

sibly the much prized warrant of some stout boatswain or quartermaster. There is a little amethyst seal in perfect preservation, and goggles and snow veils to protect the eyes from the dazzling whiteness of the polar snow. Two double-barreled guns, covered with rust, are placed far in on the table. They still contain the charges which were placed in them by hands which have long since lost their cunning, they are labeled "Loaded" in large letters, but still we should not be surprised to hear some day of an accident caused by the morbid curiosity of some foolish visitor. The books recovered are very few—they would, of course, succumb early to the rigors of exposure, but there is still well preserved a small edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," some religious poetry, and a French Testament, in the fly leaf of which is written, in a delicate female hand, "From your attached—the appellation is obliterated—S. M. P." The open medicine chest contains all its bottles and preparations very little injured, and a little cooking machine has the fuel arranged, the sticks thrust thro' the bars ready for ignition and lucifer matches at the side, as it might have been prepared over night for the morning cooking. It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest and importance of all these simple memorials; they tell a tale that will find its way to every heart, and many and painful, no doubt, will be the scenes to which they must give rise, when surviving friends behold in them the property of those whom they mourned in blank uncertainty. Lady Franklin has, we understand, already paid the collection frequent visits, and a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of London has identified in one of the scientific instruments the property of his long lost son.

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We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the following lines, bearing a signature which we have no doubt is familiar to many of them. The gifted authoress, who, in the days of the old *Guardian*, enriched its columns with many a gem—has, our readers will be delighted to learn, kindly promised an occasional contribution for the pages of the *Record*.

For the "Monthly Record."

THE PASSAGE OVER.

The keepers pale were quaking,
 Around the silent tent;
 The golden bowl was breaking,
 For one whose day was spent,
 The windows all were darkened,
 And loosed the silver cord,
 While weeping watchers hearkened
 For every parting word.

In the strange awful fever
 Of waning life he lay,
 Before the dread forever,
 Whose dim prophetic ray,
 Like thought in fragments shivered,
 Bewildering fancies shed,
 Till shadowy phantoms quivered
 Around his dying bed.

He seemed to see the ocean,
 With brave ships anchored there,
 Her snowy sails in motion,
 The light wind fresh and fair;
 He could not bear to venture,
 And pleaded for delay,
 But voices bade him enter,
 And summoned him away.

He saw strange faces round him,
 And sighed in whispers low,
 While memory's fetters bound him,
 "I do not wish to go;
 They have taken passage for me,
 And I must journey on,
 Till stranger skies droop o'er me,
 Before the night is done."

Such were his dying fancies,
 All day the shadows fell,
 Dimming the anxious glances
 Of those who loved him well.
 All night they watched—and listened
 To every passing sigh—
 Until the morning glistened
 Upon the eastern sky.

Then swelling in the distance,
 He saw a bridgeless sea;
 On either side—existence—
 Time—and Eternity.
 The feeble pulse's quiver,
 The phantom echo's moan,
 Before that silent river,
 Which he must cross alone.

Love's clasping cords unshaken,
 He shrunk, and would not dare,
 But spectral hands had taken
 His final passage there.
 Long was the death shaft parried,
 But now the light burned low,
 Long had the summons tarried,
 Now—he was forced to go.

Yet not alone—beside him,
 Throughout that dreary flood,
 With rod and staff to guide him,
 One like the Son of God!
 Dark though the fordless river
 Its waves the Saviour knew,
 And left a light forever,
 To guide his people through.

And thus beyond the shadows,
 All dense with sin and strife,
 He saw the shining meadows,
 Green with the dew of life,