ince the Evangelist opened
of the mysterious things, yet
ared to him was, after the
prise, spoken to us as truth
he hath him write for the in-
believers then, and for the
elievers to the world's end;
f His Church through storm
for the comfort of her child-
their saint is borne away from
Exile," said that voice from
ared are the dead." How
lives was this thought when
ation of mortal strife, the
weary warfare! How natural
when, after the pains and
sick bed, there comes that
ss, that perfect tranquility,
athless sleep! The storms of
with their wonted fury, but the
not. Earth has still its
troubles, but they disturb
tarious and human passions
calm sleepers. There are
s, and signs, but not in those
d, though the dead! Happy
ape from the turmoil and
ones of earth No perplexity
the tearing of the heart, no
body now. Having under-
them on that first Sunday
of a loved and esteemed
steadfast member of that com-
ably connected for many years
and interest of this diocese,
The natives were shaken and its
and considered the text he had
a very appropriate one. The
deceased: "Behold, Mr. Joshua
person, had been a peculiarly
The duties of his profes-
great, had become at length
His duties to the State as a
House of Commons, and one
in that assembly, were onerous
were anxieties apart from
or more personal work which
upon his energies, a trial to his
burden upon his mind and
he been breasting the billows;
with vigorous arm he had made
contended with the tide against
last the strong swimmer had to
direct cause of his death
strain on his physical
undue pressure on his
ers which, in the words of the
deceased the silver cord and broke
owl. The financial crisis which
this Province about twenty years
away the gains and accumula-
and prudence had been returned for
uments that ensued was one too
nom to need recital in the tale;
which drove him into mental
the intensity of professional
though manifestly unequal to
him down at last. This would
assurance to the world how con-
He strove to cancel every obli-
to render to every one his due;
as to him to say that there were
thoughts and not many hard sayings
nection with this special respon-
deeply moved him; it never in
Bishop's) intercourse with him
broke one word of retaliatory ac-
f the deceased) strongly disapproved
the charge that was repeated to
that he indulged in no angry de-
If the feeling of an uncle dis-
lisible, it was in the calm, and
reasoning tone in which he conducted
astice of his accusers. He (the
d loth to touch upon this tender
the mention of it in that solemn
ides to the conviction he (the
always felt that his conduct
acts in this case were by many
ted, and his intentions misunder-
to return to the words of the
ed, and their duty
ly to the earthly trials
ities which it terminates,
ed." The blessedness of that
the blessing we have revealed
unchanged. The words of the
were "Blessed are the dead
in the Lord;" and his Lordship
were justified in antici
departed brother that fullness of
Nearly thirty years ago, when
earth he manifested this in a man-
made manifest (the Bishop)
ness. As the first issues of this
journal, the *Church*, which was for
ars under his (the Bishop's) edi-
ion (Mr. Cameron) seemed to
contribution entitled "The Sab-
ing Hymn," from which he (the
extracted these lines:—
lorful thing to see the thing
faces with their happy eyes
Word of God in breath of song
ing through the sunset to the skies;
that there is truth, to feel that there
Christian's calmness sweet accounts
home,
Gone on the sunny air,
the wandering spirit to its home."
mind and spirit which gave us
those words evinced an unwon-
of the Author of Scripture) future life gave
h amidst the cares and conflicts of
he had thoughts and hopes be-
ing the transmigration. He was
ent from the house of God and the
munion. He always evinced a
ness in what concerned the
and prosperity of the Church.
weeks to their ministry
e always took a prominent share in
rument of their chief training school
the University of Trinity
and his eloquence on its behalf,
ty in its cause, gained for him
diocese of Chief Justice Robinson,
et honour it could confer, the Chan-
ship in addition. Mr. Cameron
an active and useful member of the
and Provincial Synod. It was a
affection and happiness to him (the
to have had the opportunity, after
of several days from town, of
e Lessed a few hours before his
hen, although unable to enter into
ch, he was able to commune and
d very intelligently his assent to the
the Bishop addressed to him;
e very comforting assurance of his
on to God's will in the prospect of
of his faith in the Divine Redeemer,
eriod, and of his whole dependence
for salvation. He followed the
of an exemporary prayer by the
offered up for him, and appeared
of the benediction which fol-
As a public man the loss of no one
more keenly and widely felt; as
of the church to which with such
and affection he always clung, no
more missed and so regretted.
But it was God's will,
y meekly bowed to it. They
journeys (and the Bishop
who must have a sorrow deeper
any of them could have—those
ered in a happy home his bright com-
hip, his love, and his guardianship as
Will sorrow could be like their sor-
in that the bereaved ones had the
ympathy of that congregation; for,
passed to God's throne a member
erfect prayer that He would lighten
ed and are at rest from the labours of
e Evangelist who uttered the
the text, had, with the redeemed
to follow them." When the bereaved
d the departed their living prayer
on no more among them; and yet
d marks and traces which brought
ly before them. Step by step on
ithly way they had pleasing memo-
ast affection. (If all those who die in
them to Toronto, and subsequently sold
n there. The skins were found in the
ession of a butcher in that city, and
tified by Mr. Naugler as his property.
Mississauga he brought to this city, and
bail for his appearance on the 22nd

THE WRECK OF THE SAN RAFAEL.

A TERRIBLE STORY.

(From the London Standard.)

"We have received from the Colonial Office a copy of a letter which Rev. T. Bridges, Missionary Superintendent of the South American Missionary Society at Ushuaia, Terra Del Fuego, has addressed to Gov. Callaghan, Falklin Islands, respecting the loss of the Liverpool vessel, San Rafael, belonging to Balfour, Williams & Co. The reverend gentleman writes:—"On the 22nd of April, a large party of Indians reached Ushuaia from New Year's Sound and neighbourhood, and brought news of the death of nine men by starvation and exposure on an exposed part of the coast, which was judged to be somewhere between Waterman and Henderson Islands. They brought proof of their statements in the clothing they wore and an English ensign they offered for sale. The report was as follows:—An Indian from his canoe had seen signs of the presence of strangers on a rugged islet. Being unaccompanied by any to help him save his wife, he proceeded to land and succeeded in doing so, but went castward in search of helpers. After some time a small canoe boat in one of two canoes approached, the men landed and walked up, found seven men dead and two still living, but very weak, rigid in limbs, emaciated, and unable to walk or stand. The natives were shaken with fear and fire for the two sufferers, one of whom was stronger than his companion, and still retained his senses. The Indians fetched them water and gave them a shag (sea bird) and left them. The poor men had neither food nor water, nor fuel, and their skins had largely peeled off, and seven had already died. Much snow had fallen, and the poor natives, but only such as they found lying around. What they took on this visit was given them by the dead, rigid in limbs, gave drink and food. The natives tried to straighten his limbs and offered to carry him away in their canoe, but in vain. He drank twice and tasted the shag, but could not swallow. He was so far gone that too weak to avail himself of the natives' kindness. He, however, gave away many things, beckoning them to take what they pleased. The natives then left, as they could not remain there, because they could neither moor their canoe to the kelp in such rough waters nor haul it ashore on the steep, rugged coast. The natives returned the following day and found both the men dead, and had weather permitted their return for some days. On their return they found the whole nine dead. They then took away the bodies and buried them on shore, and the dead. We hear that the dead were lying orderly, as planed by their surviving companions, but afterward found the natives had placed most of the bodies as we found them." The writer here goes into considerable detail regarding the voyage in the Allen Gardiner to the spot, and continues:—"We went to Indian Cove in search of competent guides, and were happy in finding two who had been the first to visit the place of suffering. The next day, Thursday, May 18, we were directed by them to the first landing, inside of Black Herring Island. We named it, in honour of Capt. Willis (master of the Allen Gardiner) and four Indians and myself accordingly went to the place, and, owing to the long continued fine weather, easily effected a landing, two men keeping the boat on and off, while one after another jumped ashore. We scrambled up the steep, rocky cliff, and some fifty yards above the sea, near the middle of the islet, or rather peninsula, found the poor men. Six were undeclothed, but all abundantly clothed. One of these was the captain's wife. Some bodies were in a deep hollow between rocks about four feet wide and five feet deep, and about forty feet long. Two bodies were away from the rest, but close to each other. At the upper end of this hollow the poor fellows had lived. Across the rocks they had spread canvas, perhaps their boat's sail, which had attracted the Indians sharp sight from the other side of the sound. Here lay the glorious sweep of country, clad in forest, tins of meat and such muscels as they could gather on the strand were washed coast of their circumscribed prison, a peninsula about one hundred and fifty feet high, and yards wide from west to east, and 300 yards long from north to south. It appeared from the sea to be joined to the main, on second sight, we were horrified to find an abrupt chasm completely cutting off retreat from the dreadful prison. From clothing and other things we ascertained the names of eight of the dead, as follows: Mr. and Mrs. McAdam, the latter by birth we supposed to have been a sister of M. Procter, by finding that name on an article of dress, W. H. Swift, W. Daly, G. G. Stewart, T. Umlandi, and James Reid, a descendant of latter Lockhill or Lockhit. Captain Willis fortunately came across a private note written in pencil in silver lace (leaves of a pocket-book by Captain McAdam, addressed to his son. It was written on the forty-third day of their stay on the desolate island, when the writer was nearly blind, and scarcely able to see the paper he wrote upon. The note was found under a little bush, and stated that they were in a very poor state, but gave no other general information. We buried up the dead as we found them, as it was impossible to remove them. Some bodies were covered from the native's chronometer and case, which was stowed away in a rock on an islet in New Year's Sound; a barometer and sextant case, and part of 'South American Pilot,' also hid away by the natives, but only such as they found lying around. What they took on this visit was given them by the dead, rigid in limbs, gave drink and food. 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MY FATAL ERROR.

(BY MRS. ALEXANDER FRASER.)

It was a golden dream—a dream such as most women have dreamt once in their lifetime. To some of them oblivion comes; to others the dream, vanished, leaves both the present and the future a blank.

I remember, as clearly as though it were but yesterday, that some vague premonition overcame me when I met Max Considine first. Weary of my corner by the sitting-room fire—weary of watching uncle Considine's grave, ragged face as he sat, with an open ledger on his knee, running his long bony fingers slowly down the column of figures, and only acknowledging my presence by a frown if I ventured to stir—weary of seeing Miss Considine, sister and housekeeper to the surly old autocrat, sail over her knitting—and, most of all, weary of myself—I slipped out of the house, and, wrapped in a warm shawl, set out for a brisk walk. Still many years have intervened, yet still I seem to feel the sharp raw air laden with moisture that rushed over me as I closed the hall-door noiselessly, and stood on the stone steps that led down to the lawn. The sky was overcast by lowering masses of grey clouds scudding along before some wind-storm of the upper air, and showing not a shade of that deep sullen gloom. The brown earth was strewn with fluttering leaves, while the gaunt bare branches of the tall elms appeared to be pointing with spectral fingers to the sky. It was assuredly not tempting, likewise, yet I longed to lose in physical exertion the sense of mental stagnation which had crept over me, and which, strive as I would, it seemed impossible to shake off.

I can recall at this moment the peculiar pungent odour of the dead leaves I trod under foot; and if I should live to a century I believe that this fragrance of autumn would always bring back into strange vividness that grey afternoon rapidly closing into twilight, the sobbing *Miserere* which the bare trees seemed to me continually to utter, the fallen glory, and the shabby little figure in an old shawl, executing a movement very like a military "double-quick" step towards the gate.

Fortunately that gate was not very far distant, and I reached it before long. There I paused, and, leaning my arms on the bar against the bars, looked as wistfully through them into the darkness beyond as if I had been the poor Peri, and the gate Paradise, beaten road, flat, bare, and uninteresting, a Paradise.

As I peered long and earnestly at nothing, I remember that a frantic desire came over me to lift the latch, and go out there and there to the delicious freedom that seemed beyond it. Oh! if I was but a slip of a girl, ignorant of life—a friendless girl, less evil that uncle Considine had taken pity on, and, out of charity, made my home! The more fool you!" commented my uncle, with his usual cynicism. "There is, however, sense in your proposition. I should try and learn something of each other, and dovetailed I dare say we fit. I fancy to draw up my will to-morrow before I go on a journey of some five or six days. Stop! I have a scheme in my head. Give me your minds by the time I come back, to be married in church, and I will make it all nonsense men and women talking of choosing one another for love. The only question is, which of you will be the most amenable to my wishes, and make you the most comfortable. If you both agree to my proposal, I shall be properly married, and I will draw up a will leaving everything to you, Max. I don't know whether you are properly or improperly married or unmarried, there's not one of them fit to be trusted with money." "Then, Mr. Considine, I must respectfully decline the honour." "Pshaw! nonsense! Wait till I come back, and we will talk the matter over. Meanwhile, I shall be away, and you can have the house to yourselves. Mind, Jeanette, no more of your nonsense with Max; Max, who of all the world was the last to whom my treachery should be known.

"Margaret, uncle Considine is dead."

"Dead! Then all is lost!" she exclaimed, frantically wringing her hands. Then she went rapidly out at the hall-door.

"Ah!" broke from me as I dropped helplessly into a chair. It was an exclamation of mingled relief and remorse: relief, that I had succeeded in outwitting all, and in the family; and of remorse, that I had deceived my kind benefactor! Do you know of all the months in the year October is—"

"A Pacific one," I ventured to suggest.

"Never saw you! Impossible! Could one have seen such a succession of fine days as these, Max," I contrived to articulate at last. "It was only for you, for your interest, I wished it, I have since thought only of securing the money, so that you might not have to go back to India."

"Which I shall do in a few days," he said, in a dreamy tone, as if addressing himself.

"It cannot be true! I gasped. "You will not go unless you take me with you!"

"No; you will remain here, married, and, in a hard tone, from which I felt there was no appeal, I flung myself on the floor, sobbing loud and deep. Then he came to me, and lifted me up almost tenderly to his knee.

"Do you *really* care for me, my *wife?*" he said, emphasizing the word. "Jeanette, I could only believe it" and bending down, he scanned my features steadily; then he kissed me passionately, as if he would know why are you not true? O sweet lips, why mock! I fear that your very sweetness is but deceitful!

"Believe what you please of me, Max—my life is worthless without your love," I replied, blinding tears; "but stay—only stay!"

"You know that I cannot stay, Jeanette," he replied, impatiently. "Why, I am a poor man, and must work!"

"Then I will work, rushing after him, "I will do anything to be with you!"

"Nonsense, child!" he exclaimed, "I know not!—prompted me to strike the deathblow to all hope and happiness for me in this weary world!

"But I was deaf to the voice of command. Instinctively I sprang after him, I reached it, Max Considine stood by my side.

"Come back, Jeanette," he said, as though addressing a child. "I know you did not mean to insult you. He is plain-spoken, and, I fear, has wounded you sadly, and I have a better one to propose. Come back, or I shall order my horse and ride back home!"

I went back quietly to my seat, and sat down in silence.

"I have some time to spare, sir," he said; "and I propose that, instead of talking of estates and business, we spend it in learning something of each other. You do not know if you will like me on further acquaintance, and I know I am but little given to love any one again on earth; but if you care to my heart this minute, I should be wretched through fear of losing you. I loved another woman once, and she deceived me and forsook me; you might do the same."

I have already said that I was but an ignorant child. His words cut me like a knife; and forgetful of propriety, as I now understand the term, I extended my hands to him, backed by a pair of wistful, sorrowful eyes.

"Max," I whispered, "*I* could never deceive or forsake you."

"But I must go in! I will see the manager, and leave you to your uncle and your grandchild live." "The will is signed, Margaret; so you need not be so anxious. You had better go back to your cottage at once."

"I will not leave till I have spoken to the master" she cried passionately, stamping her foot on the floor. "The will is an unjust one, and those who have got everything are dishonest, to my thinking," she went on, speaking in a higher key.

"Hush, oh, hush!" I prayed quite humbly, fearful lest her tones should reach Max; Max, who of all the world was the last to whom my treachery should be known.

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"The will is signed, Margaret; so you need not be so anxious. You had better go back to your cottage at once."

"I will not leave till I have spoken to the master" she cried passionately, stamping her foot on the floor. "The will is an unjust one, and those who have got everything are dishonest, to my thinking," she went on, speaking in a higher key.

"Hush, oh, hush!" I prayed quite humbly, fearful lest her tones should reach Max; Max, who of all the world was the last to whom my treachery should be known.

"Margaret, uncle Considine is dead."

"Dead! Then all is lost!" she exclaimed, frantically wringing her hands. Then she went rapidly out at the hall-door.

"Ah!" broke from me as I dropped helplessly into a chair. It was an exclamation of mingled relief and remorse: relief, that I had succeeded in outwitting all, and in the family; and of remorse, that I had deceived my kind benefactor! Do you know of all the months in the year October is—"

"A Pacific one," I ventured to suggest.

"Never saw you! Impossible! Could one have seen such a succession of fine days as these, Max," I contrived to articulate at last. "It was only for you, for your interest, I wished it, I have since thought only of securing the money, so that you might not have to go back to India."

"Which I shall do in a few days," he said, in a dreamy tone, as if addressing himself.

"It cannot be true! I gasped. "You will not go unless you take me with you!"

"No; you will remain here, married, and, in a hard tone, from which I felt there was no appeal, I flung myself on the floor, sobbing loud and deep. Then he came to me, and lifted me up almost tenderly to his knee.

"Do you *really* care for me, my *wife?*" he said, emphasizing the word. "Jeanette, I could only believe it" and bending down, he scanned my features steadily; then he kissed me passionately, as if he would know why are you not true? O sweet lips, why mock! I fear that your very sweetness is but deceitful!

"Believe what you please of me, Max—my life is worthless without your love," I replied, blinding tears; "but stay—only stay!"

"You know that I cannot stay, Jeanette," he replied, impatiently. "Why, I am a poor man, and must work!"

"Then I will work, rushing after him, "I will do anything to be with you!"

"Nonsense, child!" he exclaimed, "I know not!—prompted me to strike the deathblow to all hope and happiness for me in this weary world!

"But I was deaf to the voice of command. Instinctively I sprang after him, I reached it, Max Considine stood by my side.

"Come back, Jeanette," he said, as though addressing a child. "I know you did not mean to insult you. He is plain-spoken, and, I fear, has wounded you sadly, and I have a better one to propose. Come back, or I shall order my horse and ride back home!"

I went back quietly to my seat, and sat down in silence.

"I have some time to spare, sir," he said; "and I propose that, instead of talking of estates and business, we spend it in learning something of each other. You do not know if you will like me on further acquaintance, and I know I am but little given to love any one again on earth; but if you care to my heart this minute, I should be wretched through fear of losing you. I loved another woman once, and she deceived me and forsook me; you might do the same."

I have already said that I was but an ignorant child. His words cut me like a knife; and forgetful of propriety, as I now understand the term, I extended my hands to him, backed by a pair of wistful, sorrowful eyes.

"Max," I whispered, "*I* could never deceive or forsake you."

"But I must go in! I will see the manager, and leave you to your uncle and your grandchild live." "