

When we asked him how far it was to Allora he said it was fifteen miles.

We arrived home that night at ten o'clock. We had travelled 270 miles that day without hardly anything to eat, and only getting out of the car once, so we were all very tired.

The next morning we took the car to a mechanic and asked him what was the matter. He said that the man in Ipswich had moved part of the engine nine times too many, thus preventing the car from being able to go slowly. He turned the part round to where it should be, and then the car pulled beautifully.

I hope very much that no one has the disappointment of getting as far as the bottom of Spicer's Gap, to find they cannot go any further.

—J. ROWLAND.

A STORM AT SEA

Out on the sea, a vessel moves slowly across the comparatively still waters. The waves wash with certain determination against the sides of the ship, making but little noise. A sailor appears on the deck, and casts an anxious eye towards the sky, clothed in a curtain of black clouds. As he looks a faint sound of thunder drifts over the water, yet another and another. With an exclamation he shouts, "Hasten, my men, there is going to be a storm. To the port for safety."

Already lightning flashes across the sky, lighting it up with an agry gleam. Peal upon peal of thunder is accompanied by the roaring of the waves. The wind whistles through the riggings of the ship, shaking every plank. Suddenly for a moment there is a deadly stillness, then down pours the rain, shutting out the blackness of the sky. The waves toss the ship this way and that, as a cat plays with a mouse. The rain sweeps the deck, wetting every board.

In vain the sailors strive to guide the ship on its homeward path. It seems almost impossible against so great an enemy as the wind and the waves. One wave and then another rises over the vessel, clothing it for one moment in their watery vapour.

"To the life boats," shouts the captain, "We have struck a rock. Within half an hour the ship will go down."

At dawn the next day all is peaceful once more. The waves wash on to the shore, bringing home some of the remains of the wreck. A broken sail, a heavy plank, lie high and dry on the beach.

—A. McLEAN.

THE RIVER

Oh, river, river, tell me true,
Of all the places you pass through,
Flowing with a constant motion,
Until you reach the distant ocean.