

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

For the "Craftsman."

The gallant, well trimmed "Seabird" was ploughing her way through the broad Atlantic, the sails were full, the sky without a cloud and the sun in its glory reflected upon the mighty deep, making the broad sea glitter like a mine of jewels, and the white foam like ungathered diamonds.

The "Seabird" was conveying home to the shores of Old England the Honorable Walter Aubrey and family. They were a few days sail from A———where Mr. Aubrey had been residing several months fulfilling commissions from government. The family group were now upon the deck, seated between her brother and Mrs. Aubrey was Rosamond Aubrey, dear Aunt Rose, as the children named her, leaning upon her was little Archie, Mr. Aubrey's eldest child a joyous handsome little fellow, the plaything of all on board. Beside him was his little sister Sophia, a pretty child of three or four summers, one more completed the family group, this was dear Uncle William, a brother of Mr. Aubrey. Born upon the raging element, William looked upon the ship as his cradle, the ocean as his home, and the sweetest music to his ear was the roll of the billows.

He was now reclining underneath the cool awning, certainly a little more than half asleep, not very far however, had he wandered into the land of dreams, when little Archie came running to him with two large branches of sea-weed formed into rude wreaths, and holding little Sophia by the hand said, "Wake up Uncle Willie and fulfil your promise."

"What promise, dear Archie!" you said dear Uncle, urged the little boy that you would crown me child of the ocean with the first branch of the sea-forest the waves threw up, and Lieutenant Murray has been kind enough to make these for me, so now Uncle we want you to come and crown us, "Please make sister a Princess."

"Well Archie, said his Uncle I'll crown you King, "Oh my no, said the little boy gravely, there is but one who can rule the ocean, did you never hear of King Canute, Uncle, he could not rule the waves, how can I."

The Commander of the "Seabird" stood by gazing kindly upon the little ones, the Lieutenant and other officers had drawn near to witness the ceremony, suddenly came a shout from aloft, a boat a boat, "where away!" asked the officer of the watch, "far to starboard", was the reply.

The Captain addressed a few words to Mr. Aubrey, orders were promptly given to the ship hands, and a favorable sea soon brought the "Seabird" bearing down upon the little speck far away on the billows, Lieutenant Murray, had taken his station in an elevated position with his telescope in hand, and soon announced that at least one human being lay in the little boat. All eyes were strained, and hearts were beating high with wild conjectures and generous emotions. At length the ship's boat was lowered and William Aubrey, Murray, and a band of stout hearts started away in their benevolent errand, the boats neared, motionless, apparently lifeless in the bottom of the boat lay a man, his clothes drenched with sea water, his cheek pale as marble, and his arms folded underneath the pressure of a heavy cloak, which encircled him.

William placed his watch over the colourless lips and found he yet