

# The Church.

"Get foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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## Poetry.

### "TIS BUT A DREAM."

BY TAMER ANNE KERMODE.

"'Tis but a dream," said the aged man,  
As he lay at his death-bed door;  
This world with its changes, a long long  
dream,  
And now it is nearly o'er.

How fair was its promise in youth's bright  
hours,  
How sweet were its hopes of joy;  
It seemed like an Eden—this world of ours.  
To me when a careless boy.

Yet soon I passed on to manhood's prime  
Then thought were around me cast—  
I looked in vain for my Eden flowers,  
They remained with the gladness past.

Then on with the busy, restless throng,  
I rushed in pursuit of gold;  
When this was obtained to my heart's de-  
sire,  
I found I was growing old.

That my eye was losing its lustre bright,  
My step its elastic tread,  
That my brown hair was thickly sprinkled  
with grey,  
And that soon I'd be laid with the dead.

This world with its changes is but a dream,  
Its strong ties will soon be rent—  
But O, when awakened from death's deep  
sleep,  
May I open my eyes in heaven.

### AFFECTING REMINISCENCE.

Mr. Manning and his wife, were sitting  
on the cheerful piazza, alone. He looked  
old & fitful, but time had laid very light  
hands upon him. The iron-gray of his hair  
had turned to silver, and that ripe, mature  
expression reigned over his noble countenance  
which marks unerringly the perfection  
of manhood. Susie was close behind him;  
and his arm encircled her waist, and his hand  
clapped her, not as if the will-fostering  
caress of "old love," but as if his whole  
heart were in the admission and confidence,  
were immorally anchored upon her.

Susie looked older, but her hair was just  
as smooth and bright, and her eyes just  
as black and loving as when he had made her  
his bride. She wore deep mourning, more  
becomingly to her beauty, perhaps than any  
other dress; but it was the outward sign and  
symbol of her inward sorrow. Mrs. Manning  
was childless. Paul, the first-born, in the  
bloom and loveliness of his third summer,  
had been transplanted from this  
mother's bosom to an angel in heaven.

Little Susie, the sweet dearest of her  
mother, came to cheer the household for a  
few brief months, and then too faded away,  
and they wept over her tiny coffin. Susie  
Manning had surrendered her childhood  
without a murmur; but she wildly prayed  
that her husband might live, to close her  
eyes and stand by her grave; the whole  
wealth of her heart, the whole treasury of  
her affections, she desired nothing to bestow,  
nothing on which to bestow her devotion,  
but her husband and her home.

Mr. Manning looked at her face with a  
strange smile and said—  
"Susie, have I ever pained you, or made  
you unhappy since our marriage?"

"You have the noblest, dearest, best of  
husbands; and I the happiest of wives," she  
replied exultingly.

"That does not answer my question—  
Tell me, Susie, I have a particular motive  
for asking."

"Not this many years," she said smiling,  
while her radiant face confirmed the  
truth of what she said.

"Well, Susie, did you ever know that I  
was passionately fond of billiards during my  
youth?"

"Not from any such communication that  
you ever made me," she replied archly.

"Did you ever know I played after we  
were married, and our little Paul was  
born?"

"Husband," said Susie, "do you remember  
one night when our baby had a prostrating  
croup, and one Saturday night?"

"Most painfully well, Susie, what then?"

"That Saturday night, beloved, I heard  
that you allowed yourself an habitual indul-  
gence in what I had always instinctively  
regarded as very vicious and sinful. I  
heard that you were a gambler. My  
whole soul revolted. You had never em-  
powered me by your confidence to contradi-  
ct you, although I believe it false. You  
have been absent late at night. O husband,  
that night I was more unhappy than ever  
before, or that I have ever tasted deep and  
bitter sorrow since. When I kissed and  
caressed our dear little Paul, and Susie, and  
they were buried away out of my sight, I  
knew that they had gone to the bosom of  
Jesus. But that night, somehow, I felt that  
if you, my best loved, were as I loved me  
and I loved you, I felt as if you were on  
the brink of a fearful danger, and I was  
powerless to warn or save you."

"I was on the brink of a fearful danger,  
Susie, and your gentleness, your indescrib-  
able sweetness, saved me. I have said 'God  
thou behest me' to many a temptation, be-  
cause your image stood before me, in your  
heavenly purity and truth."

"I came home and found you asleep. Susie  
you looked to me like a white-robed angel  
just from Heaven—to unfold in your arms  
my beautiful, obdurate child. Such a sight,  
such a sight, I will never forget. I  
then said 'Will be done' of the very last mo-  
ment, to fade out from my heart. You  
opened your eyes and welcomed me with  
caresses. You uttered no words of reproach,  
reproach or distrust; you only asked me if  
I loved you, and then you gently fell on  
my bosom."

"Remember, my dear, I had treasured upon  
my own principles. Clayton's face  
haunted me. I had committed a whole cas-  
cade of sins and the sting of conscience  
was keen and piercing."

"You named me all day, O how tenderly,  
and I only conversed with myself and God  
over to give you like obsession agony—  
At night I went to call on Clayton at his  
bed. He was sitting alone in an upper  
room. A bottle of brandy and a most suspi-  
cious looking tall stool on the table be-  
fore him, and he was heavily peering a let-  
ter."

"He scarcely noticed my entrance, but soon  
noticed his writing, and deliberately folded  
the paper and said:

"Maunering; you and I have been friends  
from boyhood. I desire one last favour of  
you. This is a letter to my injured wife. I  
want you to deliver it yourself and tell her  
I could not survive both disgrace and ruin.  
God will bless you if you be kind to her, the  
addict with almost suffocating emotion."

I took the vial in my hand and playfully  
asked its contents, though there was a dread-  
ful fluttering at my heart.

"Why, my dear Clayton," said I, "What  
sort of a fifth act have I stumbled upon?  
You are not going to make off with your-  
self? What sort of essence have you  
here?"

Clayton gazed very earnestly into my face  
for a few moments, and then took the vial  
out of my hand.

"It is a desperate act," he said "and I take  
a plunge into a horrible darkness. Manner-  
ing, but I am a desperate man—certain  
I am a desperate man. I have squan-  
dered my own fortune—my wife was an  
heirloom and now she is a beggar. It is a  
craven thing to tell you but a man may be  
pardoned the disclosures he may make in  
his last hours. The money you won from  
me last night, I secretly borrowed from  
the vaults of the bank where I am employed—  
with the vain hope that one more indulgence  
of my passions would relieve my fallen to-  
tunes. It is gone and I am a dead man!"

He raised the vial to his lips, but with a  
strength augmented by the horror I felt, I  
reached it from him, before he had time to  
its subtle contents, and dashed it against a  
brick wall that flanked the opening window.  
Clayton bowed his head upon the table.

"Well, this is truly a tragic way to make  
yourself agreeable," said I feigning a com-  
posure I was far from feeling. "You  
are a mad man, but not a dead man. Shame  
upon you to add insult to injury, by making  
your wife the widow of a cowardly suicide!"

I put the money I had won, with an addi-  
tional sum, into his passive hand.

"I believe the first moment where it right-  
fully belongs, Clayton," I said, "before a dis-  
covery of the fraud can possibly be made.  
And now you and I will provide ourselves,  
after this most farcical farce. What do  
you say?"

His hand instinctively extended itself to-  
wards the decanter.

"No, no, Clayton," I replied to his move-  
ment. "That is your worst enemy, and will  
be your destroyer, unless you break all  
friendship with it. Now, let us solemnly, as  
husbands, as fathers, as citizens, adjure all  
associations henceforth with brandy and  
games of chance?"

"The convulsive energy with which he  
gripped my hand was like the pressure of a  
vice."

"You have saved me," he said and I will  
promise you anything."

Susie had listened with absorbing interest  
to this narration. "And did he restore hap-  
piness to his wife, and keep his pledge, as  
my noble husband has done?"

"Yes, dearest—neither of us has since set  
our feet within the precincts of temptation.  
He is now president of the bank he robbed,  
and I sufficiently happy and honoured by  
being your husband."

### NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL FISHERY.

SHIPWRECK AND AWFUL SUFFERING AT SEA—  
TEN LIVES LOST—NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN  
RUDOLF.

From the Montreal Herald.

We have by private hand, news from St.  
John's to the 19th instant. The seal fishery  
had so far been pretty good. About forty  
(one fourth of the whole fleet) had arrived,  
with about 100,000 seals. It was feared,  
however, that the remainder would meet  
with but little success. A vessel com-  
manded by Captain Rudolf, well known  
among us, an account of which we give be-  
low, from a letter written by the master af-  
ter his arrival.

The British Barque *Blake*, of 800 tons,  
Edward Rudolf, Master, belonging to Messrs  
Firma, Brother & Co. of Liverpool, England  
sailed from Ship Island Harbor, State of  
Mississippi, United States, with a cargo of  
Pitch Pine deals, bound to Cork for orders,  
in fine trim, and beautiful order, on the 8th  
of Feb. last, with fine fair wind and light  
weather, with every hope of making a good  
and prosperous passage. The weather continued fine,  
and the progress on our way, sighted  
Bermuda on the 18th day after leaving  
all well—ship tight and in splendid order  
—until the 4th day of March, when the  
weather began to change, commencing to  
blow from the South East with rainy equal-  
ity strength. 5th—hauled to the South West  
blowing a strong gale and heavy sea running,  
fouling the ship making a little water  
gangs, being attended to every watch. 6th  
and 7th—the gale increasing and sea run-  
ning very high and gross, wind blowing  
from South West North West, causing the  
ship to labour heavily, and kept one man  
constantly going, running under double  
reefed mainmast, and close reefed fore-  
topmast, and foremast. 8th and 9th, gale still  
continuing, and veering more to northward,  
with very heavy squalls, causing a great  
crossed sea, making the ship labour, and  
straining fearfully—at this time both pumps  
going constantly, run in under close reefed  
mainmast, and tried to fore-reach her un-  
der the two closed topsails, but finding her  
straining and labouring more, owing to cross-  
ed sea, caused by the sudden changes of  
wind, we obliged to run her, finding the ship  
making water fast, and gaining upon us,  
having three feet water in the hold. 10th  
and 11th—gale continuing, squalls more  
violent and frequent, attended with hail  
and snow, and very cold, water gaining rap-  
idly on the pumps—8 feet in the hold.—  
12th—blowing a terrific gale from W. N. W.,  
with a very heavy sea running, thirteen  
feet of water in the hold; men getting worn  
out, being at the pumps, without sleep, water  
rising fast, and the ship getting heavy  
and difficult to steer, at 6 p.m. she broach-  
ed to, shipped a sea, which carried away the  
man at the lee wheel, binnacle, skylights,  
look and jolly boats and all the bulwarks;  
took the foremast in, and rounded her to  
under the close reefed mainmast, when she  
sheet parted and the sail blew to pieces—  
the lay very broad to the sea, which made a  
clean breach over her, carrying away spars  
water rising fast, long boat, top  
gallant masts, breaking in poop, and  
gallant masts, breaking in poop, and  
deck; got the main trysail set, and tried to  
cut away the foremast, but it was impossible  
to get there—ship being now water-logged,

and blowing a terrible gale with violent  
squalls, and sea making clean breach over  
her; a hands clinging to the weather rigging,  
and in the mainmast, everything being  
washed away from the main deck. 13th—  
blowing a perfect hurricane, with terrific  
squalls of hail, sleet, and snow, from North-  
west, and fearfully cold; at 11 a.m. was  
struck by a terrific squall and a tremendous  
heavy sea at 6 o'clock, which capsized the  
ship, washing away 7 men, poop-deck,  
burst up the main deck, washed off all the  
hatchwork, carrying away every morsel of pro-  
visions there was on board the ship; an' all  
spare sails. She lay in this state about 2  
hours, when the hurricane blow piercing  
cold, nearly perishing the remainder of the  
crew, when she carried away all three lower  
masts at the heads, bowsprit short off at the  
stem. She righted slowly, having a list; it  
formed a slight shelter from the cold wind,  
under the weather—poop bulwarks. We  
were obliged to huddle and make ourselves  
fast to prevent being washed away by the  
sea, which was constantly breaking off us.  
In this miserable position we remained until  
the 18th, gale still continuing and sea break-  
ing over us (bunch about lat 43; 15 N long  
33-30 W.), and unable to move from this  
place for fear of being washed away. Thus  
being 5 days without a morsel of food or a  
drink of water without rest, and constantly  
drenched with seas. 19th, gale and sea  
more moderate—at the risk of our lives, at-  
tempted to get forward for a drink of water,  
in which we succeeded, but spilt the whole  
of water in the attempt—the day one of the  
sailors died from cold, hunger and  
fatigue; we put him on board, and some  
pieces of canvas to lie upon, and all tuck-  
led together in a heap to keep ourselves  
warm. 20th, this being the seventh day  
without anything, the weather still very rough  
and cold, I caught a half-drowned rat which  
I immediately cut up, and shared out to  
each one, it was a delicious morsel. The  
eighth day we were able to get forward and  
get a small cup of water from the hold—  
brought it at and lashed it to the stanchions  
this being the only thing we had to depend  
upon. Ninth day—no sail could yet be dis-  
cerned upon the horizon: all eyes daily and  
nightly stretched to catch a glimpse of some  
friendly sail. Hunger now began to tell  
heavily upon us all, and its ravages  
were plainly discerned 10th day—what  
a joyous sound was heard this morning, at  
about daylight, cried out, "Sail, ho!"  
and two? Every heart leaped with joy, but  
only to be a heavier disappointment when the  
two vessels passed us, one to windward and  
the other to leeward, without taking any  
notice of us. Oh! this disappointment was  
heart-breaking; and starvation staring us  
in the face, and the cries and moans of the  
men around me, calling on their God to  
help them. Oh! the scene was awful and  
horrible—it cannot be described by pen, and  
in my situation I had to set up against  
everything, to show them that they must not  
lose heart. Many times I had to set my  
teeth as hard as iron to bear up against the  
moans and cries of the men, and their ap-  
peals to me of what should they do, when I  
could have laid down and given way to grief  
and sorrow far deeper than their own, to see  
those men, once so strong and robust, now  
nothing better than smacking their lips, and  
dreaming of being at some friendly table,  
eating and enjoying themselves in some of  
their native sops. At length, exhausted, only to  
be awakened by a wash of sea, to behold their  
most deplorable state. Then the men from  
the poor fellows become heartrending by  
this time began to get slightly, from  
weakness, and some breaking out all over  
us, from being constantly wet with salt wa-  
ter. In this way we continued until the  
thirteenth day, when we saw another vessel  
pass us, and take no notice of us. The  
wailings and moanings were too awful to  
be described upon this day—thirteen days with-  
out a morsel of food of any kind to put to  
our lips. Another seaman died this day  
from starvation, but we did not put him  
on board; we reserved him for our own  
use, and in this state we lingered for four  
days more, living upon the body of our dead  
companion; but I must say very sparingly  
indeed, for the thought of it was almost as  
bad as death. Through these four awful  
days I do not see how we ever lived, not  
having a dry place to lay, and the sea con-  
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