

keep striking out. Again they struck out together, and Palmes seemed somewhat recovered; but once more his strength forsook him, and he fancied himself incapable of proceeding. Still Smith did not lose courage; but he saw the necessity of keeping their limbs moving, lest the dreadful sharks should be tempted to lay hold of them. Palmes had fully as much moral courage as his companion, but he was his inferior in physical strength; yet feeling that not only his own life and that of Smith, but that of the nine fellow-creatures remaining on the wreck, depended on their reaching the shore, nerved him to further exertion. Those only who have swam for their lives when the arms have begun to ache, the knees refuse to bend, and the breath grows short, can tell the feelings of the two gallant young men, but more especially those of the brave Palmes. Spurred on by Smith each time that he grew faint and weary, he nerved himself for fresh exertions. At last, as they strained their eyes ahead, the shore seemed to come nearer and nearer. They could distinguish the sandy beach and the green herbage beyond. On a sudden, before even he expected it, Smith felt his foot touch the shore.

WRECK OF THE MINERVA.

H. M. Mail Packet of Dover, Lieut. Scriven, commander, was lying in Calais Harbour on the 9th of March 1842, when, about 9 p.m., a heavy gale sprang up, which continued increasing in fury all night, and a terrific sea in consequence was running by the following morning. At that time, soon after daylight, a brig was discovered in the offing, with her sails blown to shivers. At about 11 a.m. she let go her anchor to the eastward of the pier, about a mile from the shore, where was a very heavy sea, which soon broke completely over her. Here she continued for some time in a most critical position, pitching bows under, and threatening every instant to go to the bottom. At length she began to drag her anchors, when all hope of her preservation, unless the gale should suddenly abate, was small indeed. The lives of all on board were now placed in the greatest jeopardy, and since this, at about 3 o'clock, no effort being made by the French authorities to send to her rescue, two English gentlemen offered £50 for the life-boat of the Humane Society at Calais, with the intention of getting her manned by an English crew, who volunteered their services. The boat, however, was refused on this very account; and at length, with the prospect of the reward, six young men, mostly boys undertook to put off in her. Instead, however, of launching her close to the pier, they shoved off in the middle of the breakers. After half-an-hour's vain and foolish attempt to reach the vessel, they gave it up, and returning, declared that the boat was injured. By this time, Mr. Slater of the Widgeon, had come down to the beach, and with the following brave fellows,

belonging to the same vessel,—Richard Canney, quarter-master, Thomas Sinclair, Thomas Lawrence, Watkin Edwards, and Daniel Trim, able-bodied seamen; as also, Nicholas, belonging to the Frederick, collier of Sunderland, whose intrepidity and gallantry throughout were conspicuous, volunteered to man the first boat to be procured to put off to the Minerva. She by this time, half-past 6 o'clock, having cut away her anchors, in the hope of drifting on shore, had struck; the tide was coming in, and the sea was breaking over her. In a short time more it was very evident that the crew would be washed off the wreck, and meet with a watery grave, though within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The cries of the poor fellows for help were dreadful. Twice had Mr. Slater, with determined perseverance in his humane object, to apply to the harbour-master for the use of the life-boat. At length he consented to give up the key of the boat-house, and to allow the English to take it, on being assured that he would be paid for any damage it might receive. After this not a moment was lost by 200 Englishmen in the lace business, who under the superintendence of Lieut. Scriven, the commander of the Widgeon, nobly assisted in launching the boat through the boiling surf. The seven gallant men, fearless of the awful risk they ran, in the hopes of saving the lives of their fellow-creatures, pulled away on this enterprise. They started from the westward, and had to pass the head of the pier, a dangerous service even in ordinary weather. It took them half-an-hour to get over the bar, when, had it not been for the admirable management of Mr. Slater, and the intrepidity of his crew, the boat herself and all would have been lost, so terrific was the sea they had to encounter. In spite of it, by persevering efforts, they made head-way, though two hours elapsed before they could reach the brig. She was found to be the Minerva of Jersey, bound for Sunderland, William Percy, master, laden with coals, and of 163 tons. She was now a perfect wreck, her masts swinging backwards and forwards, and threatening every instant to destroy the boat, while the sea was making a clean breach over her. Seven human beings were clinging to the wreck, every soul of whom, in ten minutes more, must have perished.—*Kingston's "Blue Jackets."*

THE MONTHLY RECORD.

JANUARY, 1857.

Church in Nova Scotia.

We hope this deeply interesting branch of our Church in the colonies has passed its time of sorest trials, consequent on the events of 1843, and that our numerous and warmly attached friends there, will at last be vindicated for the singular patience which they have manifested towards, and the chivalrous confidence which they have placed in the Church of Scotland.

In the last number of that excellent periodical, *The Monthly Record of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and adjoining Provinces*, which we always read with unfeigned satisfaction, there are several facts most cheering and encouraging. One of these, and the most important, is the number of additional missionaries which Dr. Fowler, the energetic Convener of the Colonial Scheme, has been able to send to Nova Scotia. The Rev. James Wilson, the Rev. George Boyd and the Rev. Donald Macrae, in addition to the two missionaries sent out some months ago, (by the old Committee) landed in Halifax, in the month of August. It is impossible to express what a blessing this will be to those congregations which for years have been without a stated ministry. We are delighted to observe the vigour with which the Synod of Nova Scotia is pushing its most important Scheme for the training up of a native ministry. From £200 to £300 a-year is collected for this Young Men's Scheme, and six students are now being educated for the Province—four in Glasgow, and two in Queen's College, Canada, all of whom give the very highest promise. One of the most interesting features of the last Meeting of Synod was the evidence afforded of the vigorous and earnest government of the Church in its several congregations. The Synod resolved to appoint a deputation of their number, to visit presbyterially, and in succession, the different congregations within their bounds.

In all this there is unmistakeable evidence of life and energy, for which we thank God, and take courage, for we have no doubt that any life manifested by our Colonial Churches, will be also blessed for the good of the Church at home.

We are happy to observe another sign of internal strength in our churches in North America. The proposal, namely, to form a General Assembly for British North America, including the Synods of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, a Committee has been formed in the Synod of Canada, for carrying this into effect, and we wish it God speed.

Since writing the above, we have received additional information regarding the progress making in supplying the colonial vineyard with missionaries.

Besides those sent to Nova Scotia, (five) two more are about sailing for that colony,—one also to New Brunswick,—one to Canada West. The Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, late of Charlotte Town, has been elected minister of St. Paul's, Montreal. A better appointment could hardly have been made. He has arrived safely at Montreal. The Rev. Mr. McIntosh, a talented preacher, has accompanied him as a missionary to Canada. Two missionaries have lately sailed for Australia, while there is every hope of three other being sent immediately, one to the Mauritius, one to British Guiana, and another to Australia. This will be a supply altogether of fifteen missionaries in 1856 to the colonial vineyard. Surely this should make us thank God and take courage! We have never shrunk from confessing and deploring, in these pages, what we believed to be defective in our Church with reference to her duties as a missionary Church. But if, with a child's love, we have mourned over her failures, so with the same love we rejoice in her successes. Let mission conveners and committees, with God's help, accept the work