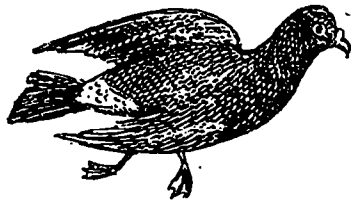


[FOR THE "PICTORIAL TIMES."
THE STORMY PETREL.



I
See on the summit of yon heaving wave,
A dusky speck that balances its form,
Out on the wild grey ocean's yawning grave,
And drifted seaward by the howling storm.

II.
The billow crushes, seething from its crest,—
Where is the sea-bird in its eddying spray?
Calm and secure as in its rock-built nest,
Blithesome as though on summer waves at play.

III.
It is the stormy petrel! In the roar
Of blast and breaker gambolling on the deep,
Or sers his foot upon its shifting floor,
There by the shrill sea-music rocked to sleep.

IV.
But lo! The dark clouds lower and the mountain surge,
Writhing in strangest fury tosses high,
With north gales chorussing the wildest dirge
That ever scared the crew of freighted argosy.

V.
There is no place to make thy foothold now,
Poor little nursling of the angry sea,
Save on our noble vessel's jutting prow
That onward cleaves through ocean fearlessly.

VI.
A faithless mother tossed thee from her breast,
Unhappy waif, and left thee to thy doom;
Fear not thy wing upon our sails to rest,
We'll guard thee, birdling, through the tempest's gloom.

VII.
Alas! Our young hearts, too, devoid of fear,
Love all the dangers of the treacherous brine,
The stormy sea of life, so wild and drear,
That wrecks the soul immortal and divine.

VIII.
And what if all alone, when black clouds lower,
And ocean's whelming surges round us foam,
Oh! what would be our fate in that dread hour,
Without a friendly sail to waft us home.

IX.
Ah! noble youth, who linger on the shore,
Unconscious yet of perils on the wave,
Ah! learn to fear the tempest's threatening roar,
Nor tempt the horrors of a watery grave.

X.
The sky that spans your sea is bleak and dark,
Your path is strewn with many a lurking snare,
O brother mine! before you launch your bark,
Attend the petrel's cry: Beware, beware!

BOZCABEL:

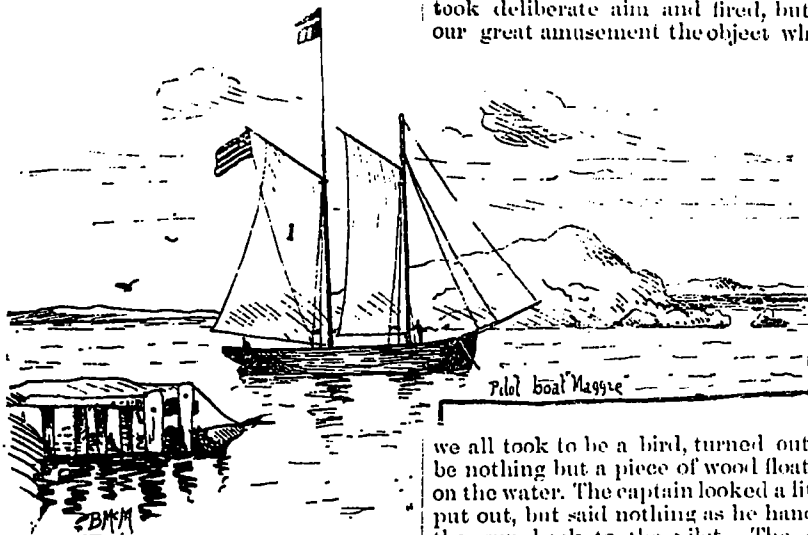
THE REASON.

Tom—"I don't see why so many people make a fuss over that Miss Jones; she isn't any better looking or as nice as some of the other girls."
Harry—"That's true, my dear boy, but her pa is a millionaire. That's why she carries so high a head."
Tom—"Oh, that's it, is it? She holds up her head by a cheque reign."

[For the Pictorial Times]
A CRUISE IN CASCO BAY



II
Once on dry land again and the provisions brought ashore, for we had not come without something to counteract the effect of the sea air on our appetites, we proceeded to explore the island. I had brought my sketch book with me and choosing a good point of view, proceeded to make a rough water colour sketch of the "Maggie" as she lay at anchor in



the bay, the broad expanse of water and blue sky above, forming a very effective back ground. I was just about completing the rapid sketch when I was hailed by Capt. S.—and on my return to our party found they had encamped among the trees and lunch was ready. Some one exclaimed "what is this coming?" and on turning our heads we beheld the pilot and his man lugging a pot between them from which a savoury odour proceeded. This was a surprise in the shape of a clam chowder. We did full justice to the viands set before us, for there is nothing like sea air and exercise to sharpen men's appetites. One of our party had brought a rifle, and pinning a sheet of paper against the trunk of a tree, we all in turn tried our skill as marksmen, but the less said about it the better. None of us being particularly expert shots we wasted a good deal of powder and shot and the trunk of that tree was like a small lead mine when we had finished. The view obtained from a rising ground was very fine, the day being clear, the eye wandering over the various islands which abound in Casco bay and on the graceful fishing schooner skimming over the waters: while below the eye followed the curve of the little bay or cove in which our schooner lay. In some places the pine trees grew down almost to the water's edge. It was indeed a lovely sight, the bright sunlight playing over it adding greatly to the natural beauties of the scene. By this time we had explored the island and the pilot who was anxious to catch the flood tide for our return, urged us to embark once more and accordingly we



all proceeded to the landing pier where the small boat lay in readiness to convey us on board the "Maggie." By the time we were fairly under weigh the

flood tide had set in strong and after tacking about for some little time and enjoying the fresh sea breezes we found ourselves heading for Portland harbour which we could just distinguish in the distance. Our purser could not resist taking a nap and stretched himself under the shadow of the mainsail; while I amused myself and the company by sketching him as he lay, with his hat over his eyes, to keep the rays of the sun off. Presently some one called out that he saw a diver ahead, and the pilot bringing up a loaded gun from below, it became a question as to who should have the shot at the offending bird. The gun was handed to Capt. S.— who stood in readiness; all were on the tiptoe of expectation, and, when the skipper judged he was within fair distance raised the gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim and fired, but to our great amusement the object which

we all took to be a bird, turned out to be nothing but a piece of wood floating on the water. The captain looked a little put out, but said nothing as he handed the gun back to the pilot. The sun

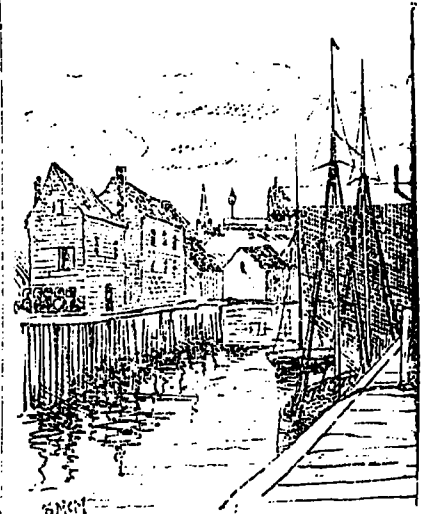


was now beginning to sink in the west, tinging the tops of the pine trees on the islands with a ruddy glow; the wind had dropped considerably, and there remained a slight breeze which was just about sufficient to cause us to glide smoothly on. Every one's face wore a look of contentment, for truly we had spent a very pleasant day. Silently our craft approached the breakwater at the mouth of the harbour, and on getting nearer, we passed close by the S.S.S.—



as she lay at the wharf, her massive sides towering above us. Indeed Capt. S.— may feel justly proud of his ship, for not a finer vessel of her class crosses

the broad Atlantic. How picturesque the wharfs looked with the glow of the setting sun behind them, the green and slimy weed clinging to the piles close



by the water, the quaint wooden structures used as fish curing houses lining them, and the groups of fishing craft which lay huddled together in picture-que confusion, a regular forest of masts brought into strong sharp relief against the rich glow of the sunset. The grating sound caused by the vessel's-side rubbing against the wharf, the falling of a mooring rope thrown from the schooner, and we once more found ourselves back in Portland each and all well satisfied with the day's doings.

Mac.

OUR PICTURES.

A MONTREAL STAGE-COACH.

The stage, or diligence, as it is called officially, which runs from Montreal to La Prairie, St. Philippe, St. Jacques, Le Mineur, and Najterville, is a modest vehicle known probably to a comparatively small number of the inhabitants of the Canadian metropolis. The Montreal and La Prairie diligence runs, or ran lately, with more or less punctuality, at stated intervals all the year round. In summer it goes upon wheels, but it is more picturesque, and its movement is far more grateful to passengers, when it is mounted upon runners, and speeds over the roads of snow or along the frozen river. A ride upon it is a sort of modified tobogganing, without the drudgery of climbing uphill, and with the soft music of the horn thrown in.

A REMARKABLE COLLISION.

"On Monday afternoon, January 17," says the Post of Lind-ay, Canada, "the singular sight could be seen on Victoria Avenue of two locomotives piled one on top of the other, and a snow plow underneath crushed out of all resemblance to the useful machine that clears the track. During the afternoon a violent snow storm had prevailed. At times the snow fell in such a cloud as to prevent anything being caught sight of more than ten feet away. During the height of the storm, engine 634, driving snow plow No 18, passed the junction (Lindsay north), having come south over the coboconk line, under orders. A few minutes before, engine No. 624 left the station with a train of freight cars to haul to the junction. Just above Elgin Street, Driver McIntosh caught sight of the plow and engine, but it was only a few yards away at the time. Driver McIntosh and Fireman Rogers jumped from the engine and landed in a snow bank. Conductor Pym was not so fortunate, for in scrambling out on the tender to make the leap he was a moment too late, and was thrown from the tender to the ground, escaping unhurt. Driver R. Johnston and Fireman Tutton of 634 stuck their to engine. In fact, the first intimation they had of the state of