

When the morning sun shone out, nineteen women and children lay dead along the shore. One group of children were found clasped in each other's arms, sunk in mud to the knees, frozen all dead! During the darkness and confusion of landing, four young children were separated from their parents who sought for them in vain, and at length gave them up for lost. A boy of fourteen years of age encountered these poor little ones; and on learning their deplorable plight, he resolved to do what he could to save their lives. Making the shivering children lie down, locked in each other's arms, he set to work resolutely collecting moss and piling it on them, layer after layer, till at length the piercing cold was partially excluded. Then having fortunately discovered a fragment of a sail, he spread it over all, rolling stones on the extremities to keep it in its place. By hard toil he collected more moss, and increased the rude covering, until the poor little children ceased to cry with the bitter cold, and sank into a slumber. Through all the dreary hours of that awful night, this heroic boy remained by these children, guarding them from the blast and speaking to them, when they awoke, words of cheer and hope. He might have taken refuge in the huts, but he would not leave his helpless charge. At length daylight appeared, and then he turned his tottering footsteps towards the huts, to look for aid. When half way, he met the parents of the missing children coming out to search for their bodies. He told them where they were to be found; and on lifting the covering of moss their hearts throbbed joyfully to find their children alive and refreshed with sleep. But alas! on the way back, they found the noble boy who had saved their children's lives, at the expense of his own, lying dead! Nature was exhausted after the fatigue and exposure of the night; and unable to reach the friendly shelter, he sank and expired.

The survivors dug a common grave for the dead; and in it, with bitter, heart wrung tears, husbands laid the uncoffined bodies of their wives and children, and friend buried friend. No coffin or shroud for any form; no memorial to mark their resting place; no words of Christian consolation breathed over their dust. The young hero whose tale I have told sleeps with the others in this lonely grave. But another form that was laid there—that of a mother who was found dead, with a living infant clinging to her breast, endeavoring to draw nourishment from her bosom—wring tears from men who seldom wept. With a love stronger than death, the mother had stripped herself of her clothing, wrapped it around her babe, and then clasping it to her bosom so as to shelter it from the blast, she sank into the death stupor. In the morning, the unconscious babe looked up smiling into the faces of the survivors, from its shelter on the dead mother's bosom. O mighty power of love, that throbs often most strongly in the bosom of the humblest—those whom we in our pride and scorn, pass by with contempt—prompting to deeds of self-sacrifice that show what depths of tenderness slumber unsuspected in human hearts, and proving to what heights humanity may rise. How poor does many a deed that has been sung by poet appear, when contrasted with the acts of this nameless fisher-boy and poor, loving mother. Dead boy! Dead mother! How your deeds of love brighten the scenes of horrors, carrying our thoughts up to that Infinite Love who gave Himself for our poor humanity; rebuking our cold selfishness, and saying to all go and do something to help and comfort your suffering brothers! O dark mystery of sorrow, pain and death! In presence of such examples of love breathed into the soul of man from the Divine source of Love, we can better believe, notwithstanding the dark chain of sorrow that encircles our race, that the universe is rooked in the arms of Everlasting love; and that

“Every cloud that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is love.”

M. H.

—*Nfld. Public Ledger.*