

discharged, and fortunately were all proceeding home upon the same boat.

Our spirits were high. It was the month of December, and the old boat was due to arrive in St. John on the 22nd. All were looking forward to Christmas with the home folks, and well did we know that much preparation was going on at home for our arrival at this festive season. The passage had been a good one for this time of the year, until we were about one hundred miles from Nova Scotia. Then we ran into fearful weather, and every hour it became worse. On the night in question we were just entering the Bay of Fundy. The steamer had been delayed, and it was the evening of the 23rd. However, we were near home, and since we would arrive in St. John at daybreak, we hoped to make connections so that all might be home by Christmas Eve.

It was a wicked night when we entered the Bay. The waves were mountains high, it was snowing heavily, and never was there a darker night. The captain, who should have kept well out from the treacherous reefs and bars on that part of the Nova Scotia coast, was running too close to the shore in his anxiety to reach St. John before Christmas. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, came that awful crash. We did not know where we were. The tide was about half ebb when we struck. Soon, on account of the extremely high tide on that coast, we were well up out of the water. But we knew our danger when the tide should commence to rise. It was suicide to attempt to launch a life-boat, even had we known in what direction to row. We then began to carry some provisions up to the pilot house on the hurricane deck, since we knew that all might be submerged when the tide arose.

The steamer carried freight and passengers, and on this trip had three lady passengers only, and the fourteen soldiers. It was fortunate that the passenger list was no larger. The crew numbered twenty-seven. Soon the tide began to rise. After about three hours the fires were put out. Slowly the water rose above the lower deck, then the upper deck, and at last just touched the hurricane deck. We soon found that when forty-four people were crowded into such small quarters, there was little room for extras. However, we boys had passed through other difficult times, and now so near at home, we somehow felt that the All-protecting hand would again come to our assistance.