

# CAST UP BY THE SEA.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

## CHAPTER XX.

The moon rose, and the night air was cool and delicious. It was past midnight, and the party traveled rapidly along the even surface, unimpeded by the tangled vegetation that had retarded them in some portions of their journey. There was no wind, and not a cloud upon the sky, in which the stars shone with extraordinary brightness, although those near the moon was nearly eclipsed by her extreme light. There was a silvery glow upon the wild desert that gave an indescribable beauty to the scene, the rocks that rose abruptly from the sandy plain appeared to assume the forms of monsters, as in the indistinct haze of distance.

The night passed away, and the moon grew pale as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the east. Quickly the stars disappeared, and the planet Venus, lately so brilliant, faintly glimmered as the last of the bright host, and then vanished from view as the gorgeous orb of gold rose suddenly from the horizon of desert, and glowed all mighty upon the sterile scene. It was the hour of sunrise. For fourteen hours they had marched without a rest, as it was necessary to push on with the greatest rapidity at the early part of the journey, that the ox might carry the water and knapsacks as far as possible before it should become exhausted from thirst, when it would be necessary to kill it.

For some time they had seen a lofty rocky mountain in the distance among a chain of lower hills; they determined to push on for the higher ground, in which they might discover some rock that would shelter them from the burning sun. For nearly four hours they marched, until they at length reached an overhanging rock in a rugged pass, through which the dry bed of a broad torrent formed a stony road. Here, tired and thirsty, the party rested.

The whole party lay down and slept. They woke at about 3 p.m., and immediately prepared to start; but all were footsore, as they had marched about forty-eight miles, and the ox was suffering from extreme thirst. Ned commenced loading the tired animal. With Tim's assistance he strapped on the knapsacks, and then went to the spot where they had laid the water skins in the shade. Horror of horrors! they were empty!

It would be impossible to describe the shock that this terrible sight produced upon the whole party. The skins were literally torn to pieces by the horns of the ox! The thirsty animal had seen Tim sprinkle water from the skins upon the dry straw, during their sleep it had risen, and, discovering the water, it had attempted to drink by tearing open the leather sacks with its horns. Every drop had immediately disappeared in the sand. Not even the ox had procured a mouthful; it could only lick the damp sand and the empty water skins.

Both Ned and Tim had a small supply in the skins which they carried on their backs; the guide had none, as he had depended upon those carried by the ox. They had at least seventy miles of desert before them. Ned and Tim looked at each other, but neither dared to utter a word; the future appeared certain and too horrible to think of. They agreed to put the small quantity of water that remained into Ned's water skin, as that of Tim leaked slightly, and the evaporation from one skin would be less than from two.

The guide appeared stupefied with pain, but he pointed with his lance in the direction that they were to take, and he declared that they would arrive at a river upon which was a village and trading depot of Arabs from Zanzibar, but it was two days' fair marching distant. Ned took the bearing with his compass, and with heavy hearts they pushed on. For some minutes they had sat upon a rock to observe the country; they now would have started, but the guide could not rise from the ground; his arm was swollen to the size of a man's thigh, and he complained of giddiness and total paralysis of the lower limbs.

"The arrow was poisoned," he faintly uttered; "I must die. I thirst; give me water."

"Don't give me water, Massa Ned," said Tim; "de pison kill him quick. What for give de water? Water or no water, de pison kill him. Save de water for God's sake, Massa Ned or we all die!"

It was a painful trial, but Ned felt that Tim's advice was just: the unfortunate guide was doomed, as the poison of the arrow had become thoroughly absorbed into the system. He was ready delirious, and raving with a burning thirst, he raved for water. His sufferings were pitiable, and Ned felt half inclined to share the last small portion with him, when the guide suddenly seized his lance that lay by his side, and drove it deep into the throat that was standing by him. As the animal fell to the blow, pierced to the heart, the dying guide fell upon it, and glueing his parched lips to the wound from which the blood spouted, he drank madly his last draught.

Although each moment was precious, as they added to their thirst, Ned could not leave the guide alone to die upon the desert. For about three hours he remained to witness the agonies of the miserable man who, as the poison wreaked its fatal work, swelled in all his limbs, and in his body until he appeared to be inflated. At last the throat swelled also to such an extent that after a few convulsive struggles for breath, he stretched himself out and lay upon the burning sand a corpse.

Both Ned and Tim were horror-struck; they were themselves in the agony of thirst, but no more than about a quart of water remained; it had evaporated from the nearly empty water-skin. They pushed on down the mountain side and reached the level ground.

The sun had sunk. Once more the air was cool, and although thirsty and fatigued, they refreshed for their work and determined to accomplish the night's long march at as great speed as possible. They pushed

ross a cloud like that of Elijah, no bigger than a man's hand. Again the deep muttering sound vibrated through the desert, as distant thunder spoke to ears that could not hear. And now, from every point of the horizon, clouds arose, at first snow white, but rapidly increasing in size and darkening in color until they became an inky black and the fierce sun himself was veiled. The lightning played incessantly; the thunder roared and cracked enough to wake up the dead; and the rain—that heaven sent torrent—poured like a water spout upon the famished earth and almost flooded the lately withered desert. Oh! had that rain descended an hour sooner! but no; it would have condemned to longer life on earth one who was now in heaven.

For more than two hours the rain poured in an uninterrupted deluge. Cascades of clear water fell rushing from the lately torrid rocks, and deep water courses filled with a muddy fluid, tore their wild course along the sandy desert: the whole of the level ground was ankle-deep in water. In this lay the bodies of Ned and Tim, side by side. Suddenly, as though awakened from a deep sleep, Ned sat up and stared wildly round him. The rain still poured, and the thunder burst heavily at intervals.

Rubbing his eyes, he exclaimed, "It is a dream! where am I? I dreamt that Tim had died of thirst. Here he is. Wake up, Tim, or we shall be drowned!" Saying which, Ned, half delirious from over-exhaustion and thirst, placed his lips to the flood that covered the ground and drank deeply. Taking a deep breath, as he slaked his thirst, he now turned toward his silent companion, and, taking one arm, he endeavored to arouse him. He dropped the arm as the fatal truth flashed upon him—the body was cold and stiffened.

He heard a sudden noise—a rushing sound in the air—and, looking up, he espied a huge vulture descending from on high, with closed wings, with the noise of a rocket in its eagerness to be a sexton for the dead. Many of these birds were circling in the air above the spot, while several were already perched upon the neighboring rocks waiting for their opportunity. A thrill of horror ran through Ned's veins. There was a deep crevice in a plateau of solid rock a few yards distant. Thither, as a labor of love, he carried, with much difficulty, the rigid body, and gently lowered it within the narrow vault. He then fetched a large rock as he could lift; these he placed across the crevice until he had effectually protected it with a pile of heavy fragments that would defy the attacks of vultures or wild animals.

Ned drank once more, and half filled his water-skin from a clear stream that spouted from a rock, and, slinging it upon his shoulder, he took Tim's gun and ammunition in addition to his own. Thus loaded he took a last farewell of the fatal spot, and in a few words, as he stood by the grave, he offered up a heartfelt prayer for the dead and for guidance on his lonely way.

It was nearly sunset when he reached a grove of tall palm trees that grew in a long line at the base of the mountain and extended as far as the eye could reach. Passing through these for about two hundred yards, he perceived a considerable village upon a high rocky ridge, which looked down upon a roaring torrent now swollen by the rain. Without caring for his reception, Ned slowly ascended the rocky path and entered the village. To his astonishment he was met by a number of Arabs, instead of the natives to whom he had been accustomed. These people were engaged in storing elephants' tusks within a large shed that was constructed after a different fashion to the huts of the natives. Upon seeing Ned, they gathered around him; and he, tired, hungry and dispirited, threw his two guns upon the ground, and then lay down exhausted at full length.

The Arabs were ivy and slave-traders belonging to Zanzibar. Many of their slaves had been purchased from the country in which Ned had so long been a captive; thus as he spoke their language, it was not difficult to procure an interpreter, and he shortly discovered several people who had served the Arabs for some years, and therefore had a knowledge of Arabic.

There was no further difficulty in describing the adventure. Ned, having arrived among them with the first storm of rain that had fallen for nearly twelve months, was regarded by the natives with a superstitious reverence that was also shared by the Arabs; the latter agreed that he should join their party and accompany them to Zanzibar on their return.

Some months passed away in the Arab camp, during which their parties made long excursions in the interior, and returned laden with ivory together with many slaves. At length the long wished-for period arrived, and Ned, who had sadly missed and mourned for his faithful companion Tim, hailed the day of departure with joy, as the Arabs beat the drum, and assembled a body of five hundred porters to transport the tusks to Zanzibar. Long strings of slaves of both sexes accompanied the march; many were fastened by ropes from neck to neck; while others were fettered by the forked stick similar to that in which Ned had been secured when first captured.

During the progress of a Wagnerian festival in Vienna the hall was struck by lightning five times. The damage was slight, which goes to show that the lightning and dread thunderbolts of Jove can not hope to make much headway against a Wagnerian festival.

A locust tree at Rockville, Md., was struck by lightning some weeks ago. The leaves of the tree died and left the tree with the appearance of being dead also. Much to the astonishment of people in that vicinity the tree is now covered with the most fragrant blossoms.

It was recently stated before the Royal society of London that the only reason the earth has not long ago been deluged in a sea of nitric acid is that the igniting point of nitrogen is higher than the temperature produced by its combustion, and therefore the flame is not hot enough to set fire to the adjoining grass. Were it not for this the first lightning flash would probably have fired the air seriously interfered with the development of the world, and made things generally uncomfortable.

The fight over that \$20,000 fortune of the late Mr. Mollinger, of Pittsburg, has developed the interesting fact that the estate is really worth \$100,000.

The Sultan's household numbers 6,000 persons.

## CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

The Ministry Needs Brave, Earnest, Honest, Hardy Men.

Do Not Hug the Shore, but Sail Out Boldly Into the Boundless Sea of God's Word.

Dr. Talmage preached at Brooklyn last Sunday. Text, Luke v. 4. "Launch out into the deep." He said:

Christ, starting on the campaign of the world's conquest, was selecting his staff officers. There were plenty of students with high foreheads, and white hands, and intellectual faces, and refined tastes in Rome and Jerusalem. Christ might have called into the apostleship twelve bookworms, or twelve rhetoricians, or twelve artists. Instead he takes a group of men who had never made a speech, never taken a lesson in belles-lettres, never been sick enough to make them look delicate—their hands broad, clumsy and hard knuckled. He chose fishermen, among other reasons, I think, because they were physically hardy. Rowing makes strong arms and stout chests. Much climbing of knot-lines makes one's head steady. A Galilee tempest wrestled men into gynasts.

The opening work of the church of God is to be changed. Instead of chiefy looking after the few who have become Christians our chief efforts will be for those outside.

If a man is converted he cannot take care of himself I am not going to take care of him. If he thinks that I am going to stand and pat him on the back, and feed him out of an elegant spoon, and watch him so that he does not get into a draft of worldliness, he is much mistaken. We have in our churches a great mass of helpless, ignorant professors, who are doing nothing for themselves or for others, who want us to stop and nurse them.

They are so troubled with doubt as to whether they are Christians or not. The doubt is settled. They are not Christians. The best we can do

with these fish is to throw them back into the sea and go after them again with the Gospel net.

"Go into the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ—into the factory, the engine house, the clubroom; into the houses of the sick; into the dark lane; into the damp cellar; into the cold garret; into the dismal prison.

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon was an appropriate one for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God's wretchedness.

The Bible promises join hands, and the circle they make will compass all your sins, and all your temptations, and all your sorrows. The table of King of Arthur and his knights had only room for thirteen banqueters, but the round table of God's supply is large enough for all the present inhabitants of earth and heaven to sit at, and for the still mightier populations that are yet to be.

Do not sail coastwise along your old habits and old sins. Keep clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. Oh, for the mid sea of God's mercy!

"Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that though this man is preached unto you for the sake of the world, he is not yet converted. The doubt is settled. They are not Christians. The best we can do with these fish is to throw them back into the sea and go after them again with the Gospel net.

"Go into the world and preach the Gospel," says Christ—into the factory, the engine house, the clubroom; into the houses of the sick; into the dark lane; into the damp cellar; into the cold garret; into the dismal prison.

The advice that my Lord gave to Simon was an appropriate one for us all in a spiritual sense. The fact is that most of us are just paddling along the shore. We are afraid to venture out into the great deeps of God's wretchedness.

Although Edith felt no love for Stevens, she had learned not to dislike him; she had been so constantly talked to by her mother and impressed with the idea that he was really a worthy object of her affection, that she regarded him as a person whom it was not impossible that she might some day learn to love. Nevertheless, she lingered fondly upon the recollections of the past, when her heart had first known the feelings of real love. It was by pretended sympathy for her early affection for Ned Gray that Stevens had succeeded in winning her regard, and also in persuading her, and also Ned, that he was forced to commit Paul on the warrant, but that, as the sessions were drawing near, he would shortly be tried and acquitted, as there could be no doubt of his innocence.

Although Edith felt no love for Stevens, she had learned not to dislike him; she had been so constantly talked to by her mother and impressed with the idea that he was really a worthy object of her affection, that she regarded him as a person whom it was not impossible that she might some day learn to love. Nevertheless, she lingered fondly upon the recollections of the past, when her heart had first known the feelings of real love. It was by pretended sympathy for her early affection for Ned Gray that Stevens had succeeded in winning her regard, and also Ned, that he was forced to commit Paul on the warrant, but that, as the sessions were drawing near, he would shortly be tried and acquitted, as there could be no doubt of his innocence.

This divine counsel comes first to all those who are paddling in the margin of Bible research. There is no book in the world that demands

so much of our attention as the Bible. Yet nine-tenths of our Christian men get no more than ankle deep.

The farther you go from shore the better, if you have the right kind of ship. If you have more worldy philosophy for the hull and pride for a sail and sail conceit for the helm, the first squall will destroy you. But if you take the Bible for your craft the farther you go the better, and after you have gone ten thousand furlongs Christ will still command, "Launch out into the deep." Ask some such question as, "Who is God?" and go on for ten years asking it. Ask it at the gate of every parable; amid the excitement of every miracle; by the solitariness of every patriarchal thrashing floor; amid the white faces of Sennacherib's slain turned up into the moonlight; amid the flying chariots of the Golden City.

Walk up and down this Bible domain. Try every path. Plunge in at the prophecies and come out at the epistles. Go with the patriarchs until you meet with the evangelists. Rummage and ransack, as children do, until you find the right way.

Lightning struck a woman in Jasper county, Mo., and made her deaf and dumb.

A Pennsylvania girl who was made blind by a vivid flash of lightning has just recovered her sight. The first thing she did was to run across the room to a looking glass.

An observatory of a fire and lightning proof quality of construction has been designed and a section built so as to be easily carried to the top of Mont Blanc, where it will be permanently located.

An Australian farmer saw Satan's initial the other day. A bolt of lightning struck the center of his best field, and when he went to the spot he saw a fiery, flaming D. He had no doubt it was the sign manual of the arch fiend himself.

During the progress of a Wagnerian festival in Vienna the hall was struck by lightning five times. The damage was slight, which goes to show that the lightning and dread thunderbolts of Jove can not hope to make much headway against a Wagnerian festival.

A locust tree at Rockville, Md., was struck by lightning some weeks ago. The leaves of the tree died and left the tree with the appearance of being dead also. Much to the astonishment of people in that vicinity the tree is now covered with the most fragrant blossoms.

It is said that when Charlemagne's host was overpowered by the three armies of the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, his warrior, Roland,

in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army fled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightiest trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while ye may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two.

As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children and tell them to sound it when we are dead; that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God—and that more to him than the throne on which he sits; more to him than the anthems of heaven; more to him than are the temples of celestial worship is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his father's house. Hear it, all ye nations! Bread for the worst hunger. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the worst storm.

The text is appropriate to all Christians of shallow experience.

Doubts and fears have in our day almost been entirely banished.

Examine the records for mortgages, judgments and liens.

You are not satisfied until you have a certificate, signed by the great seal of state, assuring you that the title is good. Yet how many leave their title to heaven an undecided matter!

Why do you not go to the records and find out? Give yourself no rest, day or night, until you can read your title clear to mansions of the sky.

It is said that when the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, their warrior, Roland,

in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army fled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightiest trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while ye may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two.

As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children and tell them to sound it when we are dead; that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God—and that more to him than the throne on which he sits; more to him than the anthems of heaven; more to him than are the temples of celestial worship is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his father's house. Hear it, all ye nations!

Bread for the worst hunger. Light for the thickest darkness. Harbor for the worst storm.

It is said that when the Saracens in the pass of Roncesvalles, their warrior, Roland,

in terrible earnestness, seized a trumpet and blew it with such terrific strength that the opposing army fled back with terror, but at the third blast of the trumpet it broke in two. I see your soul fiercely assailed by all the powers of earth and hell. I put the mightiest trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and blow it three times. Blast the first—"Whoever will, let him come." Blast the second—"Seek ye the Lord while ye may be found." Blast the third—"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Does not the host of your sins fall back? But the trumpet does not, like that of Roland, break in two.

As it was handed down to us from the lips of our fathers, we hand it down to the lips of our children and tell them to sound it when we are dead; that all the generations of men may know that our God is a pardoning God—a sympathetic God—a loving God—and that more to him than the throne on which he sits; more to him than the anthems of heaven; more to him than are the temples of celestial worship is the joy of seeing the wanderer putting his hand on the door latch of his father's house. Hear it, all ye nations!