

smile as he meets John's beaming face. "Welcome home" he says, in hollow accents. Suddenly the light dies away and he murmurs huskily, "Alice is dead." Young Hunter gave a great gasp and staggered as if struck. That bold heart, which the sight of streams of blood and the roar of death-dealing artillery could not make beat a moment faster, dropped and staggered under this cruel blow. The life of his life is gone. He wandered across the fields and hills like the shadow of a fleeting cloud. The faces of his old comrades sent a sting like a dagger wound into his vitals, and the old scenes and recollections burned his very soul. In this lonely and melancholy state of mind he joined a party of hunters bound for the gloomy forests. One day while dreaming of his dead one he wandered away from the path of his comrades. A small fall of snow soon covered his footsteps. The clouds that all day were hovering around the horizon had spread over the whole face of the heavens. The wind began to rise and moan forbodingly through the trees. Violent gusts of snow began to sweep through the woods, and as night settled her dark mantle over the landscape Hunter realized that he was lost.

A wild night set in, just such a night as that in which old ocean had given him up. He wandered on in the dark. The wind howled and shrieked. The snow in whirling eddies swept through the forest glades. The cold became intense, Hunter began to feel that deadly drowsiness stealing over him. He tried to shake it off. He sinks down, and the wintry snows gathered the offspring of the ocean into its icy embrace. The next spring a party of hunters found all that remained of John Hunter, by the side of a stream, that to this day, bears his name. As we look into its clear waters and listen to its chatter and rippling, it seems to tell of this young and noble life that passed away on its frozen banks during that tumult of the elements. N. J. L., '95.

BERMUDA.

(Concluded.)

The Land of the Lily and the Rose is the way in which Bermudians designate their island home and advertise it as a winter resort. Situated six hundred miles from the nearest land about the same parallel as Charleston, South Carolina, this little group of islands forms one of England's strongest fortifications, having on the north but one narrow channel by which vessels can approach, on the south a military road and earthworks, and at each extremity a strong fort. A regiment of soldiers is stationed at the more important parts of the islands, having the principal encampment at Prospect, about a mile from Hamilton, near which