

knelt on the steps of the gangway and looking up prayed to God to have mercy on us. It is said in the Book that "the prayer of the righteous man availeth much," but there was none of that class on board: we were all sinners, yet His mercy was shown to us.

All the skill that was on board was put to the test. Two handspikes were lashed to the head of the rudder, together with a short iron brace which hung to the rudder-head. Two men held this improvised tiller and our little craft was made once more to breast the foaming billows. Cold, wet and hungry we clung to the handspikes—changing every half hour—from night till Sunday at noon. About the middle of that dismal Saturday night, a large schooner without a spar left came drifting down upon us, barely passing under our lee. They hailed us and we spoke to them, but in the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea we knew not what they said. At twelve o'clock, the wind having abated and hauled north, we ran up the fore-sail and running south by west came round West Point and dropped anchor in smooth water; and we lay down to rest. Next day getting up sail we ran for Cascumpec, where we bought a boat and got our sails mended. The following day we set sail for East Point. From Tignish to St. Peter's we gazed with sorrow on the many wrecks that lay along the shore. My brother had left home and was searching the shore at Malpec for the Abigail Gold when we dropped anchor at North Lake:

There I left our captain and his jolly crew,
To meet the weeping friends on shore I bade them all adieu,
But now I'm old and feeble and my days will soon be o'er
No more to stem the rolling waves along Prince Edward's shore.

ELISHA J. BAKER.

