

brewing, exhaled a peculiar odour which the sailor instantly recognized, and that he smelt it now. While we were good-naturedly amusing ourselves with this sailor's fancy, other indications made their appearance which could not be ignored. The sun was dropping into a dark cloud which was projecting its rugged edge above the horizon, but sent up a mass of his rays upon the western sky, painting it half way to the zenith in red and purple; and a chilly current of air came creeping down from the north-west, rippling the surface of the lake which hitherto had been glassy smooth. Though our hands were blistered and all our bones were aching, we saw there was nothing for it but to pull for a safe harbor with all our remaining strength; and so we warily pulled on. Meanwhile the cloud in the west continued to rise, the sun withdrew its last red rays, and one by one the stars were extinguished, and soon we were surrounded with pitchy darkness. The head wind also increased in strength, bringing with it a dark, heavy vapour. We could no longer trace the course of the shore, and could only estimate our distance from it by the sound of the surf, which was now breaking upon the sandy beach in measured cadences.

There was at that time a small naval or military station, a vestige of the late war, at the mouth of the river, and a couple of dismantled gunboats lazily swung upon their cables inside. At a little distance was a small block-house, in which were quartered an officer and small guard. We could see their lights, but literally could see nothing else. The Captain brought the boat as near the shore as was safe, and standing upon a thwart shouted with all his might, "Light a-hoy!" The sentinel on guard immediately replying "aloy there," and then the Captain—"a boat in distress, we want assistance." Soon we saw lights moving. An officer and a man each with a lantern came down to the beach, and partly by signalling with their lights, and partly by means of the few words we could catch in the intervals between the breaking of the surf, we were informed that the mouth of the river was some half mile further west, were directed to keep well off the shore and wait for their signal to turn in.

This was discouraging, but there was but one thing to do, and that was to pull for our lives, for the wind now roared and the waves dashed and surged, threatening to swamp us. We should have been sick, but the sense of peril, and the necessity for the most strenuous exertion gave us no time to yield to the prevailing sensation. The captain now yielded the tiller to a weaker hand, and took the stern oar. The addition of his fresh strength enabled us to give a little way to the boat. The movement of the lights along the shore enabled us to see that we were slowly gaining. At length, just when both heart and flesh seemed about to fail, the cheering signal was given to put the helm hard a star-board.

The river at that time, for some distance ran almost parallel with the shore of the lake, from which it was separated only by a narrow spit of sand, so that we were to change our course by much more than a right angle. This was fortunate, for our little boat could not have lived in the trough of the sea for five minutes. As it was, the act of pulling about was attended with no little peril. It

was, however, accomplished with no greater disaster than the *shipping of a sea*, which almost half filled the boat; but the next minute she was resting quietly in still water. And it was time; for now the storm burst upon us in earnest. But notwithstanding the gleaming lightning, the crashing thunder and the roaring tempest, the whole party was filled with a sense of joyful relief, which none can conceive except such as have passed through a similar experience. We were safe,—and we had time to breathe.

The boat was bailed out, and the marine with his lantern was taken on board, who soon guided us to the landing.

Near the shore end of the tumble-down wharf at which we landed, was a low, dark looking inn or tavern. It had probably been the canteen in the time of the war. At another time it might have appeared forbidding, but now it offered a most welcome refuge to our toil-worn and dripping company. For myself, I no sooner found myself in a warm dry room, than I was stretched upon the floor, and was soon wrapped in the sound sleep of healthy youth, from which no intimations about supper were sufficient to rouse me.

Correspondence.

CLERICAL HORN-BLOWING.

MR. EDITOR.—Believing that you are always disposed to extend a helping hand to a poor brother who is struggling up the hill, it occurred to me that I might, with advantage to myself and to the general public, lay my case before you, craving your advice and aid. I have laboured for a number of years in a somewhat obscure field, where, I consider my talents are, in a measure, at least, buried. Some of my more intelligent friends flatter me that I have ability enough for a "city charge." Flatter? no, that is not the word. I know that I have very respectable abilities. When, therefore, they tell me that I would fill a city pulpit with honour to myself and the denomination, they simply express the real sentiments of my mind. In a variety of ways I have tried to get to the summit; but somehow or another some brother has stepped before me, leaving me struggling to pull myself up after him as I best can. I attribute my failure, hitherto, to reach the top of my ambition to a certain native modesty, which I find great difficulty in laying aside, and which has prevented me from publishing to the denomination my success as a pastor. I have always shrunk from doing that, though my friends have often told me I was very foolish for doing so. They have always said to me that if I wanted to be appreciated and put forward, I must tell the people what I have done; and they have drawn their arguments from a custom common in our country of advertising well an article which it is wanted to sell. A very dear friend of mine in New York very kindly offered to

get me a D.D. He said it was just the thing to bring me into notice at once, and that I wouldn't have it six months before receiving a call from a city church. I told him, however, that I wasn't a classical scholar, and could hardly expect to get such an honour. He wrote me a long letter to convince me that a knowledge of classics was not at all necessary, and sent me a string of names with a D.D. attached to each, assuring me that the list of D.D.'s he had sent me were quite innocent of learning of any kind, and quite a number of them of even an ordinary supply of brains. He assured me that he could easily obtain for me the honour. A little manipulation would secure it. Now, dear brother, you will kindly tell me my mind on the subject. Would it help me in my effort to get up higher, if I were able to write D.D. after my name? Or, should you disapprove of this plan, could you make arrangements to have me preach in one of your churches some Sabbath day. I intend visiting your city shortly and will call upon you. Perhaps you could manage to introduce me to one of your Pastors, just stating that I was accidentally in the city, and suggesting that perhaps, with a little coaxing I might be induced to preach. A few lines from you will greatly oblige you

OLD FRIEND.

[If our respected correspondent is really so anxious about a *handle* to his name, why not take the sensible and dignified course; seek out a University, whose examinations are rigid, (?) and uninfluenced by money considerations; pass the examination for the degree of B.D.; and then, having been an ornament to that title for a few years, when his locks are beginning to be silvered, and his appearance more venerable than now—even then let him seek a place among the Doctors, if he has not long before that become a *city pastor*.—EDITOR.]

FALSE HOPES.—False hopes are like meteors, that brighten the skies of the soul for a moment, only to leave the gloom more intense and crushing.

FIRST IDEAS.—"Our first ideas most themselves in our being, and become the germs of future conduct. A bad creed must lead to a vicious life. Hence the importance of sound doctrine."

FRIENDSHIP.—"Friendship is better than wealth. To possess the love of a true heart, the sympathy of a noble soul, even in poverty, is better than to be a millionaire or a monarch unloved."

PREACHERS.—"Why are preachers so often weak, trimming and despicable? Because they stand not in the counsels of the Lord, but in the opinions of others, and in their own conceits. They reflect the rashlight of human learning, and not the sunbeams of Divine thought."

"Deep emotions sigh for solitude."