

head bent down, and his eyes sullenly fixed upon the agitated waters. His attitude was abstracted and dejected, and he only appeared an unconscious and indifferent spectator of that appalling scene. With difficulty the crew were rescued from their perilous situation, and lowered into the boat.

"Why, messmate! you stand as mute as though the grave was not yawning at your feet," cried a young scaman, who was about to leave the vessel; "save your life and abandon the wreck."

The youth mechanically advanced to the side of the ship—his hand grasped the rope—the eyes of all were upon him, but, as he bent forward to secure his hold, the cap that had shaded his features fell from his head, and his eye rested upon the upturned face of Lockhart, who was steadying the rope below.

The recognition was mutual—a faint cry broke from the pale lips of Crawford—the rope dropped from his hand—the next moment he was struggling among the billows.

"He is lost!" burst from all present.

"Not if a human arm can save him," murmured Lockhart; "the hour of my revenge is come."

The crew strove in vain to deter him from his perilous intent. He cast his clothes from him, and plunged into the deep—the waves closed over the daring adventurer; every seaman in the boat shuddered, and drew a quicker breath. The tempest sent up its angry roar on all sides, and the thoughts of the wind-tossed mariners were too much engrossed in contemplating their present danger, to dwell upon the loss of one brave man, when the lives of so many were at stake. The boat neared the land—the beach was crowded with anxious spectators, who hurried to the assistance of the distressed strangers, thus providentially rescued from the grave.

Meanwhile Lockhart's invincible resolution, aided by his firm trust in the mercy of the mighty mover of the elements, enabled him successfully to grapple with the giant waves; and he reached the sinking Crawford at the critical moment, when hope had yielded to exhaustion and indifference, and he had resigned himself to death.

"Crawford!" he cried, in a loud voice, as his arm upheld the sinking swimmer; "exert the strength you once possessed, or we must both appear in a few minutes before the bar of God!"

"There is that about my neck, which will sink me," returned the young seaman—his voice was choaked by the rushing waters—the billows bent over him, and the next huge wave flung the rivals upon the beach insensible, but locked firmly in each other's arms.

When Archibald recovered, he enquired eagerly for Crawford.

He was informed that he was safe, and had been conveyed to the house of a gentleman in the town,

with whom he was well acquainted; and Lockhart returned home satisfied that he had performed his duty. He addressed a fervent prayer to the throne of Grace, flung himself upon his bed and was soon asleep. The visions of the night again found him struggling with the mighty waters, again he fought with the furious storm, and every wave went over his soul.

The morning came, and the events of the night were confounded with its fantastic delusions.—Lockhart rose from his bed, and looked out upon the restless world of waters. The storm had howled itself to rest, and the noon-day sun shone upon the glassy surface of the waveless sea. The wreck lay motionless upon the reef opposite. The whole scene gradually rose to his remembrance, when his reveries were dispelled by observing a sealed packet lying upon the table. He recognized the hand writing of Crawford, and hastily tore it open.

The gold medal—the glittering toy that had destroyed their friendship, met his eye. He started back—for the sight of it recalled all his former feelings of anger, mortification and contempt—a few lines traced with an unsteady hand, calmed his indignation.

"Lockhart, you have saved my life—genuine gratitude must be proved by deeds—I have no words to thank you. I send you the fatal bauble that first severed our hearts. I have worn it constantly about my neck, as a memorial of my guilt—look upon it, and forgive and pity your unhappy friend."

Lockhart took up the medal—a thousand fond recollections crowded upon his soul. A thick dew rested upon its glittering surface—it had been recently moistened with tears. He pressed it to his lips, more proud of its possession in that moment, than if it had gained him the applause of the whole world. A living gem, warm from the heart's treasury fell upon it—a smile played upon his lips—he lifted his swimming eyes to heaven—murmured a grateful prayer; and placed the medal in his bosom!

Melsetter Douro, U. C.

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#### FREEDOM OF ENQUIRY.

LET not the freedom of enquiry be shackled. If it multiplies contentions amongst the wise and virtuous, it exercises the charity of those who contend. If it shakes for a time the belief that is rested only upon prejudice, it finally settles it on the broader and more solid basis of conviction.

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#### DEFERRED SENSIBILITY.

A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming, "I did not think I had suffered half so much till I heard it this day."