

for his text, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" and, as he fearlessly and fervidly denounced the crime of Sabbath-breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also, because she wept. But ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower.—Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of the Omniscient. The loud voice of Psalms was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed—there was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved. Pale, powerless as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steeple rocked in the blast, and as it bent a knell untolled by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless;—and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was uplifted on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together in terrors—and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as a cloud of ice. At the awful voice of the deep and loud thunder the whirlwind quailed—and the rage of the whirlwind seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which lashed into foam by the angry storm, still bellowed forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of embattled worlds. The congregation still sat mute, horrified, death-like as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to

return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines—

"When in thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me,"

when the screams and the howling of women and children, rushing wildly along the streets rendered his voice inaudible: the congregation rose; and hurrying one upon another they rushed from the church: the exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children ran also in terror with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifting among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred, and ever and anon an additional scream of grief arose as the lifeless body of one or other such relations was found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro, but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was in truth a fearful day—a day of lamentation—of warning—and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach a hundred and ninety boats and their crews were whelmed in the mighty deep—dwelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred and eighty dows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busied carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide-mark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—"See! see!—one more lives and struggles to make the shore!"

All rushed to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived—with more than mortal strength yet labouring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His heart panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death; and he strained with desperate urgency towards the projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp; but instead he clutched the deceitful wave and laughed at his deliverance. He was whirled around it—dashed on it with violence—