

quently the cases of sickness arriving in the S. Lawrence have been comparatively few. A few weeks ago, the Bishop, hearing that his Chaplain there was ill and unfit for duty, paid the Islands a Sunday visit. Saturday afternoon, August 24th, was the appointed day for going down, but a stiff breeze from the East, blowing up against the outgoing tide proved too much for the sturdy little S. S. "Challenger," and obliged her to turn her head towards Quebec and land her twenty or thirty passengers for the night. After an early Celebration in the private Episcopal Chapel, the Bishop made another start the next morning, Sunday, August 25th—a most lovely day. Morning Prayer was said on board, with a most attentive and responsive Congregation, and Grosse Isle was reached exactly at noon. All were soon on shore, and a few minutes' walk brought several of the party to the well placed and beautiful residence of the Medical Superintendent, Dr. Montizambert. Here the Bishop was received with proverbial hospitality by the whole family, and spent, it need not be said, a quiet, restful, happy day. During the afternoon all the English-speaking people resorted to Church for Evening Prayer, at the close of which the Bishop preached. The responding with the singing of the Chants and Hymns was all most hearty, and it was really a good and profitable hour. During his visit, too, the Bishop inspected all the appliances which are ready any day and every day for the stamping out of any visitation of dangerous disease. There are now, thanks to the able representations of the Superintendent, suitable receiving houses, for first, second and third-class passengers, who may arrive in an infected Ocean Steamer, and whom, although not themselves stricken with disease, it may be prudent to detain for a few days for the safety of our cities and centres of population. Attached there are baths and other necessary appliances, and close by there are large houses with the most approved steam machinery for the disinfection of all bedding and clothing, not to mention a chemical laboratory where the doctors apply tests and discern germs, &c. And more than half a mile distant stands a well appointed hospital for the reception of the sick, while here and there

are dotted the houses of the three Doctors and of the necessarily numerous staff. Certainly every citizen should be thankful to know how well and thoroughly every arrangement has been made, and how fully all that is needful is ready to be carried out without interfering unduly with the liberty and comfort of those, who, although not actually sick themselves, have yet on board ship been in close contact with infectious disease, and must therefore be detained a little for the safety of the country to which they are coming. It may be said, too, without fear of contradiction, that as a "Locale" for a Quarantine Station, Grosse Isle has so many special advantages, that its position, shape and qualifications make up quite an ideal.

But after all the great charm of the Islands is its lovely scenery, including handsome distant mountains, grand river prospects, and the finest variety of sylvan beauty that can be imagined. There are also grand rocks to brighten by their contrast of color and texture, the sunny sweetness of the fine old trees and luxuriant shrubs, so that the Bishop most heartily agrees with a young lad, who had been taken off the S. S. "Labrador," and detained for twenty-four hours on his way up to Quebec, when instead of being annoyed or vexed in any way, he said, "No one need mind, for really it is a beautiful island!"

On Monday, August 26th, the Bishop, who had also had his twenty-four hours, not of detention—but of happy change, having joined early with his people in the Holy Communion, after breakfast bade his friends adieu, and with the help of the S. S. "Challenger," and of a trim little yacht doing duty at the Station, made his way over in company with the kind medical Superintendent and some of his circle to S. Thomas, and thence took the I. C. R. back to Quebec.

### An Impressive Moment.

The following reminiscence was given by Colonel Eyre at a meeting at Brixton.

The Colonel, who had served with the Rifle Brigade, remarked that one of the most solemn moments he ever experienced was the night before the attack on the Redan, September, 8th, 1855.