

word "Amen." Shortly afterwards, the powers of articulation entirely failed; and at half after one his happy spirit was gently dismissed from the burden of the flesh, and found its long-sought rest in Emmanuel's bosom!

On the following Friday evening, the earthly remains were conveyed to the tomb, amidst a large concourse of weeping spectators; and on the following Sunday an interesting sermon was preached by the Rev. William Carns Wilson, who had formerly been one of his pupils, and who, having resided for twelve months in his house, was fully competent to bear testimony to his character, as a minister and as a Christian. While his character was briefly summed up in the following expressive paragraph which appeared in a provincial paper.

"In the character of this excellent man were united every quality formed to endear him to his family, his friends, his congregation, and his parishoners. Endowed with a penetrating judgment, and with deep piety—an able scholar, and a sound divine—he was well qualified to state the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel in a clear and convincing manner, to his hearers, and to enforce upon them the various duties which those doctrines inculcate. His talents were such, that when his discourses were extemporaneous (which they usually were on his lecture evenings) he was heard with equal profit and attention; and greatly privileged did his congregation feel themselves to be, whilst listening to his instructive and affectionate addresses. Nor was there a duty connected with his ministry in which he was not diligent and exemplary. In the circle of his family he was the unfailing source of their highest pleasures. Possessed of a mind intelligent on almost every subject, and cheerful in his temper, he was an interesting and entertaining companion; and though he was attentive to the observations of others on the topic of conversation, he was always felicitous and original in his own. In the delicate and valuable offices of private friendship, he was ably furnished, and always disposed to render every assistance, when it was solicited. He was truly a 'lover of concord,' and in the large parish over which he presided, peaceableness of disposition, and the humanity and benevolence of his heart will long be remembered."

Concluded.

#### ON ICEBERGS.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, and exercise their business in great waters, these men see the mighty works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." While, however, the dangers from winds and storms are often adverted to, few persons are aware of many other perils to which navigators are exposed. Among these, not the least dangerous are those which arise from Icebergs, of which we have the following narrative of facts from the pen of an Admiral:

"Those immense masses of ice that are formed in the northern seas, and which occasionally breaking loose, are borne on the waves into southern latitudes, are generally known by the name of icebergs, and are very dangerous to navigators, more so than rocks; for if a vessel strikes upon the latter, there is sufficient generally afforded to the wreck, which allows the crew time to use such means for their escape as the nature of the coast may admit of, but these icebergs yield none. They are computed in general to exhibit only one-third of their real bulk above the water: that part which is concealed extending in an irregular shape in all directions, and slanting down towards the base. Thus, when one of them has struck a ship, it being impossible that it should uphold her for a moment, being not only a hill of glass, but were, on all sides, but also perpetually in motion. At one particular season of some years the icebergs came down in great numbers, and obstruct the passages on the North American coast, endangering the vessels considerably. They appear in every form, of all sizes; some scarcely exceeding the dimensions of a small cottage; others appearing as the ruins of a large town; and others again of an extent that cannot be easily calculated, sometimes miles in length, and of a tremendous height. Not unfrequently, a ship is caught between two of them, that are hurled

against each other by the impulse of the waves; in which case it is generally lifted out of the water, and either crushed by the violent compression, or plunged again into the sea by the parting of these strange and terrible masses. I have seen them off the coast of Newfoundland, tossed upon the billows, and looking so exceedingly beautiful that I should have wished for their nearer approach, if not aware how perilous it would be to our vessel. How mercifully does the Lord reject our inconsiderate petitions! How often do we long for those things which, if granted, would be our destruction, and murmur at those dispensations to which we may perhaps owe the safety both of our bodies and souls?

I met at sea with a gentleman who had experienced a most wonderful and providential escape when entangled among the icebergs; I will relate it, as nearly as my recollection of his narrative will permit.

He was a captain of a merchant vessel, that traded between the eastern and western shores of the Atlantic. It had often been his lot to take out missionaries, the messengers of God to the perishing heathen, who bore the glad tidings of forgiveness and peace to ruined man; and probably it was from the teaching of these missionaries, that the captain had become so well acquainted with the glorious truths they were sent forth to proclaim; he certainly appeared a very pious man; and in the attention he paid to the souls, no less than to the personal advantages of his crew, there was good evidence that his was a living faith, glorifying God in the fruit which it bore.

His vessel had made her last voyage from England to the West Indies; thence she took out a cargo and some passengers for North America; but on the way thither, was overtaken with a dreadful storm, sprung a leak, and would inevitably have sunk, with all on board, had not the Lord mercifully heard the prayers of the poor destitute people, and given them strength to exert such persevering efforts as kept the ship afloat until they could put into the port of Halifax and repair the injuries she had sustained.

Once more the vessel sailed, but without any passengers. They could not await the slow process of refitting her; and therefore they providentially took their departure in another, by which they arrived safely at the point of their destination.

It was now the season when icebergs began to accumulate in those seas: and an unusual number had already been observed about the coast.

To pass up the river St. Lawrence was the captain's object; and he proceeded in that direction, but was driven out of his course by adverse winds. After a long time he found himself in the bay of Gaspé, and every hour the icebergs became more numerous around him.

Very thick weather came on; he proceeded cautiously, for the danger was most appalling: to which side soever he turned, icebergs met his view, rising in grotesque shapes, rendered yet more strange by the effects of a constant fog, and frequently clashing against each other with a noise like thunder, destroying one another by the violence of the shock, and threatening immediate death to the trembling mariners, who cautiously guided their vessel through the mazes of these terrible rocks of ice, continually moving as they were from place to place.

The captain now felt the consolations of that religion which he had made his delight in the season of prosperity: he had never neglected, while gliding over smooth seas before a favourable wind, to direct the attention of his men to that book which now yielded the sweetest support to their drooping spirits. He had regularly assembled them to address the Lord in prayer, at every period of their voyage: and now they could approach the throne of grace, as those who well knew the way of access, and plead for the compassion of a reconciled father in Christ Jesus. They had not turned away or refused to hear his call in fairer times, and now they had no reason to apprehend that he would hide his eyes from their supplications, or mock when their fear was come upon them.

It was at day break one morning that their awful situation became fully known to them: all that day and night, and the following day, the captain remained upon deck, at the wheel, by which the rudder is governed, steering his ship through the frightful icebergs that enclosed it on every side. Another night

came, and their danger only appeared more imminent: another day passed, and still the captain never left the deck.

There seemed, to the eye of reason, no possibility of escape; to proceed—to return—to be stationary, were alike perilous; but what cannot the eye of faith discern to encourage the believer, who "endures, as seeing him who is invisible," while the hand of a tender father is directing his course, and the watchful look of everlasting love surveying him?

The captain knew it was his duty to use every effort for the preservation of his own life and that of his men; he therefore worked diligently, and left the event to God. He ordered the boats to be in readiness to be launched in a moment; and a small stock of provisions laid up in each. Towards dawn on the third day, he was aware that a very large and dangerous iceberg threatened to cross the only place they could pass along, and he was doubly watchful: the faint gleam of the morning, reddened by its passage through the fog, appeared to tip with fire each huge mass of ice that lay piled around them; and the more distinct the scene became, the more evident was their exceeding danger. They proceeded—the iceberg came rolling towards their course—the captain hoped to evade it, by a dexterous movement of the rudder, but in vain. With a force that stunned every person on board, the keel of the vessel struck on the base of the iceberg, for a moment became stationary, and then began rapidly to fill with water.

What an awful moment was that! Eternity seemed about to open upon their view; and to them it was as if the angel had proclaimed that there should be time no longer.

The boats were cut loose instantly—the sailors dropped into them, and the captain saw nine of his men in one of these diminutive vessels and five in the other, before he, the last who left the ship, entered the smaller boat. When he did so, the deck of his fine brig lay lower than the edge of her little boat, and instead of descending, he had even to ascend into the latter: they pushed off, and in a few seconds nothing but the top of the masts remained above the water: an instant longer, and they too were gone.

If the situation of the mariners had been terrible, when in their good sheltering ship, what must it now appear, exposed in two puny boats that scarcely bore them above the surface of the ocean? What helpless objects were they now, surrounded by the towering icebergs, one of which could have easily borne down a thousand such boats in its way?

They looked up, and perhaps saw the overhanging edges of two such frozen crags meeting above their heads, as if combined for their destruction: they felt the grating of their little keels upon their bases beneath the water; and still the fog prevented them from beholding any objects but those that immediately surrounded them. To hoist a sail was impossible; all they could do was to row cautiously along the direction of the land, as they hoped at about eighty miles distance.

I asked the narrator what was his feeling when he stepped from his sinking ship into the boat: his reply was short but comprehensive, "I felt that I was in the Lord's hands."

Such is the blessed privilege of the Christian, while his surest earthly prop is gliding from beneath him, while his enemies are mighty and increase on every side; yea, while perhaps the mists of doubt are suffered to hang upon his mind, and to cloud the evidence of his faith; still, in the utmost extremity, he feels that he is "in the Lord's hand." And there he can willingly remain, for his mercies are great. The true believer may be parted from all that promises him rest and security on earth; but this is his comfort; nothing can separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

The sailors now toiled in their boats through the icebergs in the bay of Gaspé; and new as was their present most fearful situation, the mercies of God also are new every morning to those who trust in him. They could look back upon their former perils, and, in the language of the Apostle, cheer each other by the mention of him, "who had delivered them from so great a death, and doth deliver, in whom they trusted that he would yet deliver them." There were among them some who had a confident assurance that, through Christ, they were delivered from a