

of driving them away and preventing a settled population from growing up. As to the interior of the island, it was reported to be a great dismal swamp, with here and there patches of rocks and bogs, and in some places covered with a low scrub — a repulsive region unfit for the habitation of civilized man.

These bad old times have passed away; and at the close of the nineteenth century what a marvellous change for the better do we see! St. John's has grown into a city of 30,000 inhabitants. Its streets are lighted by electricity, and seamed with an electric street railway. It possesses all the appliances of modern civilization — railways, telegraphs, telephones, fire-brigades, water and sewerage. Its cathedrals, churches and public buildings, its banks, shops, stores, wharves, compare not unfavorably with those of any other city of the same size. A memorial tower in honour of John Cabot crowns Signal Hill, at the entrance of the harbour. The hum of manufacturing industry is heard on all hands. A busy population throngs its streets. Its harbour is a forest of masts, and steamships are constantly arriving and departing. The strutting quarter-deck governors and the rough old "fishing admirals" — where are they? Gone to the chambers of oblivion, as will go also all who now walk its streets and carry on its life activities ere the new century has run its course. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of."

But perhaps the change in this great island itself is more striking than even in its capital. Its winter seems over and gone, and the voice of the locomotive is heard in the solitudes of the interior. The great dismal swamp has turned out to be a fair island, with waving forests, fertile plains, rich in mineral treasures, and containing some of the finest scenery in this beautiful world. Nearly seven hundred miles of railway now seam its surface, connecting together its various centres of population, while a steam ferry links it to the neighboring continent, thus bringing it within the comity of nations, and rendering its natural resources accessible. From afar come streams of tourists, travellers, health-seekers, worshippers of the beautiful, who return to celebrate the wonders of this newly-found land. The sportsman in pursuit of the stately deer, and the quiet angler seeking salmon and trout, are found tramping over its "barrens," or along its lakes and rivers. The smoke-dried denizen of the great city comes to drink in its health-giving breezes and restore the iron to his blood. One and all proclaim, "Here is the Norway of the New World."