

found in the Book of Life. And see the volume prepared for the history of another year: yet its page is unsullied. Time is before thee—seek to improve it,—privileges are before thee—may they prove the gate of heaven—judgment is before thee—PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!—He turned to depart, and as I seemed to hear the rustling which announced his flight, I awoke.—*The Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

### INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

#### SABBATH WRECKS,

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1577; a few small clouds, tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility; characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sunbeams, while, on its bosom, slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength—the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a leviathan sunning in its rays—and the giant Bass, covered with sea fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster, in the midst of the waters.

A thousand boats lay along the shore of Dunbar. It was the herring season—and there were many boats from the south and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen that an immense shoal was upon the coast; and regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and to go out to set their nets.—The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then minister of Dunbar; and, as he went forth to the Kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned and went amongst them and reproved their great wickedness. But the men were obdurate—the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher. Yea some of them said unto him in the words of the children to the prophet—“Go up, thou bald head.” He went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, expostulating with them, and praying for them.

“Surely,” said he, “the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold you guiltless for this profanation of his holy day.” But at that period, vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the Borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging upon the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and children, while he laughed at their idle fears. Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group—“John Crawford”—he exclaimed, addressing the husband, “you may profess to mock, to laugh, to scorn the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire into your own bosom when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the sea as well as of the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him, before whom the mighty ocean is but a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye, then, glory in insulting his ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth, ye have listened to the words of John Knox—the great apostle of our country—ye have trembled beneath their power, and the conviction that they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word *apostle* burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood have embraced the stake for the sake of the truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified? The Scotsman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, (whose bringing up is a credit to their mother,) and not be guilty of this gross sin.” But the fisherman, while he regarded not the supplications of his wife, became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and with his comrades began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful from the beach to the Kirk, while Agnes Crawford and her children followed him. That day he took for his text, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;” and, as he fearlessly and fervidly denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day,

his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also, because she wept. But, ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first rebellion by the searching hand of Omniscience. The loud voice of Psalms was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immoveable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. There was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved. Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and, as it bent, a knell, untold by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the oaks, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of their foundations, were uplifted on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and, clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the awful voice of the deep thunder the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which, lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of embattled worlds. The congregation still sat mute, horrified, deathlike, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given the lines—

“When in thy wrath rebuke me not,  
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me;”

when the screams and howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children, also, in terror, with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them, wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon, an additional scream of grief arose, as the lifeless body of one or other of such relations were found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro; but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and without warning, a hundred and ninety boats and, in sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety crews, and their crews, were whelmed in the mighty deep; and dwelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty widows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busied carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide-mark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—“See! see!—one still lives, and struggles to make the shore!”

All rushed to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet labouring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His limbs buffeted panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted panted with desperate eagerness, towards the prostrated point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp, but in its stead, he clutched the deceitful wave that laughed at his deliverance. He was whirled around it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random, and his deep groans and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock, he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A murmur moaned through the multi-tude. They gazed upon one another. His glazed eyes faded darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his looks. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak—to implore assistance. His strength gave way—the waters rushed round the rock as a whirlpool. He was again uplifted upon the white bosom of the foam, and tossed within a few yards of the waiting but unavailing crowd.

(To be Concluded.)

### THE GLEANER.

#### DOMESTIC LIFE.

It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations, and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interest.

But it has become a prevailing sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries;—that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists;—and that young married people must set out with as large and expensive establishments, as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years.

This is very unhappy. It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it mistakes the true economy and design of the domestic institution; and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune and passively sustained, without any care or concern on their part;—and thus many a modern wife becomes, as a gentleman was once remarking, not a ‘help meet,’ but only a help eat.

There is another unpleasant evil attending this, especially as it bears pretty severely on the fair sex.—When bachelors have made their fortunes, and become some forty or fifty years old, they do not usually take wives of their own age, but they then abandon those with whom they have hitherto associated, require all the pleasure which their society has afforded them with utter neglect; they then select for their companions the young and blooming, and thus leave to their fate a numerous class of worthy maidens.

If a young man has property, he may of course marry at a suitable age, and adopt the style of living which is justified by his means. But if he is destitute of property, he has three alternatives, and he can take his choice between them.—Selecting a prudent and industrious person for his wife, he may marry young and live in the style of simplicity adapted to his income; or he can wait till he has acquired a property, so as to be able to support a family in the more modern and fashionable style; or he can marry at any rate, launch fearlessly out into all the expenses of a fashionable establishment, and run his chance of bringing his wife and children to want. The first is the best, the second is next, and the third is bad enough.—*Hubbard Winslow.*

#### THINK AGAIN.

A late London paper relates that during the first days after the accession of Queen Victoria to the English throne, some sentences of courts martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion; a soldier was to be shot. The young Queen read it—paused—looked up to the officer who laid it before her, and said, ‘Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?’

‘Nothing—he has deserted three times,’ said the officer.

‘Think again, my lord,’ was her reply.

‘And,’ said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends, ‘seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, I said, he certainly is a bad soldier; but there was somebody spoke as to his good character and he may be a good man, for aught I know to the contrary.’

‘Oh, thank you for that a thousand times!’ exclaimed the Queen, and hastily writing ‘Pardoned,’ in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table, with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

Now, what a world of instruction, goodness and true philosophy is contained in these words, think again. Could we adopt their spirit as the rule of our lives, one and all, what a happy change would come over society. In all our business concerns, in our social and moral relations, our political and religious duties, what important results might follow, if, on many, very many occasions, we would think again, ere we depended upon action. In the anecdote above related, we see the life of a fellow-man, depending on the second thought of the messenger who bore the fatal death-warrant, and to kind and generous feelings natural in woman, that thought owed its birth.

When the young man sets out upon the important journey of life, and takes the responsibilities of his conduct into his own hand, how vitally important may it often be for him to think again, ere he decides upon a course of action. Is he to enter into business engagements on which his temporal prosperity mainly depends, let him think again ere he signs a contract, or pledges his honour; for a second thought may save him from ruin. Is he about to choose a companion for life, even though pure and reciprocal affection may exist, well may it be for him, in many instances, if he should think again—weigh matters well, and