

NINE-MLE POST TROUT.
where you enter as in an instant from the open sea betwixt two walls of precipitous rock, hundreds of feet high, by a passage scarcely wide enough for two vessels to pass, and come in a minute into a long and broad basin completely surrounded by equally lofty ranges of rock, where a navy may ride in calm, deep sea in perfect security.
"Take another, like that at Trinity, where we enter by a channel not much wider, and come at once into a large, open bay, surrounded by towering rocks as at St. John's, and then may press up into the land betwixt the precipitous hills on either of two extensive arms of the sea, giving not only a safe retreat, but actually a hidingplace for the navies of nations. These wonders abound, but there is not one too many or one too safe when the storms of the Atlantic and the fogs and currents and ice come into the account."

The railway ride across the island is a novel experience. The road is a narrow gauge, and the railway coaches and sleeping cars strike one
at first as much resembling dolls' houses. But they are surprisingly comfortable, and after one gets accustomed to the narrow passages are, in fact, quite commodious. In traversing the rough and rocky wilderness of the central island in the dining and sleeping cars one can eat and rest as comfortably as in his own home.

Many persons expect in Newfoundland only bog and fog and cod. It is a genuine surprise to find surh fertile valleys as the Codroy and St. George's and such romantic scerery as the Bay of Islands, with its winding fiords bordered by lofty hills, the noble Humber River, with its vast forests of the best pine. Around St. John's, too, is some admirable farming land, where the great fields of grain, of oats and barley ripple like a mimic sea beneath the breeze.

There is, of course, mach sterile and austere in the scenery. In long curves the railway climbs to the height of land, where a group of strange hills bear the respective names of Gaff Topsail, Mizzen Topsail, Main Topsail,

