

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?

"Mother, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here—
A wither'd worm, you thought!"

"I told you that Almighty power
Could break that wither'd shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well."

"Look at the chrysalis, my love,
An empty shell it lies;
Now raise your wandering thoughts above,
To where you insect dies."

"Oh, mother, now I know full well
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range."

"How beautiful will brother be
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

LET ME PRAY FIRST.—A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves in a very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing the boys, one of them, by accident, throw a stone toward her, which struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready?

"No, father; not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with a patience worthy of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears, under those trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer she made in that hour; and he will love every child that calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let idle boys be careful how they throw stones.

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.—ACHILL.—Our Missionary has furnished us with the following interesting account of the work here:—

"The work of the Lord is prospering in every corner of this island—I state this from personal observation—the march onward to conversion manifests itself in the growth in knowledge among the adult population, who take the greatest pleasure in committing to memory precious portions of God's Word.

"I should say there are four or five hundred islanders among the adult population thus engaged, whose delight is truly in the law of the Lord in the language of their hearts and affections. It is a great comfort to see the children of the schools go on so creditably, they are manifestly growing in grace as well as knowledge; they are not only acquainted with the doctrines of the Gospel, but are also built up in the controversy with Rome.

"The vigorous efforts those dear children make towards the conversion of the adult population is not the least important feature of the great work. I adduce a few instances out of many. First, that of an aged widow of Upper Achill, who used to be incessantly saying her beads and going to chapel to hear Latin prayers; her son came to school, and, among other portions, learned Matt. vi. 7; 1 Cor. xiv. 19. These he often repeated aloud to his mother, the former led her to see the beads were no use, so that she burned them; and the latter that Latin prayers are no good, and so she gave up going to chapel. She is now a very exemplary convert, never absent from the house of God, where she and her son heartily join in the responses of our beautiful liturgy.

"Next, that of an old man on the verge of the grave, who was aroused to a sense of his lost condition by his grandchild repeating John iii. in Irish—he learnt this portion by heart—was then drawn by the child to come and hear Irish prayers instead of Latin; so he found out the Great High Priest who alone can forgive sin.

"The several congregations are on the increase in the face of the two priests, five monks, and a host of

other violent opponents. We are fully persuaded the Word of the Most High will yet be more marvellously blessed on the conversion of the inhabitants of this Island, and render them spiritually free, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ.—Amen.

Selections.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

The town of Saut St. Marie is like no Eastern village. It is an irregular scattering of houses, new and old, all framed if we except a few, of logs. The enclosures are formed like stockades, of cedar posts, set close together and sharpened at the top. There are a few stores, at which boxes of birch bark ornamented with bright-colored porcupine quills, the handiwork of the Indian women, form a chief commodity of trade.—There are plenty of drinking shops, and a liberal supply of bowling alleys and billiard tables; there are two good hotels, and a good many others of doubtful complexion. There is a mission house and school, not very attractive in appearance, and a church nearly done.—There are clearings for a few miles along the river, backed by wet lands covered with birches and balsam fir; there are some three miles of road, and then there are woods and wilderness stretching East North and West for hundreds of miles, to the Mississippi and to Hudson Bay.

The old Indian agency house, built by Mr. Schoolcraft on the river side, is a nice place, with its grove of firs and another of elms, and the barracks of Fort Brady have the air of neatness which belongs to Uncle Sam's property everywhere. The fort however, is a mere square enclosure of pickets with block houses at the angles, of no strength except to resist a sudden attack of Indians,—a danger not likely to occur hereafter.

On the Canadian side of the river, at the foot of the rapids, stands the post of the Hudson Bay Company, a range of low buildings surrounded by a palisade, and lower down the river is a substantial stone house, like the old Johnson places in the Mohawk valley, built for some of the company's officials, but now turned to other uses. In the river above the rapids lay a schooner belonging to the same ancient corporation, and used for their trade in Lake Superior.

Just now this little settlement is much enlivened by an enterprise which will reduce it to still less than its old importance. The provoking rapid of twenty feet, which bars the navigation between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and which has imposed on all travel and business, a stop at this point and a boatage of a mile, is to be avoided by a canal, on which a regiment of labourers are in full activity under the pay of the "St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal Company." This association, composed of some of the most enterprising men of New York, New England and the West, is constructing under the direction of the general government and the state of Michigan, a canal of unequalled dimensions. It is to be one hundred and fifty feet in width, twelve feet deep, and with locks three hundred and fifty feet long and seventy wide, to admit the largest steamers of the lower lakes. The ponderous gates will be the gates of Lake Superior, the portals of the Northwest, and will permit its incalculable mineral wealth to pass freely down the East and South.

It is needless to say that the "mining interest" is anxious for the early completion of this important work. The responsible and energetic company which has contracted to build it is pressing it forward with vigor. An immense amount of work has been accomplished under many difficulties. The excavation, both rock and earth, is nearly completed, this labor having been prosecuted through the winter, and the mason work of the locks is about commencing. The stone for these structures is brought from Sandusky, no suitable material being obtainable nearer.—The conductors of the work are confident of completing it so far as to pass vessels before the setting in of winter. The work thus far appears to be done in the most thorough manner. When the huge channel shall be filled with the clear waters from above, and steamers a hundred yards in length, and a thousand tons in burthen are lifted by its locks until the vast expanse of Lake Superior lies open before their powers, there will commence a new era for the shores of that inland sea.

At present, there are two side-wheel steamers and three propellers on this lake. A fourth propeller, the *Independence*, was blown up near the Saut last season.

Going on board the *St. Mary's*, at the head of the portage, we pursued our way up the St. Mary's river, here a broad lake-like expanse, with level, pine-covered shores. Soon passing the high walls of Gros

Cap on the right and Point Iroquois on the left, we safely entered on that lake, the very name of which we had ever associated with the idea of remoteness and loneliness. Nor did the reality vary from the anticipation. Though the skies were serene and the water scarcely rippled, though a gorgeous sunset was before us, yet the air was chill, and the dark waters had a sullen, a gloomy look, which was unrelieved by the monotonous wooded character of the American shore.

Our boat was full of passengers and freight.—The bow was occupied by horses and cattle, bound to hard labor at the mines. The middle deck was filled with bales of hay, to support them through their toil. It was a source of no little uneasiness to us, as of our three or four hundred passengers, one-half were sleeping, and a spark in that combustible would have been destruction to at least nineteen-twentieths of us; probably to all, for the water is so cold that no one could long float in it, and aid from other vessels is not to be expected on this solitary waste of waters. The passengers were miscellaneous, chiefly workmen or others engaged in the mines. A number were newly arrived immigrants, many Cornish people, who habituated to copper mining at home, are here engaged in the same labor in great numbers. One very pretty young man who attracted considerable admiration, was on the way to meet her betrothed, and indeed he met her on the pier at Eagle Harbor, and they were married and off to the mines the next morning.

Our first landing was at Marquette. The air of the place reminded us of the pictures of California. From houses, some of considerable neatness, were scattered among the remains of the forest, of which some beautiful pines had been, with much good taste, allowed to stand.—The shores are rocky, and directly off the pier lies a most picturesque little island, a massive pile of rocks, bearing a grove of pines and cedars. The water is so clear that from the deck of the boat you can count every pagoda and straw at the depth of twelve feet, and it is said that bottom can be seen sometimes even at a greater depth.

Marquette is the port of the iron-region. Its mines lying ten or fifteen miles back, are hills of ore, quarried in the open air, and so pure as to reach 80 per cent. of metal of excellent quality. When the canal at the Saut is finished, it must be shipped to the lower lakes in the immense quantities.

This is a paradise for the angler. The streams abound with trout of the finest quality, and they are taken in abundance from the rocky shores of the lake. I was amused at being told by a gentleman from Cleveland, Ohio, that he brought his worms all the way from home, for not a worm could be had from the soil of Marquette. It is hoped, however, that a few which have been planted there, will produce a supply for the future.

Passing the Pictured Rocks at night, we stretched across Keweenaw Bay and passed between Keweenaw Point and Manitow Island about noon. From Marquette hither, the land, as far as visible, is not abrupt, the hills rising in long slopes to heights of 800 or 1,000 feet. Granite Island, north of Marquette, is a low mound of rock, with a scant covering of evergreens. Far out towards the centre of the lake, fortunately out of the usual track of vessels, lies Leonard's Rock, a reef of half a mile long, just connected with the exception of a bare spot of a few feet. It is a most dangerous spot, and will yet be the destruction of good vessels driven upon it in darkness or storm, unless, like the Eldystone and the Bell Rock, it is guarded by a light-house.

Rounding Keweenaw Point and turning West, the first port entered is Copper Harbour. The topography of the country is made of successive ranges of rock, each one, as you go inland, rising higher than its predecessor.—One of these ridges just off the shore line, which maintains itself above water all the way, and encloses a sheltered bay within the harbour; to which access is given by a low depression in the reef. The port is thus a perfect natural harbour. The settlement is but half a dozen shabby houses, backed by a steep birch and hemlock hill. It is a mere landing for the mines, which lie miles inland.

Fifteen miles West, lies a precisely similar sheltered bay—Eagle Harbour—with quite a settlement up about it, stores, public houses, and a large church (Roman Catholic) nearly completed. Stay here while the boat went on to the Ontonagon, a fine time to visit the Copper Falls mine. It is situated on five hundred feet above the lake, and there is a red in part by horizontal galleries driven into the but more from perpendicular shafts. Both