

Driven along by the fury of the gale, the terrible ship of the "flying Dutchman" approaches the shore, and reaches the land, where its captain has been promised he shall one day find salvation and deliverance; we hear the compassionate tones of this saving promise, which affect us like prayers and lamentations. Gloomy in appearance and bereft of hope, the doomed man is listening to them also; weary, and longing for death, he paces the strand; while his crew, worn out and tired of life, are silently employed in "making all tight" on board. How often has he, ill-fated, already gone through the same scene! How often has he steered his ship o'er ocean's billows to the inhabited shores, on which, at each seven year's truce, he has been permitted to land! How many times has he fancied that he has reached the limit of his tortures, and alas! how repeatedly has he, terribly undeceived, been obliged to betake himself again to his wild wandering at sea! In order that he may

2.

secure release by death, he has made common
cause in his adquish with the floods and tempests
against himself; his ship he has driven into
the gaping gulf of the billows, yet the gulf has
not swallowed it up; through the surf of the
breakers he has steered it upon the rocks, yet
the rocks have not broken it to pieces. All the
terrible dangers of the sea, at which he once
laughed in his wild eagerness for energetic
action, now mock at him. They do him no injury;
under a curse he is doomed to wander o'er ocean's
wastes, for ever in quest of treasures which fail
to re-animati him, and without finding that
which alone can redeem him! Swiftly a smart-
looking ship sails by him; he hears the jovial
familiar song of its crew, as returning from a
voyage they make jolly on their returning home.
Enraged at their merry humors, he gives chase,
and coming up with them in the gale, so scares
and terrifies them, that they become mute in their
fright, and take to flight. From the depth of

his terrible misery he shrieks out for redemption; in his horrible banishment from mankind it is a woman that alone can bring him salvation. Where and in what country carries his deliverer? Where is there a feeling heart to sympathize with his woes? Where is she who will not turn away from him in horror and flight like those cowardly fellows who in their terrors hold up the cross at his approach! A lurid light now breaks through the darkness; like lightning it pierces his tortured soul. It vanishes, and again beams forth; keeping his eye upon this guiding star, the sailor steers towards it, o'er waves and floods. What is it that so powerfully attracts him, but the gaze of a woman, which, full of sublime sadness and divine sympathy, is drawn towards him! A heart has opened its lowest depths to the awful sorrows of this ill-fated one; it cannot but sacrifice itself for his sake, and breaking in sympathy for him, annihilates itself in his woes. The unhappy one is over —

4.
whelmed at this divine appearance; his ship
is broken in pieces and swallowed up in the
gulf of the billows. but he saved and exalted
emerges from the waves, with his victorious
deliverer at his side and ascends to heaven
led by the rescuing hand of sublimest love.

Lento.

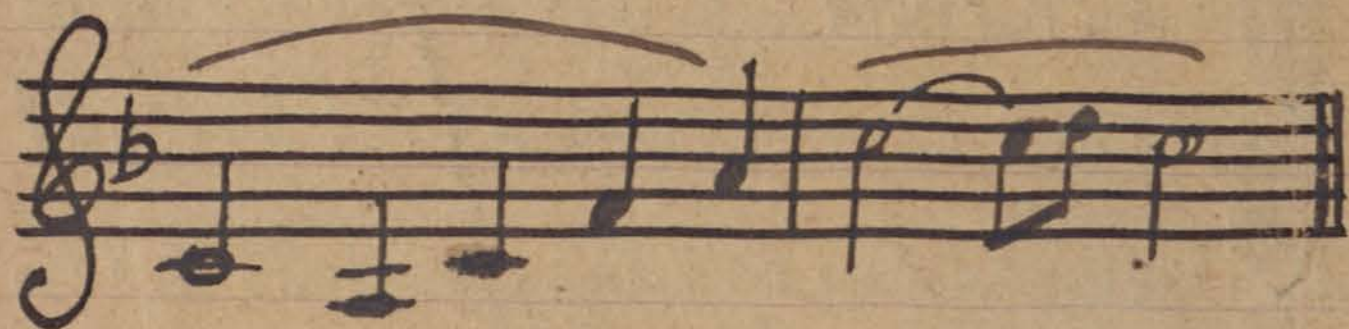
Thank thou thine Angel with every breath!
Here see me true, yes, true till death.



Eternal unrest of the
Dutchman -



Salvation principle.



Alto.