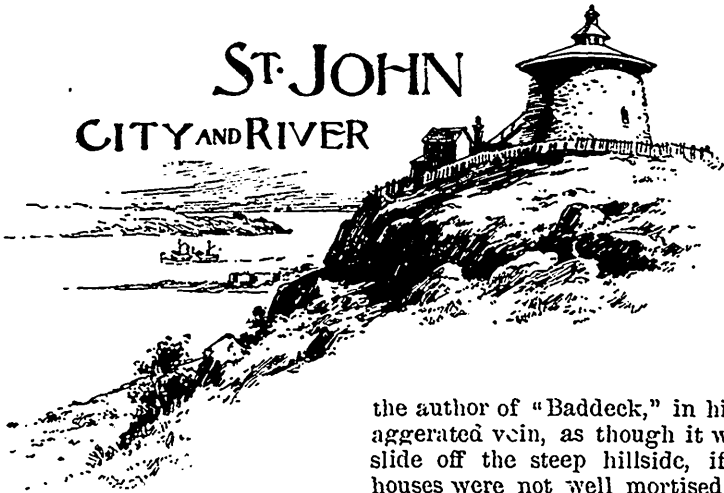


# THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

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OUR OWN COUNTRY.

## ST. JOHN CITY AND 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 seaweed, 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-hilled 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 hillside, 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 crowned with a graceful 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.