

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

NOTICE TO READERS.

Contributions to the columns of the SNOWFLAKE may be addressed to

"The Snowflake Club,"  
Newcastle.

or  
"The Snowflake Club,"  
Chatham.

or  
"The Snowflake Club,"  
Douglastown.

Original articles in prose or poetry gladly received from any of our readers.



NOTICE TO READERS

Friends of this paper will please hand in their subscriptions, as soon as convenient, to the Treasurers

Rev. J. A. F. McBain,  
Chatham.

Rev. James Anderson,  
Newcastle.

William Russell, Jr.,  
Douglastown

No. 6.

MIRAMICHI, MAY, 1879.

THE SNOWFLAKE:

MIRAMICHI,

MAY, 1879

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

(For the Snowflake.)

Great is the loss to the person who knows but little of the working of organic and inorganic life displayed in the beauties of nature around him. Happy the man with his limited power, that has sought means to unravel the maze before his eyes, for then he will find the narrow view of life changed for one that is richer and fuller.

There is no Natural History Society here, and any who wish to pass away periods of relaxation in this line of study must do so without aid, save from those books which are ever instrumental in furthering information in that direction, but which does not meet the purpose entirely, for it leaves the mind in want of a companion or companions to give expression and accuracy to these studies, which with the necessary excursions from time to time, and compare the living illustrations does the subject become instructive and interesting. To quote one particular branch, Botany, (taught in schools here), I think my views would be corroborated, that in order to retain due appreciation of the study, repeated visits should be made to the spots where the plants thrive, and then there is every probability, this special subject will impart a glow long to be remembered. So, if this principle was exacted, no fear, may be apprehended from those who are yet in the hands of the academy. But what is to be said or done for those whose whole attention is directed to keen competition in business? Would the antidote that I should propose to allay the weariness brought on by this struggle be approved of? I cannot say; but intermingling daily with those engaged in business I feel myself a competitor in this battle, and some of the happiest moments of my

life have been passed, when those faculties were exercised which afford satisfaction in exchange of services. Yet all of us have a certain time allotted to build up the waste of tissue from mental and muscular exertion—a time to give rest to the brain that has figured and planned all day—and a time to slacken the fibres that have wrought unceasingly. To have the word, pleasure, solved by a group of persons might so alter the etymology of the word that necessary qualification would have to be made for its meaning, and we have only to look about us to observe the different phases it assumes. Many as there may be who would not coincide with my view of it, what I now desire to give so much expression to, is, if possible to endeavour and value those charms outside of our small circle which is the foundation of art, music, and poetry. We cannot escape being moved by them, and more especially during the coming season when people are compelled to sever themselves for a time from daily toil, and take refuge with nature, seeking a resort in gardens, resplendent with flowers or some sylvan retreat where the busy sound of strife lies buried. Let me draw a picture or two on the subject I advocate. Mill Cove usually is chosen, in conversation, as one of the most desired for grandeur, outline, and impressive of noble thoughts that may arise within us. I will therefore locate myself here, preparatory to searching other recesses.

It is time for the Botanist to awaken from his sleep for he will find much to be done to keep up with the living forms that have again commenced to shed forth their annual buds. Here, on this hill the pendent catkins of birch and poplar wave their tresses in the vernal breeze; the bright, crimson flowers of the red maple with tints of scarlet and yellow give a gloss that returns with the leaves in autumn. At one's feet masses of fallen beech leaves cover the ground, where, however, the

white-violet, striped with purplish lines rises from its wintery bed to drink in the air through its narrow throat. The Mayflower, so well known to every New Brunswicker, has a home here, among the rocks it shows forth in all directions, the leaves bristly with rusty hairs hide rose-coloured flowers exuding a rich fragrance. In the valley below another scene is drawn before your eyes, the meadow is one panorama of yellow clusters, the marsh-margolds spending its kidney-shaped leaves in every direction. A week later will bring further illustrations for the student to investigate and month will follow month, until those hours which otherwise he might have found tedious will be replaced by others which will reap its good fruit. The Pyrola, and Prince's pine flourish here with the waxy white Indian pipe (corpse plant) shaded from the scorching sun by the smooth beech and striped maple. The side of the hill no fallen tree or rock rest lonely, than the delicate-leaved creeping saxifrage covers the sleeping form with fields of moss and bear vine, waiting in giving a picture of beauty and sadness, solitary aside stands Solomon's Seal ready to chime its bells. Where the brook runs merrily along, one is transported to a different species of flora. The variety of ferns that adorn one's pathway can only be mentioned for want of space, and are a study in themselves. Gracefully decorating a spot where the wood-sorrel and Star of Bethlehem exhibit their pretty white petals close by in the swamp, bunches of yellow lady slippers, white orchids, and Smilacina almost takes one's breath away, to think that there should be such a charming scene; in midst of this halo of colour you cannot wend your footsteps than that odd shaped nodding flower, Dutchman's Breches taking refuge under the foliage of the Alder, and the meadow rue and flowering daywood have allured you far in this deeply wooded dell, where the walls

surrounding seem to grow higher and higher.

An island possesses a fascination for some people where other places of nature are less appreciated; a class to which this may be applicable are naturalists for the reason that often times the fauna and flora differ to some extent from adjacent lands, not that I expect to offer Beauthear's close to Newcastle as an illustration, for visitors could not fail to be moved with a sense of their insignificance, standing among the lofty pines, that tower high above him. This is an imposing first introduction, but groping along for discoveries, you come upon the well known pathway that directs you from the foot to the head of the island; no one needs Rondeletia, for beds of Linnae will give the required gratification, which line his footsteps on each side of him. From step to step you leave behind some plant only to be replaced by another variety, and again perhaps a former friend comes back decked with a richer hue. Dense as the fir grows here in the cold moss the Trillium stans single, and only the Wild yellow Lily as company, slim and tall, with a dignified nod seem to ask for a passing greeting. Farewell to pine and fir, the deciduous trees branch out to all sizes, at their feet the dwarf cornell (Pigeon-berry) crowd the space with their white and greenish blossoms. Neering what is termed the Tickle (head of the island) ferns of different varieties embosomed with that sweet scented trailing evergreen already alluded to—Linnae, (dedicated to Swedish Botanist Linnæus, with whom it was a special favourite) and an Iris that looks as if it was intruding, will bring the rambler once more to the river and regrets to bid farewell to a pleasant early summer stroll. The barrens that range along the sea board by Shippegan, Tabusintac, Escommiac Point and Kouchibouguac, can scarcely be allowed to pass by without notice. Immersed in the sphagnum moss, the pitcher plant,

(Continued on 4th page.)

## UP THE SAGUENAY TO HA-HA BAY AND CHICOUTIMI.

Perhaps there are few among the pleasure seekers of the day, who are aware of the exceeding grandeur and picturesque beauty of that most wonderful of rivers, the Saguenay. Certainly there can be nothing more refreshing to the thinking man, nothing affording more food for reflection or scientific observation, than a trip over its inky waters. For perfect wildness and grandeur of scenery, there is probably nothing equal to it on this continent. It is a river which one should see, if only to observe what dreadful aspects nature can assume in her wildest moods. The effect produced upon the mind in passing from the broad St. Lawrence, reaching on, on as far as the eye can see, into the narrow and fearfully deep Saguenay, whose waters have the sides of the towering rocks, which rise on either side, and almost shut out the very light of heaven, is such as no pen can paint, or tongue describe.

As the tourist suddenly passes from a landscape of such remarkable beauty, into a region of primitive grandeur, where art has done nothing, and nature everything, "where," to quote the words of a noted writer, "at a single bound, civilization is left behind, and nature, in naked majesty, stares him in the face, when he sees Alps on Alps arise, when he floats over unfathomable depths through a mountain gorge, the sublime entirely overwhelms the senses of sight, and fascinates the imagination."

There can be little doubt that at some remote period, these massive granite walls were rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature, and thus this wonderful river forced a passage to the St. Lawrence.

In fact the aborigines regarded it as the entrance to a "region of death and demons;" and when Jacques Cartier first attempted to explore its windings in 1535, the seamen drew back in terror, refusing to enter its gloomy depths: they believed that the Great Spirit in his anger had torn the mountains asunder, drained an immense lake in the far north, leaving its bed an oozy marsh, and so formed the passage of the Saguenay.

This river is the principal outlet of Lake St. John, a sheet of water about forty miles long; its waters are remarkably clear, and abound in a great variety of fish. There is a most beautiful curtain-fall, 236 feet high, into this lake, which is so conspicuous as to be seen forty or fifty miles distant.

The river is only half a mile in width for the first half of its course, and runs through an almost untroubled wilderness, abounding in falls and rapids, but it gradually widens, till near its mouth it is about three miles wide. The original name of the Saguenay was Chicoutimi, signifying "Deep Waters," and black and deep they certainly are, varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty fathoms in depth, nearly the

whole way. A few miles below Lake St. John is the little village of Chicoutimi, which is the highest point navigable for steamboats, as there is a range of rapids above it, which extends ten miles up to the lake. The Indians say there is a subterranean fall above the foot of the rapids, which they call Manitou or "Great Spirit."

The village has an ancient appearance, and lies back among the bleak rocks and barren hills, a desolate picture indeed!

The only object of interest is a rude Catholic church, said to have been founded by the Jesuits at a very early period. In the belfry hangs a clear toned bell with an inscription upon it, which has never yet been translated or expounded. But the great resort of the tourist is Grand, or Ha-Ha Bay.

The name of this bay is said to have arisen from the circumstance of early French navigators sailing up the river for sixty miles, with eternal sameness of the feature, grim and lofty rocks, on which they could not land, and no bottom for their anchors, till at last upon finding themselves in this beautiful bay, they broke out laughing, "Ha-Ha," when they found landing and anchorage. The village lay smiling in the sunshine, as we sailed into the bay, on that summer's afternoon.

There is a church there; and about one hundred and fifty families reside in the two villages that follow the crescent beach. The wharf was a busy scene as we landed; the *habitants* had turned out *en masse* to witness the arrival of the boat, the one exciting event of the day and were gesticulating and vociferating wildly in their barbarous *patois*, making a perfect Babel. As we returned to the boat, after our *promenade en cointure* over the hills, we noticed a long procession of boatmen marching on board with the inevitable "huckleberries,"—six hundred coffin-shaped wooden boxes. At first we could not imagine what all those queer looking boxes contained, but upon being enlightened by one of the men, I fully sympathized with Col. Ellison in "A Chance Acquaintance," when upon a similar occasion he expressed a fear that Ha-Ha Bay was being depleted of its entire infant population.

Leaving Ha-Ha Bay, and sailing down the river to the St. Lawrence, a distance of sixty miles, we have the grandest scenery; penetrating through a mountainous tract of syenite granite, with walls of perpendicular rocks, rising from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet above the surface of the water. It is an awful sight, as we raise our eyes heavenward, to look up at those massive granite rocks, towering majestically above our heads, and in some places almost shutting out the light of day. And now we come to the great attractions of the Saguenay, Cape Eternity and Trinity Rock. If the only recompense for a visit to this remarkable river were a sight of these stupendous promontories, I feel sure no one would

be disappointed. There is a grandeur and sublimity about them which is perfectly indescribable. It was at night when we first passed these gigantic cliffs, and as we dimly made out their forms in the deepening obscurity, the land seemed enchanted and unreal, and we felt as if we were travelling into a region of unknown wonders. But upon our return trip we had the bright afternoon sun, and as we bade adieu to Ha-Ha Bay, and commenced the descent of the river, we began, as if by instinct, to strain our eyes, that we might get the first glimpse of all the magnificent natural grandeur that now burst upon our view. The vessels shut off steam as they approach these points, and, as the boat turned her prow into the lonesome Bay of Eternity—creeping into the grim shadows—and lay to under those towering cliffs, that lifted their threatening heads full eighteen hundred feet above us, we looked up at the "measureless mass," that seemed to swing and sway overhead, and our nerves trembled with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice.

The wonderful Gothic arch was pointed out to us, the reputed doorway of an unexplored cavern, under which an upright shaft of stone had stood for ages, statue-like, till not many winters ago, the frost heaved it from its foundation, and it plunged headlong down through the ice into the unfathomed depths below.

The boat whistle was blown, and the canon fired to awaken the echoes that answer from Trinity Rock, and reply from its "mighty mate," Cape Trinity, on the other side of the bay, and then we sailed away from their gloomy shade towards the broad St. Lawrence. The water is very deep in the vicinity of these promontories; in some places it is over twelve hundred feet, and owing to the height of the overhanging cliffs, it assumes a black and inky appearance. Then we saw the bald-headed eagle, the salmon leaping from the water after its prey, and porpoises and seals bobbing up and down.

It was just at nightfall that we came in sight of Tadoussac upon our return. The sun was setting as we sailed out of the gloomy depths of the Saguenay into the beautiful bay that lay stretched out before us, and the sky and the river were one blaze of crimson, purple, and gold, while just over the tops of the dark trees, appeared the full orb of moon; the front of the wood was buried in shadow, but a bridge of silver spanned the gulf, and the hither shore was flooded in light. It was one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. Even yet the beauty of that scene lingers in my memory and fills me with perfect delight, and with the hope that sometime perhaps, I may see it again.

The bay of Tadoussac is just at the entrance to the Saguenay, and here it is that that dark narrow stream "steals down from the north out of regions of gloomy and ever enduring solitude"

into the vast St. Lawrence.

The return boat from Quebec was just starting on its trip up the river as we entered the bay; and as we watched it sail through the moonlight—past the two giant cliffs that stand like sentinels, keeping guard at the portals of this strange river—into the dim obscurity beyond, it seemed in its turn to be hastening, over a pathway of silver, into some weird world of mysteries and wonders.

The bay of Tadoussac is picturesque beyond description; and there, amid frowning hills and wild scenery, nestled the village with its odd little cottages, its grand hotel, and Lord Dufferin's charming villa, looming up before our astonished vision, like some fairy palace; and, last but not least, the little church, over three hundred years old, which Mr. Howell has so graphically described. There it stands, conspicuous in its old-fashioned simplicity, between the hotel and Lord Dufferin's villa. There the light is ever burning, still keeping its weary vigil all night after night, for nearly three hundred years, and seeming doubly sacred from its antiquity.

Tadoussac is also interesting to the traveller from the fact of its having been, from a very early period, the capital of the French settlements, and one of their chief fur-trading posts; and here, too, once stood the first stone and mortar building ever erected in America—the home of Father Marquette. A cluster of pine trees over two hundred years old has grown from the centre of these historical ruins.

On our return trip we stopped at Cacouna, Riviere du Loup, and Murray Bay; all of them first class watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence. And here congregate most of the fashionable of Montreal and Quebec, many of whom spend the entire season at these resorts. There are excellent hotels at both Cacouna and Murray Bay, where every accommodation can be found, billiard-rooms, bathing-houses, and sailing boats kept ready for the use of visitors. At Cacouna the water is quite salt, and the sea bathing lacks nothing but the surf; but at Murray Bay, as at Quebec, the tide which rises over 15 feet, is the impulse, not the savour of the sea. We found Cacouna a most enjoyable spot in which to pass the hot summer days, and the week spent at Murray Bay, I shall always look back upon with pleasure. The pleasant hotel with its broad verandas, and shady lawns, filled with a gay party of pleasure-seekers; the light, airy toilets of the ladies; the fantastic costume of the gentlemen; their straw hats decked with white muslin scarfs, or blue gauze veils, which were supposed to be worn for the purpose of protecting the back of the neck from the glare of the sun; the moonlight rambles by the river; the sail in the Indian canoes, and the difficulty experienced in getting into them without upsetting; the rides over the hills in the primitive

charettes of the *habitans*, which are nothing more than hay carts on two wheels, with straw beds fastened on them, upon which we spread ourselves in humble style, clinging frantically to the slats in the sides, in order that we should not slide down upon our neighbors as the cart jolted and tossed about most unmercifully, taking away one's breath, and almost the power of speech; all contributed to make up a *tout ensemble*, so odd, so primitive, so perfectly unlike anything we had ever experienced before, that our enjoyment was almost without alloy.

Unlike our fashionable people, the Canadians do not go to the sea-side expecting the luxuries of Saratoga or Newport. Although as I have said, both Murray Bay and Cacouna boast of excellent hotels, yet the majority of city people go to these resorts with the intention of roughing it. They hire cottages from the *habitans*, just as they are, rag carpets, pine furniture, blue crockery, &c.; and probably enjoy the novelty and change from their own luxurious homes, so much the more; at least they all appear to enjoy their sojourn at Murray Bay.

But every pleasure must have an end; so in course of time we bade adieu to this pleasant sea-side town, sailed past Quebec, teeming with historic recollections, up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and through Lake Champlain to our own beloved Hudson.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length? The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal! It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tool, in all which, a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumb depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name (*Pollex*, from a Latin verb meaning, to be able, strong, mighty), because of its strength; a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand. Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to

disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity. Were the tips of the fingers and the thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now can take up what is small, soft, and round, as a millet seed, or even a particle of human hair. So exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service; perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at their precise length which answers every purpose; had they been placed on the tips of their fingers there would have been a loss of power, but their position ensures their highest efficiency. An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hand and fingers to a thousand arts, requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to any ordinary observer, and the execution of performers on the piano-forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; these are among many instances of the advantage gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.—*Cassell's Popular Natural History*

AUSTRALIA.

About a week after crossing the Equator we sighted the desolate Island of Trinidad and the dangerous Martin Vez Rocks. As it was quite calm when we passed the Island some of the passengers were anxious to land, but a breeze springing up precluded a possibility of doing so.

From the time we saw Trinidad until we sighted the southern coast of Tasmania we saw very few vessels and found each day longer than the preceding. After rounding the Cape we had a hail storm and once a real good snow storm.

A speedy run during the remainder of our voyage soon brought us in sight of Tasmania, and a few days later every one was on deck having a look at Sydney light-houses. We entered Sydney harbor at sunrise on the seventh of November (1878), and soon saw the City in the distance. It is a splendid port and the scenery very grand, surpassing that of any port I have visited. The city itself is very well laid out and the buildings, almost without exception, very handsome and substantial. One of the features of Sydney is the Botanical Garden situated on the harbor, and commanding a fine view of the shipping and the various residences on the opposite shore. The Governor's mansion is close to the garden and has one of the grandest sights imaginable.

After staying in the city a month I came out to "the bush," travelling on

horseback a distance of forty-five miles, a "considerable" ride for an unpractised equestrian. Since then it has been my only means of locomotion. The roads are bridle paths, and men women and children travel about on horseback, old and young, rich and poor.

My first call to a distance occurred a few days after my arrival here, so on a borrowed horse and with a guide to show me the way, I started for a place called Bingwall Flat; the road, if road it can be called, is twenty miles in length and very hilly and swampy. On the following day I began the return journey, disregarding the warning voices of several persons who saw me starting. It had been raining for several days, and the morning of my return it was coming down in torrents and it was therefore supposed the creeks would be swollen and impassable, one, in particular, I was told, would be very dangerous. However as I wished to go to Sydney on the following day, I determined to overcome difficulties as best I could, and proceeded on my journey without much trouble, getting through numerous creeks with the water half way up the saddle flaps. At last only six miles remained. Here I was brought to a standstill by a rapid stream about twenty yards wide, which looked much more formidable than any hitherto in my path. For fully an hour I wandered up and down by the creeks trying to find a possible if not probable crossing place. Finally I took to the water hoping it would not prove unfordable. Before I had much time to reflect upon the discomfort of my situation, my horse was carried underneath, one of the stirrups having caught in something, and the force of the current turned him over. Fortunately I caught hold of some floating wood, all the while holding on to the bridle rein, and was carried some distance down the stream, luckily towards the side on which I wished to land. The crop was pulled out of the saddle and the horse carried along in the same current as myself. At last I managed to get a firm grasp of a tree as we went past, and succeeded in getting my horse ashore. I had chosen one of the very worst places on the creek; since then I have looked at the spot and wondered how I escaped at all. The water must have been twenty feet in depth and covered a tangled brush which made swimming for "man and beast" almost impossible.

The snakes proverbially so numerous a race in this part of the world, do not trouble me as the mosquitoes do. Both in city and country they exist in swarms. Another pest in Australia, the frogs; these though in general appearance similar to the American ones, have power of voice to a far greater degree, and the peculiar formation of their feet enables them to walk up the side of a wall with the ease of a fly. They get into every available crack and hole in a house and make such a mournful mid-

night croaking that sleep is out of the question.

The locusts also in millions fill the trees and keep a continual chorus from early morning till late at night. Only for a month or two in the winter do these nuisances cease their songs.

The plumage of the birds is very brilliant, but, as you know, their song is not equal to that of English or American birds.

Winter is the pleasant time of the year in Australia, the weather being then, much as you have it in New Brunswick in the summer.

[From Australia letter.]

VALEDICTORY.

"Or like a snowflake in the river,  
A moment white, then, gone forever."

And is it so? doth nothing then remain  
Of that which in itself so beautiful,  
So pure, fit emblem to mankind  
Of all that in his nature is the best and  
 noblest?  
And which, twin-like, from out the vast  
empyreal  
In silence come, to leave alike their in-  
fluence  
On what each, in their own sphere they  
act upon,  
Say not that all these feathery flakes,  
When vanished from the eyes have "gone,"  
Ceased to exist, or influence aught for  
good or ill,  
Nay, only that in form they are changed  
And that on Earth and river they still  
do exert  
An influence of blessing; that whilst in  
flaky form  
They on the earth a covering warm be-  
stowed,  
To cover up the tender growths from nip-  
ping frosts,  
So, when dissolved as moisture, they do  
but perfect  
That service which erewhile they had  
performed,  
By giving life and fresh fertility to nature.

So we would hope, thy nameake  
Thus doth minister, we <sup>not</sup> have lived  
Our brief existence quite in vain,  
But that in months gone by,  
Our visits may have been, unto our read-  
ers—welcome—  
That we, by our bright pages, may have  
helped,  
In pleasant or in profitable manner,  
To beguile the painful or the lovesome  
hours,  
Which to each life must fall,  
Should this be so, then we, indeed, have  
lived  
To a good purpose, but if, whilst ceasing  
To appear before our friends in this ma-  
terial form,  
We, by our words, have sown the silent  
seeds of thought  
In any mind, which in due time may ger-  
minate  
And ripen into fruit of better life, or  
heartier resolve  
To do and dare, for all that "Godlike" in us  
Tends to higher things—then are we  
Most richly compensated.  
Then farewell! to one and all our friends  
Of these past months; for your kind pat-  
ronage  
We thank you heartily,  
And, with our latest breath, give you  
Good wishes for your welfare and pros-  
perity.

A GENUINE IRISH BULL.—Immediately after the trial for murder at the last circuit, as one of the constabulary was coming down the stairs leading from the Court House, he was accosted by an Irishman, who anxiously inquired of him what sentence had been pronounced against the prisoner, Ross? "Banishment for life," replied the constable. "Well, troth, by my soul," ejaculated Pat, "He'll never live to see the end of it."

(Continued from 1st Page.)

called Indian Cup with shades of colour from green to greenish red and to crimson, grows with its curious shaped leaf, having hairy inside where insects become entangled and finally drowned in the water that is in this odd formed vessel. More interesting is the insectivorous plant, Sun-dew the leaves clothed with reddish glands that exude drops of a glutinous fluid, glittering like dew-drops; so soon as an insect alights on one of these glands certain movements transpire with the tentacles that digest the creature. Here, on these spongy lan is, the May apple, pink orchid, and cotton plant succeed in drowning your evil thoughts, and the Labrador tea, leather leaf azalia, and kalmia, shrubs that bring forth bright blossoms, look rich from inhaling the sea breeze that blows over them. But what may be said of Ornithology, a branch of study much more interesting to many? What mine of wealth would be in the sportsman were he to search further than his wont into habits of the migratory birds that visit our shores; how our feelings would be moved to the writer of a page or two of their habits in his endeavour to widen his own experience. Let us hope to hear from the numerous visitors to the wild geese, brant and ducks a few notes taken by close observation. Our wading birds, that flock in numbers about the islands at the mouth of the Miramichi river and sea coast are to be disregarded with their quaint ways and odd gestures. Following the course of some winding brook the harsh notes of the blue jay can be heard and to fancy that such bright plumage can be associated with a cry so shrill! Here the kingfisher may be seen, though he prefers no company and is happy without friends; not to mention the robin, with innumerable perching varieties that give life to the woods with their active movements and musical cadences.

In that branch called Entomology that captivates the enquirer far into the mysteries and wonders of insect agency, much is to be learned. The surprising instinct of ants and bees is sufficient to keep a mind busy in closely watching those who might give us lessons in assiduity. The swarms of bees that fly across the river and noticeable wherever the bright corolla of flowers are found, may be seen during the early summer storing up nectar for future use. They also are instrumental in aiding fertilization and crossing varieties of plants by often carrying the pollen

from one flower to another. And the butterflies, moths, beetles, and other flies conspicuous for variations in colour to be found in dense copses, or on some tangled bank, or bit of woodland, cannot be left out from the category of this branch of Natural History. Before closing these few pictures I might have mentioned Geology with all of its noble teachings, carrying the student to ages gone by; with the classification of rocks he compares different epochs of time by means of formed strata. There are, besides, the dwellers of the sea, from the lowest vegetable forms to the finished nervous system of our fish. Decked with bright colours the jelly-fish, star-fish and sea-anemone surpass others in beauty living under like conditions. A vague doubt seems to be entertained of the habits of the fish that frequent these waters, and here there would, in another line, be afforded information so beneficial from one who made a point to satisfy himself and imparting it to those around him. I'll quote one instance of an attentive watcher. Male salmon have been seen to fight for hours, whilst the female quietly aside looked on, till, satisfied of the conqueror retires with him for life.

An attention to some of these branches of study will be fraught with necessary good results, not an extensive study, but such a one that the ideas may be grasped easily; and to him sanguine of immediate knowledge of the movements of forms around him will find a task that requires years of constant attention; but that large advances in welfare can come only in the slow processes of things let us rest satisfied with the little that can be done, and yet to find it worth while to do that little. In the great struggle for supremacy and other forces that direct us to aims far beyond what possibly can be attained, the road to the goal will now be strewn with brighter hopes content from time to time to rest from the jostle that daunt our finer sensibilities, when refreshed we return to our work with a steady effect, alike on thought and action.

Nature shows no partiality for race or individual, be what he may, her bright colours and specimens of interest belong not to single class; but beckoning to us in that still small voice she whispers, come one come all

OPPOSITION.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is

what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing strips himself in the sunshine and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the winds blow gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

That age was older once than now,  
In spite of locks untimely shed,  
On silvered on the youthful brow,  
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,  
Which faded with those "good old days,"

When winters came with deeper snow,  
And autumn with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—  
The "best of women" each has known,  
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?  
How young the grandpas have grown?

That but for this our souls were free,  
And but for that our lives were blest;  
That in some season yet to be  
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

When'er we groan with ache or pain,  
Some common ailment of the race,  
Though Doctors think the matter plain,  
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when, like babes with fingers burned,  
We count our bitter waxing more,  
Our lesson all the world has learned,  
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,  
The angels hovering over head  
Count every plying drop that flows,  
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye  
And turn the beggar from our door,  
They still approve us when we sigh,  
"Ah had I but one thousand more!"

That weakness smoothed the path of sin,  
In half the slips our youth has known;  
And whatsoever its blame has been,  
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.

Though temples crowd the crumbling brink  
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow;  
Their tablets hold with what we think  
Their echoes dumb to what we know.

That one unquestioned text we read,  
All doubt beyond, all fear above,  
Nor crackling pile, nor cursing creed  
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE.

O. W. HOLMES.

KINDNESS.

(Written for the "Snowflake.")

DEAR SNOWFLAKE:—The virtue of kindness, is one that is always welcome, and that wins the hearts of men. Every heart is susceptible to its benign influence and power, and were it not that more or less of it prevails among men life would be simply intolerable. Many hearts pine away for want of the cheering influences of sympathy from their friends and acquaintances; and not unfrequently do persons erroneously conclude that, because they are not treated with the vocal and demonstrative expressions of friendliness, there exists no feeling of kindness in the hearts and natures of those with whom they come in contact. Thus persons are often wrongfully judged on account of natural reserve, or because they fail to ex-

press in words what they feel. No doubt such persons would do well to be more lavish in stating how they feel towards others. But still we greatly prefer the kindness which is characteristic of such as show it by deeds of generosity and kindness. We think it is of a more robust and enduring nature, and will be found to serve us in the day of need and adversity. It is not so likely to be of a mushroom growth or of a merely sunshine nature. It will last, and will not fail when clouds and darkness surround us. True, it is still more desirable to not only have such rugged kindness but also in due moderation to manifest it in words. For some it is the easiest thing possible to say how much they feel of kindness to others, but in how many cases all their affection for and interest in the comfort and happiness and welfare of others evaporates in words—words sweet and tender, it is true, but of no practical value. They are always wanting when deeds are necessary. At other times, particularly when you are in comfort and in a flourishing state they flutter round you like butterflies; but let the frosts of adversity appear and they are gone—their ardour is soon frozen. Kindness of the purest and most-enduring kind is founded on a heart which is itself pure, and will specially flourish in a heart and life controlled by Divine love and law. This will result in the production of much pleasure to all who exercise this virtue, and in helping all who come under the influence it exerts upon them. And surely we, who enjoy so much good from the Creator of all, ought to endeavor to cultivate the feeling and virtue of kindness as much as possible and thus help to smooth the asperities incident to this life.

Allow me to thank you, dear SNOWFLAKE, for the kindness manifested in your career and the evidences you gave of a desire to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of life.

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love  
Make our earth an Eden like the heaven above."  
ONE WHO HAS FELT KINDNESS.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June—  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong  
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth  
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song.  
In doors and out, summer and winter mirth.

Leigh Hunt.