
"All the same," persisted young Robert, "please bet me!"
"Very well, I'll bet."
"Then you've lost. 'Cause I've broken one of 'em!"—New York Evening Post.

"CASCRETTS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Activities of Women.
Washington has a school for servants.

London has a club for professional women.

North Dakota has a woman deputy sheriff.

Twenty women are in the Finnish parliament.

Dr. Anna Shaw says that either Jane Addams, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt or Mrs. Joseph P Bowen would make a better president of the United States than any of the Republicans, Democrats or Whigs that have so far occupied the chair.

Sanity of Hamlet.
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