

being, and could scarcely be distinguished from the mangled sections of beef that lay around him. What had happened seemed nothing to what must yet come, for still the storm raged, and the tossing was even worse than before the bursting of the water spout. It was a sublime moment for the valiant captain who, trusting no longer in the winds turning, had ordered the steamer to be turned eastward and trusting too in the power of her machinery announced in cool, self-possessed tones, that they were now making for Ireland, the nearest land. There was nothing else to do, every moment of delay was only hastening total destruction: the storm had been at what seemed its crisis since two in the afternoon, and apart from the few moments during which the steamer had been reversed, the tempest lasted with seeming increase of fury; during all that dreadful afternoon and all that more dreadful night, no one could think of rest in the cabins, which were full of water. It was such a night as no man could live through twice; at two in the morning the brave captain, who had till then shown no signs of despair, was compelled to give warning of their almost hopeless state, and bade them all evacuate the saloon and make for the decks, there to wait orders to man the boats, and there they waited with such feelings as can surely neither be told nor fancied; but with the daylight came the assurance that the worst was over, and now the only fear was would the steamer be able to get back to port? It was a slow

and tedious drifting, but after a few days the weather relaxed so that the boat was headed for France and it was clear the escape was certain and miraculous, and it seemed to all that the chief instrument of the miracle had been that steady captain. Many little details, however, that were mentioned in this account of that fearful experience and which I forbear mentioning affected me more even than the catastrophe itself, details that speak volumes for the power of prayer, and the simple beautiful trust in the "Star of the Sea." There were three killed outright, among whom were one of the Jesuits, with a lay brother of the order. Father B—— had a few bruises to record, and much distress of heart and soul to keep to himself (I presume this), because this getting back to France was only to suffer the pain of leaving it again, for "outward bound" was he. The French Canadian priest had been able, thanks to the good will of the captain and to his Christian grateful heart too, to offer a Mass of thanksgiving on the day following the great trial and every day during the rest of that slow return trip. On the 12th of February, that is about six weeks after the first setting forth, Father B—— said another good-bye to France, and this time, though the passage was rough, no disasters befell him, and on the 17th of March he began his career in Ottawa—where since then you all know better than you would dare say, what manner of heroism has been his.

M. W. '78.