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Religious Miscellany.

The Love of Christ.

BY MRS. MOUGNEY.

"Unto Him who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."—*Revelation.*

How hath he loved us? Ask the star
That in its wondrous mission sped
Hing trembling o'er that manger scene,
Where the Messiah bow'd his head!
He who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn—no room.

Judas's mountain lift thy voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught,
Speak, favor'd Olivet, so oft,
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought:
And Kedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath he loved us? Ask the hand
That fed his foes with breathless haste;
Ask the weak friend's doubtful tone,
Scare by his bitter tears effaced;
Ask of the traitor's kiss, and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee.

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dew
Strook from that moisture, strangely red;
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswered lamb he bore!

How hath he loved us? Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded shroud,
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
Their cerements at his fearful cry!
O ask no more; but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died!

Recollections of James B. Finley.

His Person—Manner of Preaching—No Holyday.

James B. Finley was of medium stature, erect, broad shouldered, compact, thick, slightly corpulent, and exceedingly muscular; his hair and skin a lightish brown, his face round and full, his forehead broad and high, neck and arms short, breast round and projecting, countenance stern.

To stand off and look at him, he seemed a man made of God on purpose for his time. His whole texture was made out of the strongest material, and woven together in the firmest manner. He was a solid man. He could endure the fluctuations of the weather, the severity of the storm, the fatigues of horseback travel, the coarsest fare of backwoods and Indian life, the wear of incessant preaching, prayer, and singing by night and day in chapels, or churches, or the open air.

He could lie down, even when an old man, and sleep freely in an open unsheltered chamber, where the winds would blow through the cracks and the snows of December would drift upon his bed, or even lodge in the open air with a sheep-skin and saddle-bags as his pillow, and yet rise in the morning with health unimpaired, a spirit unshaken, and a heart as merry and useful as the lark. Was it a casualty that such a man became a primitive minister of this land? Nay; he had a divine vocation as truly as had Joshua or Moses. He was made to order. The dread alternative was, such a man or no Gospel, no salvation for the people of the woods. Therefore he was constructed according to the rule, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Finley had a strong voice, not loud. When depressed it was a little husky. At all times it had a slight resemblance to hoarseness. It was not that, but caused by some strong vocal limit to its elevation or explosiveness. God had put a brake upon his impetuous spirit in his voice. He could not scream, yet he was heard distinctly. This was a protection; a safety-valve for his lungs during a long life of vehement preaching and powerful exertion. His voice was pleasant, being soft, with rather a mournful cadence, when his spirit was pensive. When he felt emotion, which was common, it was mellow, musical, and sonorous.

In preaching he had no hobby. He did not lay stress upon one doctrine at the expense of shading others, but advanced the truths of revelation in their proportions. His gift, however, did not lie in the direction of systematic, elaborate, doctrinal preaching. He was practical. He preached doctrine, but he preached it practically and experimentally. Like most of the old preachers, he would illustrate and apply truth by fact and incident. His main object was to be effective. Indeed, he could not place a very high estimate on any sermon which did not tell upon the congregation. I knew him best as a preaching elder. In this relation he impressed me that his only desire was, in coming to a quarterly meeting, to be a real help, to contribute to a productive meeting, to make it go. In this he almost always succeeded. He would not yield to adverse influences, but tack about, shift his position, change his mode of address, alter the order of exercises, and lay a heavier tax on his soul and body till he saw things moving. Till he gained such victory he was not at rest, not happy; but when the stream broke out in the desert and the trees began to bud and blossom, he was as jubilant as a young convert. Once at a camp meeting, where every thing looked unpromising, he delivered a powerful exhortation, saying, with great force and feeling, "I would rather die than see the work of God decline on my hands." In another emergency he revealed his real character and animus. It was at a quarterly meeting in my first station. I was young in experience—not having yet graduated to elder's orders; preceding difficulties had distracted the Church; the Scottish secession was just taking place; sister denominations were having palmy days; bigots of other Churches proudly put themselves in opposition to us. There was a general infatuation abroad, beginning at our Church, but those who came to our altar were not promising; several were females of stained character. Ashamed of these and quieting under the taunts of our enemies, the leading members of the Church were discouraged. Finley came—preached Saturday—exhorted at night—invited mourners to the altar; none came except two or three suspected women. The Church was disgusted. Nearly all left after the first prayer. But Finley was all heart. He knelt down, and prayed, and wept, and counseled those poor souls as though the salvation of the world depended upon their conversion. God was successful. At a late hour we dismissed, full of faith and comfort of the Holy Ghost. This

effort of the old man inspired confidence in some and shamed others. The Church rallied; convictions and conversions multiplied. On Monday morning, with Finley at my side laughing and crying, we took in several of the most substantial citizens of the community. The work went on till a hundred and seventy professed conversion and united with the Church. I now recall that scene of glory through the perspective of seventeen years. It is vivid before my eyes; it affects my heart. Many of those then saved now sleep in Jesus with the venerable man whose stout heart led us on to victory. On account of this real efficiency Finley was more than acceptable to the last in the office of preaching elder. Let such men revolve among us, and every circuit and station will feel an extra propelling force applied every quarter. Finley is gone, but his mantle is left. The Bishop will please appoint Eliha to that office. It matters not if he is found plowing with the oxen in the field; send him along.

The Black Lion.

Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied:

"I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer."

"Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here."

"Indeed! Then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have family prayer."

The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, hurried into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go until I have seen all the lights out. I am so afraid of fire."

"So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer."

"All very well, sir; but it cannot be done at an inn."

"Indeed! then pray get my horses; I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer."

The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have a prayer, but I do not know how."

"Well, then, summon your people, and let us see what can be done."

The landlord obeyed, and in a few moments the assembled domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray.

"Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how to pray."

"Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply.

The landlord said, folding his arms—"God, teach us how to pray."

"That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill joyfully; "go on."

"I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir."

"Yes, you do; God has taught you how to pray; now thank him for it."

"Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you."

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself.

Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

An Aged Lover.

"No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch; "ah! yes, mistake me if you think I have blotted out my mind. Though silver hair falls over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of the flowers, the singing of birds, and above all, the silver laugh of a child. I love the star-light meadows, where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with the ringlets flying loose in the wind, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, and so shared, it seemed all sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have plucked flowers in the casements, and folded the hands of the dead; together we have wept over little graves. Through sunshine and storm we have clung together, and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly filled, the old style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that beats so long and truly for me, the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly from the glad day, the sunlight throwing a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years fills my heart till tears come. Say not again I am no longer a lover. Though this form be bowed, God imparted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hand palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded—yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the powers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame."

A Rich Poor Man.

One winter afternoon, I went with a friend into a country-house. There was sitting before a fire a very aged man, who was deaf, and shaken with the palsy, that one wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor. But deaf, sick and helpless, it turned out that he was happy.

"What are you doing, Wisby?" said my friend.

"Waiting, sir."

"And for what?"

"For the appearance of my Lord."

"And what makes you wish for his appearing?"

"Because I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all who love his appearing."

And to see whether it was a right foundation which he rested that glorious hope, we asked Old Wisby what it was. By degrees he went on his spectacles, and taking the great Bible beside him, pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through

our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom, also, we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."

Though you possess untold wealth, if you have not Old Wisby's faith, you are a poor man; if you have that faith, and are "rich towards God," count it all joy if you are as poor as Lazarus or Wisby in worldly goods. Your inheritance is as sure as God's promise, and as glorious as a throne and a crown can make it. Better have Wisby's hope than Victoria's scepter, Lazarus' rags than Dives' purple. Better is poverty with piety, than riches with perdition.—*Hetero.*

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

BY S. MONTGOMERY EDWARDS.

"Hallowed be thy name,"
By every lip, with every tongue,
Through all the world, in every home,
Thy name to praise
With joyful lays,
And with it sing "Thy kingdom come."

"Hallowed be thy name,"
In brightest hours or darkest days,
Thought tears obscure our earthly sun,
With weeping eyes,
Or cloudy skies,
We still shall say, "Thy will be done."

"Hallowed be thy name,"
On seraph wings, by angels sung,
Around the bright eternal throne,
Where all in peace,
And troubles cease,
And saints are welcomed with "Well done."

"Hallowed be thy name,"
By all on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Feed us with manna that will lighten,
Till all the world
Shall strike the chord,
And shout with joy for sins forgiven.

"Hallowed be thy name,"
That halcyon name to sinners dear,
To thee we'll look with angels' ken,
And while we soar,
When life is o'er,
Chant "Hallowed be thy blessed name."

"Hallowed be thy name,"
Feed us with manna that will lighten,
Till all the world
Shall strike the chord,
And shout with joy for sins forgiven.

"Hallowed be thy name,"
That halcyon name to sinners dear,
To thee we'll look with angels' ken,
And while we soar,
When life is o'er,
Chant "Hallowed be thy blessed name."

Religious Intelligence.

Letter from the Rev. J. P. Newman.

BY THE REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D. D.
BULGARIA.

A desire to travel through a comparatively unexplored section of European Turkey, and also wishing to visit our missionaries in their fields of labor, induced me to return homeward from Constantinople by way of Bulgaria, rather than by Trieste or Marseilles; and having spent three weeks in different parts of the province, I am happy to assure you of my delight with the country, and of the kind reception given me by my brethren.

Bulgaria is a large province of the Turkish Empire, extending from Servia to the Black Sea, and from the Danube to the Balkan mountains. In general topography and climate it is not unlike New York. It has an area of thirty-three thousand square miles, and is divided into the three provinces of Silistria, Widdin, and Nissa. The surface of the land is picturesque, diversified by plains and hills, valleys and mountains, and fertilized by the rivers Varna, Vid, Iaher and Oems. Mines of silver, of iron and lead abound; and among the chief productions of the soil are wheat, corn, barley, apples, cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, plums, olives, and a great variety of trees. The vine is now extensively cultivated for domestic purposes, and wool is an article of foreign trade. The agricultural products are estimated at twenty million dollars, annually; the industrial at five million dollars; and more than forty thousand oxen are yearly slaughtered. The seasons are generally regular, both as to length and temperature.—The springs are early; the summers long and cool; the autumns temperate and delightful; and the winters short but severe.

The population amounts to about four millions, and is composed of Molesians, Jews, Servians, Gypsies, Greeks, Armenians, Tartars, Wallachians, and Bulgarians proper. More than three millions of the entire population are Christians of the Greek Church. As in all Eastern countries, the peasants live in villages, and go to cultivate their lands. Shumla, Sophia, Tirnova, are among the principal inland towns; and Widdin, Sitova, Rastouch, Silistia, Turtchik, and Varna are the most important sea-ports.

The vulgar opinion that the Bulgarians are of Tartar extraction is foreign, as they are by themselves and also by foreigners, as to their origin. As a race they are above the medium height; with large heads, oval faces, of light complexion, gifted with more than ordinary mental activity, possessing energy of character, and inclined to industry. They are enthusiastically attached to their country, their language, and their Church. They love romance, and spend hours in reciting the legendary tales connected with their national history. The lower orders continue to wear the costume of their ancestors, which is semi-Turkish in style, but the higher classes indulge in the latest fashions of Paris, except the men retain the red fez cap. The ladies are exceedingly proud of an elegant wardrobe, and dress with an extravagance rivaling the belles of the French capital. In social life the Bulgarians are polite and tolerably refined, and are given to festive and convivial enjoyments. Most of their towns are large and well built, though little attention has been paid to the regularity of the streets. The buildings are mostly two and three stories high, and their stores and shops are principally arranged after the style of the bazaars of Cairo and Constantinople.

In 1860 the Bulgarians were subdued by the Turks, and still remain subject to the Porte, though cordially hating their sovereign, and still more his Turkish subjects. In view of centuries of oppression it is only surprising that as a nation they have retained so much of their nationality, and still possess a national vigor sufficient to assert and maintain their rights. The granary of Turkey, the Porte has never failed to tax Bulgaria enormously, which has tended to poverty and the extinction of the national

life, yet, by marvellous inherent vigor they have resisted the destroying forces of their oppressors, and at this moment are rising in wealth, intelligence, and religious liberty.

The celebrated Neander mentions the Bulgarians as having received Christianity in the early part of the ninth century, through the instrumentality of a Greek bishop and several monks whom they had carried away captives from Adrianople into Bulgaria. The good bishop, and his brethren, taking advantage of their exile, endeavored to evangelize their fierce conquerors; but their labor of love was repaid by a speedy martyrdom. After the Bishop's death, another captive monk by the name of Constantine Cyphos, engaged in a similar work, but with no better success. But—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

In 1861, the Emperor Theodor attempted to redeem the good monk Cyphos, and offered in exchange the sister of Bogoria, a Bulgarian princess, who in her youth had also been made a captive, and by the Greeks carried to Constantinople, where she had received a Christian education. The negotiations were consummated, the monk restored, and the sister of Bogoria returned to her native land. She now became the first successful missionary to the Bulgarians. Her countrymen were rude, and her brother, the reigning prince, was little inclined to exchange the religion of his fathers for an untried faith, lest an insurrection might ensue. Taking advantage of a severe famine which occurred at this time she renewed her appeal to her royal brother, assuring him that it was a divine judgment, which could be averted only by repentance and acceptance of the true faith. Yielding to her entreaties, his heart was softened, and he became a Christian. Knowing his passionate fondness for paintings, and wishing at once to please him and also exhibit the superiority of Christianity over Barbarism, she sent for the monk Methodius, a skilful artist. The chase being the chief diversion of the prince, he chose Methodius to paint a hunting scene on the walls of his palace; but instead, the daring monk sketched a scene of the Last Judgment. Though momentarily angered at the disobedience and boldness of the monk, the results were salutary; and becoming better acquainted with Christianity, the King was baptized in 1864, the Emperor Michael standing as god-father, from whom the prince received the name of Michael. Not thoroughly versed in the mid genius of the Gospel, he compelled his subjects to embrace the new faith, which would have been the result had he not yielded to the wishes of his flock.

The excitement which had originated in the empire city now spread throughout the provinces of Bulgaria, and the whole Bulgarian people joined in a petition to the Porte for a separate patriarchate. Their request was seconded by six foreign ambassadors, but France and Russia protested, and from fear or bribery, or both, the Sultan has delayed to answer. In the mean time the offended Patriarch resolved to vindicate his authority, and accordingly convoked a general council, composed of five patriarchs and twenty-seven bishops and archbishops, before which the two refractory Bulgarian bishops were summoned, together with the Greek Bishop of Philippopolis, who had sympathized in the movement. The Bulgarians refusing to obey the summons, it was repeated three times, but persisting in their refusal to attend, the Council proceeded to pronounce against the episcopal rebels the curse of excommunication and banishment, the latter being with the consent of the Porte, as the Sultan only has the power to exile.

An effort was now made to place the bishops under Protestant protection, and the measure would have been successful had they subscribed to the Holy Scriptures as the only rule of faith and practice. At first they consented to comply with this simple condition, but afterwards adding "the traditions of the Church," the scheme failed as being impracticable on the part of the Protestants. The sentence of banishment was self-executed, the bishops withdrawing to a place of safety on the banks of the Bosphorus. But on the approach of the Easter festivals of the present year, the Bulgarians, desiring a demonstration, petitioned the Porte for the temporary return of their episcopal pastors, to which they not only received a prompt but final answer, to the effect that they would not only not be permitted to return, but would be banished without delay to a place designated by the Porte. The reply caused intense excitement, and despising the official interdiction, the people chartered steamers, and brought their bishops to the city, and for several days protected them from arrest by guarding all the episcopal residence. Enraged at the insult offered to the government, a powerful police force broke through the crowd, and entering the palace, arrested the bishops, who were immediately banished, and who are still in exile.

But the fate of the Greek Bishop of Philippopolis, who had sympathized in the movement, is more sad, as it is more fatal. Summoned to appear before his Patriarch in Constantinople, he left his residence and came as far as Adrianople, where, finding the excitement intense, he telegraphed to know if the Sultan would guarantee his life if he proceeded on his journey.—Receiving a negative reply, he returned to Philippopolis, where he was soon afterwards arrested, and banished to Mount Athos, where within seven days from the time of his exile he was poisoned to death.

As we proceed the muffled echo of the paddle wheels gain in sound, we seem to be sinking deeper and deeper into the rocky, pine-studded hills, and whirling gradually to the right a huge precipitous cliff is passed and we confront Eternity and Trinity. I know not how it is, but as we gaze on their majesty an attempt is made to belittle their height; comparisons with lofty objects familiar to the view rise to the mind and mental plying them one on the other we seek like the Titans of old to scale their frowning tops; but still they enser at our puny efforts with "Stare! and their crew" to fall headlong back into the faithless abyss below. Once more, like the great tempter, the mind resists the struggle till with Eternity; its sides are not so abrupt as those of its great twin brother, they are clad to the top with a thick growth of pines and underwood, and back to its right gleams through the forest, a drawing stream jumping from rock to rock to the river's edge. What so easy as to follow the way, and how close the cool water under the trees. Ah, but how far are you from the Cape? A few yards? "Why, I can almost touch it says a passenger. There are no stones on the deck of the steamer, so he takes a penny of your coinage, or I would gladly translate a

few of the quaintest. A chapter in one of the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's works is left and very properly too.—Suppose we do the same, and re-open the book in the vicinity of the Pillars, several small rocky islets about 60 miles below Quebec; one is capped with a light house, and along their shore the tide is rushing with the velocity of a mill race. Miles above, the water has changed from a muddy blue to all colours mud well stirred up is capable of transmitting, and now it approaches to a deep green, still highly charged with sediment and atoms from every part of the greater half of the continent. The river gradually widens, and here assumes the appearance of an estuary. The North Shore rises, or rather the mountains to the North of Quebec sweep eastward to the river, and loom over its edge and far back hill over hill northward. The shore on this side greatly resembles the shores along the southern end of Lake Champlain, it is very bold and rocky, and thickly studded with stunted pines. Five miles below the Pillars we came to a long high island called L'Isle aux Coudres, or Cartel Island.—Tradition says that Jacques Cartier anchored here on his first voyage to the river, and so called it from the quantity of Hazel nuts he found there. Who knows but he took a store of them as he proceeded on his supposed voyage to the Indian Ocean? Right opposite this island is situated the Bay of St. Paul, or la Petite Malbaie, one of the finest pieces of scenery on the river. Mountains tower in the distance northward, they sweep eastward and to the South, and encircle a bay, the foreground to a pretty valley destined yet, I believe, to prove the most frequented watering place on the coast. Every feature of the landscape is on a colossal scale, and in union with the wide St. Lawrence.

Night fell as we passed Murray Bay, a name corrupted by the way into Malbaie, and the pilot steered the vessel across to River du Loup, a fine village four or five miles above Kakouna. The Magnet lay there until daylight, and then again proceeded across to the Saguenay. Few of the passengers were stirring until she was within some miles of Ha! Ha! Bay, and we had then reached comparatively low hills. The late risers were not therefore, so enthusiastic in praise of the scenery as the fortunate few who had risen before the sun to gaze on the majesty of Cape Trinity, and be awe-struck by the grandeur of its sublimity. But their praises flew to eager ears, we saw rock on rock, Oss on Pelion clothed in the dark verdure of the pine trees, and bathed in the gloomy waters, and took for granted their tales of the appearance of the passing monarchs. A mountain was so prodigiously and unreasonably we, and I really believe that had the Himalaya cleft in twain, and entering over the very water's edge, then burst on our sight, some of my companions would have felt disappointed, and probably confessed it. An old traveller will readily deduce the moral—see with your own eyes, hear not with the ears of others. However, we soon entered the bay with the jolly name, leaving the Saguenay to the right, and fastened to the stern of the barque Trenton of Newcastle, anchored in company with the Harraseeket, of Newport, a fine large American ship, and both being loaded with timber by the Messrs. Price, of Chicoutimi, where there are at present five other ships loading deals for Liverpool.

The Magnet brought down some oak timber with which to repair the windlass of the Trenton, and we did not proceed to the usual landing place. Ha! Ha! Bay village or the locality makes no very striking appearance. The amphitheatre of hills which shelter it on the North, and somewhat unusual background, inasmuch as they present the first appearance of a village scene, since the vessel entered the gloomy waters of the river. The winters here are said to be milder than at Quebec, and the year round navigation is open to the St. Lawrence as no ice sufficient to impede it forms on the salt Saguenay.

After a short stay the vessel retraced her course, and in a few hours loomed grandeur and towering banks removed the unfavourable impressions we had formed from the low hills near Ha! Ha! And yet of their beauty the traveller has had a foretaste in the bold scenery on the river route by the North shore. Their height appears familiar, he judges from what he has already seen, and judges when like Justice he should be blinded; not that I would insinuate that the impartial Goddess at times removes the veil, but that the traveller should be oblivious to the Lower St. Lawrence scenery, and prepared to judge and judge alone of the Saguenay. The distinction I mean to convey, may be further illustrated by the impression, the sea makes on the lower and upper shore dweller. The former gazes day by day on a river leagues on leagues in width, and ever influenced by the tides and winds,—a river but one remove from the sea. The latter sees but the narrow stream, meandering by his door, and gazes on immensity, on space boundless and immeasurable when for the first time he sees Father Ocean. I am not surprised therefore when told that many travellers as yearly return to its banks as do the seasons, and that it ever presents fresh attractions to their charmed vision.

As we proceed the muffled echo of the paddle wheels gain in sound, we seem to be sinking deeper and deeper into the rocky, pine-studded hills, and whirling gradually to the right a huge precipitous cliff is passed and we confront Eternity and Trinity. I know not how it is, but as we gaze on their majesty an attempt is made to belittle their height; comparisons with lofty objects familiar to the view rise to the mind and mental plying them one on the other we seek like the Titans of old to scale their frowning tops; but still they enser at our puny efforts with "Stare! and their crew" to fall headlong back into the faithless abyss below. Once more, like the great tempter, the mind resists the struggle till with Eternity; its sides are not so abrupt as those of its great twin brother, they are clad to the top with a thick growth of pines and underwood, and back to its right gleams through the forest, a drawing stream jumping from rock to rock to the river's edge. What so easy as to follow the way, and how close the cool water under the trees. Ah, but how far are you from the Cape? A few yards? "Why, I can almost touch it says a passenger. There are no stones on the deck of the steamer, so he takes a penny of your coinage, or I would gladly translate a

and hurst it with all his force up the cliff. It falls in the water, he gazes at the thing it forms in its fall, and it appears but a few feet, a very few, from the steamer. It is strange then that you doubt no longer that the broom stick trees you fancy you can almost tear up standing on the deck of the steamer, are forty, fifty, and sixty feet high, and that the capes are all of fourteen hundred, and almost as abrupt as the sides of the vessel that conveys you.

Could mortal eye see the depths over which we float, at the base of these eternal cliffs, there would be realized the passage by Milton in the first book of Paradise Lost,—

"Him the Almighty power
Hurl'd headlong from the firmament,
Down to bottomless perdition."
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the Gulf
Confounded.

and the cliffs we gaze upon with awe would sink into nothingness in the far distance; for thirty feet from Cape Trinity, it is four hundred fathoms deep, and few still further out it is impossible to obtain soundings! It is well that the waters are dark, that we cannot see the walls of the gulf.

Some years ago, on a sultry summer's day, the dying embers of a hunter's fire communicated with the dry pines in the vicinity, and in an instant the river's eastern bank was in a blaze. A strong wind fanned it to fierceness; and, rushing upwards, it swept everything before it. For miles the trees crackled and groaned in the wild embrace, and gradually it cut its way to the banks opposite the Cape; there an eddy carried the sparks across the river, and the trees a half mile below them fell before the Fire-King. But he seemed to fear his compeers, and left them undisturbed, and still garnished in their sombre robes of green. Would that he had not unrobed their companions! they seem bare and rugged in their nakedness, and seem to look with envy at the sumptuousness of the opposite bank. We have all seen the sly German picture of the lean, starved cur, and the lordly, well-fed mastiff; applied to some inanimate objects (to mortals it would do T); and to the river's banks at this point, the simile seems to me to be perfectly applicable.

Still following the river's course, the Capes fade on the sight (but never on the memory), and onward we sweep to the St. Lawrence. The banks widen and break into inlets; L'Anse au Cheval, to the right, is so named because a horse once took it into its investigating head to leave its master's farm far back in the hills and swim across the river into the inlet. A little further on we come to the River St. Marguerite, the best salmon stream in the gulf, and at the mouth of which Prince Alfred lately caught a fine sea-trout—but lost it again. A Montreal merchant, with two officers of the 60th Rifles, and an English friend, landed here to try a cast. I subsequently learned that they met with poor success, as the waters were as yet too high, and the mosquitoes and brulans made the place intolerable. A few miles further on we catch a glimpse of the St. Lawrence, and pass L'Anse a la Boule, a fine inlet, bounded at its north-eastern end by a high and perfectly round mountain from which the inlet takes its name. An inlet below this succeeds, and is termed "La Barque," from the fact that a timber-laden and belated barque wintered there in perfect security about ten years ago. The hills hereabout make a sudden bend and tend eastward. We approach historical ground; and rounding the little promontory, forming one of the arms of the bay, into which runs L'Anse a l'Eau, a little above Tadoussac, make fast to the shore, and stand on ground, visited in 1599 by Champlain de Rouen, and Pontgrave of St. Malo, two eminent mariners, who undertook, the chronicle says, "to settle five hundred persons in Canada; in return for which service the king granted them a monopoly of the fur trade of the St. Lawrence." The settlers, it further says, suffered much from want of provisions, and many of them perished before the arrival of the vessels from France. Our stay here is but short; we are soon out in the St. Lawrence, and pass Red Land, or L'Isle aux Morts, as the pilot calls it. He, by the bye, is very obliging; and I advise all travellers on the Magnet to make his acquaintance, for no man on the river knows more of the Saguenay, on whose banks he was born, and I have travelled with few so willing to communicate information.

"The Life of the Dead," I repeated; "why is it so called?" "Oh, many years ago—a very long time ago—a frigate went ashore, and was totally lost, with all on board." This frigate must have formed one of the fleet Sir William Phips led to the attack of the French colony, then under the able administration of DeFrontenac, in the fall of 1693; and of which it is recorded, that it was attended with great loss of life, seven or eight of the vessels being wrecked in this neighbourhood. Five miles or so south lies Green Island, equally dreared by mariners; and on the other side of which lies the Lochgaber fine ship, which struck on a reef three weeks ago, in a dense fog, and proved a total loss. As at low tide she rests in nine feet water, it is impossible to construct platforms to hoist her off. We are now about half way across, and have still ten or eleven miles to steam over to River du Loup pier. On all sides the river is white with porpoises, gambolling in unwieldy sport; sea-gulls circle and dive headlong for prey; and, in the far distance, we see the smoke curling upwards from the Hilbertian, as she ploughs her way homeward. Bic (the outer pilot-station), to the south, "locos portentosus," capped with a mirage which makes its peaks seem inverted.—The islands up the river present the same strange and odd appearance; and by the mouth of the Saguenay, and along the northern shore, a thin mist rises, the forerunner and nucleus of dense fog in the morning.

The night slowly falls; clearer and nearer appear the lights in Kakouna and River du Loup villages; and as we land after our delightful cruise, the northern lights stalk forth in the heavens, high above the hills from which we have just emerged, and cast their long scintillations over the glassy waters.

The tourist and man of leisure is generally a bon vivant, and one who expects as good a table on a pleasure steamer as in a dining hall of the first class hotel. He also demands his enjoyment in complete if the sleeping accommodations are not what he reasonably expected. I merely mention this to add, that the Magnet is one of the most comfortable and roomy vessels on the river, and that her lively Captain (Howard) pro-

General Miscellany.

A Trip to the Saguenay.

Correspondence of the Montreal Gazette.

KAKOUNA, 1st August, 1861.

Attracted by the fame of the Saguenay, and desirous of breathing the bracing air for which Kakouna is so famed, I recently took passage on the Magnet, and was speedily heading down by the St. Lawrence to view the fathomless river and the Capes Mr. Wood has so splendidly pen-painted in the columns of the Times. The morning we left Gillespie's wharf, Quebec was the fascinating grandeur of inhabitants of all the towns and many of the villages of the Province. Orleans Island and the Falls to the left are soon passed after leaving Quebec. Many of the men who threaten to write a book have exhausted the vocabulary in their praise. The former has given occasion for some very clever, historical and traditional sketches by the way, in the pages of the *Les Etoiles Canadiennes*. Some of the anecdotes thus noticed are very interesting, but their length forbids them entrance in the portals of your column, or I would gladly translate a