

pulled by a man in the verandah or on the staircase. Besides this novelty, you will notice that the walls are of showy whiteness, composed of a native substance called chuman; and you will be astonished at the number of doors and windows. Also, there is generally no carpet, nothing but matting, on the floors; and no chimney-piece. This is far too grand a description for our mission-house, but everything is much the same, only on a smaller scale.—*Letter of a Missionary's Sister.*

THE LATE CALAMITY.—THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER MONTREAL.

Our young readers far away from the scene of the awful disaster in some quiet forest nook, or bustling mart of busy industry, will have been awed and startled by the sad tidings of the recent destruction by fire, near Quebec, of the Steamer "Montreal," and the perishing in one dread calamity of 254 of our fellow beings, chiefly from Scotland. How terrible the scene. The new land—the goal of many hopes just reached—the placid river stealing gently by—all security—bright vicissitudes—happiness—peace, and then the sudden change. The cry of fire, the progress of the fierce element—the terrible choice of death by fire or water—the drowning hundreds—how awful the scene. How loud the lesson it reads. Ah, of a truth, here we have no continuing city, here we are but pilgrims and strangers. Surely, God is speaking to the land. But yesterday from the far west, a loud wail of sorrow came from "the Bridge of Sighs," at the Desjardins Canal, and again from the east, the wail is re-echoed, and the gurgling cry of expiring mortality is heard, as the swift waters overpower it. In the race for riches, in our swift prosperity, our country was forgetting the giver of all good. He has been reminding us of his power—he has been warning us in loud tones to "prepare to meet thy God." Some of the incidents were very interesting of this terrible calamity, and over it a gleam of light has been cast by the prompt sympathetic aid of the St. Andrews Societies of Montreal and Quebec, who cared and provided for the sufferers.

We select one or two facts for our young readers. Bring up before your mind, that awful scene and then read how a Christian died:

"Close by the good clergyman stood a little girl named