

abled state, and consequently we were literally "driven with the wind and tossed." This was the moment of imminent peril, and all on board were tremblingly alive to our situation. Already the bows of the vessel were a perfect wreck—the cut-water was carried away—the main stem was supposed to have started—and the seams of the planks were opening—"She must go down—Lord have mercy upon us!" was the unanimous cry. Truly our situation was very distressing, and the hope of deliverance very faint.

At this period of our trouble, we felt it our duty to assemble the people for the purpose of imploring help of Almighty God, and seeking that support which his word encourages us to expect in the time of trial. It was an awful moment! We felt our minds calmly staid upon *Him* who "rides upon the stormy skies, and calms the roaring seas."—My brother Missionary observed when rising from his knees, that he had been much blessed, and that he believed the Lord would preserve our lives, though probably with the loss of the vessel.

Having commended ourselves to God, I went on deck in order to comfort the mind of our good captain, who had been very kind to us, and in whose spiritual welfare we felt a lively interest. The first object that met my attention was all hands standing around the pumps while the mate was sounding to ascertain the depth of water in the hold. Every countenance was expressive of deep, death-like anxiety, which seemed to say "My days are numbered and finished, and I must presently stand before the Judge of quick and dead."—They were surprised to find that the vessel was not sinking, and yet they dare not indulge the expectation of deliverance, as the gale had not in the least abated, and our destruction seemed inevitable. An awful pause now ensued;—none spoke a word—every concussion appeared like the death blow, and each one seemed to wait, with a kind of fearful ex-

pectation, until the fatal moment should arrive.

I proceeded to offer some expressions of condolence to the Captain, and pointed his mind to that Saviour, who is a very present help in the time of need, and who alone could help us at the present moment. He received the word with thankfulness, and observed, that he believed he had an interest in the prayer of a very pious wife, who he thought, was at that time engaged in prayer for him. Relative to our situation he observed, "I have been in almost every kind of danger to which seamen are exposed, except such as the present.—In such situations I could always have recourse to some means of help; but now I am doomed to see one of the finest vessels of her class knocked to pieces without the possibility of using any means for her preservation." He added "I have never heard of but one thing that could be done in such a situation, and that appears so utterly useless that it would be of no avail to try it." What is that sir, I enquired? "To put out the cables as fenders," said he, but added, "of what use will that be to us?" Well sir, I suggested, if we go down the cables will go with us; and if they are of no avail we shall at least have the satisfaction to know that we have adopted the only means within our power." I strongly recommended the trial of its effects, and the Captain agreed: all hands were immediately employed; a large fender was laid across her bows, and others on the parts most exposed to the friction of the ice. The benefits of the experiment were almost immediately felt; and hope revived and animated every bosom! More fenders were supplied as the others were cut to pieces, and most providentially for us just as the last of our fine cables was laid over the side, the gale began to abate, and gave us hopes that the Almighty would in great mercy work out our complete deliverance.

We were however far from being out of danger—night was ap-