

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

About a year ago Capt. George Irving, accompanied by one passenger and two of a crew, left Cape Traverse, P. E. I., for Tormentine, Nova Scotia, in an ice boat. The passenger's name was Elmer Baker, of Bedeque, P. E. I., and he was on his way to the Pacific coast for the benefit of his health. The two boatmen were Charles Carruthers and Mullins Snow. When they reached mid-gulf the snow began to fall heavily, and the compass got wet and became unreliable. They soon became lost in the storm, and try as hard as they could they were not able to make land. They wandered about until night set in, when they turned the boat up-side-down for the purpose of using it as a protection. Here they remained all night, but not a wink of sleep did they get. They were afraid that if they closed their eyes they would be frozen, and they kept moving about all night to keep their blood in circulation. Next morning was clear but intensely cold. After anxiously looking about for some time they saw what they thought was land about twenty miles distant which turned out to be a settlement called Canoe Cove, on the Island side. They made for the land with all possible speed, and after travelling all day over a road remarkable for its roughness they reached shore about seven o'clock, being much exhausted, but otherwise none the worse for their perilous adventure. They were hospitably treated by Hugh McLean, of whose kindness and courtesy they speak in terms of praise. Their escape from a terrible death was little short of miraculous. Fortunately the passenger Mr. Baker, had a valise well filled with food with him, and he generously shared it with the crew. He also had with him a big trunk filled with good warm clothing, which he also shared with his companions in order to better protect them from the biting cold. A huge

fur coat and cap which he wore himself was the means of saving his own life.

CANADA.

My fondest song shall be of thee,
Land of the Pine and Maple tree !
To thee, as to their chosen home,
The sons of many a clime shall come.

Let every symbol join with thine ;
Be holly woven with the pine ;
Let Albion, Erin, Scotia, prove
How they as one can live and love.

Soon as the Mayflower's modest face
Looks at us from its forest place,
Say, with this sweetest child of earth,—
Love thou the land that gave thee birth.

The red Rose on her thorny tree
Shall mind us oft whose sons we be,—
What royal blood within us flows,
All rich and ruddy as the Rose.

The Northern Thistle's prickly gem
Shall nestle in our diadem ;
And the pure Lily-flower of France
Shall mingle grandeur and romance.

The Shamrock, in its scented hood,
Bewept, and stained with tears of blood,
Shall in our garland woven be,
And speak the married peoples three.

Yet dearest they, whose infant eyes
First gazed upon these northern skies,—
Whose cheeks our native breezes fanned,
Should prize this fair Canadian land.

My fondest song shall be of thee,
Land of the Pine and Maple-tree ;
My heart is turning to thy shore,
And, absent, I but love thee more.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Cherryfield.

Pastor F. L. L.