

Thus sang the young poet. But before morning had dawned upon the billows of the ocean all the poetic fancy that was flickering in his half-phrenzied brain was driven out by a serious attack of sea-sickness. His emanations were then of a much grosser sort of material than the ethereal-essence of poetic sentiment. During three long and wearied nights he continued in a most pitiable condition; his thoughts bewildered and fluctuating; at times, half regretting the course he had taken. The weather was tempestuous during the voyage; but, at length, in the afternoon of the twelfth day the vessel and all the passengers were safely landed at Portland. That evening Fred went on board the train for Montreal, but did not reach his destination until late in the afternoon of the second day, the journey having been prolonged by a severe snow storm. The cold was very intense. It was then that the words of Charles Holstrom occurred to his mind about the Canadian mountains of snow and the cold at 150 degrees of temperature below zero. He, however, arrived safely at Montreal, yet, cold, hungry and exhausted, and immediately engaged lodgings at the *St. James' Hotel*, where after a warm and hearty meal he soon experienced a more comfortable state of feelings.

Night's shadows had settled down over the fair city. The great bell of the cathedral of Notre Dame was scattering its solemn tones over the