

Yarmouth, with a Yarmouth captain and crew. The master afterwards stated that three several times he made the attempt to keep his vessel away; but the wind appeared each time to meet him a point or two, and he still continued his course. Without particularly noticing this, until afterwards, on coming nearer the islands, one of the hands remarked that he saw something strange on Mud Island, and he believed there were some men upon it. Well knowing that if there were men, they must be in distress, this remark gained attention; and now some others perceived the strange object, which was, in fact, the signal erected by the poor wrecked seamen. But it was now growing dark, and the thought of being nearly home was a temptation to induce the captain, if possible, to avoid delay; however, that there was something very unusual on the island could, by this time, be seen by all from the deck of the brig; and the captain, at length, said that, if any chose to volunteer for the service, they might take the ship's boat, and he would heave to till they returned. Plenty of volunteers were soon found: need the rest be told? They found the distressed crew—they were their townsmen, their neighbours, their friends. Fire and food, and kind attention, awaited them on board the brig; and on Sabbath morning, December the 16th—an anniversary never forgotten since—they were restored to their families and home.

THE END.