

dreadful storm, wi' the perishing o' hunders in an instant, and the awfu' cry that rang frae boat to boat—"A judgment has come ower us!" And it was a judgment indeed! O Agnes! had I listened to your words, to the prayers o' my bit bairns, or the advice o' the minister, I would hae escaped the sin that I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi' which it has been visited. But tell me how, or in what manner, I was saved?"

"John," said the aged elder, the father of Agnes, "ye was saved by the merciful and sustaining power of that Providence which ye this morning set at nought. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—the judgment, as ye have weel described it—which has this day filled our coast with widows and with orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naething short o' a miracle. We a' beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled wi' the raging waves, when ye knew not who you were, and when it wasna in the power o' ony being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept round it; and when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it wi' the grasp o' death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognised your face, and they cried out your name! A scream burst upon my ear—a woman rushed through the crowd—and then, John—oh, then!"—but here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and pausing for a few moments added—"tell him some o' ye." "O tell me," said the fisherman; "all that my father-in-law has said I kenned before. But how was I saved or by whom?"

The preacher took up the tale. "Hearken unto me, John Crawford," said he. "Ye have reason this day to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel. True, it was not the speaker, but the words of truth that were spoken, that ye ought to have regarded—for they were not my words, and I

was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed so have ye reaped. But as your father-in-law has told ye, when your face was recognised from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude—she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant she was beyond the reach of help!"

"Speak!—speak on!" cried the fisherman eagerly; "and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again towards his Agnes, who wept upon his shoulder.

"The Providence that had till then sustained you, while your fellow-creatures perished around you," added the clergyman "supported her. She reached you—she grasped your arm. After long struggling she brought ye within a few yards of the shore; a wave overwhelmed you both and cast you upon the beach, with her arm—the arm of your wife that saved you—upon your bosom!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the fisherman, and pressing his wife to his bosom—"my ain Agnes! was it you? was it you my wife! my saviour!" And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. "There is no merit in what I've done," replied she, "if wha should have attempted to save ye, he I no! Ye were everything to me, John, as to our bairns."

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm-bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and on the following day, widows, orphans, parents, and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned that had been galled together; or, if they found them not, wandered along the shore to seek for them where the sea might have cast them for. Such is the tale of the Sabbath wrecks—the lost drave of Dunbar.