

Brave hearts are here that know not fear,  
And smiles and joy, without a tear,

and as we take the parting hand of those about to embark, words of cheer are alone spoken, to which a prayer for their safe journey across the waters is fervently added. And why should they fear? Their vessel is strong, her crew are brave and competent, youth, health and beauty, all that is required to render the voyage a pleasant one mingle together, and so

With careless jest they say farewell,  
Nor hear the solemn funeral knell  
That now, upon the shrieking blast,  
Proclaims the parting is their last.

But though they see it not, though hidden from their gaze, perhaps by a bright dream of the future, a shadow, blacker than the most sombre shades of midnight, hovers over the restless waters, and ere the sunlight of another day shall have fled from the western sky, that noble ship, with her precious burden of human life, shall be lost amid a gloom and darkness from which she shall emerge no more.

Onward, away from the harbor they move,  
Forms that are dearest, and faces we love,  
Hands waving back, as they pass from the shore,  
Kisses, from lips we shall press nevermore.

The harbor is left behind, the open waters of Lake Huron are gained, and the Asia hurries on her stormy way. But the gale increases in fury, the winds howl more fiercely, and with each passing moment the chances for safety grow less and less. Still no word of alarm is spoken, and each enquiry as to danger is answered by words of cheer and encouragement. The brave Captain Savage stands at his post of duty, and if thought of disaster presents itself it is known only to himself. Onward and onward, and the storm, now grown to a hurricane of the wildest description, rages with unabated violence. The Asia shudders beneath the blows of her enemy, and a tremor of fear invades the circle within the lighted cabin, which, until the present moment, had smiled at the gathering tempest. The fact of imminent danger is now too plain to be longer denied, and the boldest heart upon that reeling boat beats with a quickened motion, while the face of the most hopeful wears an expression of the deepest anxiety. Still the dauntless captain and his brave officers endeavor to banish alarm, by assurances of safety, which they, although they tell it not, have but little hope of being fulfilled. All long for the morning; thinking perhaps that with its coming the