

E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be!

The terrors of Simburgh Head have been commemorated, by Sir W. Scott, in the tale of "the Pirate," and may, for this reason, be familiar to the minds of some of your readers. During six hours of the day, the Atlantic pours its waters with great violence along the bases of this promontory into the North Sea, and from thence, during a like space of time, they are poured westward again into the Atlantic, so that whether the wind blows from the east or from the west, it comes into conflict with the mighty current, and raises a sea, which, for many miles around, there are seasons, when no ship, however strong, could pass through with safety. The only resort which the steersman has, is to make a long circuit in order to escape the danger.

It is called by the natives, "the Simburgh Roost." The Captain told us that some time before, on the occasion of an election, when taking the voters from Orkney to Shetland, (for these groups of islands conjointly send a member to the British Parliament,) the Captain of the steamer, who to gratify some of his passengers, had steered the vessel straight through the roost, instead of taking a circuitous course to avoid it, found himself so beset with the enraged element, that for several hours he had despaired of being able to bring his vessel to port. On the occasion, however, of which I now speak, the waters were smooth. As it was, however, my mind was so impressed with the horrors of the place, that when, directed by a fellow passenger, I saw the beacon light beaming far off on the rocky battlements, like a small star in the northern sky, I welcomed its friendly light—and though I might not be so enthusiastic as the good housewife, who had such a liking for tea, that in her devout admiration of the beverage, she exclaimed, "the man who had invented it was in Heaven!"—yet I was ready to say that the British government, who had erected such splendid landmarks, were entitled to the gratitude, not only of their own people, but of the men of all nations who do business on the great deep. The navigation of a ship at sea furnishes so many beautiful analogies, that pious writers have spiritualized it, and deduced instructive lessons illustrative of the Christian's warfare. There is a rocky coast topped with the beacon light, warning the seaman to steer his ship with caution, for danger is at hand, the dark ridges swept by the terrible breakers, threaten instant death to the crew, should their ship turn from the prescribed course; and who does not know that this is only an emblem of what exists in the spiritual world? The temptations which beset us round about, are like the sunk rocks and the iron-bound shore; there, may a goodly bark that had set out on the voyage of life with the fairest prospects of reaching the peaceful haven, has been stranded and broken. On these perilous coasts too the God of all grace has placed beacon lights to warn you, Reader, to be upon your guard. The daily observations you have of the evil of all sin, in the consequences it brings along with it, is such a signal,—the testimony of your parents or guardians, the voice of the preacher, opening up it may be the sin of Sabbath-breaking, of drunkenness, of covetousness, and the like, are so many signals to warn you of danger, and blessed is that youth who imitates the conduct of the pilot, when he discovers the beacon light, and with all simplicity and circumspection, steers his vessel to escape the danger that is nigh.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, when the vessel having performed her voyage in safety, dropped anchor in the bay of Lerwick; and in these northern latitudes, though thus early, the path of the sun was distinctly visible along the horizon. Captain Parry, in the narrative of his voyage to the Polar seas, tells us that in the beginning of spring, when the sun did not rise above the horizon, they could distinctly see him from the mast head; and at this time, had we been raised to a sufficient altitude, we might have seen him too. During the whole night the red clouds along the horizon marked out the precise position. The day, indeed, had never departed. The curious spectacle was presented to us, of light and darkness struggling with each other, and the former only sure of victory by the near approach of the bright luminary of day. It is not my intention to furnish the reader with statistical

information respecting these islands, nor even to present him with a consecutive narrative of my labors in instructing the people—although these were considerable, I confine myself to sketches illustrative of the character and manners of the people, and of the peculiarities of the country which they are proud to call their own, and which they would not exchange for the Arcadian regions of the south. I shall merely mention that the number of inhabited islands is about thirty-three, and the mainland is about sixty miles in length, varying in breadth from two to twenty; while the inhabitants in all may amount to 30,000. The quantity of land is about three times that of the Orkney islands,—it is however, much less fertile, and does not yield a sufficient quantity of corn to support its inhabitants above two-thirds of the year; the fishing, however, is so productive, almost every kind of fish being to be found in these seas, that they are in a condition to purchase not only the necessities, but the luxuries of life, to some extent. The late Dr. Adam Clarke, author of the Commentary of the Scriptures, took much interest in the spiritual well being of these Islanders. He visited them for the first time in the summer of 1826, and again in the summer of 1828, and was so well received by many of the heritors, that he succeeded in establishing some Congregations in connection with the English Conference. Indeed, that distinguished individual became so heartily attached to his humble brethren in the north that he almost became an annoyance to the Members of the Society when assembled in Conference, for no sooner did the Doctor rise to address that venerable body, than it became a common saying, "now the Doctor is going to pester us about his Shetlanders!" One beautiful feature in the character of these simple people is their respect for a stranger. It is a feeling deep and reverential, and one is almost astonished to find that consideration and courtesy, which the upper classes experience in their temporary sojourns at each other's mansions, illustrated in the most remote and humble cottages of the British isles.

(To be continued.)

ARCTIC SCENES—PASSING THROUGH THE ICE.

The ice appearing somewhat loosed on the morning of the 31st, we embarked at nine, and our way through the crowded masses for about two miles, with serious risk to the boats. In this sort of progress, to which we so frequently had recourse, it must be understood that except the bowman or steersman, all the crew were cut upon the ice, with poles pushing aside and fending off the successive fragments. The advanced thus effected was always slow, painful and precarious; and we considered ourselves particularly fortunate whenever we found a natural channel through the ice, wide enough to admit our little boats. These narrow channels were generally very crooked; and when carrying sail, it required the utmost tact on the part of the steersman, aided by the lookout in the bows, and men on either side standing ready with poles, to avoid the innumerable floating rocks—if I may use the expression—that endangered this intricate navigation. Again we were stopped, and compelled to encamp.

From the extreme coldness of the weather, and the interminable ice, the further advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days we had only made good as many miles.

HUNTING IN THE WOODS.

In order to eke out our scanty and precarious subsistence, I spent a great part of the months of October and November in hunting excursions with those Indians who had recovered from their illness. The deer fortunately began to draw in from the north-east to the country between Great Bear Lake and the Coppermine; and as soon as any animals were shot, I despatched a share of the prey by our people and dogs to the establishment. At the same time I highly relished the animation of the chase, and the absolute independence of an Indian life. Our tents were usually pitched in the last of the stunted straggling woods; whence we issued out at daybreak among the bare snowy hills of the "barren lands," where the deer could be distinguished a great way off by the contrast of their dun colour with the pure white of the boundless waste.—The hunters then disperse, and advance in such a manner as to intercept the deer in their confused retreat to windward, the direction they almost invariably follow. On one occasion I witnessed an extraordinary instance of affection in

these timid creatures. Having brought down a fine doe at some distance, I was running forward to despatch her with my knife, when a handsome young buck bounded up, and raised his fallen favourite with his antlers. She went a few paces and fell; again he raised her, and continued wheeling around her, till a second fall—for hunger is ruthless—laid him dead at her side.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1844.

THERE is no doctrine better calculated to strengthen and establish our faith in the glorious truths of Christianity—and none more eminently calculated to encourage the penitent seeker of salvation—than that of the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ. From this conviction, we have been led to make the following remarks—mainly designing to show, that God the Father himself is a witness for the truth of this soul-cheering doctrine of our holy religion.

Nothing can be more unreasonable than to admit the divine authority of the Sacred Scriptures, and at the same time refuse to pay to the Son the same honour that is rendered to the Father. It has pleased God, in the most direct and positive manner, to testify that Jesus Christ is his only begotten Son, equal in all respects to himself, and, in common with him, entitled to the homage of both angels and men. Beholding him seated upon his glorious throne—contemplating the vigour of his administration, the perpetuity of his reign, and the excellent majesty of his kingdom—JEHOVAH was filled with admiration, and thus proclaimed the deity of him in whom he was always well pleased. Unto the Son he saith,—"*Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever: the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.*" Now did the spirit of prophecy, bearing testimony to Jesus, say—The throne of David shall be taken down; the sceptre of Solomon shall be broken; and Jerusalem shall be trodden under foot of the Gentiles; but thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion shall endure throughout all generations.

Astonished, as it were, at the obscurity and poverty that characterised our Saviour's birth—anxious to indemnify the new-born MESSIAH for the voluntary surrender of his outward grandeur and glory—an angelic embassy was deputed to wait on him, and congratulate him on his public entry into the world he promised to redeem: "*When he brought his first begotten into the world he saith—let all the angels of God worship him.*"

But these are not the only occasions on which the ALMIGHTY bore witness to the Godhead—the proper divinity and Godhead of his WELL-BELOVED SON. He afforded this testimony when he beheld him surrounded with the symbols of imperial glory; he repeated it by a most solemn act, when he saw him veiled under the form of an infant, and lying in a manger. In one instance the divine nature did homage to itself—and in the other, the Godhead employed its power to put honour upon filial obedience. Well might