

ordering the engines to be set full speed ahead again.

The torpedo was immediately discharged. As the two vessels came within fifteen yards of one another, Trevelyan turned to the steersman:

"Let her fall off," he said.

"The Snake" began to gather way on her new course, presenting as she did so her stern to the enemy. The latter was trying to head away in the opposite direction from the torpedo.

(To be Continued.)

Poet's Blessing.

IN the olden times it was the custom in the Highlands for some one to meet the bride as she came out from her chamber accompanied by her maidens on the morning after her marriage, and to salute her with a poetical welcome called "Am Beannachadh Baird," or "The Poet's Blessing." When the Rev. Donald MacLeod, of Greshovnish and minister of Duirinish married, no one was prepared to meet his bride with the usual salutation, the practice having by that time fallen into desuetude. The Rev. gentleman, however, determined that the time honoured custom should not be dispensed with on the occasion of his marriage. He then composed the following pretty lines full of wisdom and sage counsel, and saluted his bride himself as she came forth from her bridal chamber on the first morning of her wedded life.

Mile failte dhut led'bhreid,
Fad do re gu'n robh thu slan;