

them," down to the fore-castle, sit down and make yourself at home there, and talk frankly and earnestly to the men, they will listen attentively and apparently with appreciation and thankfulness, and they will gladly receive and read tracts. It was thus that I spent part of my Sabbath.

On Monday we passed such objects of interest as Lighthouses, scenes of wrecks, and a curious natural phenomenon called "The Spout," where the sea, rushing through a water-worn tube in the cliff, shoots high up from the top of the rock, like the spout of a whale. We reached St. John's in the afternoon. The steamer seems rushing on the awful wall of rock which guards the shore, till suddenly a narrow chasm seems to open before her, over each side of which towers an almost perpendicular cliff, bare and bald,—grim sentries keeping watch over the calm little harbour to which their chasm gives access. How like a prison it seems when one does get in! High, bare rock seems to shut one in on every side, leaving nothing else to be seen but houses, stores, ships, and oil-presses. Yet when one gets settled to work there,—when the houses contain his friends; the stores, ships and oil-presses, his wealth,—it is wonderful how the rocks cease to look like prison walls, and become regarded instead as the good, strong walls of home or fort, shutting out the fierce winds and waves, or fiercer human enemy, and how the dreary loneliness gives way to that cozy, comfortable feeling one has when sitting in a pleasant home on a stormy night. And so the people of St. John's love it intensely, think Halifax a wretched, dreary place, not to be compared to it, and seem hurt when anything is said in disparagement of it. But to a stranger, the people themselves, and not their city, will form the attraction. I found them extremely kind, hospitable and frank. The chief risk of offending them seemed to be by drawing too little on their hospitality, or visiting one more than another. To be a stranger was a recommendation, to remain one a crime. But the city itself is far behind. The streets have no raised or swept crossings; the sidewalks are wretched, and in some places dangerous; there are almost no street lamps; pigs and goats roam freely through the streets; and various other

things strike a stranger very unfavourably, to point out which would not be the most profitable way of occupying the pages of the *Record*. Many of these defects are due to the fact that most of the wealthier inhabitants regard St. John's merely as a temporary residence to which they have come to make money, and which they mean to leave whenever they feel ready to retire from business.

I found so much to do, and the weather was so bad, that I was unable to visit any of the out harbours, but I was told that some of these would well repay the trouble of a visit. In the town, the object most likely to attract the attention of a sight-seer is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a grand edifice placed in a commanding situation. The English Cathedral, though a substantial stone structure, presents a very poor appearance on the outside, but inside is much more rich. A Roman Catholic Cemetery not far from the Cathedral contains a curiosity in the way of a monument. It was lately erected by a liquor-dealer in memory of his wife, who died, as the inscription makes known, "Sept. 17th 1870, aged 56 years." But the inscription does not stop there. It continues.

ALSO, HER HUSBAND,
LAWRANCE,
A NATIVE OF BROWN'S TOWN,
CO. WEXFORD, IRELAND,
WHO DIED AUG. 15TH, 1871,
AGED 58 YEARS.

Requiescant in pace.

What possessed the man to have such an inscription put there, fixing and announcing the day of his death nearly a year beforehand, one can hardly conceive, unless it was some of his own evil spirits. But I can assure the most incredulous reader that there it is, neatly cut in a good marble monument, and resplendent in gilt letters. The post office, telegraph office, court house, &c., are in one building, of stone, but of no pretensions to architecture. In the Court Room, behind the judges' seat, a number of appropriate texts of Scripture are engrossed.

While the majority of the inhabitants of the whole Island are Protestants, in St. John's the overwhelming majority are Romanists. They are presided over by Bishop Power, a man of far more