

Selections.

The following graphic description we doubt not will be read with interest by many who have been eye witnesses of the wondrous scenes, in the course of their summer tours, which in this locomotive age are made so much more easily than 28 years ago, when we were in the region described; when none were found bold enough to trust a steamer to those dangerous rapids; and then too, a week was consumed in a journey, which now occupies a single day.

THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—Only a few years have passed since the first attempt was made to "run the Long Sault" by a steamer. Now all the rapids from Dickenson's Landing, about 40 miles below Ogdensburg, to Montreal, are passed over by the daily lines of steamers, and we think we can assert without fear of contradiction, that the passage of the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Quebec is the most interesting of any known to the traveller. Those who have passed through the Lachine rapids will bear testimony to the truthfulness of the following description, which we find in a late number of the *Presbyterian*, especially the appearance of the Indian pilot while the boat is dashing through the troubled waters:—

"But the rapids—or what is technically called shooting the rapids, i. e. going through them in the steamer, will be ample compensation for the trip; at least when you have safely got through with the shooting. One or two of these rapids are from nine to twelve miles long, the current descending with great rapidity—in some of them, it is said, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour—so that the water is broken into quite a white capped sea, and pitching as it does over ledges of rocks, makes a novel and not over comfortable sort of river steamboat navigation. Whenever we approached one of them, four men were stationed at the wheel in the pilot's house, the narrow, sinuous, and turbulent channel requiring great power and dexterity in managing the boat. In passing the "split-rock" in the Cedar rapids, you seem at one time to be dashing right on to the threatening ledges which jut up apparently but a few feet below the surface; but just as you are making up your mind to the catastrophe, the watchful pilot has interposed; and the gallant boat turns gracefully aside, and glides swiftly on her way. Until very recently the steamers were not accustomed to go over the Lachine rapids—the last passed before reaching Montreal—the passengers being sent from above them to the city by railway. Now, however, a practicable channel has been discovered, and the boats daily descend in safety even over the boiling torrents of the Lachine. Just before entering this most difficult part of the river, an Indian pilot is taken on board, from an Indian village on the shore. The tall son of the forest—who has learned the way through this scething labyrinth of water and rocks, in his canoe,—points to the pilot's house, and assisted by three or four other stalwart men, takes his place at the wheel, while another man goes aft and lays hold of the lever attached to the rudder, so that in case of accident to the tiller ropes, there may still be a hand at the helm. A moment more and the boat is rolling and dashing forward on the unsteady current. The Indian pilot gazes down on the pitching waters, as if he would penetrate their very depths, his eyes fairly flashing fire. In an instant the eight hands are running over the wheel like fingers over a well played instrument, and the tiller chains rattle as if they were all running away; the boat trembles for a moment, makes a heavy plunge, then wheels gracefully round, and goes on her course. She has passed one of the shoals, and is passing off to find the entrance to a new and worse one. Once more the Indian's eye is a blaze, every muscle of his face is working, and as the bows of the steamer droop for a fall into the "cellar," as the French appropriately term the watery chasm, his tongue protrudes, and his whole face is like that of a man frenzied. Safely out of the "cellar," we are jostled first to one side, then the other, still dashing down the boiling current, when a sudden concussion careens the boat over and she has touched! falls at once from the lips of a dozen passengers, who are anxiously looking down on the rocks just under the bows; but she has cleared the rock, and the concussion was only from the angry waves apparently indignant that a presumptuous steamer should venture in the domain where they hold their revels. Another dropping of the bows and descent into a "cellar," and another tossing about in all directions at once, and we are once more dashing steadily along, fairly over the last of the rapids, and alike agreed among the passengers that we should not care to go over the Lachine every day. Once safely over, however, no one will ever regret the beautiful and exciting spectacle he witnessed in passing them. In ascending the river the steamer avoids the rapids by means of canals

THE DESOLATIONS OF DRINK.—Drink is the desolating demon of Great Britain. We have spent in intoxicating drinks during the present century as much as would pay the national debt twice over! There are 180,000 gin-drinkers in London alone, and in that city three millions a-year are spent in gin. In thirteen years 219,000 males and 183,920 females were taken into custody for being drunk and disorderly. In Manchester not less than a million a year is spent in profligacy and crime. In Edinburgh there are one thousand whiskey shops, one hundred and sixty being in one street; and yet the city contains only one hundred bread-shops. In Glasgow the poor rates are £100,000 a year. "Ten thousand," says Alison, "get drunk every Saturday night, are drunk all day Sunday and Monday, and not able to return to work till Tuesday. Glasgow spends £1,200,000 annually, in drink; and 50,000 females are taken in custody for being drunk." And what are some of the normal results of such appalling statistics? Insanity, pauperism, prostitution and crime. As to the insanity affiliated on drink, the Bishop of London states "that of 1,271 maniacs, whose previous history was investigated, 749, or more than half of them, wrecked their reason in drinking." As to its pauperism, it is estimated that not less than two-thirds of our paupers are the direct or indirect victims of the same fatal vice. In Parkhurst Prison, it is calculated that 400 out of 500 juvenile prisoners are immured there as the incidental results of parental debauchery. The chaplain of the Northampton County Jail lately informed the writer, that of "302 prisoners in this jail, during the last six months, 176 attributed their ruin to drunkenness. Sixty-four spent from 2s. 6d. to 10s. a week in drink; fifteen spent from 10s. to 17s. and ten spent all their savings. Is it not remarkable," he adds, "that out of 123 prisoners in this jail, I have not had one that has one sixpence in a savings bank, nor above six that ever had?"—Perhaps not less than two-thirds of the "natives" in the kingdom have passed through the jails since the cessation of railway labour. Yet the wages of these men, to the number of 240,306, averaged £40 a year each, in the aggregate £10,250,369 a year, but when the railways were done, their money was done, their character was done, their good habits were done, and themselves done in every way.

THE FIRST POETRY WRITTEN IN AMERICA.—The following facts were taken from the archives of the Historical Society, Boston.

"The first poetic effusion ever produced on American soil, originated in a circumstance which was handsomely explained by one of the full bloods of the Jibwa (or as we call them) the Chippewas. All these who have witnessed the performances of the Indians of Far West in our city, must recollect the cradle and the mode in which the Indians bring up their children. Soon after our forefathers landed at Plymouth, some of the people went out into a field where Indian women were picking strawberries, and observed several cradles hung upon the boughs of trees with the infants fastened upon them—a novel and curious sight to any European. A gentle breeze sprung up and waved the cradles to and fro. A young man, one of the party, pecked off a piece of bark and wrote the following, which has been repeated thousands of times by thousands of American matrons, very few of whom ever knew of or cared for its origin."

"Lul-a-by babe upon the tree top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
And down will come Lul-a-by babe and all."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.—He had been faithful and exemplary as a Christian; and now he lay upon the bed of death. He felt, and the physician assured him that the close of his life was at hand, and in a few short hours he must enter eternity. His minister came to see him; and as he was about to depart, proposing prayer, he asked for what he should pray—if there was any particular petition he wished him to offer. The answer of the good old man was, "Pray for me the first three petitions of the Lord's Prayer:—Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitants and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of man's

chief which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

NEVER GIVE A KICK FOR A HIT.—I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl, says a lady.—One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt, she happened to lither next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, "Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the barn-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble."

A CREDIBLE WITNESS.—The Rev. Dr. Dixon, a distinguished Minister in the English Wesleyan body, and son-in-law of the late Rev. Richard Watson, gives the following testimony to the prosperity of the Church of England, in a letter to an American Methodist paper, *Zion's Herald*, published in Boston:

"Do not be startled: But there is more true religion in the Church of England, than any where else in the country. The Church is the only Protestant body which is making progress in evangelical labors and prosperous advances."

"The Church of England is, as we think, the most prosperous body in the country. . . . In the lower grades of the Church, there is a very large and constantly increasing body of faithful, laborious and excellent men, who are the ornament of their profession, and a blessing to the country. The large towns are full of these men, who are exercising a most powerful and beneficial influence."

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.—One cold winter, when the ground was so covered with snow that the little birds could not find any thing to eat, the daughter of a miserly rich man gathered up all the crumbs she could find, and was going to carry them out and scatter them on the snow. Her father saw her, and asked her what she was going to do. She told him, and he said, "What good will it do? The crumbs will not be enough to feed one in a hundred of the birds." "I know it dear father," said she, "but I shall be glad to save even one in a hundred of them, if I cannot save them all." The father thought a moment; he knew that many poor persons were suffering in his village, and he had refused to help any, because he could not help them all. His conscience struck him, and he told his little daughter to break a loaf of bread into crumbs for the birds, while he went to scatter a purse of money among the poor villagers.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MADIAI.—Having received permission from the Tuscan Secretary of State to visit the Madiai in the prisons where they are severally expiating their enormous crime of possessing a Bible, we determined to take the husband first in order, for, by a refinement of cruelty, they are confined in separate prisons, in different parts of the country. Long corridors ran throughout the building, with these cells on each side of them, and at the central spot was a small square space, where a crucifix is set up and the mass performed, so that each is taken to give to all the prisoners the comfort of religious services, except the unfortunate Madiai, whose deprivation in this respect is a severe, though inevitable, aggravation of their sufferings.—The refusal of their Bible and other devotional books is an unnecessary, cruel, and dangerous feature in their solitary confinement. We found Francesco in a comfortable room of the infirmary, and the exception which his illness procured him from prison discipline and prison dress, along with the hopes of a speedy release which he seemed to entertain, gave him a more cheerful air than we afterwards found in his unfortunate wife. We had a long conversation with him in French, this language being adopted at his own request, in order that the governor and doctor—who, I conclude, had been ordered to be present—might hear it. We did not feel ourselves bound to alter on this account what would otherwise have been the tenor of our conversation. As we had come with no intention of embittering his mind against the powers that had no interruption was offered by either of those present. Nothing could be more pleasing than the whole conversa-