

The bereaved mother was led away to her own cabin, while tender hands prepared the little lifeless body for its grave in the deep sea.

A tiny snow-white shroud was made, and a covering of new linen fair and white; then the mother came in to take a last look at her wee girlie; afterwards all who liked passed through the hospital cabin to see the still winsome little maiden "as in snowy grace she lay."

It was good that the little children, many of whom were looking upon death for the first time, should see it in this beautiful form, shorn of its ghastly details.

One little fellow exclaimed, "She does look pretty; but isn't she well, she looks so pale?" In the afternoon the chief officer came, and carried the little body tenderly to the quarter-deck, where the preparations for burial were completed, and the wee maiden was laid in state on a bier resting crosswise upon the deck rails and upon two crossed handspikes. The bier was covered by a large English flag, bright and new, an officer standing at the head as sentinel, and a quartermaster at either side. Presently the captain and chief officer came aft, and some two hundred of the emigrants and children, who were allowed to be present at the service.

We had just entered the tropics; the afternoon was a glorious one, and the whole scene was one of exceeding beauty and loveliness. At the captain's signal the huge engines ceased their mighty working, and a solemn silence prevailed. Then the captain began to read the beautiful service for the dead, seeming never more beautiful than when his brave and manly voice, quivering with emotion, was heard to say, "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

As he came to the words "we commit her body to the deep," he had to pause. The quartermasters, at a signal from the chief officer, lifted gently one end of the bier, sliding it over the ship's side until it almost touched the water's brink. And so "at evening, ere the sun had set," the tiny body glided silently down into the great deep, till the sea shall give up her dead.

I thought what a beautiful type of heaven is this vast ocean, making no distinction of sect or creed, but receiving into its fathomless bosom those of all nations, kindreds, peoples, and tongues.

It seemed meet and right, that as the little spirit had winged its flight at sunrise, the tiny body should be laid to rest at sunset.

And thus the wee emigrant was buried with all the pomp and circumstance which would have surrounded her had she been of royal lineage or descent, and with a tribute of tears from all eyes.

"But why should we thus mourn and weep?"

Our loss her greatest gain must be!

We weep, but she shall weep no more,

Her precious barque has reached the shore,

While we are left upon the sea."

"AND JESUS CALLED A LITTLE CHILD UNTO HIM."

M. G. B.

FIRE! FIRE!

HARK! "Fire!" and the cry's repeated loud,
Through the London streets, by a London crowd.

"Fire!" and the men to their places spring,
Each cool and calm as a guarded king.
Helmets and axes are polished bright,
And the engine glitters 'neath Luna's light;
The startled crowd from the road retreat
Back to the kerb from the horses' feet.
Now through the night comes the "Hi! hi! hi!"
As they go on their errand to do or die.
From street to street as they swiftly fly,
They take as a guidance the lurid sky.
(Maybe at their goal some poor soul's there,
Looking for safety through blank despair.)
A ringing cheer as they near the spot—
The reward of applause is the brave man's lot.

An escape has arrived—see a fireman fly
To the room where a mother and children lie.
The children are saved, and the mother next,—
For "the helpless first" is a fireman's text!
By ladder and shoot he brings all down;
While cheer after cheer rings through the town.
Some shout, "In the back room an infant lies!"
A fireman goes: and a brave man dies.
"No, no, it is here—come back!" Too late!
You've raised an alarm—he has met his fate!
Mayhap his comrades will find his bones,
Blackened and charred 'mongst the bricks and stones,
And their first regret for his loss will be—
False alarms ushered him to Eternity.

A myriad sparks from the windows fly
As the roof falls in, and the flames mount high;
They curl and they dance in grim delight
Till they set the opposite house alight.
Now between two walls of a living fire
Must heroes work for their paltry fire!
Alas! 'tis so, though they murmur not—
When work is at hand care's soon forgot;
And Nature will boast of her noblest son
In him who heeds nought 'till duty's done.
To check the advance of the pitiless flame
The branches are plied with marvellous aim,
And the streams fly out with a crackling sound
From every possible vantage ground.
The quivering steamers seem to know
They are battling now with a mighty foe,
And with painful tension are struggling hard
To hurl their burthen another yard.

Some follow it up to renew the fight,
By the smoke obscured from comrades' sight:
They have entered the house, "What was that row?"
A crash and a shout, "God help them now!"
All hands on removing a shattered wall
Find two who have answered their Maker's call;
Another, they know, lies charred and dead,
Whose soul has flown to the great Godhead.