

be seen as the result of the same. Do you feel when in that the tremendous weight above might fall and crush you? Does the giant of the forest heed the gimlet hole you bore in its mighty trunk? Thus we mused and passed on to Boston, tarried the night, and made on the morning for the boat to convey us to St. John.

STEPPING on the side-wheel steamer "Cumberland" we saw a well-known face in the presence of our predecessor in the chair, Mr. J. G. Sanderson, who, with his usual flow of spirits and of kindness, had undertaken the charge of two young ladies. Being ourselves not alone we could not aid him in his anxiety, though we enjoyed his company to the end of our journey, and his pilotage also. The voyage along the coast was without special incident, though being our first on this route we enjoyed it much. Leaving the port of Boston we skirted the shores of Massachusetts and of Maine, against whose rugged rocks the Atlantic beats and dashes with ceaseless swell; see how that wave flows into the cove and wastes itself in spray as it seeks to climb the almost perpendicular face, and that long line of foam as another covers with the rising tide that fast disappearing shoal. Islands, forts looking neglected, and cannon unlimbered—long may they thus remain—pass by, a pleasing panorama, the Atlantic swells begin to roll; on the one side the boundless ocean, on the other the rocks incessantly being washed, slowly, surely away. Yet how the sea-weed clings and grows, clothing even those bare surfaces with fringes of green. The sail along these coasts was delightful, though the long roll of the Atlantic after several days of storm was anything but comforting to those whose susceptibilities were active. The vessels of the International Line are well equipped with every appliance for comfort and safety. Portland was our first stopping-place, we stepped ashore and enjoyed a walk for a short distance along a street lined with elms whose girth and growth exceeded in our eyes anything we had seen on Boston Common. The fog, though slight, prevented us from seeing much more, and our experience in seeking to get a meal on shore convinced us that for high rates, bad cooking and inferior accompaniments, Portland restaurants take the pre-eminence.

ENTERING Eastport the fog came down very dense. Grand Manan loomed like a dark cloud as we ran close to its shore, the whistle sounded every few seconds its dismal warning, the fog horn moaned, the engine was slowed, soundings taken; suddenly the fog lifted, and the quaint old harbour of Eastport with its inlets, wharves, fishing-smacks and rocky shores, stood clear and bright in morning sunlight.

No slight responsibility rests upon the officers and crews of the vessels that convey passengers along these coasts. Over two hundred must have been on the "Cumberland," reckless sailing, or a poor outlook at any moment, would land on the rocks. At a moment when every eye was intent, the captain's hand upon the bell, the fog the densest, the fog-horn alone indicating the port to be near, a good woman stepped up to the stairway leading to the deck where the captain was to make enquiry: "Captain! captain! how long will you stay in Eastport?" Engaged in his duty the captain made no reply. "Captain! captain!"—and to her little daughter, "Go up and ask him." "Captain, captain." We fear had we been captain we should have been tempted to order some deck hands to throw her overboard, but the captain of the Cumberland simply did his duty, said nothing, and quickly disappeared as the good ship was brought in safety alongside the dock.

AT St. John we fell into the hands of the good pastor there, Mr. J. B. Saer, who very promptly drove us around the good city which has risen, phoenix like, from its ashes. From one of the hills of the city we obtained a view of the capacious harbour with its fishing-smacks, steamers and ocean-going vessels. St. John is exceedingly picturesque, though we understand that within the past few years it has seriously diminished in population. It was our fortune to stumble upon the evening of a strawberry festival in the old Union Street church, and to meet with our ubiquitous and sunny friend, Mr. Hall, accompanied by Mr. Fuller, of Brantford. With Mr. Sanderson present, we could readily imagine ourselves in the West again. Yet here was a genuine old-fashioned chapel, spacious, plain, with roomy pews of the olden time, and doors. Evidently this place of worship in its day