

contending waters, crept closely together by the fireside ; but their mother heeded not their terror ; her thoughts were with her husband and her son ; she trembled lest they should be unable to reach the harbour of safety, and be driven back on the rock-bound coast, where she too well knew no earthly power could avail to save them from destruction. Hour after hour the trio sat silently in their little room, each too much occupied in her individual anxieties to speak, until at length Mrs. Kendal said :—" It is nearly eleven o'clock, Sarah ; get me the Bible, and we will now commend our absent ones to the care of Him, who said to the raging sea, ' Peace be still.' " The girl obeyed, and in a clear, though trembling voice, the mother read a chapter and prayer, and then retired to rest.

Mrs. Kendal occupied a room facing the sea, and whenever her husband was afloat, she was accustomed to place a light in the window, as a beacon, that if he entered the bay at night, his eye might rest on his home. As she placed it on its usual stand this night, she looked out on the boiling waters beneath, and was startled to see how high they had risen above the water mark. Alarmed as she felt, she determined not to breathe her terrors to her children, who slept in a room opening out of hers, so she quietly laid down, but sleep she could not. She thought of her husband, and the dangers he was then exposed to ; even at that moment he might be struggling with the stormy waters ; or dashed against the unyielding rocks. As every fitful gust moaned along, and shook the casement, she trembled so violently, that she feared every instant she might be obliged to rouse her daughters. They had by this time forgotten all their previous terrors, and were buried in slumber. Youth sleeps soundly, when more advanced age lies wakeful. An overruling Providence does not allow care to press heavily upon the young, until the bodily frame is matured and strengthened enough to bear it. So it was with Mrs. Kendal and her children ; while she was racked with tormenting fears, they were sleeping as peacefully as though above and around them shone the soft brightness of a summer light. Suddenly, a fearful blast shook the house from its foundations ; the candle was extinguished, and the window forced open with a violence that threatened to tear it from its hinges. Mrs. Kendal sprang up ; and, at the same instant, her daughters, roused by the noise,