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SATURDAY NIGHT.

Again the week's dull lab'our close,
The sons of toil from toil repose;
And fast the evening gloom descends,
While home the weary peasant wends,
This night his eyes, in slumber sweet,
Shall droop their lids; to-morrow greet
A day of calm content and rest—
To Labour's aching limbs how blest!

Now, ere I seek my peaceful bed,
And on the pillow rest my head,
Oh, come, my soul, and wide display
The mercies of the week and day!
From danger who my flame hath kept,
While waking and while slumber slept?
Who hath my every want supplied,
And to my footsteps proved a guide?

'Tis thou, my God!—to Thee be long
Incense of praise, and hallow'd song;
To Thee be all the glory given,
Of all my mercies under heaven.
From thee my daily bread and health;
Each comfort—all my spirit's wealth;
Have been derived; my sins alone,
And crings I can call my own.

Oh, when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
And light once more shall glad these eyes,
May I thy blessed Sabbath prove
A day of holy rest and love.
May my redeemer's praises claim
My constant thought; the Spirit's flame
Descend, my accents to inspire,
And fill my soul with rapture's fire.

And when the night of Death is come,
And I must slumber in the tomb,
Oh, then, my God, this faint heart cheer,
And far dispel the shades of fear,
And teach me, in thy strength, to tread
The path which leads me to the dead,
Assured, when life's hard toils are o'er,
Of rest with Thee for evermore!

THE RIVER ST LAWRENCE.

The St. Lawrence, though not the longest river in the world, is certainly the largest in every other respect, if as appears proper, its immense lakes be considered to form part of it. Under this aspect it will be found that the surface it covers, and the cubic mass of its waters, far exceed those of the Amazon or the Mississippi, but it probably does not carry to the ocean a greater volume of water than either of these two majestic streams. The source of the river St. Lewis, which may be deemed the remotest spring of the St. Lawrence, is in latitude 45° 30' north, and longitude about 93° west. From its source the general direction of the St. Lawrence, through lakes Superior and Huron, is southeast to

Lake Erie, nearly due east through that lake, and then northeast to the Gulf, through which its waters are mingled with the Atlantic Ocean, after an uninterrupted course of two thousand miles.

The Gulf of St. Lawrence, that receives the waters of this gigantic river, is formed between the western part of Newfoundland, the eastern shores of Labrador, the eastern extremity of the province of New Brunswick, part of the province of Nova Scotia, and the island of Capé Breton. It communicates with the Atlantic Ocean by three different passages, namely, on the north by the straits of Belleisle between Labrador and Newfoundland; on the southeast by the passage between Cape Ray, at the southwest extremity of the latter island, and the north cape of Breton island; and lastly, by the narrow channel, named the Gut of Causo, that divides Cape Breton from Nova Scotia.

There are no soundings in the middle of the St. Lawrence until about one hundred and fifty miles up it. The snow on the banks in winter is about five feet deep. Sometimes the soil on the breasts of the hills will shove down with all its trees to the plains below. The spots where these shoves have taken place, are plainly seen from the river, and have a singular appearance. Numbers of shipwrecks occur yearly in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence; this proceeds from many causes. The pilots are none of the most skilful; the navigation is intricate and difficult. Then there are many ships sent out for timber, which are old, crazed, and unfit for any other trade. These are often laden beyond what they can bear; too much deck wood is heaped on them, so that the sailors cannot get to the ropes. To be on board a ship in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in an extremely stormy dark night, when the weather is bitter cold, is perhaps as dismal a situation as human beings can be placed in. Sometimes a blaze of lightning between the squalls will illuminate for a moment the awful scene; then over the bulwarks rises the icy surge, cutting to the bone; while the ropes snap, and the yards and topmasts come thundering upon the deck.

The St. Lawrence is navigable for ships of the line to Quebec, and to Montreal for ships of 400 tons, 500 miles. The distance from Montreal to Lake Ontario is 190 or 200 miles. The tide flows up as far as Three Rivers. Its breadth between Montreal and Quebec is from half a mile to four miles; the average breadth, about two miles. Below Quebec, it gradually widens till it enters the gulf, where, from Cape Rosier to the Mingan settle-