

nate man. For a while, from the heavy roll of the waves, it seemed utterly impossible to accomplish his rescue. But a merciful providence interfered; he was enabled to seize one of the ropes which had been thrown him, and, as he was drawn on board, one volume of thanks arose to heaven, from the hearts of the anxious gazers. Miss Johnson immediately opened a correspondence with him on his truly miraculous escape; her affectionate heart saw that if ever there was an opening for divine grace, this was one. She labored well and perseveringly, and it was thought that her kind, affectionate, christian efforts, were crowned with success, for a thorough change was wrought in his deportment.

They passed the Cape without farther mishap, and the decrease of high winds and waves were in proportion to their increase as they sailed south. Soon after this they were becalmed eleven days, nearly opposite the Island of Juan Fernandez, though not in sight, which they regretted, as they much wished to obtain a view of this celebrated spot, if they could not visit it. They strained their gaze anxiously in its direction for hours, while the vessel lay like a log upon the water, but in vain; nothing greeted their sight or hearing save now and then the spouting of a whale at a distance, and a fish showing its finny sides a moment, and then disappearing beneath the blue wave.

Till their arrival at the Sandwich Islands, nothing more of moment occurred excepting the death of the cook. A somewhat lingering illness preceded his decease, and it was on a fine, calm morning, that all hands were piped up for burying the dead. It was a very solemn and impressive scene. The sun shed his rays purely and brightly upon the uncovered heads of the small assembly. The sailors were ranged on one side, neatly clad in their Sabbath attire, their eyes