

tily put out to sea, and his vessel thus having sufficient room, weathered it out in safety.

The day had been, as usual at that season, hot, dry, and oppressive—but the setting sun seemed robed in more than ordinary splendour, and his last rays of living gold lingered long on earth, sea and sky, as if loath to give place to the storm, which was so soon to mar the face of that beautiful island—and to carry desolation and horror into the hearts of its inhabitants. The brief twilight of tropic climes soon gave way to the shades of night—and the evening breeze, with its delicious and soft coolness, was wafted from the sea, bathing the tired brow of the slave, as well as his luxurious master. The hour of repose came; each retired to his resting place, and nearly all were probably asleep, when a hollow rumbling sound was heard, resembling the noise of numberless carriages at a distance. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come—and then thunder—but such thunder! it seemed as if the clouds of heaven had descended to earth ere they discharged their fury! Peal after peal followed, almost without intermission—and then came the rushing of the mighty blast, the noise of many waters. The waves of the sea were dashed with frightful violence over the land, and the spirits of the deep seemed leagued with those of air, against the earth! The stately mansion of the planter, and the frail cane cottage, were alike scattered, so that scarce a vestige of them remained. Lofty trees, that had for years fastened their strong roots round the rocks of this sea-girt isle, were in an instant wrenched away, and carried to a great distance—and waving fields of tall cane were levelled with the earth that nourished them. The groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, the bellowing and bleating of cattle, were now added to the deafening noise produced by the war of the elements, and the scene became dreadful beyond conception! Morning at last came—and the hurricane was over. Three thousand and five hundred were numbered with the dead, and about twice as many here injured, but ultimately recovered. The survivors had a melancholy task to perform, in searching for the bodies of the slain, many of whom were buried under the ruins of houses—some crushed by the falling of trees, and numbers were drowned, being carried away by the sea. As usual the harbour was thronged with vessels from different countries, and most of these, with the crews, were destroyed.

A volume might be filled by the heart-rending details given to me, by many whose family circles had thus been broken up; but I will confine my pen to a sketch of the Widow and her Child.

Mrs. Vincent had been the wife of a distinguished physician in Barbadoes, but was early in life bereft of her husband, who had fallen a victim to the fever so prevalent during the warmest seasons. She was left with one child, in whom all her earthly hopes of

happiness now seemed to centre, for she had no other relative, save her aged mother, who resided with her. Mrs. Vincent mourned her husband deeply and sincerely, but she was a Christian, not only in name, but in heart—and she had faith given her to say, '*I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right—Thy will be done.*' She was thankful, too, that God had yet spared her many blessings, that He had given her that little daughter—who, though so precious before, now became doubly endeared to her—and that it was in her power to smooth the last days of her only parent; which task she most faithfully and tenderly performed. She was left, if not in affluence, at least in such comfortable circumstances that she could enjoy the happiness of doing good, which, kind and benevolent as she was, became a source of increased pleasure to her now. Afflictions, when they are viewed in a right spirit, have a tendency to soften the heart and affections; and, however we may be naturally led to sympathize in the distresses of others, yet we cannot really feel another's woe, until we have ourselves been called to mourn. So thought Mrs. Vincent, when she said, "I think I have never felt for the poor and suffering until now—let me hasten to do them all the good I can." And she was, indeed, untiring in her efforts to "do good," and truly was it said of her, "the poor rise up, and call her blessed!"

Soon after her husband's death, she left her handsome house in the town, and purchased a pretty villa at "the Crane," some miles distant, rightly judging that a residence in the country would at once conduce to the health of the child, and assist her in some measure to regain that tranquillity of mind, which the free pure air of heaven, and a constant contemplation, and communion of the soul with the great book of nature, so greatly tend to promote in those who are gifted with an eye to see, and an ear to hear, what is written in that glorious volume.

The situation she had chosen was singularly wild and picturesque. The spot on which the house stood, was an angle jutting out into the sea. The bank was here higher than usual, and the shore was formed of immense piles of rocks, whose irregular and dark outlines would have presented a gloomy appearance, were it not for the groups of palm, cocoa, bread-fruit, and other trees, whose waving branches in the rear, gave a soft and pleasing effect to the scene. Here the eye might at pleasure wander over the mighty ocean, until, in the vast distance, the heavens and the waters seemed to unite. The view was often agreeably diversified by ships from many a distant country, bringing its productions in exchange for sugar and spices.

Mrs. Vincent resided here at the time of the hurricane, when her daughter was about fourteen years of age. She had almost wholly devoted herself, since her husband's death, to the care and education