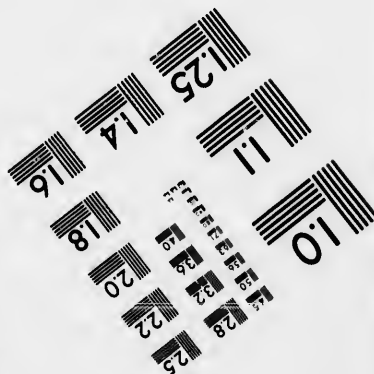
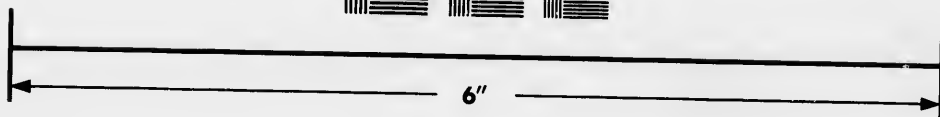
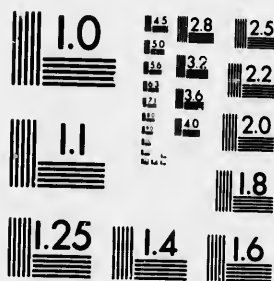


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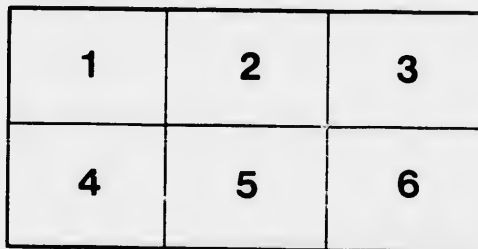
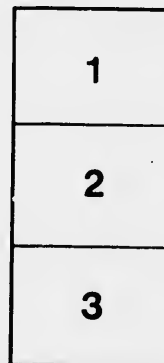
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SOME

OF OUR WEEKLY TROUBLES.

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"For~~san~~an et haec olim meminisse juvabit."



THE VOYAGE OF LIFE	MARY RHYNAS
A MONTREAL GHOST STORY	AMELIA MORRIS
THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL	JEANIE MACCULLOCH
IMAGINATION	CARRIE CORDNER
THE LOSS OF THE "NORTHFLEET"	JULIA SANBORN
CHAINS	KATE DEAN



The Voyage of Life.

A little boat was launched upon a stream to sail to some place far away. In it there was a tiny blue-eyed child, happy and joyous all the livelong day, caring only for the pleasures of the present and thinking little of the time to come.

The sun shone brightly in the heavens, while the water, dancing and sparkling, seemed to be covered with millions of diamonds, and all nature appeared to have put on the fairest and brightest colours. But it was not to be always thus. Some days after, a cloud obscured the sun, and the peaceful stream, becoming rough and swollen, roared like an angry lion. Then indeed fear seized on the heart of the youthful voyager; but all this soon passed away, for on the stream of childhood storms seldom last long,—they soon disperse, leaving a brighter glow of sunshine than there was before.

But there were many perils and hidden dangers to avoid. The banks were lined with sharp and cruel rocks, on which the little boat might have been dashed to pieces. Their ugly forms were hidden by bright and many coloured flowers, among which the gaudy butterflies fluttered about from blossom to blossom. Often the child would fain have plucked the brilliant prize, for he thought not of the hidden rocks. But there was an unseen friend to direct his course, who warned him of his danger. Once, indeed, his waywardness had brought the boat too near to the shore, and he put forth his hand to pluck a scarlet blossom, but it was scarcely in his grasp when it drooped and faded away, and ere the look of disappointment had passed from his face he saw that the sides of his boat had been grazed and in some places cut by a projecting cliff. But the time came when the boat should leave the stream of Childhood and sail out into the ocean of Life, the wide, wide world. Fear and joy were mingled in the young voyager's heart, for he knew that worse dangers than he had ever yet encountered were before him, and that many a strong and stately vessel had sunk a wreck beneath the waves of that rough sea. But he longed for a change, and felt an inward joy when he thought that he would no more be confined by the banks of the narrow stream, but would steer his course which way he pleased over the mighty ocean.

Years have passed,—and casting our eyes over that wide expanse of water, what do we see? We see the sky black as night, illumined only by vivid flashes of lightning; we hear deafening peals

of thunder mingled with the roar of the blast; we see the water rising mountains high, and the storm bird flying wildly over the waves, and in the midst of all a ship tossed about like a toy in the hands of a giant. Can it escape the awful fate that awaits it? Will it be engulfed in the yawning billows, or will it weather the storm? There seems to be no hope, but we will wait and see. On board, terrible are the fears that arise in the mind of the voyager. Looking at his compass he sees that he has deviated from his right course, and by his chart he finds that he is nearing a rock-bound coast. He has but one hope left. Falling on his knees he implores the help of the Great Pilot, for in his pride and self-confidence he has taken the guidance of the ship into his own hands, and has discovered his mistake when it is almost too late. But now under the eye of the skilful Pilot the ship is saved from its impending fate, and as it approaches the right course the storm and darkness clear away and all is bright as before.

The fears of the youth have indeed been realized, and many perils like this have been passed through, many storms encountered, and many a time all hope has seemed lost and despair has seized upon his soul. But an unseen power has come to his assistance and he has been saved. At times he has been almost cast upon the rocks by some treacherous current, but a strong and favourable wind has arisen and he has been sent safely out of the reach of peril. At times the voyager, wearied with his journey, has almost wished it had never been begun.

Years again pass on, and we once more cast our eyes over the water, and in the far distance we see the well-known ship. We know her again, although she is somewhat changed. Her sides are stained with the constant wash of the waves, and her sails are in several places patched. But where is the bright-eyed boy, or the merry youth, or the strong man,—where are they? Can this old and bent form, this feeble grey-head, be he who was once so playful and happy, so bright and merry, so strong and active? It is,—his voyage of life has been long and wearisome, but it is now nearly over. The distant port, the Golden City, is in sight, and he will soon have reached it. And now as he calls to mind the various stages of his voyage, its trials and difficulties, he thinks what a different course he would have chosen if he had known what was before him.

But now a steady breeze is filling the sails and the Pilot has his vessel well in hand, and very soon she glides into the harbour. At last his voyage is over and the Golden City reached, and the aged voyager has found his rest. Deep emotions fill his breast as he gazes on the long-looked for Paradise, and then with a smile of heavenly joy upon his countenance he vanishes within its shining portals never to return.

A Montreal Ghost Story.

On the southern side of the Mountain of Montreal there stood, about twelve years ago, an old house, once inhabited by a man, who, it is said, hung himself. Report said that his ghost was always to be seen roaming about the premises at night time.

By the side of this house was a precipitous hill, which was a favourite resort for tobogganing in the winter season. A toboggan is a sledge made of a long narrow strip of wood curved up at one end. It is capable of holding two or three persons seated, and is very light.

My home was in Scotland, and I had come out to Canada to spend the winter in the gay City of Montreal; everything was new to me, and I entered with enjoyment into all the amusements of the season. One evening, two companions of mine, Tom Dakers and Arthur Fisk, called for me, as I was to go tobogganing on this hill with them. We started off about ten o'clock; it was a beautiful night, the stars and moon were shining cold and clear, and the bare leafless branches of the trees around were covered with frost that shone like diamonds under the rays of the moon.

What a magnificent sight burst upon our view as we reached the summit of the hill! Below us were the thousand lights that glimmered in the city, which lay spread before us like a panorama. I stood gazing long in admiration of the brilliant spectacle, until I was suddenly aroused by the voice of one of my companions, who called out:

"Jim, if you do not hurry up, you will not have much sliding to-night. Come, it is your turn now to have a slide. Are you watching the haunted house, expecting to see the ghost that we were telling you of yesterday roaming about?"

"Nonsense," I replied; "do you really believe that story?"

"Why, of course I believe it," was Tom's reply; "don't you?"

"No," I said, "I am not such a coward as to be frightened by a tale like that. I don't believe a word about this haunted house or the ghosts."

"He pretends he is not frightened in the least," said Tom, "while I am sure we can see his face growing a shade paler even in the moonlight," and they both laughed heartily at me.

"What," I retorted, beginning to get angry, "do you mean to insinuate that I am afraid of ghosts? I'll bet you anything that I will remain here alone for two hours."

"All right," Tom cried; "it is now about half-past ten o'clock I believe," taking out his watch and holding it up to the light of the moon; "we will have an hour's tobogganing, and then Arthur and I will leave you to the tender mercies of the ghost."

I agreed to this arrangement, and between tobogganing and chatting, the time flew swiftly by, till Tom declared that it was fully five minutes beyond the time fixed for going home, and that they couldn't stay a second later; so bidding me "good-night," with many parting injunctions to take care of myself, they went off, and were soon lost to view among the trees.

For some time I stood and watched, expecting to catch another glimpse of them, when they reached the foot of the Mountain and turned into the road leading to the city. But I saw them no more. A kind of lonely, desolate feeling stole gradually over me, as I thought of having to remain there all alone; but it was too late to draw back now, so I determined to make the best of it.

As I found it was rather cold to stand still, I began to pace backwards and forwards like a sentinel, to keep myself warm, and after taking this exercise till I was tired, I was resting myself on a log of wood, wishing it was time to return home, when all at once I was startled at seeing a man moving slowly among the trees a few yards from where I was sitting. He was gradually coming nearer and nearer, so, springing up, I advanced and demanded what he wanted.

"Oh, nothing," replied he, "but I see you have a toboggan with you. Will you allow me to go and bring mine also, and then we will have a race together?" I said I had no objection whatever to his company, and departing, he soon returned; but what was my horror to see him dragging along behind him a coffin instead of a toboggan. His face and figure had changed also. He was tall and thin, while his face was of a deathly hue, and it was marked on one side by two bloody spots. His eyes were staring and bloodshot, and a sickly smile played over his distorted features. I stood gazing at this apparition, rooted to the spot, when suddenly he opened his lips and said in a low and sepulchral voice as if coming from the grave: "Young man, why do you hesitate? Come and have a ride with me and try my toboggan; I am sure it is better than the one you have," and saying so he clutched my arm with his long skinny fingers, while an unearthly laugh, which froze my blood with terror, rang out clear and distinct upon the midnight air. In vain I struggled to free myself from his vice-like grasp, but at length I succeeded by a violent effort. Now, I thought, was the time to make my escape from this dreadful being, so, breaking away from him, I jumped on my toboggan, which was fortunately lying near, and

dashed with lightning speed down the hill. But what was my horror, on looking back, to see this awful being pursuing me mounted on the coffin!

Cold drops of perspiration stood like beads upon my forehead, and my trembling hands in vain attempted to steer. But nearer and nearer he came, and sometimes I fancied I felt his hot breath upon my cheek. At one time I thought I had gained the race, and had left him far behind. We were just then passing the haunted house, which till that moment I had quite forgotten. Suddenly every window and door seemed to fly open, a brilliant light streamed forth upon the air, and a crowd of spectres rushed out towards us, filling the air with unearthly cries. They seemed to urge my pursuer on in the race. On he came with increasing speed, till, with an exultant yell of triumph and mockery, he sprang upon my toboggan, flung his long arms around my neck, and dug his bony fingers deep into my throat. With a groan of anguish and despair, I rolled over into the snow and remembered no more.

"Where am I?—And who is this?" were the questions I uttered as I awoke from a long and deathlike sleep, one evening about a week after the adventure above recorded. I gazed about me in astonishment, trying to collect my scattered senses, until all at once, like a flash of lightning, came back to my mind the events of my adventure that evening on the hill, and my race for life with the ghost. On enquiring of the nurse that was attending me, I was told how I had been found by my two friends, who, having become alarmed at my prolonged absence, had set out in search of me. They found me lying at the foot of the hill senseless, with my face covered with blood, and it appeared that I had come in contact with a large log while riding down the hill, because the toboggan was overturned a few yards from where I was.

But never shall I forget that evening as long as I live, and I can never hear any person mention ghosts without my flesh creeping. Ever shall my visit to Montreal live in my memory with the "Haunted House" and its "Ghost."

The Death of a Young Girl.

While travelling for my health from place to place among those rural retreats in which our country abounds, I rested for the night in a pretty village which seemed to me disturbed by some unusual event. The intense interest centred apparently in a little cottage which stood back from the road, almost hidden from view by the luxuriance of the shrubbery surrounding it. On enquiring of my hostess, I learnt that a lovely child, the only one remaining of a large family, had been stricken down by the unseen hand of death, and her body now lay in her former home, awaiting its burial.

Moved by a natural impulse, and a desire to gaze upon the face of one whose praises filled the air so lately echoing with her merry laugh, I joined the throng of lowly villagers, old and young, who entered the cottage to take a last look at the face of their beloved friend. It was indeed a beautiful spot, fitted rather for the abode of angels than that of the fell destroyer. But who shall say that the soul which so lately tenanted this clay was not guarded by ministering spirits in its upward flight? An oppressive silence pervaded the chamber of death, and on a couch at one end of the room lay the body of little Nell. Beautiful in life, her beauty seemed only to have been enhanced by death,—a casual observer would have thought it sleep. The semblance of sleep was on earth, the awakening in Heaven. I could almost fancy that what lay before me in such exquisite loveliness, was a form fresh from the hand of the Divine Creator, and waiting for the breath of life, rather than a body from which that breath had forever fled.

Her couch was adorned with winterberries and leaves, plucked by the hand of affection from those sheltered spots in the green woods where she had loved to wander. While slowly passing away from earth she had expressed a feeble wish for something on which the light of Heaven had shone, and this wish was almost anticipated by little playmates eager to pay their last tribute of affection. She drew her last breath with these flowers clasped in her wasted hands.

The silence of the room was only broken by the fluttering movements of Nellie's pet bird, which flew uneasily from side to side of its little cage, as if it realized the loss it had sustained in the death of its little mistress.

I could not but draw a contrast between the dead child and the living bird; the one when in life, so noble and with a heart

so strong, but now motionless forever; the other, insignificant and frail, yet with all the life still in it, and seeming as if it would read in the faces of those around the sad truth concerning her at the sound of whose voice he would once have chirped forth his merriest notes.

Imagination.

The nature of the faculty called Imagination, or the Creative Power, is a topic upon which many different opinions have been expressed, involving much controversy; but upon this, as upon other similar subjects, no satisfactory conclusion has as yet been arrived at. The question, is it or is it not a distinct faculty, apart from all other faculties, and having a function to perform totally different from that of the other mental powers, is one which many philosophers have long and vainly attempted to decide. Like memory, it reproduces in thought what has been formerly seen or felt, but, at the same time, it presents not an exact image of the original, but enlarges and adds to this image. Unlike memory, it deals not only with the past but also with the future. The two faculties agree in representing what is at the moment not present to the senses, but, while the one represents it in the exact original form, the other, laying aside all conditions of time and space, represents it expanded and changed.

This faculty is possessed in very different degrees by different persons, insomuch that some philosophers wish to assert that Imagination is of two kinds, the one weaker and the other stronger, and these they term respectively the Passive and the Active Imagination. By the former they understand such imagination as a person possesses, when, in reading a book, he pictures to himself the scenes which are described or the different characters represented in it, while, at the same time, he would be unable to describe those scenes and characters himself. By the latter, they mean such imagination as the author possesses, by the force of which he is enabled to write the work, or such as enables the artist to paint an original picture. This view of the faculty, however, as having a two-fold nature, is, I believe, considered by the majority of philosophers to be incorrect, for they say that the difference just mentioned is one of degree and not of kind, that the reader and author of the work both possess the same faculty, but not the same amount of it.

Some philosophers contend that the Creative Power is not a simple faculty, but is one compounded of various other powers

of the mind, such as memory, abstraction, judgment and taste. But this theory again is thought by most metaphysicians to be wrong, inasmuch as Imagination possesses one great element which is wanting in all the other powers of the mind, viz., the ideal element. The other faculties deal with simple facts, ideas of the actual only, while Imagination deals with the possible. But if Imagination is merely a faculty made up of other faculties, and its function is, merely to analyse and reconstruct ideas already existing, where is its creative element? If this were all the functions of Imagination, in what respect would it differ from simple invention or the power of combining ideas of already existing objects into new forms. Thus, when an artist produces a fine painting, should we say that it was nothing more than a mere combination of colours according to certain laws? Has he simply arranged the paints which he had on his palette in due proportions upon his canvas? If this be all the power that an artist displays in a great masterpiece, why can we not all be Raphaels and Michael Angelos? No! it is evident that another power than that of simple combination is needed, if one would produce works to equal those of the great masters.

It is true that Imagination calls in to its aid other mental powers, such, for instance, as association and reasoning, but that it is simply a compound of these principles and has no independent power of its own, is a theory which but few philosophers entertain.

This creative faculty, in its highest form, is one which cannot be acquired. It may be greatly improved by use, and also by the diligent study of nature and of great works of art. It is, however, only to a certain degree that it can be cultivated, and unless a person naturally possesses a large share of this power, it is not probable that he will ever be able to produce any great imaginative work. The more he possesses it also, the better will he be able to appreciate the works of others, but a great amount of it is required if he would produce great original works himself.

This faculty is not entirely under the control of the will, as are many of the other mental powers, but is to a great extent spontaneous, causing thoughts to rise up in the mind at times when they appear wholly uncalled for. But, at the same time, it is slightly controlled by the will, for you may at such times, by a voluntary effort, turn your attention to things around you, and thus stop the train of thought which Imagination has caused. In its highest form, it partakes of the nature of inspiration: the greatest poets and artists compose their finest works, not by a mere effort of the will, but as their imagination presents its pictures to their mental vision.

Without this Creative Power, we should be deprived of much

pleasure, both in admiring the works of the great masters, and in presenting pictures and thoughts to ourselves, which, though they may not be worth exposing to the view of others, are yet sufficient to divert our attention and raise us above the ever-present world of facts, which otherwise would be our only subject of thought.

With regard to the existing results produced by the Imagination, it must be remembered that the office of this faculty is to conceive the supra-sensible in the form of the sensible, or in the words of the poet, "to body forth the forms of things unknown." Now, taking into consideration the amount included in the term "unknown," we can form an idea of the great extent of the field with which the Poet, Artist, or other imaginative genius has to deal. Assisted by the senses, especially that of sight, to draw ideas from the outward world, how many and various are the pictures which the vivid Imagination may present to the mind. But yet, though I say with the assistance of sight and the other senses, too much importance should not be attached to this, when we consider that our greatest Poet composed the finest of epic poems, with his eyes closed forever to the beauties of external objects.

The higher purposes of the Imagination are most assuredly to present to us ideas of the spiritual world. The most sublime literary productions of this power are of course those which have been penned by the divinely inspired prophets, psalmists and apostles of old. Indeed the Bible in many parts shows clearly the work of a vivid and powerful imagination. Ranking next, probably, to those inspired books, we may mention the Pilgrim's Progress of Bunyan and Milton's great poem descriptive of the spiritual world as presented to him by his imagination. We see this power of a great imaginative genius manifested in the awful picture which he presents of the Lower World and its occupants. The Italian poet, Dante, and others, have written on similar subjects, but if their productions are of equal merit they certainly are not superior to the work of the great author of "Paradise Lost."

The less awful results of this Creative Faculty are those fictitious tales and legends which treat more especially of this world and its life. The mythology of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the old Arabian tales and fables, romances and legends of the olden times, all these are products of the imagination. Then, among the results of more modern date, are the Drama and Fiction, of which at the present day we have an almost endless variety, good and bad. Poetry, also, of many kinds, may be classed with imaginative works of this lighter character.

Often, however, when the imagination is exercised upon the unknown, it gives rise to ideas of dangerous and pernicious character. Especially may this be observed in the conceptions of the

spiritual world formed by the heathen nations. They seem to be instinctively conscious of the existence of some Superior Being, who rules the affairs of this world, and sends upon them good and evil. They also have ideas of a spirit in themselves, and that this spirit when they die, does not die also, but passes from the body into some other state. But here their instinctive ideas fail, and having never heard who this Ruler of all things is, nor any explanation of the conditions under which the spirit exists, and its life, after it has passed from this mortal body, they are left to their imagination to conceive of these things for themselves. Thus, they are led to say that the spirits of their chiefs have gone into beasts of the forest, and these they worship, and also idols of wood and stone, which may be embodiments of demoniac ideas. Then they imagine that there are many gods to whom they must continually offer sacrifices, sometimes even of their fellow-men, to appease their anger, and they wear charms to ward off evils which they think would otherwise come upon them.

All this is but one example of what imagination, when allowed full scope, and without the restriction which education and reason put upon it, can do. There are many others also, but though, even amongst ourselves, false views of society and character, as well as of religion, are often presented, let us hope that this is an illustration of it in its worst form; that this is the extreme to which an unrestricted imagination can go, and we must not forget, in looking on the dark side of its results, the existence of the bright one, in contemplating which everyone may see that it has done much through all the world's history for the improvement and happiness of man.

The Loss of the "Northfleet."

One of the London docks, in January last, presented a scene of some little commotion. The "Northfleet," a large sailing-vessel bound for Australia, and carrying about four hundred passengers, mostly emigrants, was on the eve of her long voyage. Friends took their last farewells of each other, feeling that perhaps they might never meet again. At last, all who were not going, were forced to land, and the great ship was slowly tugged out of the dock, and moved down the Thames to Gravesend.

As the next day was hazy, and the sea rough, the ship came down the channel only as far as Dungeness, and there anchored close in to the shore, and apparently out of the way of all danger.

We can imagine the scene on board; some of the passengers

had probably begun to feel the pangs of sea-sickness, and had already retired to rest; others were still on deck, taking a last look at the shores they loved so well, and thinking of the dear ones from whom they had so lately parted; while others again were looking forward to the long voyage before them, and picturing to themselves the new world for which they were bound. Little did they imagine that ere another sun should rise, many of their number would indeed be in a new world!

At length the passengers go below, and the deck is cleared of all but the watch, pacing slowly up and down. The night is dark and rainy, and in the distance the coast is seen faintly, like a black bank, with a few bright lights on it shining through the misty atmosphere. Around lie many other ships, also riding at anchor for the night, and their tall masts rise up like spectral figures in the gloom.

But look! What is this dark form suddenly looming up through the mist? In vain the watch shout and signal again and again. On it comes, and with a loud cracking noise the sharp bow of the strange steamer drives into the ill-fated "Northfleet," cutting a fearful gash in her side, and laying it right open. And then—then, instead of standing by to render all the assistance in their power, the cowardly perpetrators of the deed clear off and escape in the darkness, leaving the unfortunate people to their awful doom.

It was but the work of a moment, and almost instantly the deck was crowded with half-dressed passengers, wild with fright, already apprehending their fearful fate. Husbands sought their wives; mothers rushed frantically about in search of their little ones; while some, in that dreadful hour, took refuge in prayer, and others, panic-stricken, filled the air with their heartrending shrieks and cries. And above all rose the sound of the alarm-bell incessantly rung, while every few moments a rocket sent up would illuminate the appalling scene with its ghastly light.

But amid all the din and uproar, the captain never lost his presence of mind, and calmly issued orders which his gallant crew faithfully obeyed. Boats were quickly lowered on both sides of the vessel, and the captain taking a last, fond farewell of his young wife, put her into one at the stern, committing her to the care of the boatswain, and commanded that the women should first be saved, at the same time threatening to shoot down any one who disobeyed his orders. But love of life was strong in the hearts of all; the boats on each side of the ship were overcrowded and sunk, and one man, impelled by terror, leaped into the boat at the stern right under the captain's eye, whereupon the latter fired at him twice, the second shot taking effect in his leg.

In the meantime, while these incidents were taking place, the

efforts to attract attention and obtain aid had not ceased. Signals of distress were constantly made, but all these endeavours were futile. Although several ships were at anchor only a few hundred yards off, not one seems to have perceived the disaster, the watch probably being asleep at the time. Had such not been the case, it is thought that all lives might have been saved. What a terrible consequence of neglect of duty!

During all this time the vessel had been rapidly filling with water, and the boxes and cargo on the lower deck were now afloat and could be heard underneath thumping against the upper deck on which the people were collected. A small steam tug, attracted by the signals of distress, at length came up; but, before it could render any assistance to the unfortunate passengers, while its red lights cast a horrible glare on the crowd of upturned faces, pitiful in their terror and despair, the stern of the doomed "Northfleet" slowly rose in the air, and then with a swift, rushing motion, the noble vessel went down by the head, leaving nearly four hundred people struggling helplessly for life in the water. Of all those who two days before had left the dock at London, with buoyant hopes for the future, and apparently with every prospect of a successful voyage, only about seventy were saved.

Although it must ever be with feelings of mingled awe and horror that we reflect upon so sad a calamity as the loss of the "Northfleet," still we cannot but look back with heartfelt admiration upon the brave conduct of that noble captain, who met death, like a hero, at his post. And we cannot express in too strong terms our contempt of those cowardly Spaniards who were the sole cause of the disaster, and yet refused either to acknowledge their culpability, or to aid in remedying to some extent the evil they had done.

Chains.

Ever since the banishment of our first parents from the Garden of Eden, the world has been fettered by chains.

Look at the prisoner in his grated cell, with what mingled feelings of pity and disgust we behold the chains with which he is bound. For while we feel compassion for his misery, we cannot but loathe the crimes that stain his heart and hands.

Thousands of young men are dragged down into the deep pit of degradation by the heavy fetters of drunkenness. While in the hands of this tyrant, many a word has been spoken, and

many a terrible deed done, that has brought ruin and disgrace on loved ones. Oh! if we could but see the cruel bands of intemperance sundered and its cups dashed to the ground!

The chains that Mammon forges for his votaries are bright and glittering, but as "all that glitters is not gold," so wealth with its binding links is often found very delusive and unsatisfactory.

Not the brazen fetters with which the Philistines bound Samson, weighed more heavily than do those of fashionable society on its chafed and fretted devotees. If they attempt to go beyond a certain point, the fear of what their set will say draws them back with relentless hand.

But the chain of circumstances presents itself to my mind as strongest of the strong. Aspiring sons of genius are everywhere to be found, that would take "the wings of the morning" and fly to meet fame; but when they rise a short distance from the ground, and just as they see ahead of them the glittering spire of her castle, they find themselves drawn back by strong unyielding links—then are they compelled to give up their vain hopes, and descend to their old monotonous every-day life. And indeed this chain is the particular one that clanks at my heels. Many times I dream day-dreams, and am a heroine of great beauty and brilliant talents. I am courted and admired by all. In Europe I find myself entertained by England's Queen, and visit all the courts and palaces with a train of attendants. But I am suddenly startled by the voice of our respected instructor giving out a topic for our next week's composition. Then I awake to a realizing sense of the fact that I am a school-girl in Bute House. With this awakening, comes the consciousness of the fact that I am bound by another chain, that of friendship, which circles our warm hearts, and links us very closely to each other. Older people tell me that it is as brittle as glass, and will break as easily, but I cannot but feel now, that however many years may roll over my head, however far I may wander from this classic spot, I shall still be linked to it by this mystic band, and "drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

Compared with this, I find dislike to be but a fetter of straw. One kind action and it snaps like tow before the fire. This feeling, however, if allowed to strengthen into hatred, becomes also a chain, and no force upon earth can loosen its hold, the divine grace alone can break its iron bands and free the heart from its fetters.

Several links are about to drop off from the chain of this school, and form other connections in the world outside. Yes, some are going away, never to return, no, never. Solemn thought, no one on earth knows their future; perhaps it may be

happy, perhaps involved in gloom and sorrow. Although it is pleasant to think they will be free from the tasks of study, there is much that is melancholy in the parting of those, who, for so many months, have been a happy band of companions. Last year one golden link from our chain was silently and gently drawn up into heaven. Yes! our dearly loved Éva burst the fetters of clay, and now awaits us in her happy home on high. Let us so live that when the great chain of successive generations surrounds the throne of God, we may there take our places, and find our circle unbroken, without a missing link.

