

posite direction alone presented, vainly striving to combat those adverse winds, and that land-tide of peril. The pointed rocks looked ready to become her fell destroyer, and when compelled within but sixty yards, the distress guns fired, whilst shrieks—the long loud shrieks of hearts where “hope was none,” drew the inhabitants toward the ocean, swelling in its overwhelming energy.

And there stood one indeed attracted! a young lieutenant in the India service had fled a tropical clime to re-instate his health, and had fixed his residence within Cape Town. Mounted upon a fine and generous steed, he from the shore surveyed the threatened wreck. The stately vessel was rocking to her fall—the children of despair sent their wild shrieks upon the billow, the spirits of the air bent in the far-off space, from their deep roll of darkness; Death swayed the waters with his agitating sceptre; the wind was roaring louder than the wave, and mingling with human wail, like songs of triumph from the demon of the deep.

This officer was young, and life is precious in the spring of untried being; health had returned, and vigor braced his sinews, length of days seemed written on his sanguine countenance, riches and honour awaited but his grasp. He bore a happy spirit, he loved creation, and he prized the breath of life—had misfortune crossed the horizon of his hopes, even then he would have clung to the warm precinct of existence until it blessed him. He rushed not heedlessly on danger, he felt the full value of his offering; at that moment he appeared perhaps too like the precious flowers of the spring, predestined to wither before the summer's sun has touched their petals. Why do we throw the meditative and the happy into the tented field? Should they feel the stress of war, and be called to the action of the fight? The light of Heaven as it fell upon the soldier exactly defined both his face and figure, and touched with its own relief the conflicting scenes around, was apt image of the ease with which Saint Clare adapted his finer sympathies to those with whom he mingled. His unaffected kindness to others, almost in proportion as they had nothing to return him for it; no enthusiasm to render back unto him, as a tribute to his genius, no revealings of high and cultivated intellect to respond to his beautiful aspirings, too powerless to aid his ambition, and only sufficiently efficient to excite his energies for their well doing. It was this entire freedom from selfishness that blended with and richly harmonized all his individual peculiarities, for

these he possessed, and there was oftentimes a seeming contradiction in the repose of countenance, and voice, and attitude, to which it appeared incontrovertibly as nature's will, that he should give indulgence and the inward agitation of a spirit alive to all the vicissitudes of life. A finely modulated intonation of carelessness and indolence pervaded his general conversation; the very spirit of repose was nestling in loveliness on those sunny features; the Dove of Peace had fixed her anchorage in that young bosom, and his chequered lot appeared unable to disturb her sweet and deep repose, though it was a soldier's breast that cradled her!—though ocean's roar had been her lullaby! and the spirit of the storm beat over her!

The “Emma” was filled with young cadets, and those boys in the sun of fortune contemplating peril, were more peculiarly his brethren! they strained at his heartstrings, they were his own, his destined sharers in the toil and hazards of a foreign land. He lashed a rope around his body, and plunged his war-horse in the deep. I surveyed him calmly, for I knew Jehovah was upon the ocean with him, guiding the whirlwind, and directing the but seemingly unlicensed storm.

I never yet could gaze on being in its vividness, and image Death in its invariability. I saw that creature, full of life, and sense, and soul, and strength, and beauty; the unbounded waves appeared too powerless for his engulfment, the mighty winds too nerveless to destroy that spirit's high imaginings, and the wide sea too narrow for his grave!

He rode the storm, and to his glorious intent the elements seemed ministering. Bold and giddy was his career; I watched his pilotry until my overstrained idea shadowed the Guardian Angels of the good, hallowing that stripping's course. The sparkling foam was cresting itself around him, and his habiliments looked folds of light—his champing steed seemed walking upon the waters, and for awhile they moved the conquerors of danger. There were acclamations from the vessel, and cheerings from the shore, at least in after hours I heard so, for to me sound was not in creation—that dread moment could alone retain the intense, distended, bursting sense of vision—sight became an “Aaron's rod.”

Soon was the angry ocean worked into higher tempests, the battling billows, heaped upon each other, formed eddying whirlpools in their dark concaves. I beheld this glorious adventurer toiling upon the wave—its unstable ascent he gained, the treacherous element rest-