

seek the stone which they have rejected, even present revelation, and place it at the head of the corner. This will be the Lord's doings, and it will be marvelous in our eyes. The Supreme Creator of all, the Almighty Sovereign of the Universe will assert his rights and maintain them, and reign king of nations as he now does king of Saints. The power that attempts to check his designs will be ground to powder.

The present aspirants to presidential honors in the nation appear to be in good heart and firm in faith that they shall triumph. They seem to spare no labor or effort, they lack no zeal, and are full of hope, full of expectation, strong in spirit, strong in will and strong in assurance. But the days are near at hand when all such will be weak as water. Their voices will be feeble, their arms palsied, their knees tremble, and they will no longer aspire to that station than they would to the berth of Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego in the fiery furnace. They will no longer aspire to that summit of fame than would the Israelites approach the crest of Mount Sinai when the thunders of heaven rolled in awful majesty, and the lightnings flashed in forked lines as arrows from the bow of the Almighty. At the appointed time in heaven's will, the cap stone, long rejected, will be brought forth with shouting, crying grace! grace unto it. Remember the words of the Lord where he says: "All my words shall be fulfilled, whether by mine own voice out of the heavens, or by the voice of my servants, it is the same," and again: "He that heareth whomsoever I send, heareth me." Forget not these things.

I covet no man's silver, gold, or apparel; neither his good, wares or merchandise. I covet not the honors of this world; neither the good opinion of ungodly men: But I do covet the Spirit of the living God. I covet grace equal to my day, and earnestly pray God, my heavenly Father, in the name of his son, Jesus Christ, that I may have power to honor my priesthood and calling, to bear a faithful testimony to the truth, and by no act, spot or stain the testimony which I bear.

God bless the people and his servants, and roll on his mighty work in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

A Supernatural Tale.

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life.

When about thirty years of age, to wit, in the year 1838, he was first mate of a bark trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick. On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the western portion of the banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun, after which they both descended to calculate the day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwart ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state room, and from that landing were two doors, close to each other, the one opening off into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway, into the state room. The desk in the state room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could look into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculations which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but as he met that fixed gaze looking at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm, that it immediately attracted the captain's attention. "Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir, there is a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would have ventured down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Hum! Whom?"

"God knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir, but then I saw him."

"Go down and see what it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said, "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color, "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul to be found.

"Well Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did I not tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir, but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home and family again."

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

He exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate, and there in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the north-west!"

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" asked the captain, in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man, as a sailor, sir," replied Bruce. "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, with the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over, and pushing it towards Bruce, he said, write down, Steer to the north-west."

The mate complied, and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two hand writings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came, and at the captain's request he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat in deep thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched, and if I don't find the fellow he must be a hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all the hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched; and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board, but not a living soul beyond the crew and officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I was in your place; it's only a few hours lost, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck, and give the course north-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a lookout aloft, and let him be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the lookout reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and shortly after what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they hove to, and sent out boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board.

She had got entangled in the ice, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions, and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's yards, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen, three or four hours before, looking up from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems, that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir, the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, one of the passengers we have just saved is the man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see the man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed in the warmest terms, their gratitude for their deliverance from a horrible fate—slow coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then turning to the passenger; he said, "I hope sir you will not think I am trifling with you, but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger, "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive of such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passengers, he turned it over, and gave it to him again with the other side up.

"You say this is your hand writing?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this?" said he. "I only wrote one of them. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passengers looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that I wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the bark. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," replied the other, "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary, and I had intended to speak to you so soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman (pointing to the passenger) being, much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he dreamed he was on board a bark, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig; and to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight she corresponded exactly with his description of her."

We had not put much faith in what he said; still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it turned out I cannot doubt that it was all arranged in some incomprehensible way by an overruling Providence, that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for his goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the other captain, "that the writing on the slate, come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering at the time considerably south of west, and I altered my course to north-west and I had a lookout aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on the slate?"

"No, sir; I have no recollection what ever of doing so. I got the impression that the bark I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us, but how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another thing strange about it," he added; "Everything on board seems quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally reached was that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communicated to me by Capt. J. S. Clarke of the schooner Julia Hallock,* who had it directly from Mr. Bruce. They sailed together 17 months, in the years 1836 and 1837, so that Capt. Clarke had the story from the mate about 8 years after the occurrence. He has since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is yet alive. All he has heard of since they were shipmates, is that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became master of the Brig Comet, and that she was lost.

I asked Capt. Clarke if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was. "As truthful and straightforward a man, as ever I met in my life. We were intimate as ever were brothers and two men cannot be together 18 months in a ship without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He also spoke of the circumstance in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and another world. I'd stake my life upon it that he told me no lie."

*In July 1839. The Julia Hallock was then lying at the foot of Rutgers' Square, New York. She trades between New York and St. Jago, Cuba. The Captain allowed me to use his name, and to refer to him as evidence for the truth of what is here set down.

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