

Fundy was entered but after that, before reaching S. John, the log book recorded "twice on shore and thrice in danger."

The most critical of these dangers was only tided over by Mr. Bullock's knowledge of seamanship, and his quick resolute action. Having gone below one foggy evening, worn out by watching, on his return to deck in the course of the night he was accosted by the helmsman with the exclamation, "There's the moon, your reverence, it will soon be clear now." In a moment he saw it was no moonlight that was flashing on the deck, but the rays from a Light House, towering immediately above them, and towards which the ship was directly running. There was no time for consideration, and both captain and mate being below, he virtually took command—forcibly dispossessing the man at the wheel, changing the course, ordering both anchors to be let go, and commanding that the boats should be lowered, as the ship had twice violently struck before her way was stopped. Fortunately the anchors held, and the light of next morning showed how imminent a peril had been escaped, as the breakers were all round them, and only by a tedious towing did they extricate themselves from the nest of rocks into the centre of which they had sailed. It was reported that this ship was lost with all on board, on her return voyage.

Crossing the bay from S. John, Mr. Bullock settled down in his new home which in climate, cultivation and facilities for travel formed a marked contrast to that just left.