

light is on a rocky islet in the Bay of Fundy and is three hundred and sixty-five feet above tide water and visible twenty-five miles. Cape St. George is on Northumberland Strait and is three hundred and fifty feet high. But it is to the lighthouses on the Atlantic coast, that dreaded granite coast, that our thoughts turn—to Sambro, and Sable, and Little Hope and Ironbound—what thrilling dramas have been played out under the lamps that shine so steadily far into the darkness. Tragedies of wreck and storm and death.

In sunny summer days, when the sea is shining, clear and blue as the sky above, and the flashing wings of the gulls reflect a brightness as of polished silver—when the passing steamers leave long, straight streams of smoke on the horizon—when the sails of the fishing smacks hang listlessly, and the bare-necked, bare-armed fishermen pull busily at the lines, for the fish have set in and the sea is full of silver gleams. In days such as these it is hard to realize that the sea can be otherwise than calm and beautiful. But we who know it so well do not forget days in the Autumn, when the screaming gull flew inland, when the great moving mass of ocean was a dull, dark purple, and each wave tipped with greenish white foam, when the sky was as dark as the sea, with gleams of uncanny white light breaking through the banks of wind-torn clouds, when the returning fishing smacks ran charily under bare poles, for the varying wind blew in great gusts, when the long wail of the automatic buoy sounded like a funeral knell to the fishermen's wives in the cove. And when darkness settled down, the dense darkness of a stormy night on the coast, the lights along the shore flashed out their signal stars to guide and warn the weary mariner.

The harbour of Halifax is one of the finest in the world. The water deep and free from obstructions, and secure and safe when once within. But the approaches to the harbour are perilous in the extreme, owing to the inhospitable rockbound coast, which, on the western approach, is a sheer wall of granite grey, and bare and desolate. At the foot of the cliffs are jagged and sharp splintered rocks showing through the water. The currents foun and seethe around these rocks, sending up showers of spray which glisten with all the colors of the rainbow in the sunlight. Halifax occupies an important position as the chief naval station in North America. Its grand dry-dock and advantages as a coaling station, making it a port of call for many ocean steamships, especially in winter.

Sherbrook Tower, an immense round granite structure on Meagher's Beach, guards the eastern entrance to the harbour. Near this entrance is Devil's Island with two lighthouses, one on the eastern and the other on the western side of the island. There is also a lighthouse on the Imperial property of George's Island just in front of the city.

Chebucto Head light stands at the western entrance to the harbour, it is a revolving white light. There is a red light at Herring Cove, and four and-a-half miles beyond Chebucto Head on a rocky islet, Sambro Light sends its steady beams twenty-one miles far out at sea.

Besides its fine lighthouses Halifax Harbour has all the modern aids to safe navigation—buoys, fog bells, fog trumpets, automatic buoys, and on Sambro explosive bombs fired every twenty minutes.

High up on the cliffs are perched the homes

of the fishermen, little hamlets with hardly a tree or shrub, only the vastness of sea and rock and sky. The stranger who visits the fishing village of Prospect is sure to be shown the spot where the White Star steamer Atlantic went down; one of the most terrible marine disasters in our century. The steamer was bound to New York with more than a thousand passengers. Coal ran short and the captain decided to put into Halifax for a fresh supply. Through some blunder the harbour's mouth was missed, and before daylight on the morning of April 1st, 1873, the steamer struck on Marr's rock, Prospect. So soon after striking did the vessel sink, that many of the passengers slept peacefully into eternity—not a woman was saved, and only one child, a little boy whose parents were drowned.

In the grey and stormy dawn, the fishermen of Prospect saw the masts and small portions of the hull of a great ship among the breakers. The wreck was crowded with human beings, and every wave that washed over it carried down some struggling, worn-out victim. A strong wind was blowing, the sea was running high, and those clinging to the wreck were covered with frozen spray. The inshore rocks were coated with ice and the high sea and bitter cold made the work of rescue very dangerous, but through the heroic exertions of Officer Brady of the Atlantic, and the Rev. Mr. Ancient, Church of England minister at Prospect, and his brave volunteers, all those who had survived the cold and sea were taken off before sundown. The homes of the fishermen were thrown open and their kindness shown in every way that was possible. In the meantime the news had been carried to Halifax. It was the first day of April, and when the rumour spread through the city "that a great steamer, bound for New York, had been wrecked at Prospect and several hundred lives lost," it was thought to be only one of the stories common to the day. When confirmation came, the city was stirred as never before. Steamers were despatched with provisions and clothing for the living, and coffins for the dead. The shore was strewn with bodies tangled amongst the rocks and seaweed. Strong, stalwart men, fair women, and little children, were laid in rows on the rocks for identification. In a few days strangers were pouring in from all parts of the United States in search of the bodies of loved ones. A deep trench was dug near the church, and the unclaimed, unknown dead were buried there to await the great day when each shall give account for himself. Other steamers have gone down near the harbour's mouth, and many lives have been lost, but at no time has the loss of life been so great as in the Atlantic disaster.

Within range of Meagher's Beach light are the dangerous Thrum Cap shoals. Here, on the 23rd of November, 1797, the fine frigate La Tribune went down, and two hundred and fifty brave men calmly met their death. The circumstances have been graphically told by Dr. McMechan in the story "At the Harbour's Mouth." The loss of La Tribune, like that of the recent terrible disaster in the Mediterranean, seems to have been a great and needless sacrifice of human life. One thing noticeable in the stories of these two great disasters is, that devotion to duty in the British sailor, is as steadfast now as it was one hundred years ago. We read of those on La Tribune—"There was no panic; the men did as they were ordered; discipline prevailed."

Accounts of the Victoria disaster tell us "That the Chaplain died trying to save the sick. The Admiral stuck to his post. All the men listened to the call of duty and did their best. There was no panic even in the face of death."

On a high bluff opposite Thrum Cap York redoubt with its frowning battlements. Woe to the enemy within range of its cannon. It is also the Imperial signal station, and a sharp lookout is kept for passing craft. Below the fort and clinging to the steep sides of the hill is the pretty fishing village of Purcell's Cove, with its white houses, little garden patches, and here and there stunted, blown first and lily bushes, a long, winding road leads up to the Fort; and the sea view is one of the finest in America. Well up on the broad, bare hillside is a little burying ground. Here, those who have come home to die are buried. In the burial grounds of our fishing villages the graves of women and children are generally more numerous than those of men. They that go down to the sea in ships, the fathers, and brothers, and sweet-hearts, how many of them go down forever. Choosing this spot there must have been a touch of nature akin to that shown in the choice of Salvation Yeo's last resting place in Bideford Churchyard. "For here can be seen the ships come in and out across the bay, and the long, green waves of the Atlantic rolling in, and at sunset the great light opposite catches up the last dying rays of light and flashes them forth with messages of hope and cheer. "Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

CHRISTINA ROSS FRANK

TENNIS.

The interest in lawn tennis, both on the part of players and on that of spectators seems to have been peculiarly keen this year when ever tennis has been played. At the All England championship, the accounts of which have just reached us, every seat was occupied and the playing seems to have equalled the enthusiasm evinced in it. Here in Canada we have lately been held three important tournaments: A local Toronto one, upon the grounds of the Victoria Club; that of the Canadian Association, on the excellent courts for the Street, in this city; and the matches for the Ontario championship at Hamilton. The Toronto cup was carried away for the second time by Mr. Boys, of Barrie; the championship of Canada went to Mr. Avery, of Detroit; and curiously enough, the latter was defeated by the former in the match for the Ontario championship at Hamilton, which finally fell to Mr. Fuller by default. But such changes in the fortune of war are common on the tennis court, as those who in the games on the lawns watched the varying failures and successes of Messrs. Gordon McKenzie, Matthews, Boys, and Avery, had abundant proof.

Tennis is essentially a modern game, suits the prevailing fashion in habits and customs so exactly that there is nothing surprising in its wide-spread popularity. An important and close match can be played to a final result from one to three hours, in which respect lawn tennis shares with football, lacrosse, and baseball, (if the last is in any way to be classed