

Dennis Meeham held his rope firmly round a huge piece of wood that was fastened in the ground.—As he peered over the precipice, he saw a small portion of the wreck, with two or three persons clinging to it, driven near it. They evidently saw it, for a wild cry of hope rose up from the waters, and the rope suddenly tightened in his grasp.—His son and he drew it up gently, and one of the other men knelt down on the edge of the cliff, to see who hung by it, and to render immediate assistance when the saved person was drawn near the top.

“Och, have a care, boys!” he suddenly exclaimed; it’s a woman, sure enough, and a baby’s tied round her breast. The little cratur! and it lies still, as if it knew what was going on. Softly, lads, softly!” he continued, as, assisted by Larry, he safely deposited the female with her precious burden on the grass. The rope had been fastened under her arms, and in the manner related, although she was insensible, had been rescued from the waters.

Biddy Meeham, who had followed her husband, undid the fastenings of the babe’s dress from that of the mother’s, and a beautiful little boy opened his eyes, and nestled his head in the bosom of the kind fisherwoman. She turned to the senseless mother, and shrieked.—The poor drenched creature had given a loud sigh, her bosom heaved once convulsively, and then all was still. She was dead!—*The Irish Scholar; or, Popery and Protestant Christianity.*

A MAN-OF-WAR’S MAN’S IDEA OF FAITH.

There are many principles which can be much more easily illustrated than defined. Among these is *faith*.

Faith is an assent of the understanding to certain statements; it is believing; it is confidence. But what is faith in Christ?—saving faith? Any definition of this, in order to present the whole of its character, must necessarily involve circumlocution, and even then be liable to misconception. To be fully understood, it should be a matter of experience. One of the best illustrations of it, it has ever been my pleasure to hear is the following:—

In a meeting which I attended one evening, an old man arose, who looked as though he had seen no small share of rough service in his day, and in a foreign accent said he would explain what he understood faith in Christ to be. “My brethren,” he continued, “I once served in the American navy under Captain Porter. He was a severe officer, and, as I thought ill treated his men. So, upon a favorable opportunity, I, with several others, ran away. I deserted the navy, and concealed myself in Boston and vicinity for two years. During this time a reward of two hundred dollars a head was offered for the apprehension of deserters. I, however, successfully escaped detection. At the end of two years, the war of 1812 broke out with England.—The government was greatly in want of men for the navy. Accordingly they issued proposals of mercy to all deserters. They publicly proclaimed, that if those who had deserted from the navy would return, they would be received, and nothing would be said concerning their desertion; that is, if they would go and deliver themselves up to the government, they would be pardoned. I saw those proposals, and believing them to be offered in good faith, I went down to the navy office, confessed that I was a de-