

carried everyone along. To look into the happy faces of the Hallelujah Lads and Lasses, and then to watch the wistful look on the beery, leery, sin-sodden faces of the "residuum" whom we never get to our churches, is to feel that the Army, in the great cities at least, is our religious co-worker and ally. Commissioner Coombs pointed one after another of his corps who had been rescued from degradation and vice, and were now engaged in the service of Christ. Our churches in St. John are largely adopting methods, equally aggressive, and with very happy results. In rural neighbourhoods we deprecate the practice of establishing what is virtually a new sect, yet we found the Army almost everywhere. Its songs were sung by train hands on the railway, by the maids in the inn-kitchens, and I even heard them sung in mockery and derision by a theatrical company on a railway train.

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 sea-weed 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 oosy beds.

In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives. From the Mananoganish Road (the "Mahogany" road, as it is often called), to reach which you have to cross the Suspension Bridge, a curious effect is to be experienced. The Mananoganish runs along the narrow strip of land between the river and the sea, near the river's mouth; and on one side of the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, also at your feet, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, form a striking seascape with the lines of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This