

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES:

(FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.)

- Y, a trade textile, Solomon from Egypt purchased then ;
 Z was a town where David dwelt with his six hundred men ;
 A kept the Ark in his own house for twenty lonely years ;
 B was adored at Gideon's death by graceless Israel's fears ;
 C, a good man, with Joshua went to spy the promised land ;
 D was a son of Rachel's maid, in Jacob's stately band.

C. Y.

BETTER AND BETTER ; GO ON TO VICTORY.

ANSWERS FOR APRIL—M, Mordecai ; N, Naboth ; O, Othniel ; P, Pharaoh ; Q, Quails ; R, Rebecca.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG LIFE.

BY JOHN MCKAY, ESQ., NEW GLASGOW.

(Continued.)

My father's family shipped for America in the month of June, 1805, on board of a stout brig called the "Sir Sydney Smith," after the Admiral of that name, who made himself famous by his attacks on the French at various places, and especially by his successful defence of *Acre*, in Palestine, when that fortress was assaulted by Bonaparte and his army. She was a new vessel of about three hundred tons, owned by the McIvers of Stornoway ; John McKenzie, of *Bal-Loan*, master.

After taking in passengers at Gairloch, she lay about ten days at Stornoway, waiting for a Greenock vessel which was to take some of the passengers out. Stornoway was then, what I believe it still to be, a pretty, tidy, fashionable little town. In these respects the town contrasted wonderfully with the rest of Lewis Island. The seat of the McKenzies of "Seaforth," who then owned Lewis, is opposite the town, on the south side of a little bay. The Island of Lewis was afterwards purchased by Sir James Matheson, who, I am told, has erected one of the most gorgeous mansions of Scotland, on the grounds of the old "Seaforth" Castle. The McKenzie family, "Lords of Kintail and Seaforth," is now extinct ; direct heirs having failed in the male line.

After the Greenock brig had arrived, the

passengers being divided between the two vessels, we set sail,—our consort brig early in the morning, our own brig early in the night.

For fear of meeting with the French fleet, (which had escaped to the West Indies, as I said before, with Nelson in pursuit), the masters of the two vessels agreed to make the passage across the Atlantic on a more northern parallel of latitude. Hence, in place of making to the south of "Long Island" (as Lewis and its dependencies are called), the vessels sailed to the north, round the "Butt of Lewis." It blew hard during all that night, and for ten days after. I was a little sea-sick the first night—the only touch of sea-sickness I ever felt. All the women and children were sick ; the grown-up men were not. In fact the men were all of them accustomed to the sea. Some of them were as good sailors as any on board the brig. We sighted our consort the morning after leaving the harbour of Stornoway. She was off the "Flannel Islands ;" but we soon lost sight of her, the weather being thick and heavy. For a long, tedious, and dreary four weeks after this, meeting with nothing, nor seeing anything, save lots of "Mother Carey's chickens," and plenty of sea and sky, I believe many of the passengers took it into their noddles that the master knew not what he was about, and possibly that land could never be reached. I believe I heard some whisperings like this. My father, however, was of a different opinion. He understood the maps, and the captain would now and then shew him the track of the vessel pricked on the chart. Four weeks at sea, precisely, when we made up with our companion brig, and there was rejoicing on both sides. The two vessels sailed for two days side by side, and then came a storm, and the vessels separated. Six weeks out, and we got soundings on the banks of Newfoundland—plenty of codfish, more than enough of fog, and some cocktailed shallops quietly at anchor catching fish. In a day or two land was seen, to the no small delight of passengers and crew. The captain told them in the morning that if the breeze would continue, land would be seen before night. About one o'clock, p. m., he went up the rigging and instantly hailed the land. Many of the passengers could scarcely believe that the thing in sight was land,—it looked so much like a dark low bank of fog. The wind being that day pretty fair, the question of land was soon put beyond doubt. We could see the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, and a pilot boat coming out to meet us. Those of us who formerly had so little confidence in the captain's skill, became