

"C'est la mer ! C'est la mer !—D'abord calme et sereine,
 La mer, aux premiers feux du jour,
 Chantant et souriant comme une jeune reine,
 La mer blonde et pleine d'amour ;
 La mer baisant le sable et parfumant la rive
 Du baume enivrant de ses flots ;
 Puis la mer furieuse et tombée en démente,
 Et de son lit silencieux
 Se redressant géante, et de sa tête immense
 Allant frapper les sombres cieux."

Who has not followed the nautical exploits of Mr. Angers about fifteen years ago ? He had a passion for the "bounding billows." The years of his eventful life were passed in the duties and pleasures of the domestic hearth or enlivened by the noble sport of yachting. How he delighted, in company with a few choice friends, to coast along the gulf or the shores of the mighty Atlantic, noting their distinguishing features in land and water, or in expiating on the graceful outlines of a crack racing yacht ! How fond he was of discussing such craft : the hull, the keel, the rigging, etc. ! Thus, from out these fireside rhapsodies did *La Mouette* suddenly glide, fully equipped, and just as magically as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter in complete armour. Wells, a man as amiable and modest as he was scholarly, was the designer.

La Mouette ! This very name, for thirty years and over, has been associated in the minds of Quebec people with the pleasantest *souvenirs*. To the heart of her owner dear is this tiny, elegant craft, in which he has but recently performed some doughty deeds of seamanship. Alexander and his fiery steed Bucephalus were never more inseparable. Once on board of *La Mouette*, a trip round the world presented no obstacle to the daring spirit of her master. And certainly she has won for him many a triumph on gala days, and times without number caused his breast to inflate with pride as she proudly rode the storm-swept billows. It is an unquestioned fact, that "a life on the ocean wave" makes man bold and adventuresome, and lifts him above his sordid self. The habitual contemplation of nature in her sublimer aspects ; the constant exercise of the intellectual powers ; the imminence of unforeseen dangers and the necessity to be ever prepared to wrestle with them ; the rhythmic poetry that ever and anon comes wafted over the white-crested,