

THOMAS LYNE, THE BRAVE PILOT,

AND OTHER SKETCHES.



In a few moments the cutter was alongside the vessel.

As the sun set one evening in the month of February, everything betokened what the fishermen call a "coarse night;" bright crimson, wind-tem clouds clustered around him as he sank to rest, and the moon rose pale and watery.

"Wind aloft, Ned," said a tall weather-beaten man to his son; "the gale will be upon us before morning. Keep a sharp look-out for the West Indian boat,

Ned, and have the cutter ready. I reckon we'd best cruise about after dark."

Thomas Lyne, who spoke these words, was as fine a sailor as ever stepped. He knew every current, rock, or shoal in the coast, as well as you know the streets and turnings of your native town. Many a time when the night was black as a wolf's mouth, and the distant moaning of the sea on the rock foretold a coming storm, he had laid-to in his cutter