

A STRUGGLE TO RISE.

"Hark! Drums and fifes heading a procession, and coming this way. Let us stand aside until they have passed," and, ascending the narrow steps of a door-way, we awaited their approach. "Bless me," said our friend, "what a strange-looking assemblage"; but on they passed, and we were about to pursue our course, when the strains of music from a second band warned us the passage was not yet clear, and on came another long line, anon, succeeded by a third band, indicating that 'still they came.'

'Twas a strange gathering—a motley crowd—the majority seemed as though they were the denizens of alleys and back streets, and questionable localities; and the furtive glances of some, as they passed hurriedly on, implied that they were not quite assured of their right to perambulate so respectable a locality, in so public a manner. More than one, as the procession turned into Hollis from George Street, almost instinctively stepped out of the ranks toward the Police Station, possibly being more familiar with that route.

As we marked the unsteady movements of some we experienced an inclination to smile, not diminished by the odd grimacery of a few who imparted to the scene the idea of revellers at large; but this sensation was only momentary, a closer scrutiny sobered us into thoughtfulness. As the flickering light of the red glare of torches, carried in their hands, fell on their countenances, it revealed an intensity that bespoke men deeply in earnest—men moved by one common, but no ordinary, impulse,—bent on a purpose pregnant with momentous consequences to themselves.

As the last bespattered few, whose enervated limbs were