

nounced by Admiral Bayfield, R.N., "to be the best harbour on the whole Atlantic American coast," as it is, so he says, "the nearest available one to Europe."

Admiral, then Captain, Bayfield—the author of the famous Admiralty charts—was commissioned by the British Government, many years ago, to survey the harbours of Halifax and Whitehaven, and report on their respective merits. He did so, and gave to Whitehaven the most unqualified preference. It is nearer Europe by 160 miles than Halifax is, thus saving that distance of dangerous coast navigation. It has the boldest and deepest of water in its three magnificent entrances, and is immediately accessible from the sea, requiring but a mile or two of pilotage, while Halifax requires over twenty, and is surrounded by many dangerous sunken rocks and ledges, as its many tales of wrecks can testify. Whitehaven has never been known to be obstructed by ice, while Halifax harbour has been often frozen over, and the fogs about its entrance are so proverbial as to make it dreaded by mariners. For facilities in coaling, Whitehaven lies almost in the midst of the coal-fields of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and its expenses in other respects as a great ocean *entrepot* would be nearly nil.

However fast and magnificent are

many of those ocean floating palaces for merchandise that now cross the sea, there are some respects in which, I believe, the ocean passenger traffic will, before many years, undergo a complete change—that is, in separating the passenger and mail traffic from the freight. The colossal hulks of 8,000 or 10,000 tons must be filled with freight or they eat their heads off, besides the danger and loss of speed from being so heavily handicapped. Pleasure or business passengers do not generally now take a cargo ship from Dover to Calais, or Folkestone to Boulogne, or Holyhead to Kingstown; nor do they prefer a heavy-laden freight train, by railway, to the Flying Dutchman or Lightning Express; and when a fast line of ocean steamers, built to carry only the mails and passengers, is put between Milford Haven, in Wales, and Whitehaven, in Nova Scotia, the directors of all other Atlantic lines of steamers which hope to carry passengers will discover the truth of these assertions about cargo ships and freight trains, and passengers may reasonably expect to make an average journey and voyage between the great centres of business or pleasure in Europe and America of but little over, if not even inside of, five or six days, with more comfort and far less apprehension of danger or disaster than they can at present.—*The Chicago Current.*

ON THE PLEASURE OF READING.

OF all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books. In the words of an old English song—

Oh for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eythir in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede
Or the streete cries all about.

Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than go'de.

The debt we owe to books is well expressed by R. de Bury, Bishop of Durham, author of "Philobiblon," published in 1473, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature: "These are the masters