

which way to direct her course, and who had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

On the morning of a Sabbath, many an old weather-beaten tar was seen standing on the highest point of land in the place, looking anxiously at her through his glass; and the mothers listened with trembling to his remarks on the apparently doomed vessel. She was completely land-locked, as the sailors say, (that is, surrounded by land,) except in the direction from which the wind blew; as between her and the shore extensive sand banks intervened, her destruction was inevitable, unless she could make the harbour.

At length, a number of resolute men, perfectly acquainted with the intricate navigation of the bay and harbour, put off in a small schooner, determined, if possible, to bring her into port. A tremendous sea was rolling in the bay, and as the little vessel made her way out of the harbour, the scene became one of deep and exciting interest. Now lifted up on the top of a dark wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction; then plunging into the trough of the sea, was lost from our view, not even the tops of her masts being visible, though probably twenty feet high; a landsman would have exclaimed, "She has gone to the bottom." Thus alternately rising and sinking, she at length reached the ship, hailed, and tendered a pilot, which was again refused. Irritated by the refusal, the skipper put his little vessel about, and stood in for the harbour, when a gun was discharged from the labouring vessel, and the signal for a pilot run up to her mast-head.

The schooner was laid to the wind, and as the ship came up he was directed to follow in their wake until within range of the light house, where another sea would allow them to run alongside and put a pilot on board. In a few minutes the vessels came side by side; passing each other, the pilot springing into the ship's chains, was soon upon her deck.

The mysterious movements of the vessel were explained. She had taken a pilot some days before, who was ignorant of his duty, and the crew, aware of his incompetency, were almost in a state of mutiny. When first hailed from the schooner, the captain was below, but hearing the false pilot return the hail, went on deck, and, deposing him of his trust, at once reversed his answer by firing the signal gun.

The new pilot having made the necessary inquiries about working the ship, requested the captain and his trustiest man to take the wheel; gave orders for the stations of the men, and charged the captain, on the peril of his ship, not to change her course a hand-breadth but by his order. His port and bearing were those of a man confident in his knowledge and ability to save the vessel; and as the sailors winked at each other and said, "That is none of your land-sharks," it is evident that confidence and hope were reviving within them.

All the canvass she could bear was now spread to the gale, and while the silence of death reigned on board, she took her way on the larboard tack, directly toward the foaming breakers. On, on she flew, until it seemed from her proximity to those breakers, that her destruction was inevitable. "Shall I put her about?" shouted the captain, in tones indicative of intense excitement. "Steady," was the calm reply of the pilot, when the sea was boiling like a cauldron under her bows. In another moment the calm bold voice pronounced the order, "About ship," and she turned her head from the breakers, and stood boldly off on the other tack.

"He knows what he is about," said the captain to the man at his side. "He is an old salt, a sailor every yarn of him," was the language of the seamen one to another, and the trembling passengers began to hope. The ship now neared two sunken rocks, the places of which were marked by the angry breaking and boiling of the sea; and as she seemed driving directly on them, "Full and steady" was pronounced in tones of calm authority by the pilot, who stood with folded arms in the ship's bows, the water drenching him completely as it broke over her bulwarks. She passed safely between them: the order for turning on the other tack was given, and again she stood towards the fearful breakers. Nearer and nearer she came, and still no order from the pilot, who stood like a statue, calm and unmoved amidst the raging elements. The vessel laboured hard, as the broken, foaming waves roared around her, and seemed just on the verge of sinking, when "About ship," in a voice like thunder, rose above the fury of the tempest. Again she stood upon the starboard tack, and soon entered the harbour and cast anchor in safety. One hour later she could not have been rescued, for by the time she reached her anchorage no vessel could have carried a rag of sail in the open bay. Ship, crew, and passengers, more than one hundred in all, must have perished. When the order was given to "back the foretopsail, and let go the anchor," a scene ensued which baffles the description of a painter or poet. The captain sprang from the wheel, and caught the pilot in his arms; the sailors and passengers crowded around. Some hung upon his neck, others embraced his knees, and tears streamed down the faces of the old seamen, who had weathered many a storm, and braved untold dangers. All were pressing forward, if only to grasp the hand of their deliverer in token of gratitude.

And now for the application.—*The ship's crew had faith in their pilot.* He came out of the very harbour into which they sought entrance. Of course, he *knew* the way.—*Their faith amounted to confidence.* They gave up the ship to his direction.—*It was an obedient confidence.* They did not say—"He will save us," and sit down indolently and neglect his orders. The helm was turned, the sails were trimmed, and every rope loosened or tightened as he directed. Nor did they disobey, though sometimes apparently into the jaws of destruction.