

A NIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A ST. JOHN LADY BOUND FOR BERMUDA.

Scenes on the Steamer While the Sea Raged, and the Vessel Plunged—"Man Overboard!"—Followed By Sharks—The Fate of the Horses.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the late evening train left the depot at St. John. For the first twenty-two miles the stops were frequent, but afterward few and far between. Amherst looked gray in the morning twilight, and before reaching Truro the sun, just rising, tinged the eastern horizon and a few lingering clouds with the roseate hues of dawn. The passengers began to wake up and realize that it was day. The landscape, in which every object was clearly defined in the early light, presented a picture well worth rising early to behold. At Bedford other passengers began to come in, and the express entered Halifax a little after 8 o'clock.

After a visit to the *Duart Castle*, and breakfast at the "Queen," a stroll around Halifax was in order. A visit to two or three stores and the post office, and a car quickly took us to the public gardens, which were looking their best. These gardens are so well known to St. John people that to attempt a description of them would be an idle task.

One o'clock saw us at dinner, on the steamer, which was to sail at noon, but was delayed. In the meantime the passengers employed their time in watching the operations of a diver who was examining the keel of a vessel near by, and in studying their fellow-passengers. After patient waiting, the last good-byes were spoken, and the steamer left the wharf. Gradually the shores receded from view until at last the waving of a handkerchief could no longer be seen.

Out on the Atlantic the vessel moved easily and smoothly along. The same evening a sudden fog retarded her progress but Friday morning broke calm and clear. As the day wore on, several of the passengers were attacked by *mal de mer*, but those unaffected ate their meals, and slept or read as they felt inclined. In the evening the wind began to freshen the sea—the Gulf stream becoming rougher, and those who stayed on deck until ten o'clock felt the swell of the ocean and the moisture of the spray. Two hours later the breeze had strengthened to a gale and the captain knew a hurricane was upon him.

All the port-holes and nearly all the hatches were closed which made the heat in the state-rooms almost unbearable. The vessel rolled heavily, and it was found necessary to steer out of the course in order to keep afloat. No one could sleep, and each felt that any moment might be his last on earth. Looking through the port-hole at one moment the sea was raging and boiling far off, and at the next it was dashing against the glass and over the decks. Much of the time one side of the deck was under water to the hatches, while the other side was up in the air. In the saloon all was confusion; chairs and stove were overturned, much glass and crockery broken, and one end of the piano forced against the ceiling, while the water broke through the skylight and drenched everything in the room. Many of the staterooms were invaded by the water, thus rendering the sick occupants doubly miserable. As early in the day as possible the passengers struggled to the Social Hall to get a breath of air. Carbolic acid and dirt, combined with the water, made the lower rooms very disagreeable. To walk across the saloon was at the risk of being thrown violently down, and steward and stewardess, who were very kind in their efforts to get around, were severely bruised.

In the forward part of the steamer ten of the horses and several sheep, being thrown off their feet, were killed, and a shark kept by the side of the vessel until the carcasses were thrown overboard. Two sails bound close to the yards were blown away and nothing left behind but shreds. The boatswain and a sailor standing on deck were washed overboard. The latter sank, but the former, catching a life-preserver thrown to him, was last seen as the vessel steamed away waving his hand to one on deck who was powerless to save him, for to stop or send assistance meant death to other lives. The captain who barely escaped being swept from the bridge took no rest for 36 hours, and was soaked through with salt water.

Through the day the waves continued at times to come in, but at night the wind had subsided. Owing to the shifting of the cargo, one side of the deck remained for the rest of the journey very near the water, while the other side was far above it. Crossing the deck was like climbing a hill, and to return meant hasty precipitation. The staterooms continued to be very hot, and the disorder caused by the storm affected the saloon so that the lady passengers ate their meals on deck. Several slept for the remaining nights in Social Hall. The days were spent reading, talking and sleeping on deck.

Monday night St. David's lighthouse came in sight and a welcome sight it was. In the early morning a pilot came on board and the steamer approached the island, which looked very picturesque with its low-lying, crescent-shaped land and light-house at each end. All were astir at daylight, and watched with eagerness the approaching shores. After sailing partly around Bermuda and admiring the low hills, sparsely wooded and numerous little bays and inlets, the *Duart Castle* anchored in Grassy Bay, opposite the dockyard. A boat, with its sails outspread like wings, came up, and also a boatful of sailors for the dockyard mail. As the steamer was on her side she could not go between the coral reefs, so in a little while a tender arrived and passengers and mails were taken to Hamilton, where they arrived after a sail of four-and-a-half days—a day-and-a-half longer than the usual time.

The signal which announced the arrival of the steamer was hailed with delight by many of the Bermudians, some of whom had friends on board and had been anxious as to their fate.

K. R. H.

DR. GUTHRIE ON SERMON READING

And a Few Incidents That Show His Ability to Speak on the Subject.

The following is from a letter written by the Doctor to a young minister:

One thing you must shake off, and it is your chain—I mean "the paper." Perhaps you do not read commonly—so far well; but you should read *never*. You will find one among a thousand who can read so well that it does not mar the effect of the matter, not more. To tell of the popular objection to "the paper" as being a groundless prejudice is all stuff—it is founded deep in the feelings of our nature. It, I may say, universally produces more or less of monotony, so much of it as to act like mesmerism on the audience. To keep an audience wide awake, their attention active and on the stretch (without which how are they to get good?) all the natural varieties of tone and action are necessary—qualifications incompatible with the practice of reading. Besides, I have found by experience that the practice of committing is to the preacher one of the best means of instructing him how to prepare for the pulpit, and that what has been difficult to remember has commonly fallen flat upon the people. Finding it blunt, I have set myself to give it point. Finding it heavy, I have joined it to a figure—an example, an illustration—something which, like a balloon, would make it rise. One of other immense advantages of not "reading" is that you are more free to avail yourself of those thoughts and varieties which the animation and heat of the pulpit naturally give. When the soul is excited, thoughts and even language acquire a fire and brilliancy which they have not in the calmness of study. The difficulties are quite surmountable—I don't say in a day, for no great thing is done in a day—but with such a help as I use there is no difficulty; a piece of paper with the heads and such words written, as mark the progress of the discourse and its prominent points.

The following are anecdotes are worth notice as showing how fully entitled he was to speak on such a subject:

A friend who used often to attend Free St. John's, remembers how one Sunday afternoon he was borne irresistibly onwards along the passage until within a few yards of the pulpit. There stood immediately in front of him a rough, short-set man, past middle life, who, if one might judge by his appearance, seemed a Highland cattle drover. From the very first the drover was riveted—a pinch of snuff every now and then evincing his inward satisfaction. Towards the end of the sermon, and just as the preacher was commencing a prolonged illustration, the stranger applied to his horn mull. Arrested, however, he stood motionless, his hand raised with the snuff between his fingers, his head thrown back, his eyes and mouth wide open. The instant that the passage was completed, and ere the audience had time to gather their breath, the drover applied the snuff with gusto to his nostrils, and forgetting in his excitement alike the place and the occasion, turned his head to the crowd behind, exclaiming quite audibly, "Na, sirs! but I never heard the like o' that!"

During one of Dr. Guthrie's powerful appeals to the unbeliever to close with the free offer of salvation through Jesus Christ, he described a shipwreck and the launching of the lifeboat to save the perishing crew, in such vivid colors that the dreadful scene appeared actually to take place before our eyes. Captain C—, a young naval officer, who was sitting in a front seat of the gallery, was so electrified that he seemed to lose all consciousness of what was around him. I saw him spring to his feet, and begin to take off his coat, when his mother took hold of him and pulled him down. It was some time before he could realize where he was. He told me a few days after in his mother's house that he became oblivious to everything else—that the scene described appeared so real that he was entirely carried away, and rose to cast his coat and try to man the lifeboat.

Church-Going in Germany.

The Germans, more especially those of the Lutheran persuasion, are not a church-going race. The men are for the most part avowed free-thinkers. The best among them are moral rather than religious, refusing to be fettered by any doctrine or creed, but leading upright lives, for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of the community. The women, if they belong to the "unco guid," attend church once a fortnight or so, otherwise half-a-dozen times a year is thought sufficient. A really good and pious German lady once informed the writer that if she went to church every Sunday she would be considered quite eccentric, while if she refused to go to a party or a theatre on the ground that it would be breaking the Sabbath, her friends would certainly be requested to place her under proper restraint. No doubt the national objection to church-going is partly due to the length and dreariness of the services. It must require uncommon patience and a highly devout frame of mind to endure chorales sung with most exasperating deliberation, and sermons an hour or more in length.—*Cornhill.*

It Wasn't a Chapel.

Two roving Irishmen, who were on tramp, happened to be passing a beehive one day, the like of it never having been seen by either of them before. "Ach, bad luck!" says Mick, "what, in the name of goodness, kind of a house is that?" "Shure, and it's nothing else but a nice little chapel," replied Pat. Mick went forward to the supposed little house, and put his ear to the opening. Hearing a loud humming inside, he got delighted, and turning round to Pat, he said:—"Hould your whist, Pat! May I never see old Ireland if they are not at mass and singin'!" Pat, being anxious to hear the music, forced his way past Mick, and put his ear close to the outlet. Unfortunately for him, one of the bees came out at the time, and seeing what it considered an intruder on their privacy, stung the poor fellow at once. Starting up in a twinkling, Pat exclaimed, with a loud roar, and a queer grin on his face—"Ach, murder, murder, Mick! Be my sowl, ye are entirely wrong; for it is not a chapel at all—it's an Orange Lodge! Ach, bad luck to it! But shure I might have known better than gone near anything of the kind!"—*English paper.*

THEATRES OF THE RICH.

HOUSES BUILT FOR THE USE OF THEIR OWNERS AND FRIENDS.

Some Very Pretty Private Theatres, Of Which That Owned By Patti Stands at the Head—A Theatre With Natural Scenery.

The growing taste for dramatics, which has kept pace with the accumulation of vast fortunes, has been the cause of many private theatres being erected. Perhaps the one worthy to stand at the head of the list for perfection is that recently built for Patti at her palatial residence at Craig-y-Nos in Wales. This luxurious theatre of large size may be taken almost as a typical model of a theatre, being constructed with every improvement and appliance of modern times, and to suit the ideas of the owner, whose theatrical experience is lifelong. The most experienced architects, builders and artists were employed upon it, and the "blue blood" of English aristocracy thought it a treat to be at the opening performance.

Naturally some royal personages have indulged in this whim. The late king of Bavaria went to extravagant lengths in the scenic productions of the operas of his protégé Wagner. The late king of Hanover also had a private theatre. The palace of Versailles contains one of great size and magnificence, and the queen has one at Windsor castle. There used to be a pretty theatre in the palace of the Tuileries until its destruction by the communists in 1873.

These instances are perhaps somewhat exceptional; it is rather of private theatres belonging to private persons that I would speak. The millionaire New York steamship owner, John H. Starin, has a theatre of remarkable character at his residence at Fultonville, in the picturesque Mohawk valley. This was constructed under the supervision of his son-in-law, Howard Carroll, a dramatist and man of letters, and its stage appliances are well high perfect; the scenery was painted by the first artists of the continent. It will seat about 280 persons, but it is in the decoration of the auditorium that conventionalities have been thrown aside and a spirited idea carried out. It consists of polished woodwork in inlaid patterns of all the fancy timber of the American continent. The drop curtain of this theatre is very pretty; it was painted by Philip Goatcher. It represents a view of the Mohawk Valley, as a picture in a gold frame surrounded by white satin draperies, and supported on either side by bronze statues, half life size, of a Mohawk Indian and a squaw with their implements of hunting. Mr. Starin, whose exquisite taste in landscape gardening is exemplified in his charming summer resort, Glen Island, (which all visitors to New York ought to see) has also another theatre of a still more unique character; it is a stage for pastoral plays cut in the side of a hill in his park. It is surrounded on three sides by a dense wood; the wings are trimly clipped hedges of evergreens, and the auditorium is a beautiful lawn, laid out with flower beds and fountains.

Mr. George Hecher, of New York, has a pretty theatre erected over his stables in that city, in which many notable amateur performances have been given. Mr. Fisk, the railway car manufacturer of Springfield, Mass., has a very pretty theatre, which will seat about 400. It is constructed on the model of the Hollis street theatre of Boston, and the engineering facilities and talent of his business establishment were brought to bear with excellent effect; as, for instance, the drop curtain is manipulated by hydraulic machinery under the control of a tiny switch, which may be moved with the little finger.

England has boasted of many fine private theatres; the theatricals at Campden House and at Holland House are historical matters.

Lieutenant-Col. Thorneycroft, of Tottenhall Towers, has a remarkable theatre. It is a hundred feet square, and fitted up with the rarest specimens of antique carved oak which money could procure; the oak carvings of Ludlow castle are among them. The floor is covered with the skins of wild beasts shot in India by his sons, while the walls are tastefully hung with trophies of arms and armour. The stage is remarkable; the rear of it is fitted with plate glass, and is arranged to open on to the part so that an actual woodland scene of over 300 feet in depth can be utilized. In addition to this feature, there is a water tower by which a water fall of 60 feet in height can be shown on the stage with illuminated water effects. But this does not exhaust the peculiarities of the place. There is a system, or rather a combination of two systems, by which a ventilation of 4,000 cubic feet of fresh air per minute is forced through the theatre without the slightest draught. It is forced down by hydraulic pressure and drawn down by a small furnace at a distance from the house, which is fed by the gas from the sewerage system at the same time. A system which, if introduced into great cities, would save the lives of thousands by burning the sewer gas, thus sucking it out of the residences.

Many of the Roman catholic churches have theatres for the amusement of the young people of their congregations; there is a very fine one at St. Francis Xavier's college in New York, and one at St. John's college at Fordham. The church of St. Lawrence in New York converted an old chapel into a theatre which I fitted with regular apparatus, fly gallery and so forth. The drop curtain is a view of St. Peter's and the vatican, with a group of Italian peasantry in the foreground. The Benedictine monastery in New York has also a theatre, of which the drop curtain is a view of Lake Lugano in Italy.

About the most recent erection of this class is a little theatre erected for Mrs. Haldane at the school house at Cold Spring, on the Hudson. The drop curtain was painted from sketches of the most characteristic scenery of the neighborhood, taken on the spot. SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

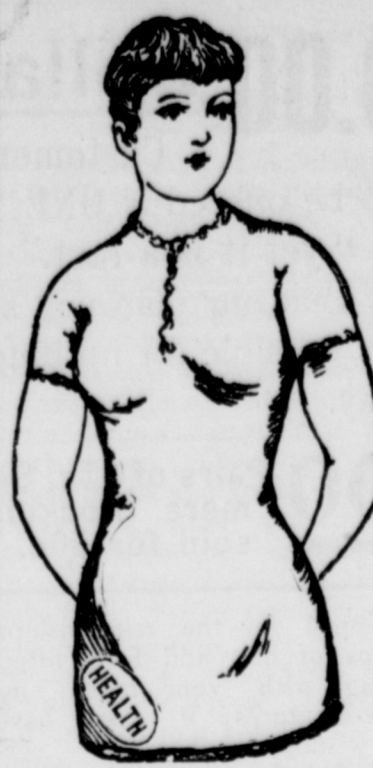
No Offense.

"Will you give me the next waltz, Miss Long?"

"I wonder how you can ask it? Didn't you make some jocular remark this evening about my being so tall?"

"I only alluded to you as 'sweetness long drawn out.'"

"You may have the next waltz."—*New York Press.*



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The Author of the "Marseillaise."

There are two very curious items in the chronicle of the "Marseillaise" which are not universally known. The first is that its author, Rouget de Lisle, was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, and only escaped the guillotine by the occurrence of the reactionary movement of the Ninth Thermidor, and that he was within an ace of hearing his own masterpiece howled by the mob which would have surrounded his scaffold. In the next place, it has been the destiny of the somewhat rash assertion made by Lamartine at the Hotel de Ville in February, 1848. The poet-statesman, in indicating the preferability of the tricolor flag to the abhorrent "Drapeau Rouge," declared that the tricolor had been carried round the world with French liberty and French glory. As a matter of fact, at the time when the patriotic poet was speaking, the tricolor had never been either militarily or officially hoisted in Australia; but at present the banner of republic France flies not only in India at Pondicherry and Chandernagore, but also in New Caledonia, and with the standard of the three colors has voyaged its inseparable companion, "La Marseillaise."

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