

Let us now proceed to the bow of the vessel, where quite a different scene awaits us. We are just at the channel which separates the harbour from Cape Cod Bay. Away beyond, as far as the eye can wander, stretches the illimitable eastern horizon. But what is this structure directly in front of us, seeming, as it were, a sentinel to guard us where we should not tread? From one of the deck hands close by we learn it is the historic Boston Light that, for so many years, has cautioned the mariner from trespassing on dangerous paths. Perhaps its own story will impart to us a better knowledge,—

“ Out where the waves of the Ocean
Thunder and break in their wrath.
Here on the outermost danger
Near to the mariner's path,
Standing on treacherous footing,
Towering over the sea,
Flash I my signal of warning
Of one—four—and three.”

Hardly have we left Boston Light when there is seen towering in the distance, beyond, the white figure of a second light house, Minot's Light. We look back to catch a glimpse of the city, to get a view of it from a distance, but it has disappeared, seemingly separated from us by the blue vault of the western heavens. We are now beyond all sight of land, and to those, like myself, who have never been in such a situation before, the feelings become those of one who has been forever separated from all that is dear to him. But our sentiments are not long such, for shortly there appears, straight ahead, the joyous greeting of land. We imagine ourselves in the position of the great Columbus, when, after so many months of perseverance and anxious waiting, he at last espied the land for which he had long sought.

Half our journey is now nearly over. As we approach the land ahead of us the various objects, before indistinct, begin to reveal themselves, and we feel ourselves to be in a new world. We are about to land at Provincetown. Although only a small place, it has its interesting features, chief among which is the imposing monument erected to the early fathers of American civilization. But our stay here is not very long. It is now almost three o'clock, and the return voyage is before us. The sail back brings us again to the scenes we have lately met; yet, on pondering over them, new

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