

would be almost all destroyed. This has happened elsewhere. In the great work of St. Basil, the Hexameron, I find a description of seal fishing in the Mediterranean, or perhaps in the Dardanelles or Black Sea; the seal, he says, is speared with a harpoon to which is attached an inflated skin, so that once struck it cannot sink, and is therefore easily dispatched. Now, it is remarkable that the Esquimaux and Greenlanders of the present day use the same means to kill seals. Well, the seals in the Mediterranean may be considered as exterminated, being now extremely rare; but here, fortunately for ourselves, we cannot kill the goose with the golden egg. See the great breeding and feeding ground of the seal, the Polar basin, Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, the Northern Labrador—all these places are inaccessible to us; we cannot in the winter or spring advance farther than the outskirts of the great seal field—we kill hundreds of thousands, we cannot reach the millions behind them: we must wait till Providence sends us a share, for if man's cupidity had full play he would rush at once to the Arctic solitudes, kill all the seals he could find, and the north Atlantic would in a few years become like the Mediterranean—a comparative waste of barren water. To return, however, to our agricultural capabilities; first, we have the means of raising on our wild pastures millions of that most useful animal to man—the sheep. On the southern and western shore, indeed everywhere in the island, I have seen the finest sheep walks; and what is better, the droppings of the sheep in this country induce a most luxuriant crop of white clover, and prevent the spread of bog plants. If sheep were encouraged, we should have fresh meat in abundance, and their fleece would furnish warm clothing in winter for our people of a better quality than the stuff they now buy, “half waddy and devil's dust,” and which empoverishes them to procure it: domestic manufactures would be encouraged, the people would become industrious and comfortable, and every housewife in our out-harbours would realize, in some sort, that sublime description of a valiant woman by Solomon, prov. c. 31, “she hath put out her hands to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle: she hath sought wool and flax and hath wrought by the counsel of her hands; she shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow, for all her domestics are clothed with double garments; she hath looked well to the paths of her house and hath not eaten her bread idle; her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband had praised her.” But unfortunately, this great blessing of sheep pasture is marred by one curse, and