

the effort and ambition of our people. You may well remember the Madras and Leinster Street, where the young idea was taught to shoot; the Victoria, which essayed to give the finishing touch to the education of our beautiful misses. Whoever would drink deeper of the Pierian spring must post to Fredericton or Sackville, to the States or bonny England. Now this, too, is changed. We ask no odds of the world in the matter of educational facilities. Our elementary schools are unsurpassed in any respect, while old Fort Howe hill bears a magnificent University for our young men, and on the lovely banks of Lily Lake rises a Ladies' Seminary fit for the daughters of a Queen. The frogs of fifty years ago in that vicinity have resigned the serenading business to sweeter singers.

Of public libraries we then had none of any consequence; now the serene goddesses of Literature, Science, History and Religion preside over six such noble institutions, containing, in the aggregate, hundreds of thousands of volumes. And, my dear sir, your old time saying that St. John had least of such institutions of any equally proud city in all America, could hardly be uttered now.

But best of all I have to write, and with this my letter must close, our churches, the Y. M. C. A., and all other philanthropic enterprises seem to flourish with almost millennial prosperity.

Rum and intemperance have now for many years been unknown evils among us. The jail is the most rickety, unused building in the city, while the police are getting rich in peaceful avocations, their clubs and uniforms occupying a quaint case as ancient curiosities in the City Museum.

Old Union Street Congregational Church, where you used to chance in occasionally to hear Pastors Dodds, Woodcock, Blanchard and others, was long ago pulled down to give place to a great publishing house; but another church edifice, of grand and imposing dimensions, on a more convenient site, now throws open its sacred enclosure for that people, and the days of their juvenile history are no more,—they are a mighty host for every good word and work. It would do your soul good to look in and see the few white haired remnants of the former flock amid the great concourse of other and younger people.

But having wearied your patience with so long an epistle, and engaging to write you again in a few years, when we number a million people,

I remain, etc.,

P. R. EDICTOR.