

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

No. 10

## The Sculptor Boy.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor boy,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,  
As an angel dream passed o'er him:  
He carved the dream on a shapeless  
stone,  
With many a deep incision;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture  
shone—  
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's com-  
mand,

Our life-dream passes o'er us:  
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own.  
Our lives that angel vision.

## ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.\*

The most striking approach to the city of St. John, is from the sea. Partridge Island guards the entrance to the harbour, like a stern and rocky warder. We pass close to the left the remarkable beacon light shown in one of our engravings. At low tide this is an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is heavily mantled with dripping sea-weed, and its tremendous mass gives one a vivid idea of the height and force of the Bay of Fundy tides. Conspicuous to the left, is the Martello Tower, on Carleton Heights, and in front, the many-billed city of St. John. Sloping steeply up from the water, it occupies a most commanding position, and its terraced streets appear to remarkable advantage. It looks somewhat, says the author of "Baddeck," in his exaggerated vein, as though it would slide off the steep hill-side, if the houses were not well mortised into solid rock. It is apparently built on as many hills as Rome, and each of them seems to be crowded with a grateful spire.

Situated at the mouth of one of the largest rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and the great distributing centre for a prosperous province, it cannot fail to be a great city. It is indeed beautiful for situation. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, it commands a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is destined by nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world. The huge wharves, rendered necessary by the high tides, and the vessels left stranded in the mud by their ebb, are a novel spectacle to an inlander.

There are few more graceful sights than a large square-rigged vessel, swaying, swan-like, in the breeze, and gliding



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

story." If one wants to get a comprehensive view of all this neighbourhood, let him climb the heights of Portland or of Carleton; but my selection as a viewing-point would be the old dismantled fort behind the exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon you can gaze on city or bay.

The drives over the rocky hills in the vicinity of St. John give land and sea views of surpassing grandeur. One of the finest of these drives is that to the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. These bridges, which combine an airy grace and rigid strength, cross a rocky gorge, only 450 feet wide, at a height of a hundred feet above low-water, into which the wide waters of the St. John are compressed.

The Suspension Bridge was constructed through the energy of one man, William H. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government, and is now a free highway. It is most impressive to look down upon the swirling, eddying tides, flecked with snowy foam, and still more so to descend to the water side, and view the surging current and high in air the graceful bridges. At low tide there is here a fall in the river of about fifteen feet. At a certain stage of the tide, and for a short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these scething eddies are not without danger, as shown by the wreck of a good-sized vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.

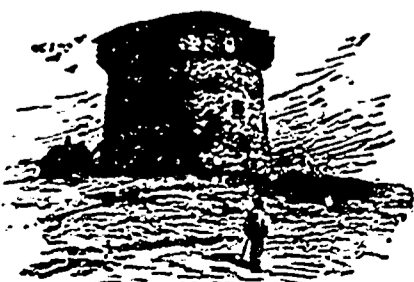
It is curious that in the immediate vicinity of the two most remarkable suspension bridges in Canada—those at St. John and at the Falls of Niagara—have been erected cantilever railway bridges; thus bringing into strong contrast the varying principles of these two modes of bridge construction. The main span of the cantilever bridge over the St. John is 825 feet. It was opened in 1885, and gives direct communication between the New Brunswick railway system and the vast system of the United States.

One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old, feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest hill, on the Carleton side of the harbour. It gives a complete bird's-eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never realized before the force of Tennyson's fine line—

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,"  
till I stood here and watched the broad  
expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked  
water; every gust and flaw leaving its  
mark upon the mobile surface.

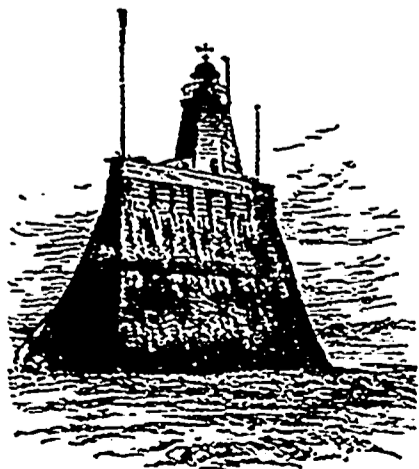
## HISTORIC MEMORIES.

The historic associations of St. John are of fascinating interest. Its settlement dates back to the stormy conflict for jurisdiction and trading rights of D'Aulnay and La Tour, in the old Acadian days. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. The legend is one of the bits of history



MARTELLO TOWER.

\* This sketch, with the accompanying engravings, is taken by kind permission of the publisher, from Withrow's "Our Own Country," 8vo. pp. 608, with 360 engravings. Toronto: William Briggs. Agents wanted for the sale of this book.



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN HARBOUR, AT LOW TIDE.

on her destined way before a favouring breeze. Small wonder that Charles Dibdin's sea-songs stir the pulses of the veriest landsman with a longing for the sea. It must be the old Norse blood of our Viking ancestors that responds to the spell.

Since the great fire of 1877, which swept over two hundred acres, and destroyed over sixteen hundred houses, its street architecture has been greatly improved. Stately blocks of brick and stone have taken the place of the former wooden structures.

The new Methodist, Anglican, and Presbyterian churches are beautiful stone structures that would do credit to any city. The Centenary church has a noble open roof, and the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and when its magnificent spire is erected will be the most conspicuous object in this city of churches.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of

the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise so high above the water-level, and the light-houses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air with tags of seaweed fluttering from their crevices. It is decidedly odd to see the carts drawn down to the market slip, at low tide, between the stranded market boats that rest upon their oozy beds.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives. Returning, the important suburb of Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day, such is the place where lived and died the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptered queen in European