

# The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE  
**CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
REV. I. E. BILL,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
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The Christian Visitor  
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.  
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,  
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

**THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
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**THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR**  
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

“Hold fast the form of sound words.”—2d Timothy, i. 13

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1868.

New Series,  
Vol. VI., No. 22. Whole No. 282.

Old Series,  
Vol. XXI., No. 22.

**CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.  
Surplus in hand, last July, 1867, \$250,000.  
New Brunswick Agency—77 Princess Street, opposite Commercial Bank, N. B.  
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in profits.  
The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Profits for the past nine years, amount to 44% per cent.  
References of the first respectability, and any other information given by W. J. STARR, Agent, Oct. 12, 1867—

**LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**  
Fund paid up and invested, £3,212,848 5s. 1d. 8/10.  
Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1866, £740,674 8s. Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1866, £20,450 10s. Losses paid in Life Risks, 1866, £25,500 10s. In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareholders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued.  
EDWARD A. L. LAURILLARD, Agent for New Brunswick, (Commercial Bank Building.)

**FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS.**  
PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, Oct. 13, 1867.  
The first and only prizes for Cabinet Organs was awarded to A. LAURILLARD.  
READ THE JUDGES REPORT:  
Mr. LAURILLARD exhibits a fine toned large Cabinet Organ, with two banks of Keys, Right Stops, &c.  
Mr. L. also shows a Cabinet Organ in Rosewood Case, Double Reed, with Knee Stop and Automatic Swell, of great power and purity of tone, which is entitled to Honourable Mention.  
Also, an Organ in Native Wood, and one in Black Walnut, without Stops.  
These instruments are equal in every respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 50 per cent. less than can be imported.  
Every instrument fully warranted. An inspection respectfully solicited.  
PIANO WAREHOUSE—Sheffield House, No. 5, Market Square, (Oct. 17.) A. LAURILLARD.

**THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92 Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Building, Liverpool.**  
Chairman of the London Board—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq. Chairman in Liverpool—CHARLES TURNER, Esq.  
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest and oldest in the Kingdom.  
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1867, the following highly satisfactory results were shown—  
FIRE DEPARTMENT.  
The most gratifying proof of the extension of the business is exhibited in the following fact—that the increase alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and many of the recently defunct insurance companies of this Kingdom.  
The Premiums for the year 1866 being, £1,800,000 While the Premiums for the year 1867 are, £1,961,468 Showing an actual increase of, £161,468 or upwards of 9 per cent. in three years.  
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this latter year (1867) again show the “Royal” as more than maintaining the ratio of the increase in former years.  
One of the reasons of the London insurance offices exhibits an advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the ratio of its advance.

**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**  
The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 82, the sum assured £297,766 6s. 9d., and the premium £12,254 2s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus—  
Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums.  
1848 .. 135 .. 42,765 10s. 11d. .. £1,289 9s. 7d.  
1849 .. 195 .. 65,550 9s. 11d. .. 1,627 4s. 7d.  
1850 .. 422 .. 131,504 10s. 8d. .. 3,593 5s. 10d.  
1851 .. 408 .. 161,848 18s. 4d. .. 4,894 10s. 8d.  
1852 .. 708 .. 210,810 10s. 8d. .. 5,850 8s. 11d.  
1853 .. 632 .. 387,752 6s. 8d. .. 15,354 8s. 4d.  
The remarkable increase in the business of the last four years, is mainly consequent upon the large bonus given to the policy holders, which amounted to no less than 82 per cent. per annum on the sums assured and averaged 80 per cent. upon the premiums paid.  
JOSEPH M. DAVE, Manager and Actuary.  
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.  
All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire losses paid promptly, on reasonable proof of loss—without recourse to the Underwriters.  
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick, Princess Street, Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building, Feb. 15.

**AGENCY.**  
HAVING recently, and at considerable expense, fitted up the necessary machinery for the manufacture of VENETIAN BLINDS, parties in want of BLINDS of this description, would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.  
Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS received at the Clock and Picture Frame Establishment of T. H. KEOHAN, 21 Germain Street, or at the Manufactory, right patterns can be seen.  
The Subscribers have always on hand—Doors, Sashes, &c., and which from their facilities, they can make to order with the utmost despatch, and upon the most reasonable terms.  
Our personal attention is given to every variety of Carpentry, House Building and General Jobbing, and modern alterations made.  
CHRISTIE & CO.,  
April 4. Dooley's Building, Waterloo St.

**SAMUEL J. SCOVILL, BANKER.**  
Agent for St. Stephen's Bank.  
OFFICES:  
Corner Prince Wm. Street and Market Square.  
INVESTMENTS made and Sales effected of Bank Stock, Mortgages and Securities of every description.  
Drafts, in Gold and Currency, on the United States, Halifax, Montreal, Prince Edward Island, and all the Provinces.  
Discounts, Foreign, Spanish and Sterling Exchange.  
Sums of £10 and upwards received on deposit, for which receipts will be given, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and payable either at call or fixed periods, as may be required.  
St. John, January 16th, 1868.

**LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
Capital £1,000,000—all paid up and invested.  
Surplus in hand, last July, 1867, £131,125.  
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STARR, Agent, Princess Street, Oct. 12, 1867—Opposite Commercial Bank.

**GEORGE THOMAS,**  
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,  
Water Street, St. John, N. B.  
Central Fire Insurance Company Agents at St. John, Dec. 4. GEORGE THOMAS.

**NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.**  
ESTABLISHED IN 1829.  
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 Sterling.  
Invested Funds (1866), £2,504,512 7 10 1/2.  
Annual Revenue, £244,483 10 8 1/2.  
AGENCY.  
This Company insures against loss or damage by Fire—Dwellings, Household Furniture, Farm Property, Stores, Merchandise, Vessels on Stocks or in Harbour, and other insurable property, on the most liberal terms. Claims settled promptly without reference to the Head Office.

**LIFE DEPARTMENT.**  
Ninety per cent. of the Profits are allocated to those Assured on the Participating Scale.  
INDISPENSABILITY.  
After a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be held to be indispensable and free from extra premiums, even if the assured should remove to an unhealthy climate after that time.  
For Rates and other information apply at the Office of the Company, on the corner of Princess and Canterbury streets, to HENRY JACK, General Agent, March 25.

**ADAM YOUNG,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Cooking, Office, Hall, and Parlour Stoves,  
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.  
Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Block Tin and Japan Ware, Registers, Grates, &c.,  
FURNISHING MARBLE MANTLE PIECES.  
Agent for Messrs. Pond & Co.'s celebrated Cooking-Range, Stoves, &c.  
Sole and Mill Cooking-Range, Stoves, &c.  
29, 30, and 32 Water Street,  
March 4.—St. John, N. B.

**The Golden Side.**  
There is many a rest in the road of life,  
If we only would stop to take,  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would make it!  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.  
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted!  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.  
Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,  
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads  
Of our curious lives asunder;  
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

**The Miramichi Fire of 1828.**  
This was one of the most fearful conflagrations ever experienced in this country. Comparatively few now living know anything of its terrific fury, or the extent of its devastations. Here and there one can call to mind the terrible darkness that prevailed for hundreds of miles in extent for many gloomy weeks as the clouds of smoke went up from the burning forests, and bedimmed the glory of the king of day. We find in the *Galaxy* for June a glowing description of this fire, which we transfer to our pages. It will give our readers to understand, in some measure at least, what must have been the sufferings of the whole Miramichi district during that fearful crisis in its history. The article is headed—  
THE FOREST FIRE.

If any of my readers possess memories running back to 1828, they will remember that the summer of that year was unusually hot and dry in both hemispheres. This was especially true of America, where the year became remarkable for an extraordinary prevalence of epidemical disorders. Daring July and August nature languished, and disease ran riot through the land; while the extended drought rendered the woods as dry and combustible as tinder. As a natural consequence, there was an unusual number of fires, and thousands of acres were swept over by the flames with a fierceness equalled only by that seen upon the Western prairies, when the periodical conflagrations carry death and destruction over an area of thousands of acres.

Toward the close of the summer, it became known in the eastern part of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, that a fire was at work in the forests, which threatened the most direful consequences; and, a month or more later, the inhabitants of Newcastle were startled by a rumor that it was approaching the town. A day or two afterward, fitful flashes of flame were observed to shoot up from different parts of the wood, particularly from the north-west, at the rear of Newcastle, in the vicinity of Douglastown and Moorfields, and along the banks of the Baritog. Soon after, the crackling of falling trees and shrivelled branches could be plainly heard, while an appalling sound, like the roar of the ocean, or more properly the continual booming discharge of ordnance, filled the air. The heat increased, until on the morning of October 7th it became so oppressive that many complained of its enervating effects.

At noon, a pale mist filtered up through the tree tops, and settled like a cloud over the woods. This remained but a short time, when it gave way to an immense dark cloud, which, taking its place, wrapped the sky in a vast pall, giving it a strange and unearthly appearance. This singular incense retained its position until about the middle of the afternoon, when the heat in Newcastle became so great as seriously to alarm the inhabitants. The air was sultry, while not a breath moved it. The shrivelled leaves upon the shade trees were as still and motionless as if cast in bronze; and the red cross of King George, when hung to the breeze, lay limp and dead around the flag-staff, with no more agitation than the osker support which held it aloft.

A stupefying lassitude seized upon the people, and many panted for breath, like the poor beasts that could not comprehend the cause of all their suffering. Every thing was dull and lifeless, except the woods, and these trembled and pulsed like a volcano. They were continually shaken by the booming explosions, which succeeded each other with the rapidity of the shots of a bombardment, and mingled with a variety of discordant and indescribable sounds.

Between four and five o'clock, an immense pillar of smoke rose in a perpendicular direction, at some distance north-east of Newcastle, until the whole firmament was blackened by the outpouring vapor; but shortly after a light northerly breeze sprang up; it gradually extended, and as it did so, correspondingly decreased in its density, until thoroughly dissipated.

Nothing unusual was discerned by the apprehensive Nova Scotians until about half-past five, when great columns of black smoke were seen to rise from every part of the wood, while in the centre of them could be distinguished the fiery spires of flame which, enshrouded in this black surrounding, shot upward toward the sky.  
A murky, suffocating canopy, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach, and made more impressive by the jets of flame darting through it at the various points, now hung over Newcastle and Douglastown, while showers of blazing brands, calced leaves, cinders and ashes, swept through the woods as if driven by a tornado.

At nine o'clock in the evening, a succession of booming explosions thundered from the forests. Peal after peal, crash after crash, announced the work of destruction. Each rapidly following shock created fresh terror; it was like the bursting crack of lightning, every explosion of which tells where the terrible shock has fallen. Each clap was charged with its own destructive power. With fierce rapidity did the flames advance upon the withered forest; nothing could check their progress; they removed every obstruction in their way by their own desolating strength, and several hundred miles of smoking, charred woods marked the broad trail of the destroyer.

The affrighted inhabitants gazed with appalled looks at the woods and sky, and they had good cause for their alarm, for the dreadful crisis was even now upon them.

The broad Miramichi, driven and tortured by the hurricane sweeping for miles along its surface, became angry with waves and foam, like the sea when the tornado whirled across it, and dashed its seething waters against the shores in a manner which had never been witnessed before, and has never been seen since. Such vast conflagrations always destroy the equilibrium of the elements, and are accompanied by lightning, and frequently storm.

Peal after peal of lightning burst overhead, and the red flashes scintillated in every direction, as if a severe storm were preparing, while some of the explosions made the earth tremble, and rattled every window for miles around. Then came a deep and awful quiet—the quiet which precedes the bursting of the storm. All at once a deep, prolonged roar issued from the forests, driving a whirlwind of vast flame before it. And now Newcastle and Douglastown, and the entire northern side of the Miramichi, extending from Baritog to the Nashuak, a hundred miles in length, became wrapped in one immense conflagration.

No pen can adequately describe the terribly sublime scene. When it is remembered that the Miramichi is a goodly sized river, with four thriving towns, two on either side of the river, while for the extent of a hundred miles, the settlers' cabins dotted the banks, and that all these buildings, including the town and scattered houses, were composed of dry wood, almost as ready to ignite as touch wood—when all this is remembered, perhaps a faint idea of the scene may be gathered.

In addition to this, the barns and stables were filled with crops, which had just been gathered, while in the warehouses were stored large quantities of gunpowder, spirits, and the most combustible commodities, and the necessary supplies for the coming winter.

The settlements and dwellings, too, were merely a fringe along the river, none of them extending more than a quarter of a mile back from the shores, while for miles and miles beyond them stretched the immense tract of dry, parched forests, only waiting for the torch to burst into one devouring flame. The ground was thickly strewn with the feather-like leaves, almost as combustible as a lucifer match; so that, in fact, the people had been stumbling on a volcano.

Then, it must be remembered, that these woods swarmed with droves of terrified animals, while dependent on the settlements were hundreds of domestic ones, and through the interior were thousands of men, who received no warning of the true nature of their great danger, until, like the Alpine avalanche, it burst upon them.

So great was the fury of the hurricane which accompanied the sweep of this tremendous conflagration, that immense chunks of blazing wood were driven like bombs through the air, while others, which weighed several pounds, went sailing on high like so many wisps of straw.

By this means, the flames advanced faster than the swiftest race horse, and cut off the retreat of many and many a hapless man and beast. Numerous gangs of men at work in the woods were suddenly caught in inextinguishable death.

Those who lived along the Miramichi, deserting all property, made for the river as the only means of safety. In the rush and attempt at crossing, many were drowned. One woman, who could not swim, seized the tail of a terrified steer, which towed her to the other side. Those who did not dare to make the attempt, waded out until up to their necks, when by constantly dipping their heads during the white heat of the fire, they succeeded in saving themselves.

What could be more gloomy and heart depressing than to walk in the wake of the conflagration! Had we passed along the Miramichi, on that October day in 1825, what should we have seen?  
Newcastle, but yesterday a flourishing town of a thousand inhabitants, was now a mass of smouldering, charred, and almost undistinguishable ruins; while Douglastown, not quite half the size, was reduced to the same hapless condition.

Of the two hundred and fifty houses which made up the latter, only a dozen remained, while the ratio in the latter place was about the same. In the Miramichi were about a hundred and fifty vessels, the majority of which were burned to the water's edge, while others were severely scorched and badly injured.

Along the banks of the river wandered groups of half-starved, homeless beings, lamenting the loss of friends and property, and vainly seeking for some suitable place of refuge. Everywhere were seen the smoking skeletons of human beings and of wild and domestic animals.  
Hundreds of beasts lay in the woods, their carcasses giving forth a poisonous effluvia, while myriads of salmon, trout, bass, and other fish, poisoned by the alkali formed by the precipitation of the ashes, lay dead along the parched shores of the river, and added to the contagious poison which filled the air.

Such is a faint picture of one of the terrible fires which raged in this country during the memorable dry, hot year of 1825.  
EDWARD S. ELLIS.

**The Fate of the Apostles.**  
All the Apostles were assaulted by the enemies of their Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood, and nobly did they bear the trial. Schumacher says:  
St. Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with a sword at a distant city of Euboea.  
St. Mark expired at Alexandria after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.  
St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in the classic land of Greece.  
St. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterward banished to Patmos.  
St. Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downward.  
St. James the Greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.  
St. James the Less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.  
St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis in Phrygia.  
St. Bartholomew was flayed alive.  
St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.  
St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.  
St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.  
St. Matthias was first stoned, and then beheaded.  
St. Barnabas of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews at Salamis.  
St. Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

**The New Dominion Monthly.**  
For May, has several instructive pages, and is more original than usual. Among these is an article (“continued”) on “The American Mackerel Fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.” From this we extract a few passages, as illustrative of the energy and success with which our American country prosecutes this business. If our own people had more of the Yankee enterprise, instead of going off in crowds in search of finer climes far away, they would look after the limitless stores of wealth which a benignant Providence has brought to their very doors.

The fishermen of Cape Ann look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the mackerel season. And no wonder, for during the winter, if they are employed at all, they go to the “Georges” after cod; and it is no joke even to navigate, much less to fish, when your rigging and your lines are covered with a coat of ice. As soon, then, as the Gulf is likely to be open (i. e., free from ice), the mackerel fleet, duly manned, equipped and provisioned, sets sail for the Gut of Canso.

Beautiful craft, many of these schooners are low-lying; rising finely to the waves; bounding over instead of cutting through them; drawing very little water forward, but a great deal more astern, they will run from 12 to 12½ knots on the wind; and many an exciting race they have from Cape Ann to the Gut of Canso.

The Yankee fisherman, too, is a peculiar being. On shore, in his Sunday's black broad-cloth, with his jewelry prominently displayed, strolling down Cape Ann street with his wife, he is a very different person from what you see on board his schooner, dressed in a yellow oil-skin over-coat, yellow oil-skin breeches, and a yellow oil-skin sou'-wester (or, we should say, Nor'-easter).

On the English coast, mackerel are usually taken in drift nets; and, accustomed as I have been to see fish taken in this manner, I was somewhat surprised to find the method practised in the Gulf entirely different.

During the winter and early spring, the American fishermen catch fish called porgies, which are dried and barrelled. Catching bait is an occupation employing many hands, and not a few vessels are devoted to this special pursuit. As I understand it, a piece of fresh porgie, or sometimes a bit cut from the side of a fresh mackerel itself, is best to bait the hooks with; and a quantity of barbelled bait is placed in the bait-mills, of which they are two on each side of the schooner, and which are set going every now and then. The ground bait from the mills (which much resemble straw-cutters) attracts the mackerel, and keeps them in shoals about the vessel, while six or seven men keep busy at the lines, hauling in the fish as fast as they bite at the larger pieces on the hooks. At times this is very rapid work, for the mackerel is a voracious fish; he does not come up and smell the bait, and nibble a little, and then lazily float it with his tail, like some other fish we do not all have been vexed with, but dashes at it boldly, and, alas for his hopes, rashly. He makes at it diagonally, gorges it at once, and no “play” being allowed, he almost instantly finds himself out of his native element.

Now then the crew will catch a deck-full in a few hours; and then, all hands to work, splitting, salting, barrelling, so as to be able to take to the lines again before the shoals of fish make off. The fish bite best, they say, in cloudy weather, sometimes when it is windy; and a fine schooner, with nine lines, was lost in 1866, when I was on the Nova Scotia coast, because the over-anxious fishermen kept at their lines so long as to be at last unable, when the wind stiffened to a gale, to work their vessel off a lee-shoal.

When a schooner has filled up with six or seven hundred barrels, it becomes a question how to dispose of her valuable burden. Until of late, it has been customary for these fishing craft to go back to Gloucester with their first fare, and to return at once to seek another. Now, however, the Boston folks have put on a fleet of three or four steamers, which run from Boston “down” to Halifax; next lie in the middle of the Gut of Canso, off Ship Harbour or Plaster Cove, receiving fish from the schooners, or from lighters; and proceed to Charlottetown, which, being in a different colony, they can do without infringing the coasting laws; and so return. Thus the fishermen can buy a fresh lot of barrels, and make a second haul, while they would, on the old system, have been beating “up” to Boston.

When I was last at Charlottetown, I went to Halifax by one of these steamers. She had been six hours at work in the “Gut,” on the way down, taking in the cargo of four schooners. She took in the loads of seven others during one weary day on her voyage up; and had 6,000 barrels of splendid mackerel on board (freight, \$1 bbl.), when, at length, she steamed away for Halifax and Boston.

When caught and brought to port, the American mackerel are branded as No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, according to quality. Nos. 1 and 2 are for the American and Canadian markets; No. 3, chiefly for the West Indies; and the fact of inferior mackerel being almost sent thither, would seem to indicate a place where province-caught fish would soon supplant the American.

This finishes my paper on the American Mackerel Fishery. I have only to add, in conclusion, that although the Americans are the chief mackerel fishermen, yet the Nova Scotians are learning more and more to engage in the pursuit. A few years since, they were accustomed to take mackerel only with nets and seines. They now use the hook and line, and the bait-mill, like the Yankees. In 1864-5, they exported over \$1,000,000 worth. They have 1,000 vessels, and 10,000 boats engaged in the fisheries; and, no doubt, a great portion of them are fitted up for mackerel fishing, at one or more seasons of the year. The New Brunswickers, with the rich Bay of Chaleurs at their doors, take but few mackerel. The Prince Edward Islanders, whose island is in the midst of teeming fishing grounds, still less. Nor have the Canadians yet begun to emulate the Americans, who take millions of dollars worth of fine mackerel from under their very noses. Captain Fortin has written well and often, lamenting this apathy, which, it is to be hoped, may pass away. It surely will when Montreal is placed in direct and rapid communication with the Lower Provinces and Gulf, by rail and steamer. But this being a distinct branch of the subject, I will not further enter upon its consideration.

**DESIRE OF AFFECTION.**—Every vessel of mercy must be secured in order to brightness; and, however trees in the wilderness may grow without culture, trees in the garden must be pruned to be fruitful; and cornfields must be broken up, when barren heaths are left untouched.

Wicked men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

**Shall it Not Be?**  
Shall not the Sabbath school be a happy Sabbath home; a resting place to tired little feet that wander all the week in the rough paths of the world; for weary little hearts that need love and kindness and tender counsels; for little souls that ache already with the burden of sin?

Shall it not be a place of sunshine, where every face is lighted up with love and earnestness; and where no cloud of gloom or weariness ever rises—a bright, glad spot, shining up above all weekday abiding places, to tell the children of joy and happiness?

Shall it not be, dear fellow-teachers, the place where each child may come, feeling sure of a welcoming smile of kind interest, and of pleasant instruction?

Shall it not be the place where the narrow way is made a way of pleasantness and peace to little travellers, a brighter, fairer path than the broad, deceitful way of sin, that the young feet may love to go therein, for His sake whose footsteps have consecrated it?

Shall it not be the place where each young voice may learn to sing of Jesus; to sing freely, joyously, sweetly, carrying the harmony all through life up to the golden gates where the last earth song shall melt away, and all the voices join in the “new song” of the redeemed?

Shall it not be the place where sin and wrong are shut out; where peace and gentleness and the Spirit of God shall reign; where young voices shall learn the sweet words of prayer, and the evil allotments of the great world shall be forgotten?

Shall it not be the spot where many, many little feet shall learn to tread the heavenly way, and little hands learn to take hold of God's hand for guidance and help?

Shall it not be the place where the lambs of Good Shepherd are tenderly cared for, and pointed to where the “green pastures” and “still waters” are?

Shall it not be well-spring of sweet and pleasant memories to the children, as they grow to riper years, whence they may carry as they go to mingle in the cares and temptations of the wide world, blessed lessons and gentle restraining influences?

Shall it not be the abiding-place of him who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me; the kingdom of the Lord, where the Great Teacher shall find faithful and earnest workers, and where many young souls shall be saved, to gather when Sabbath schools are over around the great white throne, where the Lamb himself shall “feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters?”—*Sunday Teacher's Treasury.*

**The Splendid Preacher.**  
Richard Baxter preached as feeling that the truths of God were too great and glorious in themselves to be covered up with the little trappings of human adornments. He would as soon have thought of hanging the rainbow with tinsel. His eloquence consisted of rounded sentences. . . . He never preached a sermon to display his scholastic learning or his power of logic; but his aim was ever to win souls to Christ. If fine and elegant sermons are tolerated at all, it is in the press only, when they are to be read as discussions of a subject, and read either as an intellectual exercise or as a discipline of conscience. In the pulpit, splendid sermons are splendid sins. They dazzle, and amuse, and astonish, like brilliant fireworks, but they throw daylight on no subject. They draw attention to the preacher instead of the subject. The splendid preacher, like the pyrotechnist, calculates on a dark night among his attendants; and amid the coruscation of the pulpit his skill and art are admired and applauded, but Christ is not glorified. If angels weep and devils mock, it is at the pulpit door of a splendid preacher.—*Dr. Jenkyn.*

**A Plea for the Little Folks.**  
Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all their lessons of experience, and I dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles, don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. “As one whom his mother comforteth,” says the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfeeling sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans are thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime. Lastly, don't think a child a hopeless case because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undesirable traits, yet we have lived to see these same children become noble men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values, plenty of love.

**Golden Grains.**  
“Every word has its own spirit,  
True or false, that never dies;  
Every word man's lips has uttered,  
Echoes in God's skies.”

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.  
Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter.  
To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is luck; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon.

It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us fat—not what we make, but what we save that makes us rich—not what we read but what we remember, that makes us wise.  
Idleness is like the nightmare—the moment you begin to stir yourself, you shake it off.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours, we are dead to yesterday and we are not born to-morrow.  
What madness it is for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy; for his joy at your death will be in proportion to what you leave him.

Difference of opinion will never be reconciled by argument; but any sect will shrink from confessing that its theories will not let it work under Christ's great banner of love to the brethren.  
In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose as though you were determined to succeed. A wavering mind never accomplished anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and insures your success.

Benevolence is not to be estimated by the amount given, but by what it costs to give. An English charity recently received an envelope containing six penny-stamps, on the inside of which were written these words: “Fasted a meal to give a meal.” That was true benevolence.  
WHEN BENJEL was dying, a young student standing by, was asked to give a word of comfort. Ashamed and doubting how to speak to one so learned, he uttered, “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.” “That is the very word I want,” said Bengel; “it is quite enough.”

**VALUE OF THE SABBATH.**—A distinguished banker charged with an immense amount of property caring the great pecuniary pressure of 1866 and 1867, said, “I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning till night, through the whole week, I felt on Saturday afternoon as if I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all, and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all sunshine. I could see through, and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave.”

**A GOLDEN THOUGHT.**—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain's side, the river its bed in the soil, the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone, not a footstep in the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself on the memories of his fellows and on his own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda—signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

It costs little to make a home tasteful and cheerful, if only the heart is in it. Abundant pictures on the nursery walls, be they ever so simple, if they only tell some sweet story; a hanging basket or two, even if made of cocoanut shell, with graceful vines winding around the strings that suspend it; a few pretty shrubs in the yard, though the space be ever so scanty; a rosebush or two by the doorway, and, if possible, trees about your dwelling; all these are refining agencies which exert a powerful influence on the hearts of your children.

**Niagara Falls.**  
Observations for a year past are said to have convinced residents in the vicinity of Niagara Falls that an important transformation will soon take place in the Horse Shoe Fall. A peculiar motion of the rapids about half a mile above, in the channel where the greatest body of water flows, has given rise to the belief that a breach has been made by the current through the soft shale strata underlying the limestone that forms the present ledge of the falls. Recently the appearance of the rapids at the point indicated, has undergone a marked change, and so exactly in confirmation of this theory, that those watching it do not doubt the speedy doom of the famous Horse Shoe cataract. If the limestone ledge, over which the river now falls, is in course of being undermined by a subterranean stream, the consequence inevitable and liable to ensue at any moment, must be an immense breaking away of the face of the cataract, changing its whole form and appearance—perhaps converting the perpendicular fall into a shooting rapid down a steep declivity.

**THOROUGHNESS.**—The *Congregationalist* has some very excellent remarks upon the importance of thoroughness in the Christian life. It says: Thoroughness in the Christian life, whether it be in the original and indispensable consecration of the heart to God, or in the subsequent exemplifications of a regenerated being, is one of the great ends to be ever kept in view. Man may not, but God does, know when the lips express the