

are at present meeting with tokens of Divine favour. May their harvests be abundant and their rejoicings great.

Communications.

CROSSING THE HERRING POND.

WE have received a letter from our excellent friend, "Twist," who has taken the position of our "foreign correspondent." Our space will permit us to present only extracts from the letter:—

London, June 11th, 1873.

Saturday, May 17th, saw the good ship *Cirassian*, the latest addition to the Allan Line, swing out from her moorings at Quebec, with her bow pointing eastward, having on board 90 cabin and 30 steerage passengers. When fairly in the stream and with full steam on, we soon lost sight of the Canadian Gibraltar. I suppose the correct thing to do at the time was to meditate on Wolfe's great attack and victory. But if any of the passengers were so employed, their meditations were suddenly interrupted by the bell ringing for lunch.

Monday, 19th, about noon, brought us in sight of Newfoundland. I find on referring to my note book, that we were being dandled up and down by the long swell peculiar to the ocean, which made me feel peculiar. I had got through the first course of dinner, when it occurred to me that possibly I was missing some beautiful scenery, so I made my way on deck as quickly as possible. No doubt you will conclude that I am fond of scenery, when I tell you that I was enticed back to that saloon only once again on the whole voyage.

One morning I was up at four, and it being very cold, I got near the smoke stack. Beside it, I found a poor fellow asleep. In a little he awoke, and pulling an old book, which proved to be a Hebrew Bible, from his breast, began chanting to himself. Soon the steerage passengers began coming up, when the Jew put away the book, but kept on chanting, first up and then down, repeating his words very quickly. Notwithstanding the jibes of his fellow-passengers, he kept this up for an hour. And the passage had so worked on his feelings that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. Had he been reading of the promised Messiah?

On Tuesday, we passed a large number of icebergs. We saw one precisely like the head of a lion—the upper lip just reaching the water. The waves came dashing and circling and eddying round his nostrils, but he sat serenely in his icy grandeur, and though the water was raging about him, "he never stirred a hair." Another resembled representations of the Roman Coliseum, and others, again, assumed a variety of grotesque forms, but all were majestically beautiful.