

among the lost at sea. Most gratefully did we all unite with the minister, the following Sabbath, in a thank-offering to Almighty God, for his goodness in preserving us from the dangers of the stormy sea.

Thus, courteous reader, I have conducted thee through the mazes of my changeful life. Should the facts detailed in these pages lead thee to feel more interest hereafter in the elevation of the sailor, my labors will not have been in vain; and should the recital of my Christian experience induce thee to embrace the same Saviour, who has become my redemption and sacrifice, I shall joyfully hail thee, when we meet together in the port of eternity.

To my brothers of the sea, let me add one word. Yours is a life of danger, of toil, of suffering. Few men care for your souls; but Jesus regards you. He watches you in all your wanderings; he woos you to be his! Will you not be persuaded, by a fellow-sailor, to heed his voice. O sailor, "TURN, TURN, FOR WHY WILL YE DIE!" Go! rest in His bosom, who says to you, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

NOTE. Since the foregoing pages were written, I have received a letter announcing my mother's death. Peace to her beloved ashes! May I meet her when I arrive in heaven! The following extract contains the particulars of her death.