

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"And is the twilight closing fast?— I hear the night breeze wild.— And is the long week's work all done?"

"O, passing sweet those closing hours! And sweet the night breeze mild.— And the Sabbath day that cometh fast!"

"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."—
Widow and Reflector.

LOSS OF THE "HOPEWELL."

We copy the following from the N. F. Chronicle. 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 Main, N. F., master, the Hopewell left St. John's on Monday last, with a cargo of provisions. In the evening the weather came in dirty with rain and sleet.

The steamer Hercules left port on Tuesday morning for her regular trip round Conception Bay. At twelve o'clock when nearing Cape Saint Francis, a man was discovered on Biscan Rock waving a red cravat.

Having been safely on board, restoratives were applied to Waugh, his wet clothing was removed and he put into a warm bed. He soon recovered from the effects of his frightful experience. Yesterday morning he was landed at Bright's.

The noble conduct and determined efforts of Capt. Blanford, his crew and passengers are worthy of the highest praise. One feeling anxious to animate all on board the Hercules, and that was to save Waugh if human effort could accomplish it.

LOSS OF THE "WATERWITCH."

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 his 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 fore-and-aft schooner Waterwitch, of Cupids.

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 this ledge it was that, the Captain's son, and two other men jumped, the others who were saved being on the other side in a position that I shall presently describe.

The first party of rescuers started from the village about one in the morning, and reached the spot where the captain and his party had landed, and where he had left his son to keep in good heart the poor creatures on the other side of the gulf.

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 known.

How to reach the poor men was the question. Away down below him twenty fathoms further on the small jutting rock which I have described, Mooney could now make them out through the grey dawn.

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ions, he has clung through the terrible night, half-dressed, hatless, and with but one boot on. A rope is now hung 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.

From one of the men rescued from the wreck 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 Spracklin, and Thomas Spracklin jumped safely.

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COMMODORE GOODENOUGH'S DYING WOUNDS.

The profound sorrow with which the tidings of Commodore Goodenough's death was received throughout the colonies 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.

On the 19th of August, 1875, after saying good-bye to all his officers in the cabin, the Commodore wished to be taken on the quarter-deck to speak to the men. He was carried out, and laid on a mattress on the deck. He asked the men to smile on him and not look unhappy, and spoke to some by name.

"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 dying, I am glad and thankful to be able to say a few words to you. I want to tell you that I love you all; I always did love my ship's companies—even those I have punished."

"The loss of such a man is a national calamity, while the bitterness of the loss is intensified by the recollection that, humbly speaking, he fell a victim to the demons in human shape who have been trafficking in human flesh among the islands of the South Pacific. According to man's judgment, the life of Commodore Goodenough is worth a whole cargo of such wretches; yet he is taken, while, for the most, they are left. But God has some wise purpose even in this mysterious dispensation."

"The sun has looked down upon many a grand and noble scene of faith, of patience, of fortitude, of self-sacrifice, of moral grandeur; but he has seldom shone upon a scene of greater moral sublimity than the quarter-deck of the 'Pearl' presented in mid-ocean, when the dying Commodore took leave of his officers and men, in words so simple and touching, and trustful and true, and Christ-like, that they will never be forgotten by those who heard them, or by those 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 friends, or far from home and loved ones. But surely, if one could choose by what death he might glorify God, it would be such a death as Commodore Goodenough's. Dying testimonies from the humble and of pure are often tossed aside as though they were the utterances of some feeble brain; but the dying words of such a man will reach the ears, affect the hearts, and may we not hope—by God's grace, will lead to the Saviour many a man of position and mind who would be reached by no other method. Such a dying testimony is an evidence in favor of Christianity more valuable and more powerful than a thousand sermons or a hundred volumes."

"On Tuesday the R. M. S. 'Golconda' sailed with the mails for Ceylon, and a good and specific valued at little less than three-quarters of a million sterling. Sydney alone contributed not less than 411,750 sovereigns. The Peninsula and Oriental steamers from this port are more richly freighted than those Spanish galleons of old which our ancestors used to capture as unscrupulously, and of the truth must be told—how wrongfully. Should Great Britain be again involved in war with a naval power, go doubt the enemy will turn his attention to the richly freighted treasure-ships that leave our port once a month. A prize like the 'Golconda' would make the fortunes of an entire ship's crew, and be contended for with proportionate resolution. But in such an emergency the gold of our banks ought to be placed on board a steamer like the 'Ringarooma,' the speed of which would render pursuit by the fastest man-of-war hopeless.—Spectator, (Australia.)

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THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE.

The clock struck seven in the hall. The children were sitting round the table. From that moment I set my thoughts on death and on God's love to me; and now that I know that I am dying, I am glad and thankful to be able to say a few words to you.

And in the children's Bible, what do we see? We see the story of the world, from the beginning to the end. We see the lives of the great men of the world, and the lives of the good women of the world. We see the lives of the saints, and the lives of the sinners.

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