

farmer No. Two, lifting his hat and running his hand through his hair, will say:—"Let me see, it's nigh onto thirteen miles 'to Ebenzeor Slimcoomes', and two more to Patrick 'Doones', about fifteen miles from here, or pretty handy 'thereto. Keep right on and foller the poles, and ye'll be all right." This is a sample of the numerous instructions we received along the road. And this, then, is the way I would advise you to calculate a distance in the country:—Ask farmer No. One for his estimate, go a little further and inquire of farmer No. Two, divide the difference of their calculations by the figure two, and you will then know pretty accurately the distance to be travelled.

The sun was just setting, and the shades of night were falling, when the three tired horsemen, descending the highland towards the river, first caught a glimpse of the little village of Gagetown, hiding among the trees. Like the mariner who after a long and tedious voyage, rejoices to see land again, so were we delighted at the prospect of a rest for our "rather stiffened limbs." Yes; we were tired there is no use denying the fact:—fifty-four miles in one day is not to be laughed at. For one poor weary body—who at the end of the day's journey, could'n't find his "spinal column," that aforesaid bottle of Minard's Liniment proved a perfect treasure (worth its weight in gold). Mrs. Simpson's hospitable roof soon gave us shelter and after partaking of a comfortable tea, friends were visited and farms inspected. One of our party, who himself takes a deep interest in agricultural pursuits, would persist in dragging No. One and myself, on an inspection tour (by lamp light) of the barns near by, to see some fine head of cattle. The animals were very well bred, so they say, numbers One and Two however were too sleepy to appreciate their many excellent qualities.

Next morning, a glorious Sabbath day, last night's weary travellers rose refreshed and strengthened for the duties of another day. First the horses had to be fed and groomed, and given a little bit of exercise just to take the stiffness out of their legs. Then the riders had to tidy themselves up as much as possible for the morning service,

The little Gagetown church was well filled this Sunday morning, and the choir helped out the service greatly by its sweet music. We were informed afterwards to our astonishment, that our party helped the choir greatly by their singing. You can imagine how highly flattered we felt, at least two of our members did, who had never in their life laid the slightest claim to being musical. No. Two however has really a fine voice, of his musical talent you shall hear later on in this narrative.

In the afternoon, on the invitation of kind friends, we rowed over to what is commonly called the "Knoll," a high piece of interval land just opposite Gagetown, here we spent a very enjoyable hour or two.

And so the day passed quickly and pleasantly by.

(To be continued).

#### IN PRAISE OF BOOKS.

The love of books is a virtue which all men prize and few possess. Perhaps a candid citizen of St. John, speaking from

a long experience, would hardly claim that his fellow townsmen were ardent readers of books. Their worst enemy could never hurl the opprobrious nickname of "book-worms" at them, without exposing himself to ridicule. It would almost seem, as we visit some households, that a "self-denying ordinance" had been passed with regard to all literature,—except the newspaper. Of course there are books in the drawing room. There, placed at the correct angle, beautifully bound, and conscientiously—dusted—at due intervals, are to be found Wordsworth, Tennyson, and other immortals. If their pages are still uncut, this argues a reverential attitude of mind. Nor would it be fair to say that *no* books have been read. The writer of this humble testimony can vouch for hearing enthusiastic praise uttered concerning Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, and General Wallace's *Ben Hur*, works which, like Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, if scorned by the jaundiced critic, can yet boast their "thousands and ten thousands" of copies sold to the appreciative multitude. Longfellow is sincerely admired, if not precisely for the qualities which may preserve some fragments of his writings to the future. Eliza Cook and her "arm-chair" are referred to at times, and this to many students will constitute a real claim to antiquarian lore. But all negative qualities have a positive blessing attached somewhere; and so it comes to pass that, whatever calamities in the way of fire or storm have assailed our city, the epidemic of literary pretention has avoided our coasts. No "Browning society" has erected its camp, bent upon explaining what the poet did not say by imagining what he did not think. No citizen of St. John has been convicted of torturing the Queen's English, by shaping it into slipshod "rondeaux," or halting "trioletts." For such mercies let us be unfeignedly thankful.

But our devotion is to the newspaper. There are among us students of such sturdy appetite, that they let no day pass without perusing each paragraph and advertisement of our four daily organs of enlightenment. How this enriches the mind, and enlarges the powers of conversation! We are not only capable of discoursing upon revelations from Ottawa, tuning our key to our own political tastes or those of our hearers, but we know the latest tidings from the Upper Millstream, Havelock Corner, Cody's Settlement, and other famous centres of thought and civilisation. And then if we pursue these grave studies, and include the organs of information concerning social movement, the horizon of knowledge is almost unlimited. We know what sort of bonnet Miss Blank wore at Mrs. Threestars' brilliant reception at Richibucto; we can quiver at revelations of how Miss X's affections have suffered by the desertion of the fickle Mr. Z, now occupying the fashionable minds of Dipper Harbour; we can gloat over the squabbles disturbing the relations of the Baptist Minister at Jones' Settlement and the ladies of his choir. This is science indeed, it was called "sociology" once; but now a brand-new word has been coined by a congress in London, and we will henceforth call it "Demography." And why not? A traveller earns fame and title by describing the manners and customs of Hottentots and Zulus, why is it not just as scientific to describe Miss Blank's new dress as to dwell upon the much less extensive and less costly costume of her black rival on the banks of the Zambesi? Let no man, then, despise our "Society Journals." Let them only change their title, and be called "*Transactions of the St. John's Branch of the Demographical Society*," and who shall dare to smile?

So this may be the answering plea to our defence of books. But still we urge it. "Demography" is not the only science after all. And if our studies in this new science require us