

Westward Ho !

glittering jaws and ponderous limbs of the weird monster hold me in an awesome but delightful spell.

The Padre says I show a residual taint of the original state, whatever he means by that. I do not answer him, for all the while I am singing the song o' steam:

" The tail-rods mark the time.

The crank-throws give the double bass, the feed-pump sobs an' heaves,

An' now the main eccentrics start and quarrel with the sheaves;

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,

Till—hear that note—the red return whings glimmerin' through the guides.

They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes."

As the sea-gulls swirled around our ship to-day in looping flight, I heard a little girl say they were really angels.

Some poet has thought this already:

" A gull—nay rather

A spirit on eternity's wide sea

Calling: ' Come thou where all we

Glad souls be.' "

As we watch them rise, quivering, falling, poising, and soaring like living fountains of wings, we wot that an angel could assume many forms less suitable and beautiful than that of a snow-white bird.

There is a Scotsman aboard whose chief aim seems to be the tabulation of all kinds of facts relating to Canada. Under the caption " Street Lamps of the Waterways," he has the number of light-houses, fog-stations and fog-horns in the Dominion; also their cost of maintenance. He has noted that in the years 1870 to 1902 the deaths on Canadian and British sea-going vessels, in our waters, have been 5247. We have been trying to figure out the chances