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Religious Miscellany.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

LINES TO A SISTER.

"Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid."—Matt. xiv. 27.

Over the ocean, my sister,
With its turmoil, and trouble and strife,
May guardian angels be near you,
Down the perilous voyage of life.

Over its quicksands and currents,
Through its storms, and treacherous waves;
May the merciful arm surround you,
Of Him who is mighty to save.

Over death's ocean my sister,
Over death's turbulent sea;
I pray that your friend, through that passage,
The merciful Saviour may be.

Over its billows and breakers,
Through its mist and its gloom and its dread;
May the Master be near, with his words
Of cheer.

"It is I, be not afraid."

Safe in the harbor, my darling,
The tempest shall roar above;
White robes you shall wear, and a palm you
shall bear,
In that land of eternal love.

Oh, tell me of your grand consummation,
"Till surely be yours at the last;
When the storm and strife, of this mortal life,
Shall belong to the weary past.

THE LAMBETH PEDLER.

It was one July day more than three centuries ago. A storm was threatening. The clouds heavy over the tower of Lambeth church. It was evident there would soon be a great down-pour of rain, and the closeness of the atmosphere betokened the presence of electricity. A pedler had drawn nigh to the wall where unfortunate Mary d'Este, the unhappy queen of James II., with her infant son, flying from the ruin impending over their house, afterwards took shelter for a whole hour, in 1688. He had a pack on his back and a dog by his side. The contents of his pack were hardly earned, and he feared the water would injure them. He was, moreover, very weary with his long day's journey. Customers had been scarce. He went into the porch under the tower for shelter and rest with a heavy heart. While he was waiting, full of melancholy thoughts, the priest came up to prepare for the evening service. He was a devout man, and suspected of favoring the followers of Wickliffe. Passing round to the vestry door he saw the pedler.

The man's thoughtful attitude caught his attention, and he came up to him.

"My friend," said he, "thou art early for the vesper."

"I am not for vesper, father," answered the pedler; "I am for the road. The appearance of rain has driven me here. I shall move when it is past."

"Hast thou much custom?" asked the ecclesiastic.

"Little, eno," replied the pedler. "It is tramp, tramp, tramp! for small enough gain."

"My friend," said the priest gravely, "art thou an honest man? Dost thou mete out true measure? It shall be measured unto thee as thou dost measure."

"So they say," said the pedler. "I bear the maxim in mind to my detriment."

"The reward is in the end, my friend."

"So they say also; but it tarries in coming."

"Perhaps," said the priest slowly, "thou dost not ask God's blessing on thy work." Without God's blessing nothing will prosper.

The pedler started. "If I was assured of the truth for a certainty," said he, "I would verily ask a blessing on the spot. I am tired of ill-luck."

"Thou must be very, very sure of it on the authority of the Scriptures.—Prizes, try the efficiency of prayer."

"Why not," said the pedler, "I will try it."

"Thou must pray with faith," said the priest.

"Come after me into the church, and I will tell thee what shall be done for the righteous who put their trust in God."

The pedler followed the priest into the church.

At first he looked about a great deal. Several old table monuments, which were not removed till 1795, attracted his attention, and some of the carvings on each side of the nave were very curious. Half the sand ran out of the top of the burial glass before he began to listen to the preacher. When he looked towards the pulpit, the preacher's eyes were fixed upon him reproachfully. His discourse seemed wholly directed to him.

The pedler listened entranced. He had an inward feeling which he had never known before. After the service he waited for the priest to tell him what he felt. The priest came in deep meditation. At first he did not see the pedler, but he smiled when he recognized him. The pedler spoke of the sermon. He said he could remember the text to his life's end, and the pious priest thanked God. He believed his words would be blessed to the stranger.

The storm had passed away. He took him to his own house. He set bread and meat before him, and sped him on his journey with "God speed."

The pedler went through Lambeth. He parted at door after door, and his store sensibly diminished. Every day he invoked a blessing on his work, and he began to prosper as by a miracle. Every night he learned to thank God for the mercies of the day, and he was soon flourishing like a green bay tree. It pleased the Lord to bless him and his work boundlessly. He became a good man, and as his years passed on he drew nearer and nearer to God.

Years passed. The priest of Lambeth was now an old man. He had ceased to officiate at the mass. All his thoughts were concentrated on heaven. His eyes were dim with age, and he could not read the book of God as in the old days, but he had instructed a youth, who now rewarded his master by reading aloud to him as he sat in his chair.

It was eventide and summer-time. The priest sat in his chair as usual, listening to the

sonorous tones of the youth. Suddenly there were footsteps. The reader paused a moment over his book, and the old man turned his head. A strange figure stood before him. It was a man with a paper in his hand. His face seemed familiar to the aged priest, but his memory was weak. He could not recall where he had seen the face. He bowed his head and waited for the stranger to speak.

"Dost thou not recognize the pedler to whom thou didst preach honesty and the necessity of a blessing?"

"Ah, verily, now."

"I have prospered since that time. I wish to show my gratitude to thy servant, who, by his grace, gave me such good counsel. I have saved up a little store of gold, with which I bought an acre of land. The acre is my gift to the church as he hath prospered me."

The pedler placed the paper in the priest's hand and went his way.

"The Pedler's Acre," is still the property of St. Mary's, Lambeth, and the parish derives from it an income of many hundreds a year.

THE FIRST REAL SERMON.

BY THE REV. H. W. BERCHER.

I remember the first sermon I ever preached. I had preached a good many sermons before, too. But I remember the first real one. I had preached a good while as I had used my gun. I used to go out hunting by myself, and I had great success in firing off my gun; and the game enjoyed it as much as I did. I never hurt them or hit them. I fired off my gun as I see hundreds of men firing off their sermons. I loaded, and bang!—there was a smoke, a report, but nothing fell. And so it was again and again. I recollect one day in the fields my father pointed out a little red squirrel, and said to me, "Henry, would you like to shoot him?" I trembled all over, but I said, "Yes." He got down on his knee, put the gun across a rail, and said, "Henry, keep perfectly cool—keep perfectly cool; take aim." And I did, and I fired, and over went the squirrel, and he was dead back again either. That was the first thing I ever hit; and I felt an inch taller, a boy that had killed a squirrel, and knew how to aim a gun.

I had preached two years and a-half at Lawrenceburg, in Indiana;—and some sporadic sermons before that—when I went to Indianapolis. While there I was very much discontented. For I had been discontented for two years. I had expected that there would be a general public interest, and especially in the week before the communion season, and the people would come up to a higher point of feeling; but I could never get them beyond that. They would come down again, and there would be no conversions. I sent for Dr. Stowe to come and help me; but he would not come, for he thought it better for me to bear the yoke myself. When I lived in Indianapolis the first year, I said, "There was a reason why, when the Apostles preached, they succeeded, and I will find it out if it is to be found out." I took every single instance in the Record, where I could find out one of their sermons, and analyzed it, and asked myself: "What were the circumstances, who were the people, what did they do?" and I studied the sermons until I got this idea: That the Apostles were accustomed first to find a ground on which the people and they stood together—a common ground where they could meet. Then they heaped up a large number of the particulars of knowledge, which everybody would admit, placed in a proper form before their minds, then they brought it to bear upon them with all their excited heart and feeling. That was the first definite idea of taking aim that I had in my mind.

"Now," says I, "I will make a sermon so. I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday. First I sketched out things we all know. 'You all know you are living in a world perishing under your feet. You all know that time is extremely uncertain—that you don't know whether you will live another month or a year. You all know that your destiny, and the life that is to come, depends upon the character you are forming in this life; and in that way I went on with my 'You all know,' until I had about forty of them. When I had got through that, I turned round and brought it to bear upon them with all my might; and there were seven men awakened under that sermon. I never felt so triumphant in my life. I cried out to myself, 'I read to myself, I know how to preach.' But I could not make out another sermon for a month that was good for anything. I had used all my powder and shot on that one. But, for the first time in my life, I had got the idea of taking aim. I soon added to it the idea of analyzing the people I was preaching to, and so taking aim for specialities. Of course that came gradually and later, with growing knowledge and experience.

Young man, when you get a parish, don't be discouraged for the first ten years, no matter how poor your work. There is no trade that requires so long an apprenticeship as preaching; and yet there is no trade in which they admit a man so soon, or in which he learns so fast. It is easier to study law and become a successful practitioner, than it is to study the human soul all through—to know its living forms, and to know the way of talking to it, and coming into sympathy with it. To make the truths of God and the Divine influences a part of your daily enthusiastic experience, and to bring to bear out of your treasury what is needed here or needed there—that requires a great deal of experience and a great deal of study.

POLITENESS.

One of the English infidels was so struck with the politeness and good-feeling manifested in St. Paul's writings, that he affirmed that St. Paul had said that he himself had ever performed a miracle, he would believe it, because he deemed St. Paul too much of a gentleman to tell an untruth. Whatever we may think of this remark, we can not but be struck with the power which politeness had on the infidel. And as this infidel is not an exception it may be well to show some few of the advantages of politeness.

It is Scriptural. If St. Paul taught politeness by his example, so did he in his writings. He tells us, "In honor we must prefer one another." Here is the great secret of politeness; namely, forgetfulness of self. In another place he says, "Be courteous; in other words, be polite."

It makes friends. Nothing so wins upon strangers as true politeness. A little attention shown in a stage or in the cars, or at a public table, costs us very little. But what an effect it has upon the person to whom the attention is shown! The pleased look, the grateful smile, shows us we have gained a friend.

It increases our usefulness. One reason why some ministers have no more influence, is on account of their sour face and forbidding countenance. They look as if they said, "Keep away from me. But if they allow the vulgar to approach within reach of their majestic presence, there is a pompous manner or way they have, which prevents the hearts of others going out to them, and thus influence over such people is lost.

It gives success. Let any man who has goods to sell, or office to attain, be kind and polite; no sham—like that put on by the politician—and his goods are sold, and his office is reached, ten times sooner than by the man who looks loud, and cuts you up as he cuts off his caicoes and clothes.

Politeness, of all things earthly, costs the least, but its power is tremendous. The influence of a genuinely polite man in the sphere in which he moves is wonderful.

Did you ever hear of the dream of the Philadelphia tanner? He thought that he was in a religious meeting, where he was surprised to see the congregation with tables before them, at which they were all pursuing their usual occupations. The merchant was busy with his books; the retailer with his goods; and the mechanic with his tools. Indignant at such employment among persons professedly assembled for the solemn worship of God, he was about rising to administer to them a sharp reproof, when, accidentally placing his hands behind him, he found a bundle of calf-skins suspended from his own shoulders.

We think that if, by some marvellous power the thoughts of all who gather for worship, should, suddenly, like the writing on the wall, appear in startling characters on the walls, the picture would grotesque enough to cast the tanner's dream entirely in the shade.—S. S. Times.

of having finished his life in a public, ignominious manner, with a depraved, and hardened mind, as he probably soon would have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared to trust for the society of just men made perfect."

GODLINESS PROFITABLE.

On the basis of financial calculation, a careful measure of the case will show that godliness is profitable as a matter of dollars and cents. If it can be made to appear, it will be a very forcible argument in this world of ours. Suppose we take some specimen cases: This man who carries the burden of the church, who has given till he seems to have no more, but lifts at the burden of humanity till he seems the stars and beyond the stars—put the case to him as a matter of dollars and cents. A single wife party in the service of sin will cost more than the present in any church in this city. One single dress parade will cost incompactly more than most of us ever put into a church edifice.

Take the case of a young man. I am satisfied that in a city like this it will cost a young man more to live as a man of the world than to be a square and honest Christian and bear his full share of the burdens in the house of God. Sum it up a little: a ride in the park; a livery; the theatre; opera, places of amusement during the week—and he has exceeded all the contributions he would make before he has gone one fourth the way through the city. As a mere matter of dollars and cents, I believe it is cheap to serve God; and I have no sympathy—because I believe it to be utterly false—with the statement that the churches are too expensive for poor people or poor young men. They are not as expensive as the service of the devil, and you can make the calculation for yourself. If any man undertakes to carry both on his shoulders, the church is not responsible for that. On the mere basis of dollars and cents I believe godliness is profitable.

General Miscellany.

WHAT THE WIND-ELVES HEARD AND SAW.

BY ERNE R. KEMPFOED.

The West Wind:
The saddest sound that I ever heard
Was the wailing plaint of a mother bird
For the one nestling that shared her nest,
Dead, with a thorn in its pretty breast.

The South Wind:
I have known a sight that was sadder still;
There's a grave yonder, upon the hill,
And a mother weeps at her poor boy's name,
For his ruined soul, and his guilt and shame.

The West Wind:
The sweetest sight that I ever knew,
Was the kiss of two lovers whose love was true,
As they pledged themselves, come weal or woe,
One path in life they would henceforth know.

The South Wind:
Once, when a weary old man died,
I saw Heaven's gate swing open wide,
And his wife, who an angel long had been,
Stretched welcoming hands and cried, "Dear,
Come in!"

The West Wind:
Last night, when the stars were out in the blue,
Like a dead white lily kissed by dew,
I saw a baby of two short years
With its mourning mother's tears.

The South Wind:
I saw a mother go on one day
Through the gates of Heaven, and heard her
"Is my baby here?" And they put in her arms
A we child, sweet with a baby's charms;
And she cried as she kissed it, her face aglow,
"I have found my babe! This is Heaven, I
know!"

PEN AND SCISSORS.

The Central Advocate takes up an idea often ventilated of late in American papers,—that of dispensing with the second preaching service on Sundays:—

The question of Sunday services continues to be discussed in many quarters, and a larger number of practical, eminent preachers advocate less preaching and more devotion to Bible services in the Sabbath school and elsewhere. The changes proposed do not come by accident, but are the outgrowth of the sense and feeling of pastors and people, and cannot be forced upon societies. But there is scarcely a doubt that our best men are beginning to feel seriously that two sermons each Sabbath, and a Sunday-school service, taken away from the Sabbath the last characteristic of rest. It is a day of extraordinary work. The preaching of the present day, whether it be better or worse than that of the olden time, is more exhausting exercise, both to preacher and hearer, than it was fifty years ago. The Sabbath school makes a demand upon church workers that our fathers had no knowledge of, and it grows in importance year by year, demanding rightly more thought and better labor. And it is possible that in this country we have, more than in any other, lost the idea of the rest that the Sabbath is intended to furnish us. Surely no people need rest more than we do. God rested on the Sabbath, and hallowed and sanctified it for rest as well as religious duties.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, the author of *Essays and Addresses*, in the last work puts forward his views in these words: "The time will come when Sunday services will be modelled upon a new and better basis. The minister will have to preach less and to preach better. There will be one service in the day, beginning about twelve o'clock, and continuing about two hours. In the evening parents forward to teach their children, and those members of the household who could not go out in the morning will have opportunity of going to special services here and there in the

evening; and it will be matter of surprise if we are present in the evening who attend services in the morning. The idea of a man bearing two sermons on one day, will be considered as a punishment or a mark of honor, and the days that are now passing over us will be laughed at for their oddities or their enormities. I know of no body of men so hardly worked as the Nonconformist ministers of England."

Dr. TALMADGE, referring to the statements made by the chaplain of the Binghamton Asylum for Inebriates that it is a failure so far as actually curing men of a love for strong drink is concerned, proposes a "Change of Kennedy,"—the old gospel remedy, the new man in Christ Jesus. He says: "Last Summer, in a religious meeting held in Fourth Ward, New York, we heard men say that they had been drunkards, but had been, by the grace of God, not only pardoned, but also entirely cured of the thirst for strong drink. We believe them. The time will come when religion will do many things that we will not let it do. If there are cases, and we are ready to point them out, where conversion has not only set the heart right but revolutionized the body, why not declare a new era? What inebriate asylums cannot do, the Lord is ready to accomplish. Give our religion elbow-room, and it will reclaim intemperance, purify libertinism, empty jails, and make poverty a curiosity to look at. The age of miracles will come back when the Church of God will allow it."

ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS can write on mundane things as well as on that world she saw through "Gates Ajar." Here is her opinion of the Methodist University, Boston:—

There is a certain refreshing audacity in the sight of an infant institution serenely setting itself to-day to be a "university," in the incredulous, conservative heart of Boston, in the set, sarcastic teeth of Harvard. Yet more reviving still is the spectacle of such an institution flinging open in a few years' time department after department—biology, law, music, medicine, arts, oratory—with a rapidity of action and an incredulity of failure to which the sequelae of success would adjust themselves as naturally as a quiet man. When we learn one day, in a quiet manner, as if nothing at all new were to happen under the sun, that this infant university does not and will not define "student" as a masculine noun, but that women on equal terms and on equal privileges, are so well come into its halls as young men; that the university stands ready to make them ministers, doctors, lawyers, orators, musicians, and mistresses of arts; that the entire oligarchy of sex is simply ignored in its precincts, we scarcely know of which to admire more, the depth of policy, or the simplicity of purpose, or the integrity of motive, or the liberality of courage which we are called upon to contemplate.

These things the University of Boston—backed by the numerical force and moral earnestness of the immense Methodist denomination, and possessing the Midas-touch of princely endowments—has done. And this in Boston! Boston, where boys and girls are separated in the public schools. Boston, where people form clubs to induce Harvard College to induce young women to pay for a certificate of proficiency in examinations for which she scornfully refuses to fit them, and offered in contemptuous substitute for a diploma for which she haughtily denies them the chance to contend.

There is something very pleasant in the quiet dignity with which the management of this young enterprise has assumed its present position toward women. There is no fuss to be made about it, as if the university had done or were yet to do some great thing. There is no calling of the public attention to its action or intentions. "We do right because it is right. We seek no commendation for doing our duty. We offer no favor to women. Simple justice is enough for them and us." The largeness of this spirit is its own reward, and the self-possession of this mood lays hold of the hands of that success which stands peculiarly ready in these days to follow upon the broad and progressive types of endeavor.

of the country, especially in the Lowlands, and observation was fast dying out, but on Desdieu, owing to the interest taken in the occasion by the Queen, all the peculiar characteristics of the time-honored festival have been revived. On Friday evening the demonstrations at Balmoral were on a scale never previously witnessed, but the general effect of the sight was considerably lessened by the bright moonlight. Shortly before six o'clock the cotiers, gillies, and other retainers residing on the eastern portion of the estate, approached the castle, marching four abreast, each man bearing a gigantic torch. They proceeded on the western drive towards the royal residence, and at an old time-stone quarry met her Majesty in her carriage, escorted by theantry on the western part of the domain. They also all carried large torches, and both bodies here joined, and with lights blazing marched in the direction of the Castle, headed by the Queen's pipers playing appropriate pibrochs. On arriving at the principal entrance her Majesty alighted, and followed by the immense body of torchbearers, walked along the west side of the castle. The scene as the procession descended the stair at the north-west corner of the castle was grand and well calculated to excite the admiration of the beholders. The hurrahs of the crowd, the shouts of the pipers, and the lurid glare of the torches, formed a singularly stirring and impressive spectacle. Having made a circuit of the castle, the procession halted at the principal entrance, where dancing was begun and carried on with vigor to the strains of bagpipes; and by the light of a bonfire. The proceedings lasted till a late hour in the evening, the Queen remaining and taking a lively interest in the whole.

PROTESTANT WAR-SONG.

Ye soldiers of King Jesus,
Asleep upon your arms,
By thunder shaken, arise, awaken,
Not shrink from war's alarms!
The trumpet-blast is sounding:
Hark! 'tis the Romish tramp,
And distant songs from warrior throng—
Re-echo through the camp.

Shout to your foes defiance,
And rend the heavens with prayer,
In ranks unbroken: be this the token—
"For Christ we do and dare!"
Ring out your jubulations,
Your Christy war-hymns sing;
With courage bring, each breast inspiring,
To fight for Christ your King.

For ancient rights do battle;
Stand as your fathers stood;
From flame and rack they turned not back
Resisting unto blood.

Dear price they paid for freedom,
But conquered when they died:
In death victorious, their names are
glorious.

With faith and love allied,
To Christ and Truth right loyal,
They fought the Popish foe;
They faced the front of battle's brunt,
And hailed the martyr's woe,
On fiery wings triumphant,
From pang and cross to bliss celestial,
They joined the ranks on high.

From dungeons black and loathsome,
And tortures never told,
Fierce strife's and groanings, and dying
moanings.

They rose to crowns of gold,
From bloody Injustices,
Of many unknown,
The martyr peers of bygone year,
Sprang to the martyr's throne.

Ye soldiers of King Jesus,
Brave sons of noble sires,
Follow your flag o'er field and crag,
And dare the Popish fire!
Fight for you blood bought freedom;
Spurn, spurn the Romish crew;
Who swore to slaugher you—
Be sworn to slaughter them!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

THE CANADIANS.

A New York paper, writing lately upon Canadian affairs, concludes that American ideas are prevailing that region because the people speak of "baggage" and take the right hand in driving on the road. Having travelled somewhat in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the "Islands," I have never heard the term "baggage" used except by Americans, as they call people from the States. The word is invariably "luggage" in hotels, steamers and stage-wagons. On the road all the people in those provinces whom I met took the left hand, and if any one should attempt to deviate from this old custom of England, he would surely come to grief. When Canadians take gunnicks at par, or make their morning porridge of oat instead of oatmeal, perhaps they may be ready for those other innovations.

What causes the curious difference between the people on the two sides of the boundary-line? For a difference exists in customs, in appearance and in the tones of the voice. It has been a favorite theory that the New England thicket of firs and sharpshooters' voices came from the harsh climate and piercing winds; but in Canada the climate is more severe, and the winds are as piercing, yet the faces and forms of the people are rounder and more robust, and their voices, especially those of the women, have a soft and mellow intonation very different from their cousins in New England. The customs and habits are also different. In Canada one sees little of the hurried life of the States, always at high pressure. The people take life more easily than we do, and look less anxious. Do these differences arise from different political institutions and are the burden of life lighter in a republic than under a monarchy?—Lippincott for November.

BOXES OF DEAD CHINESE.

We saw brought to the depot of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad Company, in this place, a box of Virginia, Nevada, paper, two boxes of boxes of dead Chinese for shipment to Stockton, Cal. The Chinese in the boxes had been buried in the Chinese burial-ground near this city about four years, and their bones were fleshy. The bones were taken out of the coffins, assorted, and tied up in bunches in white rags. After being brought to Chinatown and before being boxed up, the friends of the deceased had some kind of a pot over the bones. Roast pig and other refreshments were placed on tables, and about these were gathered the friends of the deceased, who muttered prayers, and at intervals bowed down and kissed the ground. Several Chinese came to the depot with the remains in order to see the boxes properly marked and prepared for shipping. One of these informed us that the bones would eventually be sent to China, but that for the present they would go to the head man of the company to which the deceased belonged. When received by this man in Stockton the bones will be taken out of the boxes and packed in earthen jars, and after there shall have accumulated a sufficient number of skeletons all will be sent to China to be delivered to their relatives for burial in that holy soil from which alone the true Celestial can arise at the last great day.

Obituary.

SARAH, relict of R. Tweedie, departed this life, on the morning of Monday, 24th ult., at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Stephen Pashley, Williamstown. Mr. Tweedie was converted in early life; and for upwards of sixty years, was a consistent member of the Methodist Society. The last time I saw her, she was complaining of slight indisposition, but was very cheerful, and in conversation, remarkably animated for her years. She spoke of her sons, who are engaged in the work of the ministry in connection with the Methodist Church in three Provinces—having just heard from one of them; and she spoke of her own inner life, quoting the words, "Christ in you," as conveying her idea of true religion. Her outlook was evidently lengthened by gleams of light from her better land. When death set his seal upon her heart, she had attained the ripe age of eighty-four years. And now she sleeps in Jesus.

Nearly all the noble band of Methodists—who left Ireland some sixty years ago, and settled in Williamstown—are gone. They were a "godly seed," and shall be had in "everlasting remembrance."

MIRANICKI, Dec. 2, 1873.

ITEMS FROM THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

A WHALE TAKEN BY A TELEGRAPH CABLE.—We published some time ago a drawing of a portion of the Sagapora ocean telegraph cable, which had been broken and injured by a lance of a saw fish. We have to chronicle an accident of a still more extraordinary nature, by which the Persian Gulf Cable was broken. The particulars are given in *Engineering*:—

"The cable between Kurrachee and Gadar (a distance of about 300 miles) suddenly failed on the evening of the 14th of October. The telegraph steamer, Amber Witch, under the command of Captain Bishop, with the electrical and engineering staff under Mr. Henry Mance, proceeded on the following day to repair the damage, which, by tests taken at either end, appeared to be 118 miles from Kurrachee. The cable was successfully grappled within a quarter of a mile of the fault.

"The soundings at the fault were very irregular, with overfalls from 20 to 70 fathoms. On winding in the cable unusual resistance was experienced, as if it were foul of rocks; but after persevering for some time, the body of an immense whale, entangled in the cable, was brought to the surface, where it was found to be firmly secured by two and a-half turns of the cable immediately above the tail. Sharks and other fish had partially eaten the body, which was rapidly decomposing, the jaws falling away on reaching the surface. The tail, which measured 12 feet across, was perfect, and covered with barnacles at the extremities.

"Apparently the whale was, at the time of entanglement, using the cable to free himself from parasites, such as barnacles, which annoy the whales very much; and the cable hanging in a deep loop over a submarine precipice, he probably, with a fillip of his tail, twisted it around him, and then came to an untimely end."

This is, without exception, the most extraordinary accident that has happened to any submarine cable which has come within our knowledge, although many strange accidents

have arisen. In one case the cable across the river Yar, in the Isle of Wight, was broken by a bullock, which, fallen overboard, got entangled in the cable, finally breaking it.

A NOVEL CONTEST BETWEEN HORSESHOERS.—The horse-shoers of New York and Brooklyn have been excited for a month past over a wager made between John Burns and George Boyle as to which of them could make a greater number of shoes in a specified time. Both men work in Brooklyn. Burns bet Boyle \$50 that the latter could not turn out as many shoes as he could in eight hours. A day was assigned for the contest. Several hundred horse-shoers from New York and New Jersey were attracted to Brooklyn to witness the contest, and considerable money was staked in outside bets on the result. Work was begun at eight o'clock. Burns began at Slavin's shop in Livingston street. Boyle was at his brother's shop in Livingston street. Burns was watching the principal entrance her Majesty alighted, and followed by the immense body of torchbearers, walked along the west side of the castle. The scene as the procession descended the stair at the north-west corner of the castle was grand and well calculated to excite the admiration of the beholders. The hurrahs of the crowd, the shouts of the pipers, and the lurid glare of the torches, formed a singularly stirring and impressive spectacle. Having made a circuit of the castle, the procession halted at the principal entrance, where dancing was begun and carried on with vigor to the strains of bagpipes; and by the light of a bonfire. The proceedings lasted till a late hour in the evening, the Queen remaining and taking a lively interest in the whole.