

Then here's to us, may we here stay
 As long as we desire,
 And when from earth we pass away,
 Be farthest from the fire.

THE WRECK OF THE "ASIA."

'Tis midnight on the troubled deep,
 The restless waters moan and sigh,
 As though in sorrow they would weep
 That fair and brave so soon must die.

The 11th of Sept., 1882, will long be remembered by many of the inhabitants of our fair Canada with feelings of sorrow and regret; as, upon that date there occurred a calamity which cast a shadow over many homes, that shall be lifted only by the hand of eternity. We hear of many ships being lost, of many lives ceasing in the storm and darkness, but we do not realise, nor can we understand the full meaning thereof, until, as in the case of the *Asia*, the crew and passengers of the fated vessel are our own friends and loved ones. Some of those who went forth amid the rayless gloom of that September midnight, when the steamer left for the last time the shelter of a harbor, were persons with whom we were intimately connected, persons who were united to us by the strongest ties of friendship and affection; the ones who watched throughout the long hours of that last night, as the unfortunate vessel struggled with the waves of Lake Huron, were those with whom we have mingled, either in social intercourse, or in the nearer and dearer union of the circle of home. A year has gone by since the dread occurrence, but the vacant places by our firesides are still unoccupied, while we wait in vain for footsteps that shall come no more, and with these to remind, telling more eloquently than words a story of loss and sorrow. The sinking of the doomed *Asia* shall not soon be forgotten. Who would have supposed, as they watched the preparations for departure on that fatal night, as they observed the strong arms and stalwart forms of the crew, or witnessed the smiling faces of the passengers, that two alone of that company would return, to tell a tale of shipwreck and suffering? Let us imagine ourselves in a position to witness the departure of the *Asia*, and to follow her stormy course until she, together with her burden of human beings, is lost in an ocean grave. The night is dark, it is true, while the troubled waters toss and moan, as though conscious of impending evil, but