

O'er the house of mercy with plain, white walls,
Where they carried the wounded and dying,
Unharm'd by our cannon, unfear'd our balls;
O'er that house of mercy with plain, white walls,
The Red Cross flag was flying.

As the sign of the Son of Man in the heaven
For a world of warring and sighing
We hailed it; and cheered, for the promise given
By the sign of the Son of Man in the heaven,—
The Red Cross banner flying.

For we knew that wherever the battle was waged,
With its wounded and dead and dying,—
Where the wrath of pagan or Christian raged,—
Like the mercy of God, where the battle was waged,
The Red Cross flag was flying.

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Let the angry legions meet in the fight,
With the noise of captains crying;
Yet the arm of Christ, outstretched in its might,
Where the angry legions meet in the fight,
Keeps the Red Cross banner flying.

And it surely will come that war will cease,
With its madness and pain and crying.
Lo! the blood-red Cross is the prophet of peace,—
Of the blessed time when war will cease;—
And the Red Cross flag is flying.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 104.)

WE were precious glad to see, in the distance, the reflection of the sun on the metal roof of the convent at Nun's Island. This is a celebrated place—celebrated for the fishing in its vicinity and for the enterprise of the nuns in turning it to such account. The appearance of the island is singular. Perpendicular sides of dazzlingly white clay some hundred and fifty feet in height and the summit a broad plateau on which is built the convent, etc. It would be a splendid place for a fortress one would think. We now bestirred ourselves, for the rapids were only a couple of miles further down and everything betokened the approaching tussle. A squad of men were hauling the big yawl boat upon our dram. They don't try to run Lachine in it. The barrels of pork and biscuit were rolled to a safe place and good sound oars were placed in the notches. But our crew had not yet made its appearance. The steamer had just finished a masterly performance on the whistles when out from the mainland darted canoes in every direction. These contained Indians who were to conduct us down the Lachine. Each canoe was manned (sic) by a squaw and her better-half, the squaw to paddle the canoe back. I was watching the business like manner in which the guides were divesting themselves of their good clothes (ye Gods) and climbing into greasy overalls, when I felt a tap on the shoulder and a "voila!" from one of the men.

I looked up. It was the big war canoe (a good deal of "canoe" and very little "war") that was coming towards us. Although, on a close inspection, this majestic looking craft might seem somewhat in need of a coat of paint and the general aspect thereof convey the erroneous impression that it had been built by Frontenac, and, on the death of that chief, had gone into service as a coal barge and continued in that capacity ever since without any repairs or cleansing whatsoever, there is no getting over the fact that, at a distance of half a mile or so, with its swarthy crew of real, genuine, blown-in-the-bottle savages, it was a sight that was imposing if not sublime. The paddles, of which there were twenty to a side, entered the water as one, and the big dug out fairly leaped under the force of the stroke. It drew up alongside and discharged its murderous looking cargo and was taken back by a couple of old men. As I glanced at our reinforcements I thought I had never seen such forbidding countenances. Moses warned us to lock up all our knick-nacks and nail fast the shanty door. I need say nothing more about the Caughnawaugas—jam satis. We were nearly a couple of miles above the rapids, yet the "John A." cast us off and with a metaphorical wave of the hand was quickly out of sight. We found the current much stronger than we had anticipated and our dram, again in the van, glided along at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Ahead of us towered the new bridge of the Canadian Pacific railway—a monument of engineering skill. It is wonderful how they managed to build those massive cut stone buttresses in such a fearful current. We shot under the spans at a hang-on-to-your-hat speed, just grazing one of the piers by about two feet. If we had struck it there would have been "a funeral in the state of Denmark." Moses kept up a doleful serenade in our ears "bien proche, bien proche, shentlemens, you see ze terrible Lachine scon. Fourteen men drown las' year, fort dangereux." About a quarter of a mile in front of us lay the rapids but, as yet, we could see no sign of them even from the top of our cabin, whither S— and I had retreated. This was odd; the river was broad here and there were no islands to intercept our view. What did it mean? Had some convulsion of nature removed them? Our doubts were quickly dispelled. It was another of those terrible dips, but the one at Coteau was an infant compared to this monster. The drop here was like the side of a house and everywhere, in front of us on both sides of us and behind us were huge jutting rocks that poked their black noses out of the torrent with a suggestive sort of air. Suggestive of smashed drams and mangled corpses. How we were going to escape destruction was a mystery. I commended my soul to the saints above and calmly awaited what seemed to me my certain fate. At Coteau I was desperate and had resolved to sell my life dearly. Here I was quite resigned. There is no fooling with Lachine. I could see that. On all sides my eyes met the forms of men on their knees praying like steam. It was a cheering sight, I don't think,