

and we went on board and steamed away to Dog Islands. In the afternoon we continued our voyage to Pointe de Perche, a little above Bonne Esperance, but we found the narrow passage, which we had to take, blocked with ice, and consequently the ship's head was turned round and we made harbour for the night under the lee of an island in old Fort Bay.

On Sunday, July 8, we left the ship in the steam launch for Bonne Esperance. On reaching Pointe du Perche we found that the passage was just wide enough to allow the "Canadienne" to steam through it. The launch was, therefore, at once turned round so that we might signal the ship to follow us, which she did, and thus we steamed along together and reached Bonne Esperance in time to see the people going into the Congregational Church there for Morning Service. The fact was that a Rev. Mr. Forbes, a Presbyterian Minister from Nova Scotia, had arrived on the Saturday in a schooner and was holding a service.

When after Service we visited Mr. Whitely, the owner of the fishing establishment, he brought before us one of the sad events which now and then appeal to the deepest feelings of all who live on this treacherous and rocky coast. He told us, viz., that on the previous Wednesday morning two little boys twelve and eight years of age, the children of Mr. James Buckle, of Pigeon Island, close by, had got into a boat for a short row, and that in the fog and ice they had apparently lost their bearings, for nothing had been heard of them since, and that consequently their relatives and neighbours were all in great distress. While we were condoling with them, the Presbyterian Minister came in and told us he had announced an evening service for seven o'clock and he begged that we would take it. This the Bishop agreed to do, but at the same time we felt that, if possible, a Service should be offered to our people at Old Fort Island, some six miles distant. I therefore induced Mr. Samuel Thomas, one of our people, to go up to Old Fort with me in a boat. As the wind was light our passage was a long one and I could not get back to Bonne Esperance for Evening Service. I remained, therefore, for Evensong and Sermon at Old Fort, and after Service and a long two hours' row we reached the ship. Meantime the Bishop held a crowded Evening Service at Bonne Es-

perance with most hearty singing by the large body of fishermen and schoonermen present, and most curiously preached on the same text as myself, viz., "What must I do to be saved?"

Immediately after this Service the Congregation were greatly excited by the intelligence that the two little boys had been found—one of them alive and the other dead. The story of the survivor, the elder boy, as given to me by the Bishop, was most touching. They had rowed out, the boy said, on Wednesday morning before their breakfast and presently he found that in the fog which came on most suddenly, he had lost his way. He wanted to anchor and wait for the fog to clear off, but the younger boy began to cry and begged him to row home. They both rowed therefore in what they thought was the right direction, but the wind had changed, and consequently they were going all the while out to sea. Thus they went on pulling all day and all night with nothing to eat except a few small raw fish, which happened to be in the boat for bait, but they were able to slake their thirst by sucking morsels of the broken ice by which they were surrounded, the little boy talking continually of their reaching home and how much tea they would enjoy on their arrival. On Thursday they found themselves coming near to shore, but the vast amount of ice packed in their way prevented their landing, and presently the wind carried them again out to sea. Thus they passed another day and another night, and on Friday morning they saw a steamer, our own boat, as she came out of Cumberland Harbour, but we did not observe them. Disappointed again, the younger boy at last said, 'I can't do any more. I must lie down.' Presently, the elder brother, seeing that they were being carried under a huge ledge of ice, begged him to get up and help to pull the boat away from it. He said he could not, but on being urged to try, he got up, and with his last remaining strength he rowed till they were out of danger. He then lay down again, and his brother covered him with a little sail, and in about five minutes more, about noon on Friday, the little fellow's spirit fled. Poor little child! he was not clad like his elder brother, as his father said afterwards, for such a voyage, and, therefore, he was thus