

the scene is varied, by calms, fair breezes, and storms, still the great machine is in continual progress.

Of those with whom we set out in the voyage of life, how few do we encounter in our subsequent wanderings! The intimacy that common hopes and common dangers generate, gradually subsides, and if we meet, we meet, alas! coldly, formally, and as strangers. Life in a Steamer is actually teeming with a moral. Are you a politician? you may confirm or rectify your notions by observing how essential a good, effective, vigorous, business-like administration is to the safety of the ship and the comfort of the passengers. Are you a Christian? you will not fail to observe that in consequence of its being requested by the Directors that every passenger should attend public worship, every one does so; from which you may perceive the advantages resulting from a union of church and state,—and when the whole community thus meets together to unite in their supplications, you cannot but see what a blessed thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity—how immeasurably superior this union is to dissent—and must admit that they who laid the foundation of your established National Church, were both wise and good men. Are you a moralist? then—but I will not pursue it. The analogies and inferences are too obvious to render it necessary for me to trace them; but nevertheless, it is a useful and an edifying task, and I recommend you to reflect for yourself. From these remarks you will observe that “Life in a Steamer” is “a leaf of” the great Book of the World, and may well be applied—“to point a moral and adorn a tale.”

So much for the general reader; and now a few words at parting, to my good friends, the Nova Scotians. I am desirous of availing myself of this opportunity to call the attention of my countrymen, the “Blue-noses,” to the importance of steam, of which they unfortunately know but little from their own ex-