

lightful and *bona fide* ocean trip of from twenty-four to thirty hours, or by rail through Bangor, Maine, connecting at Vanceboro with the New Brunswick Railroad.

The great objection to the trip is its length. And the provoking thing about that is, that unlike the bridge of Cowper's post-boy,

"That with its wearisome, but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood."

the length of this road, which is sometimes quite wearisome, is entirely needless.

Why the I. C. R. was carried meandering round the coast as if it was afraid to go out of sight of the water, is something which I suppose could only be found out in the filed papers in the Department of Public Works at Ottawa, and perhaps not even then would it be possible to get any clue to the many intricacies of financial or political interests which turned a journey of 360 miles into one of nearly 800 miles. However, we are glad to say that all this is soon to be changed, and when the N.B. R. R. and the other lines projected or under construction are opened it will be possible to reach Montreal from this city in twelve or fifteen hours, and Toronto of course in twenty-four. This in itself will produce a revolution in the intercourse between the east and the west.

The city of St. John—not St. Johns—which celebrated its centennial last summer, is romantically situated at the mouth of the river whose name it bears. It is close upon the Bay of Fundy, known over the world for its high tides. The central part of the city is built upon and completely occupies a rocky elevation which is almost an island—the mouth of the St. John River, the harbour, and Courtney Bay nearly surrounding it. The land rises more or less abruptly on all sides from the water, so that

the streets are steep, affording exercise for the limbs and breathing power to the citizens, who mount the rocky slopes with an energy born of custom and developed and adapted strength, which is quite noticeable to a stranger. It is literally a city set on a hill, though the hill is not very high. The foundation is almost entirely of rock. Some of the streets have been cut through it, leaving the dark blue formation of flinty hardness standing as walls of from ten to twenty feet in height. To the south and south-east the view is out across the harbour, past Partridge Island to the ocean-thrilled bosom of the bay. The coast of Nova Scotia is only visible in certain states of the atmosphere. Except at this opening the city is surrounded by a rocky precipitous amphitheatre from which it is seen to great advantage. The general outline will be presented by imagining a cup inverted and placed within a rather wide but not very deep bowl, or rather within such a bowl with a third part of the side taken out. It would be difficult to get a finer view, for its size, than that of the city of St. John as seen from Fort Howe, or almost any point of this romantic environment. At night especially, it reminds one of the descriptions of fairy scenes in oriental tales. Lights twinkle in the valley and from the street lamps and the windows on the ascent beyond, while here and there a meteor ray streams from the mast of an anchored vessel, or flashes from the swift moving tug or ferry as it shoots across the harbour. Carleton, a suburb, and municipally a part of St. John, is reached by a steam ferry across the mouth of the river. Another way of reaching Carleton is by the suspension bridge which crosses the river a little farther up, and from which may be had what is perhaps the best view of the city and its romantic surroundings. A railway bridge is in course of construction which will give