

every other feeling. She went repeatedly to the door, looked and listened, but no sound, except the heavy dashing of the waves against the cliff, and the hollow moans of the wind, met her ear. She viewed, with increased apprehension, the appearance of the sky. Clouds on clouds seemed rising, the moon in vain struggled to break forth, and an unusual weight filled the air. At length occasional flashes of lightning darted athwart the gloom, and the sea heaved its bosom as if to meet the dark mass that was suspended over. 'Surely, father,' said she, as she turned, still more alarmed, from the door; 'surely it threatens to be a very bad night. Oh that Thomas was come home! What can have kept him out so long? He must have seen the storm coming on.' The old man rose as she spoke, and followed by the boys, walked out to make his own observation. 'It will be a dreadful night, indeed,' said he, 'I fear. Pray God protect the mariner.' Fanny's heart sunk within her. 'Oh, there is father's boat,' cried Robert, in a transport of joy, 'I am sure it is—mother, mother, don't cry. I will run to the cliff and see if I am not right.' Without waiting for a reply he ran away, and in the course of a few minutes returned with his father. Forgetful of her late fears, or only remembering them to give her present happiness a higher relish, Fanny placed the supper on the table, which was now surrounded with a group of smiling faces. Unable, however, herself to eat, she inquired what had detained her husband so long.

'We have had but a bad catch to-day,' said Thomas, and staid out longer than we meant to, do in the hope of making up at last for our bad luck; and when we wished to return, the wind shifted, and the darkness came on so thickly and suddenly it was with great difficulty that we could make the shore at all.' 'Heaven be praised!' said the old man, 'that you have got home safely.' 'And so say I, father,' cried Thomas, 'I began to think it was very likely you would have a sad Christmas-day of it.' 'Did you think of your poor little Tom,' asked the child, putting his arms round his father's neck. 'I did think of you?' replied the fisherman, 'yes,' and he kissed him as he spoke, 'I thought of you all.' He looked round on them with unutterable affection, and with the sleeves of his coat dashed away the tear that filled his eyes. 'Why, father,' cried Tom, in a tone of surprise, 'you are crying; I thought only little boys like me ever cried.' 'Tom,' returned his father, 'men may cry too, when there is occasion, and then they need not be ashamed of their tears—but come, let us talk of something else.' They then drew close round the fire, and the children were beginning to amuse their father with an account of what they had been doing during his absence, when the report of a gun at a distance was heard. Thomas started. 'Hark!' said he. Every voice was hushed, but nothing except the roaring of the tempest, which now raged furiously was heard. 'It was nothing,' cried Fanny, speaking as she wished, rather than as she believed: for she well knew what she had to expect from the benevolence of her husband's disposition if any one were in distress.—She had however, scarcely uttered the words before the firing was repeated, and as Thomas sprang towards the door, several men approached it, exclaiming, that a large vessel off the head had made signals of distress, and that they were going to her assistance. 'I will be with you in an instant,' exclaimed he, returning for his hat. 'Oh! Thomas,' cried Fanny, endeavoring to detain him, 'you surely will not go out in such a night as this? Think, think of me, think of the babes.' 'I do, I do,' he hastily replied, 'but I must not, I cannot refuse to go, I should be unworthy of you all if I did.' The children joined the mother, and clung round his knees.—'Speak, speak to them, father,' said Thomas beseechingly. The old man was himself scarcely less distressed, and every limb shook with agitation.—'Fanny,' said he, with a faltering voice, which however gathered strength as he spoke, 'let go your hold, it is his duty to go.—He who has commanded him to assist his fellow-creatures, can protect him through danger, and restore him to you in safety; yea, and he will. Go then, my son, and He that is mightier than the waves be with you.'—Thomas waited not another instant, and Fanny, awed by her fa-

ther's words, sunk into a chair in silence.—'We must ask,' said the old man, 'if we would receive, our prayers are, the just due of those we love; and never can we express affection better, than when it arises in petitions to the throne of grace for the welfare, spiritually or bodily, of those we value. Let us kneel down and implore God's protection on your husband, and on those who are gone with him.' Reverently they assembled round him, and never did more fervent prayers ascend than those which were offered by the inhabitants of the cottage.

Three hours passed in a state of the utmost anxiety. The children, overpowered with fatigue, soon sunk to sleep. Old Grant endeavoured to read, but in vain; and Fanny wandered backwards and forwards to the cliff in the vain hope of seeing her husband return. Almost in despair she at length seated herself by the baby's cradle, and covering her face with her apron wept bitterly.

The sound of approaching footsteps, however, roused her, but unable to stir, she sat listening with almost breathless anxiety. 'He is safe?' exclaimed the old man, and raising his clasped hands to heaven while tears of joy ran down his aged cheeks, he silently returned thanks to that God who had heard his supplications. 'Get the bed ready,' said Thomas to Fanny, 'that we may put this stranger in it, and try if we can restore him.' His companions now brought in the apparently lifeless body of a youth. Proper remedies were instantly applied, and happily with success. In the morning he awoke perfectly sensible, and though very much exhausted, all symptoms of danger had disappeared. But who shall describe the joy of his father, who, seated by his bedside, and watched the moment of his son's awaking. The vessel, which was a home-ward bound West India ship, had been totally wrecked and but for the activity and courage of Thomas and his companions all on board would have perished; at the imminent hazard of his life he had rescued the young man from a watery grave. 'You have saved my life,' cried the delighted father, 'in saving that of my son, and no recompense can be sufficient to express my gratitude.—I know not what to offer you, but here is my purse; take it, and if it is not enough I will double it.' So saying, he held it to Thomas, who drawing back said, while a deep colour spread itself over his cheek, 'I am obliged to you, sir, for your kindness, but I must refuse accepting it. I cannot expose my life for money.* I have preserved your son, and I bless God for enabling me to do so. The thought that I have been of use to a fellow-creature, and done my duty, is reward enough for me.' The merchant was for a moment too much surprised to reply. 'Excellent man,' said he, at length, 'I will not again hurt you by offering what is not worthy of you. But you have laid me under an obligation, of which I must in some way or other relieve myself, tell me then, is there any thing that I can do for you?' 'Nothing sir,' respectfully returned Thomas, 'with health, honest, though hard employment, the best of fathers, of wives and children, what can I desire that wealth and interest can procure? Some of my companions, however, are not so well off, they will be glad of your bounty: give therefore to them, if you please instead of to me, and I shall be doubly rewarded.' Thomas looked towards his father for his approbation. 'You have done right, very right,' said the latter, in a tone of honest exultation. 'I am a happy old man,' continued he, turning to the merchant, 'the life of a son is dear, but the virtue of one is still dearer.' 'Father,' said Tom, who though unable fully to comprehend the nobleness of his parent's conduct, felt in his heart there was something much to admire in it, 'I wish I was big enough to save a man.' 'And I too,' said Robert, 'Oh, I am so happy! I said I liked Christmas-day better than any other day in the year, and so I always shall.—Yes, let me live as long as I may, I shall never forget Christmas-eve.' 'Let it be the mercy then that you remember,' said his grandfather, 'not the distress which marked it, and let gratitude dwell in your hearts for ever.'—*National School Miscellany.*

* This noble answer was a fact.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

ILLINOIS.—The venerable Bishop Chase thus speaks of ministerial faithfulness and labours in his far-off and destitute Diocese:—

Could the gentlemen who have the distribution of the oblations of the Church, witness with their own eyes the indefatigable labors of the pioneers of the Church—could they see how difficult it is to break up the fellow ground of this far western world, more waste, and sometimes more abounding with unyielding prejudices than heathen lands, they would, I trust, be satisfied that the small stipend afforded them, in some instances not one fourth of their expenses, is dearly earned. If the fruits of their labor are not so conspicuous and forward and ripe, at present, we should remember, and I beg the Committee to remember, that it is the privilege of man to plant only, but the honor of giving the harvest is reserved to the Heavenly husbandman. Even Paul could but plant, and Apollos could but water; it was "God only who gave the increase."

But who in this case would let Paul starve or suffer Apollos to shiver in the cold wind in need of a garment, when his day's labor was faithfully done?—If ever there was a class of men that earned, the bread with which their hunger is appeased, the cries of their little ones for food and raiment are satisfied, that class is the Western Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By far the greater portion of these receive not so much, put all together, as do the ordinary mechanics: and the greater half even of this, does not come from the Church in any way. The rest they procure by manual or mental exertion at hours when many who think they are well supplied, are asleep.

These are not the statements of conjecture or forms of fancy. For the truth of what I say I have the experience of many a year in the western ministry; and the examples of many in my eye who were the founders of Churches in the wilderness; from Father Nash of Otsego Co., New York, of blessed memory down to the suffering worthy few who now labor in this neglected, yet most important Missionary field of Illinois."

Value of the Church's Creed—If we were to take up the buoys, and destroy the lighthouses around our coasts, and bid the deluded mariner find out for himself the shoals and rocks which endanger his course, or discover in the darkness of night "the heaven where he would be," we should be acting as reasonably as those who, to the learner in the doctrine of Christ, would abolish all creeds or formularies which the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has established, to warn from error, or to guide into truth.—*Woodgate's Bampton Lectures.*

Floating Chapel.—Mr. Henry Ward, merchant, of Oxford, has recently built at his own expense a complete floating chapel at that place, capable of containing from 120 to 140 persons, for the benefit of the watermen and their families, with a residence at one end for a schoolmaster and mistress. A chaplain has been appointed, and the heads of the colleges and other friends have subscribed to his stipend. The chapel cost Mr. Ward £1000 in building, and he has also invested £100 for its repairs.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

Jews.—In Africa, the number is computed at 504,000. In Asia, 738,000. In Europe, 1,918,059. In America, 5,700. Thus they are scattered over all the world, and yet remain a distinct people. They all cherish the expectation of returning to their own land, with unwavering firmness. 40,000 of them are now said to be in Palestine, where a few years ago only 4,001, were enumerated.—*Bos. Rec.*

Charity Schools.—The first Charity School established in England, was in 1685, by members of the Episcopal Church. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (Episcopal) has, in England and Wales 1500 schools.—*Chron of the Church.*