

mercy of the tides and winds of the Indian Ocean for nearly a week, that he was at length picked up by a European vessel. So powerfully was he impressed on this occasion, that it is said he was never after seen to smile. He was a grave and somewhat hard-favored man, powerful in bone and muscle even after he had considerably turned his sixtieth year, and much respected for his inflexible integrity and the depth of his religious feelings. Both Saunders and his wife—a person of equal worth with himself—were especial favorites with Mr. Porteous of Kilmuir, — a minister of the same class with the Pedens, Renwicks, and Cargills of a former age,—and on one occasion, when the sacrament was held in his parish, and Saunders was absent on one of his Dutch voyages, Mrs. M'Iver was an inmate of the manse. A tremendous storm burst out in the night-time; and the poor woman lay awake, listening in utter terror to the fearful roarings of the wind, as it howled in the chimneys and shook the casements and the door. At length, when she could lie still no longer, she arose, and, creeping along the passage to the door of the minister's chamber, "O Mr. Porteous!" she said, "Mr. Porteous, do ye no hear that, and poor Saunders on his way back fra Holland! Oh, rise, rise, and ask the strong help o' your Master!" The minister accordingly rose, and entered his closet. The Elizabeth, at this critical moment, was driving onwards, through the spray and darkness, along the northern shore of the Moray Frith. The fearful skerries of Shandwick, where so many gallant vessels have perished, were close at hand, and the increasing roll of the sea showed the gradual shallowing of the water. M'Iver and his old townsman Robert Hossack stood together at the binnacle. An immense wave came rolling behind, and they had but barely time to clutch to the nearest hold