

with a white farm-house, nestled amid gnarled old apple-trees, with the sweeping boughs of an elm shading the roof.

Further up the river, we notice that the shores are edged with willows. Their roots protect the soft banks of the river, and prevent the current from washing them away.

Here the spring freshets are so strong that the region is flooded. It becomes a Canadian Venice. Farmers go from their houses to their barns in rowboats. Teachers and children row to school across the meadows. It is gay times then for the little folks, as they float about over the water. Sundays, also, are enlivened by a watery pilgrimage to church.

And now, gazing across the breezy waters, we catch sight of a few church-spires rising tall above the many elms surrounding them. Fredericton, the capital of the province, is at hand. The water-front is lined with beautiful elms. Most of the principal buildings of the city do not face the river, but we can, from our boat, form a general idea of their appearance and surroundings. The Normal School building is very fine; and so is the new Parliament House, of freestone and gray granite.

Fredericton is a very ambitious city. Although one-fifth as large as St. John, she longs to rival her big neighbor in commercial importance. She is the centre of the lumbering district, and is anxious to be the centre of the agricultural, fishing, and mining regions on the north shore. But as yet her latest ambitions have not been accomplished.