

WRECKS AND RESCUES IN TYNEMOUTH HARBOUR.

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A SHIPWRECK—LIFE-BOAT
TO THE RESCUE.

We sat round the glowing fire, which seemed all the more cheerful because of the chill December storm that was raging without. Silently we watched the glowing embers, and thought of those who were exposed to the danger of the sea.

Since the sun had gone down the storm had rapidly increased, and by this time its angry rage had lashed the ocean into fury. At times the wind seemed to rest awhile, as though to gather new strength; and during these momentary pauses we could hear the

distant roar of the breakers as they dashed over the sunken rocks, or spent their struggle at the foot of the towering cliff. It was a terrible night—the sky was covered with inky darkness, and the maddened winds and sea wrestled and strove with each other till the heavens and earth seemed to tremble at the fray. The ominous howl of the wind caused a foreboding of danger and death that might come to some who were helplessly tossed in the storm, or striving to enter the harbour.

The silence of the company was at length broken by one who said, "I fear there will be trouble before morning; this storm cannot