

Widewall Bay when so near. It washes the place of my nativity, which I have not seen for seventeen years,—a place of which I have many interesting recollections.

We have sailed from Greenock through all the Western Islands, through the Pentland Firth, and on as far as Wick, without once employing a pilot, although neither I nor any of the crew had ever been in all the places before, while not a pin, rope, or spar of our gallant little ship has sustained the least damage. But while we were diligent in the use of means, the Lord's arm has been round about us; His hand has been for us, guarding us from danger, and pointing out our course. For example, between Portree and Stornoway, we encountered a very heavy sea in the Minch, so heavy that we thought we should be swallowed up. Frequently large waves were to be seen at some distance, rolling and foaming on every side. All these we escaped except one, on the one side of which our little bark rose as if standing right up; and when she plunged on the other side of it so violent was the shock, that all hands had to hold on by something to avoid being thrown overboard. Being at the helm at the time, I was lifted right up from the deck and thrown forward a little space. By that one wave the Lord shewed us what He could do with us; but He guided us over it, and steered us clear of all the rest. That night we of course made for the first place of safety we could get, and accordingly put into a small loch a little to leeward of the Shiant Islands. By the chart we thought we were going into one loch, but we found in the morning it was another. It was midnight and dark, and we sailed backwards and forwards in it for some time till we got a good anchorage. We lay in it all next day, and on the following morning we set sail for Stornoway. It was very calm, and ere we were aware, we were stuck fast on the top of a rock in the middle of the loch. But we soon got off again. Now, the night we came in we did not know the rock was there, but thought we were in another loch altogether. We sailed backwards and forwards in this loch, and, I am sure, must have been very near the sunken rock; but the Lord kept us off it when there would have been danger, and let us go on it when there was no danger, that we might know it was there, and that we might thank and praise Him for His gracious protection.

A vessel of some kind is indispensable for the efficient working of the mission among the islands. To this I can now get hundreds to testify. Now, I have a grand plan in my head; that is, to get a screw steamer instead of a sailing-vessel to have four of a crew beside myself. I feel myself able to take charge of her, and thus save the expense of a captain; while I would have four chosen men always on board as missionaries, to labour daily in every nook and corner among these islands, the steamer their conveyance and lodgings. I daresay it will take £1000 to get such a vessel; but we can easily raise that out of Scotland. It will take about £700 per annum to support it; but that is not much for the work that will be done.—I remain yours truly,

THOMAS ROSIE.

Mr. Rosie's zeal was contagious, and he formed such large expectations of aid, with a lively anticipation of their being fulfilled.

We must pass over all the intervening active years to 1859, when we find our missionary exercising his plans still among sailors in the Mariner's Church, in the harbor of Bombay. There he toiled very acceptably; there he was married to a lady who had been helpful to his cause when in Edinburgh; and there the messenger was sent suddenly to call him to the end of his earthly toils—not, however, till he had won many souls, and suggested plans by which, not the coast of Scotland alone, but the whole Indian peninsula, might be surrounded with coast missionaries. We give one of his last writings on the claims of British Seamen:—

'While engaged in this work I often feel how much I need an interest in the prayers of Christians. While I laboured in the Coast Mission at home, I often