### SATURDAY NIGHT.

" And is the twilight closing fast ?-I hear the night breeze wild,-And is the long week's work all done?" 'Thy work is done, my child.'

" Must I not ri . at dawn of day? The night-breeze swells so wild And must I not r sume my toil?" "No, nevermore, my child."

" And may I sloop through all the dark !-The wind to right is wild:—
And may I resided head and feet?" Thou mayest "st. my child."

" And are the week day cares gone by ?-Still moan the breezes wild ;-Have all my sorrows sped away?". All sped a way my child.

"And may I fell my feeble hands?" Hush! breezes sad and wild?" And may I close these wearied lids?" Yes, close thine eyes, my child." And shall I wake again and hear-

Ah! not the night breeze wild-But heaven's own psalm, full deep and 'Heaven's endless psalm, my child. "O, sweet this last night of the week! The breeze sinks low and mild;

To fall asleep in thy kind arms-"Is passing sweet, my child." "O, passing sweet those closing hours! And sweet the night breeze mild,

And the Sabbath day that cometh fast "The Eternal Day my child." "The night is gone, clear breaks the dawn

It rises soft and mild : Dear Lord, I see the face to face !" "Yes, face to face my child." Watchman and Reflector.

### LOSS OF THE "HOPEWELL."

We copy the following from the

Since our last issue information has reached town of two very sad marine casualties occurring at about the same hour on Monday night last, and in the neighbourhood each of the other.

The first of these disasters occurred to the schooner Hopewell of Harbor of provisions. In the evening the weather came in dirty with rain and sleet. At three o'clock the Hopewell struck on Bissan Rock, about a mile north-east of Cape St. Francis, and must have almost immediately broken to pieces. The sea was running very high and in a short time the schooner with all her crew except one were swallowed up in the boiling surf. One man named Walter Waugh managed to get ashore on the rock, and he alone remains of the eight who were on board the craft. The story of his rescue has been given to us by one of those who

aided in saving him. The steamer Hercules left port on Tuesday morning for her regular trip round Conception Bay. At twelve o'clock when nearing Cape Saint Fran-Rock waving a red cravet. The steamer rounded to under the lee of the rock, and Captain Blandford lowered his boat and manned her with six of the ablest hands on board. Lines were put in the boat, and when she had got as near to the rock as safety would permit a line was thrown, but after several attempts it was found impossible to get | swinging, half-sliding along a steep "shoot" | the Rev. R. Johnson for his forethought attempts it was found impossible to get swinging, narranding are against and promptness in despatching news of cargo of such wretches; yet he is taken, fishing line with jigger attached was thrown in and the boat's crew pulled off to make a second attempt. This time they are eded in throwing the line on to the rock, and Waugh secured it, by the force of the surf was so great that the line parted and the back to the steamer, where another fishing line was procured, together with fishing line was precured, together with the end of the rope hitched round a tree plishing it; such acts, unfortunately, a life preserving vest, which the Cap- was William Langment. To get any idea being in Newfoundland oftener done than tain thoughtfully put into the boat to help Waugh while being dragged through the su f. Capt. Blanford tried from the steam of to throw a rocket line over the island; but being to leeward, and the wind strong, he could not

ed in getting & song line and the life preserver to Securing both these Lody, Waugh watched firmly about his chance at threw himself into the a Alv drawn on board and passeries vours

say eWaugh, and this time they succeed-

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Bt.

Having by toratives were wet clothing anded at Brigus. The noble conduct and determined

praise. One feeling appeared to animate all on board the Hercules, and that was to save Waugh if human effort could accomplish it. And human effort, smiled upon by him who hath LOSS OF THE "WATERWITCH." From the Public Ledger.

At a late hour on Monday night last a man named Langmead, living at the extreme north of the village, of Pouch Cove was aroused by shouts from some persons near is house. Lighting a lamp, and partially dressing himself, he opened the door and discovered three men, wet and well nigh exhausted, who proved to be the captain and two of the crew of the foreand after Waterwitch, of Cupids. He soon learned from them the sad news that the ressel had gone-ashore in an adjacent cove that a number of the crew had perished but that some were still clinging to the rocks. Getting the half dead men into the house, and seeing them comfortably disposed of. Langmead immediately started up the settlement, rousing the inmates of the various houses as he went along, and telling them what had happened. It was not long before most of the persons on the north side of Pouch Cove. were up, and many prepared to start, some by boat and others by land, for

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER. This is a deep and narrow inlet or gulch about a mile and a half to the north-east of Pouch Cove, well called the "Horrid Gulch." In it the water is deep right to the foot of the shore, which is very steep, On the north side and at the "bight" of the gulch the rocks run up almost perpendicularly to the height of six hundred feet and against them the sea dashes with tremendous force-on the north side they are somewhat less precipitous, and a narrow ledge runs close to the water's edge. On this ledge it was that, the Captain his son, and two other men jumped, the others who were saved being on the other side in a position that I shall presently describe Immediately opposite the ledge I have mentioned a peaked shelving rock rises evidently broken off from, and close to the perpendicular cliff.

THE FIRST PARTY OF RESCUERS started from the village about one in the six other bodies have been found and iden-Main, Joy, master. The Hopewell left morning, and reached the spot where the tified as follows:--St. John's on Monday last, with a cargo | captain and his party had landed, and | Marlenah Spracklin, Jonathan Spracklin, where he had left his son to keep in good heart the poor creatures on the other side of the gulf. Arrived there they could hear through the darkness and drift, the screams of those so near them, whom they were so powerless to help; and endeavored by their shouts of encouragement to give them assurance that help would soon be afforded them. The names of the men composing this party are Robert Moulton, Thomas Noseworthy, and Adam Noseworthy.

Meanwhile, other parties had reached the top of the cliffs on the other side, and were endeavoring to devise plans for the rescue of those below. The only way possible was by lowering a man over the cliff by a rope, for by that means alone could the position of the shipwrecked men be cis, a man was discovered on Biscan known. A worthy man named Alfred comfortable. Care is being taken, too, then returned to the steamer, and a reaching the ledge immediately over the the sad disaster to St. John s. and for the lows now followed him, and took up p . living and the dead. sitions between him and the top of the | In conclusion, Sir, I think you and boat's crew were again obliged to go Langmend. William Noseworthy, and courageous act which I have attempted to the end of the rope hitched round a tree of the pluck of these men you must pic- rewarded. ture to yourself their position on that leak hill side in the Jarkness and cold, M ores stood with the end around his were making their third attempt to body was eighty-five fathoms!

HOW TO REACH THE POOR MEN twenty fathoms further son the small jut fourth chapter of John, anding that his white already to harvest. At the afterhaving been exposed to the cold, the as closely together as they could lie, and people sought admission in vain. In wind and short from eight o'clock on elanging with all the power they possessed. Brooklyn, special services are continued half-past three next. Twice he threw down a hand rope he had since the departure of the two evangelists the half-past three next. Twice he tarew a consumant, including the young men's meetings and a half with him, and twice he had to had it back, which have been markedly successful and ones. But surely, if one could chose and specie valued at little less than which have been markedly successful and ones. \* It blandord, his crew that the mane of that the makes a toild which have been markedly successful and which burning endeators, and this time is successful—it is George S. Hall of the Y. M. C. A. in cought. A stronger rope is handed down. Washington. The Sunday afternoon and the same of the state of th oved and put into a men, and he is han ed up to where Moore he soon recovered sames. There has cope is untied and seems to be that its effect has been most warm bed, a region recovered saints. There this rope his untied art, seems to be that its effect has been most from the effective of his rightful ex-supporting houself by the rope which supported among charch members, in heightening their fervor, and uniting members of the period at Brigus. efforts of Capt. Blanford, his crew and safety, and the skill and courage of their gether declined to attempt any numerical these are not all the survivors, for

ON A LEDGE BY HIMSELF some hunereds of feet from his compan. I tration upon real work.

ions, he has clung through the terrible night, half-dressed, hatless, and with but one boot on. A rope is now flung to him, he has just strength left to fasten it around him, and he, too is safe. Soon all are in Pouch Cove, and cared for with the utmost kindness.

A SURVIVOR'S STORY. From one of the men rescued from the rock I obtained to day the following particulars :- " My name is George Thomas Noseworthy. When the vessel came in the gulch, and her quarter neared the rock, Henry Ivany and I jumped on it. The vessel then went out again, and I think about twenty minutes after (though it may not have been so long) she came close again, and William Wells, Thomas Ivany, Samuel Rowe, William Spacklin, and Thomas Spacklin jumped safely. We were not there very long before the craft smashed up. We heard no shrieks from those on boar i. All night it was thick. with the exception of one hour when it cleared, but soon got showery again. We

new the skipper and some others were on the other side. We shouted and they shouted to us. We heard them say they could climb the cliff if it was day, and begged them to try at once. When the help came we knew it for me heard the strange voices. We kept shouting all night. The spray dashed over us constantly, and every twenty minutes or so large sea would come and dash right ver us. I was slmost gone once. We had to crouch and cling close together when we saw the sea coming."

ALL DAY YESTERDAY men were busy with their jiggers at the scene of the wreck, and got up a quantity of clothing and other articles. Up to last night, however, only one body was fished up-that of a young woman, half dressed. which was identified as the body of the wife of Percy Spracklin, son of the captain and one of the survivors.

Solomon Taylor, Elias Ford, Richard Webber,

The bodies, with one exception, are little disfigured. As they were found they were deposited in the Methodist School-house. and reverently and decently disposed and covered. This evening they were placed in plain coffins, and to-night will be forwarded to St. John's. Messrs, Lilly and Dunphy came down this morning to ar' range matters on the part of the Government, and under their care, the survivors, all but two, have been conveyed to town.

GREAT KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY have been extended towards the shipwould allow, the people of the place have vied with one another in making them Moores volunteered for this dangerous that the property picked up shall be fair y service, and accordingly a strong rope was | deal with. Under the supervision of the fastened around him and he was lowered | Episcopal and Methodist Ministers, and over the precipies. Three times was the the Roman Catholic schoolmaster, the brave fellow swung in the dark, but he articles, so far, have been collected, and could not find a suitable place to descend, entered in a book, with the names of the A fourth time he was lowered, and half respective finders. Much credit is due to ling to man's judgment, the life of Comspot whence the cries proceeded. Guided kindness and zeal he displayed in caring God has some wise purpose even in this and supported by his rope other brave fel. for the persons and projectly of both the

cliff, so as to be in readiness to help. The belief that some substantial expression of us be and belief that some substantial expression of names of these were David Baldwin. Eli the public appreciation of the humane and Christopher Munday. At the top, with describe, should be afforded the gallant fellows who hazarded their lives in accom-

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have made linging for dear life to a rope, the length an excellent beginning in Philipdelphia. At of which from the top to where Alfred the opening service, Sunday morning, Nov. 21st, the great building prepared for ting rock which I have described. Moores | voice could fill the great hall without difficould now make then out through the culty. His sermon was upon "the fields diminution in numbers. comment upon the work in Brooklyn tope which harded him up goes down for the various denominations and churches in a wonderful harmony and bers of the various denominations and another. In this way all reach the top in enthusiasm. Mr. Moody, it is said, altowe not hope—by God's grace, will freighted treasure-ships that leave our
root once a month. A prize like the rescuers is rewarded by success. But estimates of the conversions-another instance of his admirable sense. Notwithstanding the great publicity given to his work, nothing is more noticeable than his is crouching a poor young fellow who has avoidance of sensationalism of every kind. been left till the last, because supposed to There is, on his part, no boasting of

## COMMODORE GOODENOUGH'S DYING WOEDS.

The profound sorrow with which the tidings of Commodore Goodenough's on a mattress on the deck. He asked death was received throughout the colo- the men to smile on him and not look nies will be renewed and intensified by reading the affecting farewell which the dying commander took of his ship's company a few hours before his death. As a gallant officer, an accomplished gentleman, and a devoted Christian, the Commodore was well known and highly esteemed. How he was valued in England, and how deerly the intelligence of his premature and violent death was felt there, we need not say. The message of Her Majesty the Queen to his widow was a testimony of the highest kind, and was as honorable to the woman's nature of the "Lady of England" as it would be consoling to the bleeding heart of her whose bereavement was so sudden and terrible.

On the quarter-deck the Commodore was a strict disciplinarian; but his was discipline of principle, not of feeling or passion—the discipline of one who was both captain and father. How he cared for the best interests of his ship's com- to you. I want to tell you that I love pany might be told by many an incident. A letter which he wrote to a Good Templar Lodge of Melbourne, thanking them for changing the date of invitation to the men because of the early departure of the "Pearl," may, however, be named as a sufficient illus- have perhaps felt it, I ask you to fortration. His self-denial for the good give. Wipe it all out of your memory others is seen in his statement -"I have, for the sake of sympathy with others, been for some time a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks."

Our readers will be aware of the interest which he took in Christian missions. Publicly he declared his deep have written such a book as that of the to fall. Earl of Pembroke, in which were statements that the earl and doctor might easily have known were not true. He did not hesitate to say, in regard to the Wesleyan missionaries and their work at Fiji, that they had accomplished surprising and satisfact ry results; that the effects of Christianity upon the natives were seen everywhere, and could meeting at Sydney that he had derived very great and lasting spiritual advan-

The loss of such a man is a national calamity, while the bitterness of the loss is intensified by the recollection that, humanly speaking, he fell a victim to the demons in human shape who have and give you happiness such as He has been trafficking in human flesh among the islands of the South Pacific. Accordmodore Goodenough is worth a whole while, for the most, they are left. But invsterious dispensation a repose which we may not be able to understand us by-and-bye; and we must be content to wait and to trust.

The sun has looked down upon many a grand and noble scene of faith, of patience, of fortitude, of self-sacrifice. G. J. B. of moral granteur; but he has seldon shone upon a siene of greater moral sublimity than the quarter-deck of the "Pearl" presented in mid-ocean, when the dving Commodore took leave of his the meetings -- formely used as a freight officers and men, in words so simple and depot and now seating 10,000 persons- | touching, and trustful and true, and was the question. Away down below him audience sang "All had the power of Christ-like, that they will never be for-Jesus' name," and Mr. Moody read the | gotten by those who heard them, or by hose who have read them.

It matters little to the true Christian where he may be called to die-whether at sea or on land, in the wilderness or in the city full whether surrounded by the ears, affect the hearts, and may will turn his attention to the richlylead to the Saviour many a man of poport once a month. A prize like the "Golconda" would make the fotunes of an sition and mind who would be reached entire ship's crew, and be contended for by no other method. Such a dving tes- with proportionate resolution. But in timony is an evidence in favor of Chris- ought to be placed on board a steamer

On the 19th of August, 1875, after saving good bye to all his officers in the cabin, the Commodore wished to be taken on the juniter-deck to speak to the men. He was carried out, and laid nnhappy, and spoke to some by name.

He then said: -"My men, my reason for wishing to come on the quarter-deck is to say good bve to you, and to speak to you of the love of God. Dr. Messer-good, dear, kind Dr. Messer-has told me that I must die, and Dr. Corrie thinks so too. so I come to sav good-bye to you. Let me see all your faces.

"I wish to tell you to love God : God has been so good to me, and I love him. He has been very, very good to me in giving me the blessing of a great love. You all know my sweet wife -at least most of you do; and my sweet boys, they are such dear fellows. God has been very good to me in giving me the love of my sweet wife, and my heart is full of love to Him.

"I want to tell you all to love God. From the moment I was wounded I felt that there was a great probability of the wound turning fatal, and from that moment I set my thoughts on death and on God's love to me; and now that I know that I am dving, I am glad and thankful to be able to say a few words you all; I always did love my ships' companies-even those I have punished I have loved, for there was always goodness even in the greatest offender.

"We all make mistakes in this life. and I have made many like every one else; but if I have, I know you don't think of it now. But if any of you as if it had never happened.

"I now wish to say a word to you young fellows-you good looking young fellows-not to yield to temptations which make you break your leave and desert. When you feel tempted think of the love of God. And you older young men, think of the good you may do by a word of advice to your younger regret that a Peer of the realm should shipmates when you see them inclined

"The love which God will Himself give you, if you trust in Him, is very great : it will guide all your goings and doings and all the words of preachers are nothing to it.

"As for these poor natives, it is not worth while thinking about them and what they have done. Don't think about it; they could not know the right or wrong of the matter. Probably it was through some mistake, or some ofbe witnessed in the very faces of the fence given by some ship before; perpeople. He acknowledged at a public haps they did not like strangers visiting them. In some twenty years hence, when good men have taught them we wish them no harm, they may speak of wrecked men. So far as their means tage from his intercourse with the mis- this attack, and then something may

be learnt about it. . "Before I go back to die I should like you all to bless me, saying, 'God bless you." They did, and then the Commodore said, "May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love,

"I should like to shake hands with all the petty officers, to sav good-bye to them for the rest of the ship's company. "Good-bye to you, good-bye all of you, good-bye!" - Melbourne Spectator.



by what death he might Borify God, it three-quarters of a million sterling. would be such a deat as Commodore 411,750 sovereigns. The Peninsular and the humble and o's dure are often toss- richly freighted than those Spanish galdving words of such a man will reach with a naval power, no doubt the enemy such an emergency the gold of our banks measured the waters in the hollow of be in the least danger. There, alone, but a most genuine and earnest concentration and sermons or a hundred which would render pursuit by the fastest man-of-war hopeless.—Spectator, (Aus-

THE CHILDRE'S BE The clock strik the satelises s That call he and song an line From that in our wall No in our darkness sinks out sets within a golden was

Ah, tender hour that sen is admit Of children's kisses through the And cuckob notes of same to that That thoughts of fewen an

And a soft stir to sense and hear.
As when the bee and bless at post
And little feet that parishes shown. Lise the last droppings of the show.

And in the children's resum shots What bloss in shapes de any sta From clisping hand and kissin, A naked sweetness to the eve Blossom and babe and butterfly In witching one, so dear a sight An eestasy of life and I ght

And, ah, what lovely witches Bestrewed the thoor and empty sock By vanished dance and song let losse As dead birds throats, a tiny smore That, sure upon some marker grew. And drank the heaven-sweet rains, a Scarce bigger than an ac en cup . Frocks that seem flowery meads out a

Then lily drest in angel white, To mother's knee they trooping con The soft palms fold like kissing shell And they and we go singing home Their bright heads bowed and worshi As though some glory of the spring. Some daffodil that mocks the day. Should fold his golden palms and pray.

The gates of Paradise swing wide, A moment's space in soft accord. And those dread angels, Life and Death, A moment vail the flaming sword. As o'er the weary world forlorn. From Eden's secret heart is borne. That breath of Paradise most fair. Which mothers call ; the children's prayer Ah, deep, pathetic mystery!

The world's great was unconscious hung A rain drop on a blossom lip; White innocence that woos our wrong, And Lose divine that looks again. Uncorscious of the cross and pain, From sweet child-eyes, and in that child Sad earth and heaven reconciled.

Then kissed, on beds we by them down. As fragrant white as clover'd sod, And all the upper thous sen With children's sleep, and dews of God. And as our stars their beanes do hide. The stars of twilight, opening wide Take up the heaventy tale at even, And light us on to God and heaven. -- Jane Alice Hopkins in Macmillan's Mag

# THE MINISTER'S BABY

Our minister has a baby When he was about six months old I thought I would call on the ministers wife, and see the baby boy, about which there had been much commotion in the parish.

An old lady went in just as I did. We found the mother holding her chlid, and looking weary. The old lady remarked as she took her seat. "You don't hold your baby all the time, as you? Put him right in his crib, you should teach him good habits while young " The mother anxiously laid the child down saying " I Am quite unused to the care of labies," Here came another knock at the door, and another caller; here, too, the little baby. feeling neglected, began to cry, and the latest visitor said "O you should not allow your child to cry, it's a bad hal it for him to form. I have had six children and ought to know." "I suppose so," the mother answered, as she tried to quiet her baby, looking more tired and perplexed

I stayed some time to hold the baby, I and rest the tired arms of the mother of While I got the baby asleep, caffer after 11 caller came, left their advice, and went

The following are specimens of the remarks I heard that afternoos, and during a subsequent call, made for the same purpose, that is, to hold the bady. "Is your baby good? Cries, does it? I never had w a crying baby, and should not know what "upd to do with one," "I should give him soothing syrup," another remarked. "I mis gave it to all my children, and I guess they are all as smart as other folks chil- from dren." "It does not hurt babies to cry- few it's the only way they have of relieving to ! themselves." "But it does hurt them." one was quick to reply, "it strains them;" and then turning to me, said "You should not toss him, it's very injurious, and then it gets him in such a bad habit." be s " You must never trot your baby, and you doin should feed him only once in three hours." impr one remarked. Another assured the mother that many babies were "starved to death, and that many died from neglect." One thought it was so foolish for a mother to make a slave of herself in the useft care of her baby, and that a baby was troublesome just as you chose to let it be Another said, "No two babies were alike that what you might teach one to do it would be impossible to teach another." Another said in a confident tone. "You keep your child too warm;" and still lands another, "All that you can do for that readin boy for some time to come is to keep,him husbar

But don't you pity, as I do, the "Minister's Baby" and the baby's mother? One of the Parish," in Evangelist,

nished