

through the billows. In that stormy sea, to follow his course was impossible. They only knew his progress by the telling out of the rope.

It was a terrible suspense,—to none so much as to May, who leaned half fainting, yet too anxious to lose entire consciousness, upon her father's arm.

A quarter of an hour, and the signal was given to pull in. Rapidly it was obeyed. But each haul found the weight heavier, until it was evident that the swimmer or swimmers were no longer able to assist themselves.

So it proved, when by one more haul they were landed. The two were found senseless, clasped in each other's arms with a grip like death.

Anxiously the crowd gathered round, and a murmur of surprise burst from many as in the preserver and preserved they recognized Thomas Mildmay and the supposed murdered man, John Westmacott.

Little remains to be told. John Westmacott, on recovering, heard with considerable emotion who had been his rescuer, and eagerly he explained the mystery of his disappearance on that eventful night.

Maddened by passion, after striking

Thomas Mildmay down, he set off to walk to a neighboring seaport, resolving never to place foot in the rectory again.

A vessel when he arrived, was on the point of starting for Norway—a place he had long desired to visit,—and he took passage in her, hoping by travel to find distraction from his misery.

In Norway he had remained until a week back, when chance had thrown into his hands an old newspaper containing Thomas Mildmay's trial.

Shocked and overwhelmed with remorse, he had not lost a moment in returning to Scotland by the first ship that sailed, which, by a singular chain of circumstances happened to be wrecked on the very portion of the coast he wished to reach.

"You have saved my life, Tom," said he, warmly pressing his friend's palm, "and I am here to prove your innocence. Forgive the past, and," taking May's hand, and himself placing it in the other's, "I pray you be happy. If your guilt was not proven your devotion is, and fully merits the reward of May Westleigh's love."—*English Magazine.*

## DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH BROTHER.

Our readers will no doubt remember seeing, in the daily newspapers last month, a cable message, announcing the sudden death of the Earl of Shrewsbury, at his residence in London, on the 11th of May. It is, perhaps, not generally known to the brethren in Canada that the deceased lord was an enthusiastic Mason, and ready at all times to use his wealth, his influence, and his position, in promoting the good of the Order

which he loved so well; and was, at the time of his death, Provincial Grand Master of Staffordshire, and Grand Prior of England and Wales. We take the following account of the noble lord's Masonic career, which will, we think, be of great interest to our readers, from the obituary notice which appeared in the London *Freemason*, of the 19th of May:—

His lordship was installed Provincial Grand Master of Staffordshire on