

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

Having promised the readers of the *Guardian* an account of a remarkable deliverance of two Missionaries and several Esquimaux who were travelling in sledges, I proceed to redeem my promise by narrating, as briefly as possible, the leading incidents of the perilous adventure and remarkable deliverance.

Two Missionaries set out from Nain, in Labrador, one morning in March, in a sledge drawn by dogs, accompanied by another sledge containing two Esquimaux men, a woman and a child, in order to visit another mission station called Okkak. As the weather was fine, and the track over the frozen sea in excellent order, they travelled easily six miles an hour, and reasonably expected to accomplish their journey in two or three days. In order to avoid a rocky promontory, as well as to gain the smoothest part of the ice, they kept at a distance from the shore. A party of Esquimaux, driving their sledges towards the land, met the Missionaries and advised their immediate return; but seeing no cause of alarm, the Missionaries proceeded on their way. Soon, however, they perceived that there was a swell under the ice, which caused it to undulate like the waves of the sea during a high wind. The sky was clear, although the wind was increasing; and the party thought it most prudent to draw nearer the shore. Many cracks and chasms appeared in the ice more than a foot wide, but the dogs easily leaped over, drawing the sledges safely after them. In the afternoon, as the sun declined, the sky was overspread with clouds, the wind howled frightfully, and the snow, blown about by partial whirlwinds, filled the air. The heaving of the ice became terrific, and, although twelve feet thick and many miles square, yet it rose and fell according to the swell beneath, in such a manner that one moment the sledges seemed to be ascending an immense mountain, and the next they rushed down with a velocity that threatened destruction to the dogs and their drivers.

Alarming noises were heard in different directions similar to the discharge of large cannon. Those noises were caused by the bursting of the ice around them. The Missionaries now perceiving their danger increasing every moment, drove rapidly towards the shore; but as they approached nearer the land, the scene became more appalling, and their situation almost hopeless. Immense masses of ice, that had been detached from the rocks, were tossed about by the storm like playthings, and then dashed to atoms against the sides of the precipices with a noise louder than thunder. The noise of these gigantic masses as they dashed against the sides of the rocks, the howling of the wind, the roaring of the waves, the bursting of the ice, and the drifting of the snow, were enough to bewilder the Missionaries, and to deprive them of the senses of hearing and of seeing. The dogs were completely terrified; and with the greatest difficulty the drivers urged them forward. They had now got near to land, but the danger was not past; for if they did not happen to effect a landing the precise moment that the rising and the falling body of ice came to a level, they must be lost. The attempt was hazardous in the extreme; but Jesus had said, "Lo, I am with you alway," and the Missionaries were not discouraged. They looked to Him, made the attempt, and reached the shore in safety. By great exertion the sledges were drawn up on the beach. Scarcely was this effected

before the ice they had just left, separated, and the water rushing up from beneath, precipitated it into the sea; and in a few seconds, the whole frozen mass, extending for miles along the coast, began to break and to disappear in large fragments amidst the foaming waters. The party looked on in speechless amazement; but soon recovered themselves sufficiently to fall down before the Lord and thank Him for His gracious interposition in their behalf.

G. R. S.

Toronto, April, 1846.



THE COTTAGE.

Where is there a lovelier sight to be seen,
Than a cottage imbosomed in covert of green;
Where the rose and the woodbine imbower the gate,
And health, and contentment, and lowliness wait?

And if in this house of the poor there be found
That goodness and love which shed blessings around,
The beauty without, though so lovely, has been
Less fair than the beauty of spirit within.

If sickness or poverty enter, the peace
Which Jesus bequeathed will in sorrow increase;
And new strength to the faith, and new grace to the heart,
The sweet from the bitter, will sorrow impart.

More than halls of high splendour, a cottage like this
Is endowed with a portion of heavenly bliss;
Though the low, humble dwelling in secrecy lies,
Their spirits of Christians grow ripe for the skies!

(London) Cottager's Friend.

SINGING IN THE FAMILY.

We visited at the house of a friend, not long ago, where the members of the family all sing regularly at worship, and we could not help wishing that the practice was more general. It adds greatly to the interest of devotional exercises, especially among children. It makes the family altar a pleasant place, even to those who have not learned to render to God the service of the heart. Show us the family where music, good music, is cultivated as it ought to be—where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song—and we will show you one in almost every such instance, where peace, and harmony, and love prevail, and where the grosser vices have no dwelling-place. Indeed we have often noticed that a decline in the taste for music, especially sacred music, where it had been cultivated, and a decline in purity and morality, went hand in hand; and that, before the poor victim of vice falls into the lowest abyss, he is compelled to make war with the genius of melody. This, indeed, is just what we might anticipate.

☞ A late Book Committee agreed to send a copy of this paper to each Preacher of the Conference, and requests that he will have the goodness to act as its agent in procuring subscribers and forwarding money.