

I will but heap up the fire,
 It shall burst to a glow,
 I will pile the fagots higher,
 They shall melt the snow;
 They shall warm my hands and my heart,
 And shall light my eye;
 And the Winter will pass away,
 And the Spring will come one day,
 And the leaves from the buds will start,
 By and bye!

Oh, the wind how it whistles,
 The wild North wind!
 And the winter of life will come—
 The winter chilly and cold,
 The brooks and the birds will be dumb;
 The frosts will whiten my hair,
 And the boughs of my life be bare,
 And I shall be old!

What then? I will warm my life at a purer flame,
 I will wrap me round in a mantle of love that clings,
 I will let the old loves go, that were loves in name,
 And will nestle close to the Heart of Infinite things!
 And the soul that kindles the fires of star and sun,
 Shall warm my soul with the rays of a light Divine,
 And after the Winter, the Winter of Life is done,
 There's an endless, beautiful, glorious Spring to be mine!

Saint John, N. B.

EARLY HISTORY OF STEAMBOATING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Robert Fulton, the American steamboat inventor, writes, on the 22nd August, 1807, his account of the first trip of the first steamboat on the Hudson river. The distance from New York to Albany—one hundred and fifty miles—was made in thirty-two hours, and the downward passage in thirty, or five miles per hour. At that time but few persons believed in the commercial success of steamboat navigation. The few, however, who had eyes saw clearly that a great revolution was about to take place in the navigation of rivers, bays, streams, and, it might be said, oceans.

We believe that Montreal was the first place outside of the United States to take advantage of Fulton's invention. In the year 1809 the first steamboat was launched on the St. Lawrence. The *Quebec Mercury*, in a transport of joy, thus heralds her arrival: "On Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, arrived here