

of salmon is now greatly increased by the demand for the American markets.

Our rivers and fresh water lakes abound with Trout, (both the salmon and common trout,) Perch and Eels. Bass and Sturgeon exist, but are rarely found.

Of the Whale tribe the Grampus, the Finner and the Porpoise frequent our coasts, and the common Whale is sometimes seen. Several species of the Shark also visit our coasts occasionally. The Dogfish—a small species of shark—is abundant on the shores, and large numbers are taken for their oil.

The number of persons, men and boys, employed in the fisheries of Nova Scotia, was stated in the last census at 14,322. But it is impossible to name the precise number which should be entirely included under this line of life, as many of the farming population often engage in the fisheries. Some of them—perhaps the greater number of the shore farmers—regard their agricultural pursuits as merely secondary interests; and are, in fact, more fishermen than farmers. It would tend greatly to their interests if they would relinquish one pursuit and attend only to the other. There is abundance of scope for either, and there is no reason why any one should break up his time and distract his attention by attempting to manage both. Steady attention to one thing rarely fails of success. By attempting more, seldom is any done well.

#### A THOUGHTLESS BOY.

I shall never forget an incident of my childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school boys were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to a neighboring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among them was an elderly man with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of it, and of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself. I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old rattle-bones!" and the other boys took up the cry with mocking laughter, while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I

can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little distance. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew that would be vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great relief the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me, "Such a fine boy was surely worth saving." How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning, while an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold taken then, was made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man whom I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing stock for my companions. I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a life time.

#### PROFANE SWEARING.

Of all sins which the human race is liable to fall into, none is so displeasing to God, and none is carried to such a dreadful extent as profane swearing. This may especially be said of Americans who use it in their every day conversation as an ornament, and persons of foreign nations travelling in our land have been horrified in witnessing its prevalence.

Our cities, our villages, and even our farming communities abound with profane swearers, and, go where we will, our ears are greeted with horrible oaths which make our blood curdle. On the cars, the steamboat, in the store, and every place of public resort, and even in private circles before ladies, we hear the name of God taken in vain, not only when the speaker is in passion but in common-conversation it is introduced.

Not only those who are advanced in years indulge in this immoral practice, but we too often hear oaths most bitter and profane from the lips of our smallest children. It is a deep shame and a curse

upon society and morals to hear children in this christian age railing against heaven and earth, and reviling their Maker, yet on the play-grounds and in our village streets we hear blasphemies from the lips of children only learning to walk.

And who is responsible for this blot on the fame of every American citizen? It is you, parent, and it is you, young man, who pollute your lips with horrible blasphemies in the presence of children. You and you alone, are accountable for this blackest of sins.

Let me say to you, young man or old; parent or otherwise, never give utterance to a profane oath. As you love all that is pure and holy, and as you hope for an inheritance in that home beyond the skies, never take the name of your Maker in vain. This vile practice overthrows all that is good in man, blunts those nobler feelings within his breast, destroys his morals and unfits him for all virtuous pursuits, and all respectable society. God forbid that it should ever pervade the family circle and overthrow the family altar, yet this must be its inevitable result if persisted in. It steals upon man cunningly, it winds itself about his heart, driving out every virtue until it meets with no opposition. O, young man, for Heaven's sake, for the sake of the rising generation, listen not to the temptings of the serpent, but drive it away from your heart—crush it under foot ere it takes possession of you, and the task will be easy; but let it tighten its anaconda folds around you day by day, and it will require all your power to disengage yourself from its embrace.

"Above all things swear not," saith the Apostle James. Hearken unto his instruction, ye that are taking the first step, and it will save you much anguish in your dying hour.—*Boston paper.*

#### GETHSEMENE.

*Could ye not watch with me one hour?*

Night had enwrapped the lofty mountains with mist-wreaths, and gathered its sparkling mantle around the vallies. It was night on the Mount of Olives, and the silver sailing moon, looking down into the garden of Gethsemene, smiled softly on a picture whose limner was the Almighty. The Son of God was praying. And who—what mortal shall attempt to conceive the deep, earnest godlike fervor