

drooping, half-masted flags and main-yards backed. We saw the white haired skipper reading the service, and heard him pause, as the entwined flags were drawn back and the canvas shrouded body of his young wife, raised to the main-rail; then,———I turned my face away, but heard a splash and the clang of Matson's port, and I knew the lady of the Marmion was sinking to her long rest beneath the waves.

Awakened memory had flashed the recollection through my mind whilst the shattered hulk was passing into the harbour; as her stern vanished round the Outer Wharf, the whistle on the Drummond gave two short blasts, sounding faint in the distance, but telling me that my boat was waiting; so, I crushed down the long-ago memories, but walked slowly; for somehow, the presence of

Winifred Styles seemed close to me. As I passed the old man and the children, I heard the boy say:

"When I grow up,———I'll be captain of the Lusitania and beat every ship afloat!"

And the little girl placed her tiny hands on the old man's knees, looked up into his face and laughed with childish glee, as she exclaimed:

"When I'se big,———I'll be a captain's wife and be thro'ed in the sea, ——jus' like granny!"

The old man gently smoothed the child's hair and puckered his wrinkled face into a smile—a smile of pride, intermingled with pain—but I raised my hat and passed on, with a glad throb at my heart; for I knew the lineage of the Sea Kings would never die out in the Saxon Race.

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A Nearly Lost Christmas.

Ethel G. Cody Stoddard.

IT was the late afternoon of December the twenty-fourth when the steamship Monarch, fifteen days out from Liverpool and four days late into port, steamed slowly as if feeling its way through the icy waters, into Halifax harbor. To the passengers on board who peered eagerly toward land, it seemed as if the whole immediate world was prepared to prevent the possibility of a "green Christmas" in Canada. The snow-decked land dipped inquisitive fingers into the sea and seemed to obliterate the dividing line. The brilliantly blue sky studded with pearly clouds, appeared to be doing its best to tuck in the whiteness about the earth. Frost tingled in the air and a strange calm which only the presence of snow can create, reigned over all the land.

Standing on the steerage deck of the

Monarch, two old people with bent bodies and clasped hands looked with anxious eyes toward this new country that they had travelled so many weary miles to see.

"Michael dear, 'tis Terry's land we've come to at last, and all being well we'll soon see him." The woman who spoke was such a little person, but her wrinkled face was bright with hope and steady with trust.

"Yes Janet woman, it'll be only a wee while now. But mind you it's far from our own home we are, and—what if we shouldn't find the boy?" questioned the old man for the hundredth time.

"Oh, we'll find him, never fear. It's bad that the money's gone, but our tickets are good to Montreal, aint' they?" quavered the old woman, her face becoming suddenly clouded as rememb-