

SAINT JOHN. N. B., AUGUST 20, 1880.

the Falls, and even more time may be profitably spent. And after it has been viewed from the available point on either side, above and below, and from the bridge (the last being the poor view), the best of all the sights remains to be seen and studied in the gorge below the bridge. There are cliffs fully two hundred feet high, there are caves, projecting rocks and the much talked-of "wells" and the "coffee-mill." All these can be reached, and hours may be spent pleasantly and profitably in examining them. The very best view—the most enchanting view of the Falls we have seen—was from a point of rock at the first turn in the gorge below the bridge. The rock at the top is somewhat in the form of an arm-chair. Sitting on it, and looking up through the gorge and over the Falls, the view is indeed magnificent.

Settlement, formerly known as Holterøy, now has a new Denmark. It is just eight years since the place was cut in the settlement. The place was brought out by Capt. Heller, numbered thirty. Their first impression of the place must have been everything but pleasant; and it is not surprising to learn that for a time they were greatly distressed. But a few years have wrought a great change. About eight years ago was unbroken forest and there were three thousand acres of cleared land. And course there are numberless stumps, but a stump, a stump lifter and a moderate amount of muscle will cause them to disappear. The expense of the settlement may be learned from the fact that the length of the road running through it in two directions is about thirty miles. The crops

therefore believe he must have been lost. Back certainly made diligent search for him. Back and forward on the road, into the edge of the woods in sandy houses they searched, while of the human being, young and old, they made an inquiry, and on every hill-top hallowed vintage. But it was all in vain. The ladies became weary and the men not less so. All sorts of theories were advanced, but all of them were without foundation, there being even a lingering fear that he had died. When just as they had given him up, they were making good time towards home in the of "go-as-you-please" fashion fully four miles, the point where he was missed, there was an odd feeling of annoyance in the minds of the women, and they evinced a disposition to allow him to continue indefinitely his pedestrian exercise.

It has been said that when dissent rises to the level of fashion, it ceases to be dissent. It becomes a fad, a craze, a thing which passes like all other fads and crazes. It is no longer a principle, it is no longer a conviction, it is no longer a way of life. It is merely a passing fancy, a momentary whim, a transient passion. It is a thing which comes and goes like a storm, leaving behind it no lasting impression, no permanent change.

But when dissent is based upon principle, when it is founded upon conviction, when it is a part of one's very nature, then it is different. Then it is a force which cannot be suppressed, a power which cannot be broken. It is a light which burns brightly, a fire which consumes everything in its path. It is a voice which speaks truth, a conscience which accuses sin. It is a spirit which dares to stand up for what is right, even if it means standing alone.

And so, when we speak of dissent as a fashion, we are speaking of something which is fleeting and superficial. We are speaking of something which is born of imitation and dies of conformity. We are speaking of something which is a mere shadow, a phantom, a mirage. But when we speak of dissent as a principle, then we are speaking of something which is real and enduring. We are speaking of something which is rooted in truth and grounded in justice. We are speaking of something which is a part of our very being, a part of our very soul.

Therefore, let us not allow ourselves to be swept away by the tide of fashion. Let us not let our principles be sacrificed to the demands of conformity. Let us stand firm upon our convictions, let us hold fast to our beliefs, let us be true to ourselves and to the world around us. For in the end, it is not the fashion which lasts, but the principle which endures.

the earth. The first halt was made "Briars," where the man of destiny rode. Longwood House was ready to receive was "the Briars" that the warrior who devoted armies from the sandy deserts of the icy plains of Moscow, entered with de- lightful games as pause-in-the-corner daughter of his hostess. The old man's wood House was next reached, and here Empress is said to have made a minute ex- of every room in the now dilapidated in which Napoleon died, and more the spot were he drew his last breath, being objects of her regard and attention. Ho the meads-field, she spent some time in the shrub tints in the Valley of Willow and the empty tints of the desolate plain which might pass through the forest gazed upon the famous sepulchre it would cult to conjecture. There was a touch of her pelting in a sprig of willow from which she took the name of the place. In re- hances from Zuhland, the ex-empress will

Another night and a day and the odorous

ria Bridge. "I would be disposed, on the whole, to palm to England for the progress it has made in this department of Christian work."