

homes where a welcome was universal. Notwithstanding their isolated position and the privations endured in consequence, a more cheerful and contented people I never had the good fortune to mingle with. I remember one, however, who was the exception to the rule, and who, though he was getting along as well as any settler in the township, was continually grumbling and finding fault. I once happened to mention to him that I had been offered a lot in St. Vincent on what I considered reasonable terms, upon which he strongly advised me to have nothing to do with any property in that locality, "the soil was poor, the climate bad, the situation remote, and the title doubtful." Notwithstanding this advice, which was no doubt well meant, I acted on my own judgement and had no cause to regret having done so. This person, who is now dead, lived on one of the finest farms in the township, drove a splendid turn-out, and surrounded himself with everything that should bring contentment. I saw very little of him during the latter years of his life, but have been informed that he grumbled to the last.

But to return to my narrative. After being hospitably entertained by the Mallory's I again went on board the Fly. The farmers had brought their wheat down to the shore and the greater part of the day was taken up in transferring it to the schooner by means of small boats. When loaded we made sail for the Gap in the Christian Islands, shortly before sunset, with a fair wind which continued to freshen. As the sun went down a dark belt began to rise ahead of us out of which flashes of lightning darted, and as this belt rose higher and higher the flashes of lightning became brighter and more frequent while peal after peal of thunder seemed to roll from one side of the horizon to the other. It was my watch at the helm. MacNab and Isaiah had turned in, but becoming convinced that a storm of extraordinary

severity was about to burst upon us, I called MacNab (who presented his head and shoulders above the companion-hatch) and told him I thought we should shorten sail as the storm would soon strike us. He looked around and calmly remarking "he thought there would be more noise than wool, as the devil said when he shaved the pig," returned below. He had scarcely time to turn in when the storm struck us in all its fury, with every stitch of canvas up, throwing the schooner on her beam ends, from which position, however, she soon righted having been under good headway. With the night as dark as pitch, the rain coming down in torrents, the sea making a clean sweep over us, the wind howling, the thunder roaring and the lightning flashing, I can scarcely be laughed at for wishing myself safe on shore. It was a nice position for two land lubbers such as MacNab and myself to find ourselves in. Isaiah was a good sailor but lost his presence of mind when in danger. MacNab took the helm; Isaiah and I scrambled forward to shorten sail. Isaiah loosened the flying-jib sheet, but got into such a flurry that he let it slip out of his hands and in trying to catch it again the block struck him on the head, knocking him flat on the deck. If my head had received the blow I think the storm would have troubled me no longer, but his, being about as hard as the block, did not appear to be affected thereby, for he quickly gathered himself up and succeeded in securing the sheet and stowing the jib. We finally managed to get all the other sails under close reef. The night being so dark we could not see the Christian Islands Gap, and we were obliged to stand off till daylight, by which time the storm had spent its fury though the wind was still fresh, and fair for the Gap, which we soon entered. We found, lying on the deck one of the jaws of the main gaff, full of long spikes, which had been wrenched off by the gale. The fore-mast