

roll over and over. At last, by the aid of Heaven's King, upon whom we had both been calling, perhaps more earnestly than ever before, I was enabled to steady the skiff with its bottom down, while at the same time I had to lend a helping hand to enable my poor comrade, who was nearly exhausted, not only to clamber in but even to reach the skiff at all.

"Thus we drifted for some time, slowly nearing the shore. At the same time my voice rang loud in calls for help from shore, as my heart rose in earnest prayer for my Indian lad that he might be saved. With the help of an Indian who had waded in to meet us, I was enabled to get the poor fellow from the skiff to the shore, a distance of nearly thirty yards. But alas ! that earthly help is vain when God commands. Although the poor boy was alive when he reached the shore, and conscious but a few minutes before, the command was obeyed and God's angel took the soul and left the lifeless body as a monument of time's eternal change.

"Truly, in the midst of life we are in death. God has spared my life, unworthy though it be. May the question, Why ? solemnize my thoughts