

Belleisle Bay.

My aim, in writing this essay, is not to elaborate the beauties of my native land, but rather to awaken within my readers a greater appreciation of the land wherein they live. Nature has so abundantly blessed "The Maritime Provinces" that one finds difficulty in determining where to begin and where to cease singing their praises. Their attractions are many and varied. They possess countless lakes, rivers and water-falls. They abound with attractive hunting grounds. They are rich in natural phenomena and have many points of literary, as well as of historic, interest. I might tell of "The Garden of the Gulf;" I might write about "The Sportsman's Paradise" (the basin of the Miramichi); I might dwell on "The Land of Evangeline." These places, however, have been pictured by pens far mightier than mine, so that, leaving them, I shall endeavor to draw a picture of an unfrequented spot of beauty.

To the northeast of St. John, and about thirty miles from that city lies a tributary of the St. John river known as the Bay of Belleisle. This sheet of water is one of the most picturesque in America and being devoid of all semblance of strong tides or currents it affords opportunities for boating and bathing equal to, if not better than, any other in eastern Canada. Let us imagine ourselves enjoying a canoeing excursion on the St. John.

Throughout a bright June day we have been paddling amid scenes of grandeur, which lend to this river the suggestive name "The Rhine of America," and now as evening approaches, we find ourselves entering a land-locked bay, which is about twelve miles in length and one in breadth. The weather conditions are ideal, the sky is clear, the sun pours down his slackening rays upon us and not a ripple disturbs the surface of the water as stroke after stroke urges our frail bark onward. Scarcely have we emerged from the narrow channel, which forms the entrance to the bay, when we are attracted by an abrupt break in the hills on our right. Upon examination