

when it broke over them half-mast high, sweeping spars, bulwarks, cordage, all before it in its course. It passed, but the vessel rose not. Her deck remained buried in a sheet of foam, and she seemed settling down by the head. There was a frightful pause. First, however, the bowsprit and the beams of the windlass began to emerge; next the forecastle, — the vessel seemed as if shaking herself from the load, — and then the whole deck appeared, as she went tilting over the next wave. “There are still more mercies in store for us,” said M’Iver, addressing his companion; “she floats still.” “O Saunders! Saunders!” exclaimed Robert, “there was surely some God’s soul at work for us, or she would never have cowed you.”

There is a somewhat similar story told of two of Mr. Forsyth’s boatmen. They were brothers, and of a much lighter character than Saunders and his companion; but their mother, who was old and bed-ridden, was a person of singular piety. They had left her, when setting out on one of their Caithness voyages, in so low a state that they could scarce entertain any hope of again seeing her in life. On their return they were wrecked on the rocky coast of Tarbat, and it was with much difficulty that they succeeded in saving their lives. “O brother, lad!” said the one to the other, on reaching the shore, “our poor old mither is gone at last, or yon widna have happened us. We maun just be learning to pray for ourselves.” And the inference, says the story, was correct; for the good old woman had died about half an hour before the accident occurred.