

of the grandest sights was the illumination of the fortifications. A line of torches was kept ablaze along the whole circuit of the city walls, and as the flambeaux were no more than twenty feet apart, the city within the gates was girt completely about with a band of flame. The expense of this was borne by the Dominion Government. The pyrotechnic show was the finest ever seen in Quebec. Thus closed the great ceremony attendant upon the conferring

of the beretta on the first canadian cardinal. The signatures here uniquely grouped together were written on the 21st of July, in a lady's birthday book, the first name being in scarlet ink. Of the six eminent church dignitaries who were such prominent actors on the occasion, three are dead, viz., the Papal Ablegate, Mgr. O'Bryen, Archbishop Lynch, who was deputed by Pope Leo XIII. to confer the beretta, and Mgr. Legaré, the Vicar-General.

George Stewart.



DOWN A NOVA SCOTIA COAL PIT.

BY KATHLEEN BLAKE-WATKINS—(KIT).

IF ever you go to New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, take a drive up Fraser's Mountain, and look at the stretch of sea on your left, and look down into the valley on your right. It is a divinesight. The sea flashes out—a shimmering blue field—for miles and miles. Far off you see Prince Edward Island, just the red edges of it, low on the ocean. But the view of the sea itself is inexpressibly beautiful. It is lonely, stretching, magnificent—like God—infinite. The valley on your right is a soft mass of coloring. Greens of all tones, softening from yellow to grey—the houses below shining white and clear; the little woods and groves, sere, leafless, bald—to the sturdy green pine woods, it is all of a rare beauty.

If you are going to explore the Nova Scotia coal pits, this sweet look at nature will prepare you for a great contrast. Not far from New Glasgow, at Westville, is the famous colliery known as the Drummond Pit. The manager, Mr. Farnworth, took us down into the mine. A weird experience. The Drummond is 4,500 feet deep, and you descend gradually by cable cars running down steep slopes. First came one's toilet. An old,

black gown, your stoutest shoes, a miner's cap, and as few skirts as you can carry—only the skirt of your gown, if you are wise; no collar, cuffs—no whiteness of any kind. We went to the lamp-house, where employees sit constantly repairing and testing the lamps. Provided with the necessary lights, and a stout walking-stick, we set out. It was odd and weird to step into the black pit that yawned behind a huge door, stopping a moment to take a last look at the sunshiny earth, flooded with a golden afternoon glory. The big door shut us down with a bang, and one could see nothing. The darkness was palpable. One felt like tearing it off one's eyes. Were the lamps out? Why did these specks of light suddenly vanish? We saw them plainly enough up in the daylight just now. The blackness was frightful, as we stumbled down the steep, soggy incline towards the cars. Gradually the feeble lights of the lamps broke across the blackness, like yellow stars. We could see them dimly, surrounded by intense darkness. We clambered up somehow to a narrow seat, and, stooping to avoid the roof that seemed to beat down upon us, sat huddled in the night