

CONCLUSION.

In our preface, we entered into covenant with the God of Noah, to erect our literary craft, as he did the ark, according to the pattern which God should show us. No doubt many of Noah's carpenters expected to see the old hulk rot down on dry land, and perhaps our friends who have lent us the use of their eyes and hands, while our ark has been building, have anticipated for *it* a similar fate. We feel little solicitude in the result. Conscious of having endeavored to fulfill our part of the covenant, and having rigged the last spar, we give our vessel to the winds, and wed it to the waves, or rather to Him who holds the winds in His fist, and the waves in the hollow of His hand. If she makes a prosperous voyage, and prove the ark of refuge to *one* periled soul, the Captain of our salvation shall have the glory. And if she shall rot down at the wharf, or be capsized in the first storm she encounters, and we should chance be on board, we expect to cry out, with another sailor under similar circumstances, "The vessel is gone, but the cargo is insured."