



IN
OLD
QUEBEC

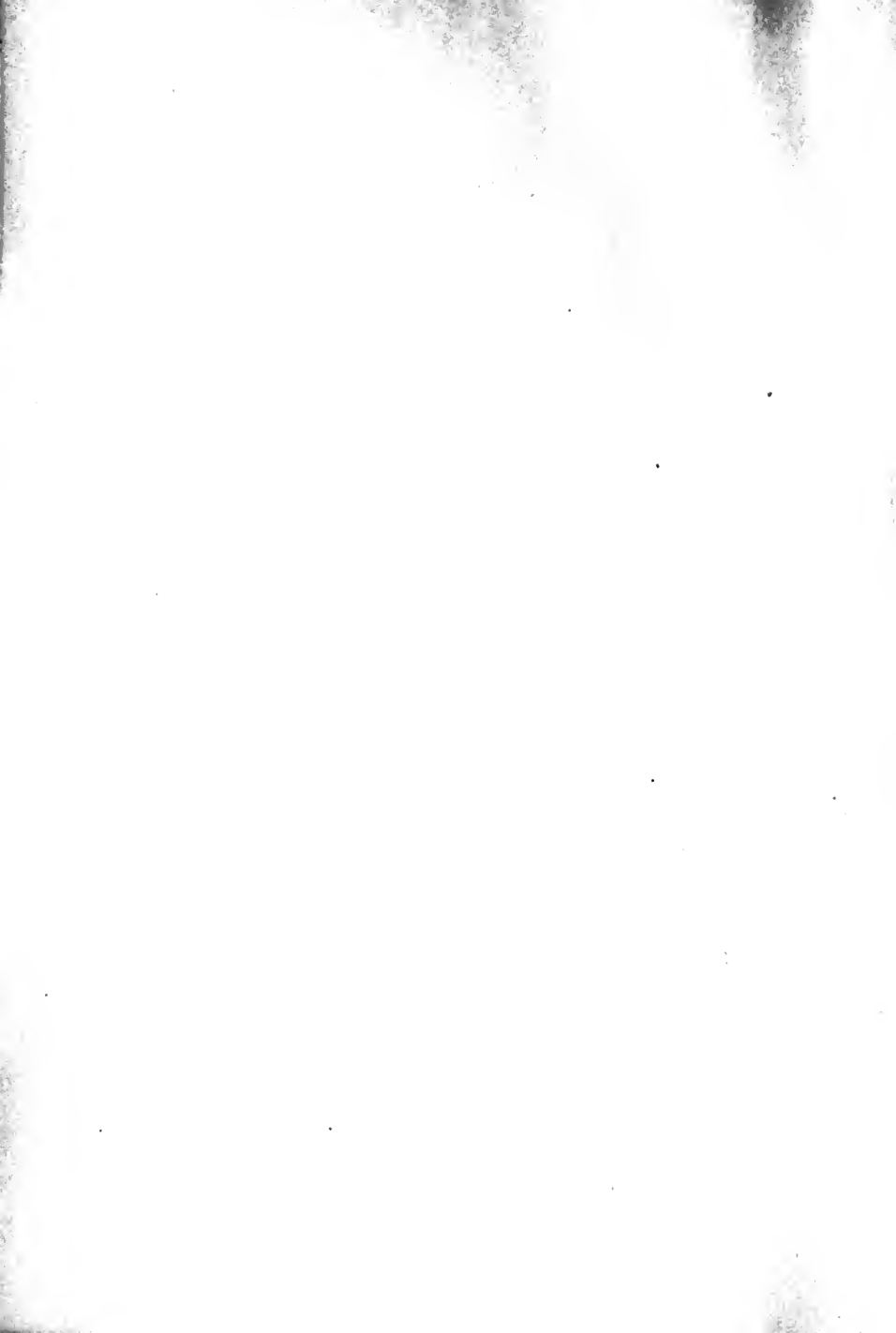
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IN OLD QUEBEC

AND
OTHER SKETCHES

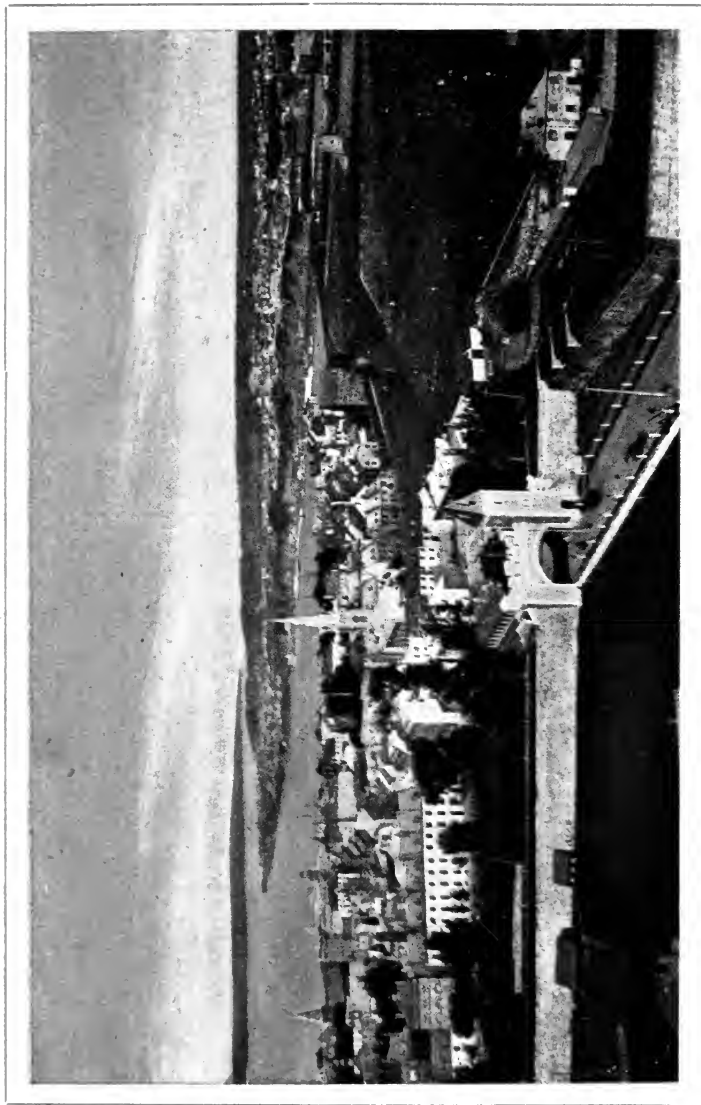
BY
BYRON NICHOLSON

Author of
"RESOURCEFUL CANADA"
"IMPRESSIONS ABROAD"
"THE FRENCH CANADIAN" etc

QUEBEC
COMMERCIAL PRINTING COMPANY
1908

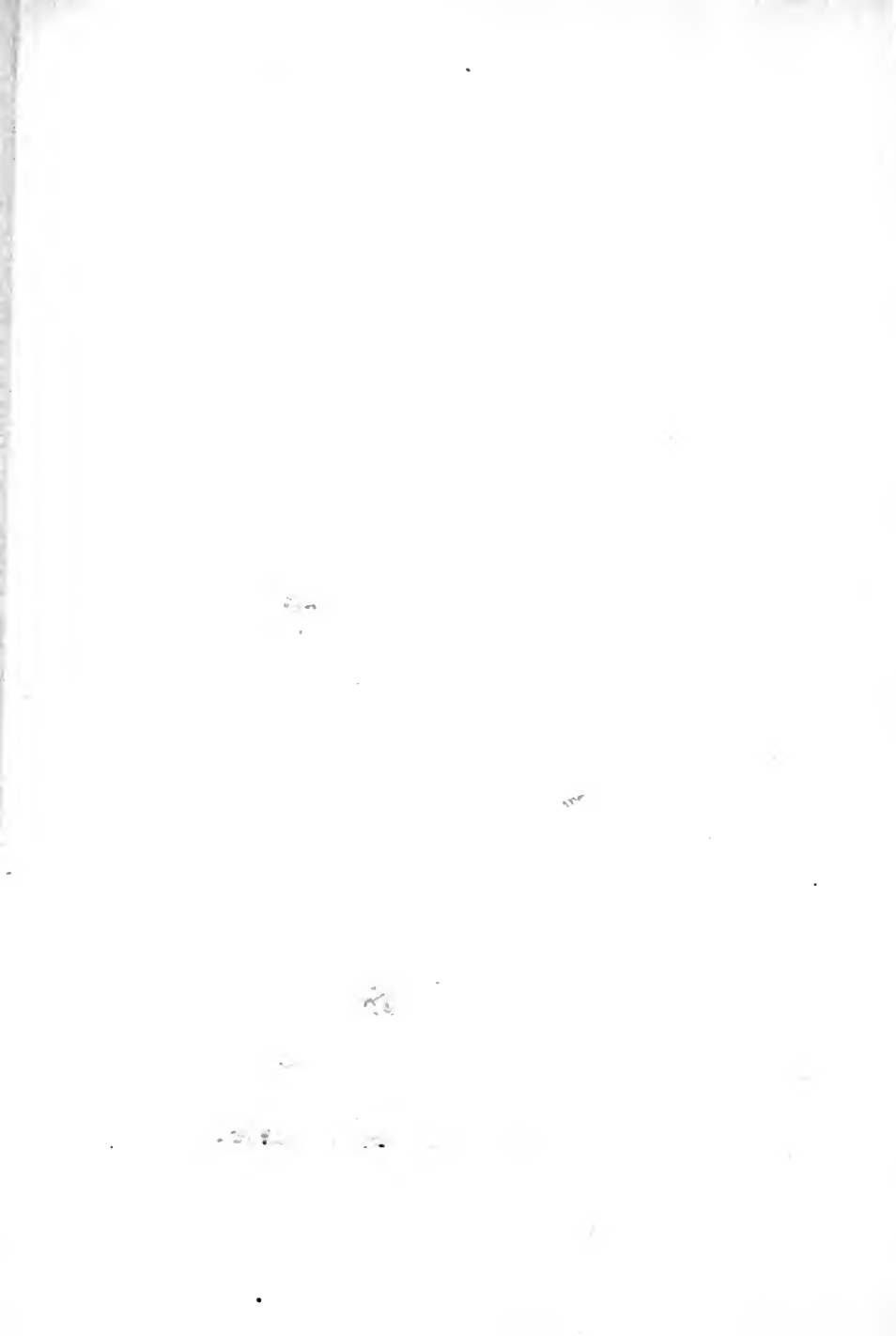
1st ed

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight, by Byron Nicholson, Quebec, at the office of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa.



CITY OF QUÉBEC,

FROM THE MAIN TOWER OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, SHOWING ST. LOUIS GATE IN THE FOREGROUND, THE CLAUDEL TO THE RIGHT, THE TOWN OF LEVIS ACROSS THE RIVER, AND THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS IN THE DISTANCE.



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PREFACE.

Some of the sketches and essays of which this volume is composed have already appeared in print in magazine and journalistic literature, in the United States and Canada. It was not the intention of the writer to make a book of these papers at first, but yielding to the desires of friends, and under the impression that some of the selections, if not all of them, may have some permanent literary value, he has seen fit to reproduce them in a form more durable than that of periodical literature.

THE AUTHOR.

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(FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING)

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN,
FOUNDER AND FIRST GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC, 1608

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The City Hall, Quebec.
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Great Glacier, B. C.
Lake Louise, B. C.
Vancouver, the Harbour.
Victoria, the Parliament Buildings.

NOTE FROM SIR JAMES LEMOINE, K. C. M. G.

Dear Mr. Nicholson,

I have read with delighted interest your glowing account of our Canadian West, and your charming description of the picturesqueness of the Island of Orleans. I think you ought to reserve these with others of your carefully written sketches for a coming book.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. LEMOINE,

Spencer Grange,

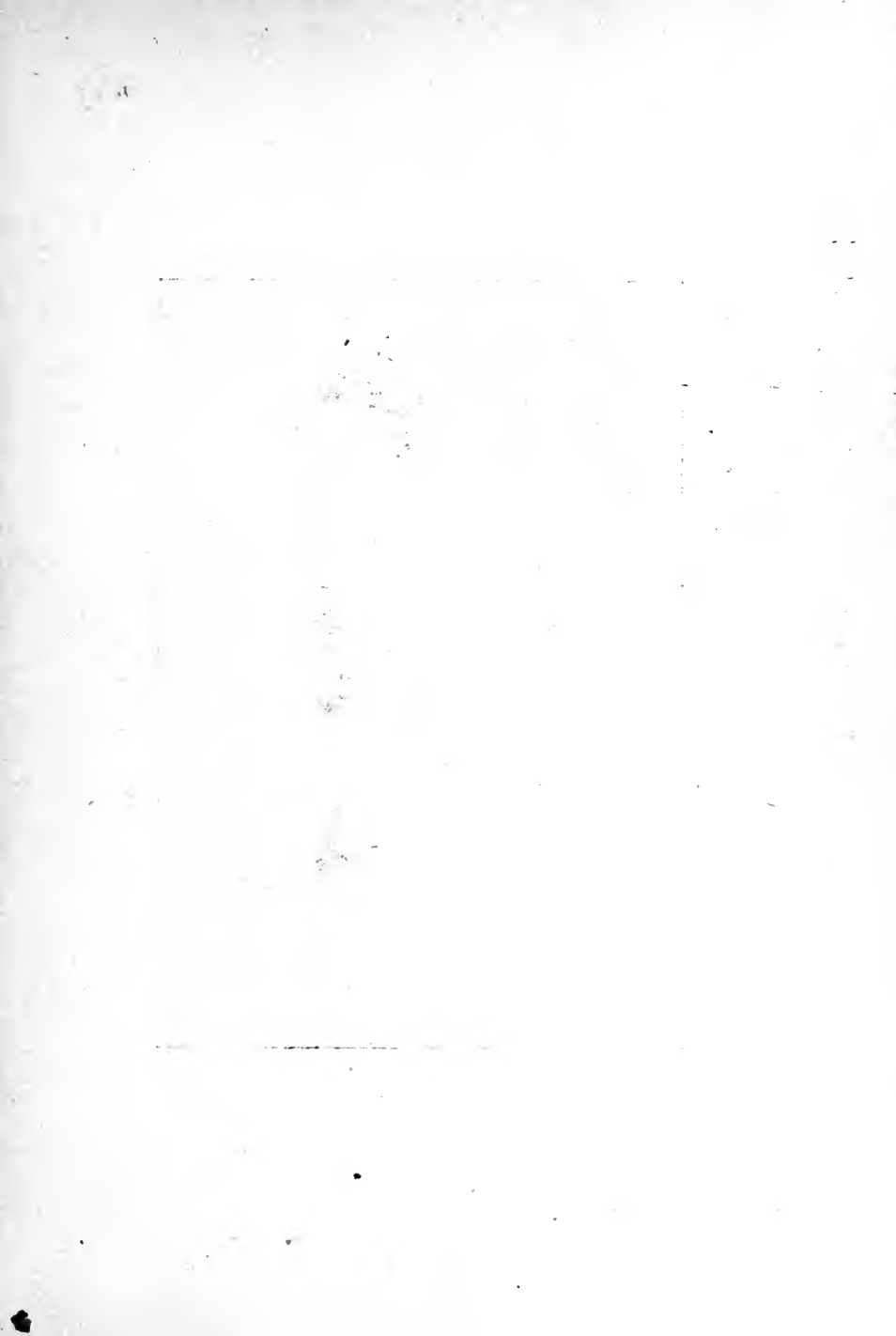
Quebec, Oct. 18th 1907.

To
HIS EXCELLENCY
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ALBERT HENRY GEORGE, EARL GREY,
G.C.M.G.,
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.
THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION, RESPECT-
FULLY DEDICATED.



HIS EXCELLENCY, EARL GREY,
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA,

Grey.





QUEBEC CITY AND HARBOUR, FROM LEVIS.

In Old Quebec;

And Other Sketches.

I

IN OLD QUEBEC.

Speaking of England, the accomplished author of that admirable book for boys, *Tom Brown's School Days*, says, "I only know two neighborhoods thoroughly; and in each, within reach of five miles, there's enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life." The latter of these two propositions is emphatically true of Quebec; and this for either of two reasons; namely, its historical associations and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery. Hence in a sketch like this it will be impossible to do more than glance at a few of the more prominent of those features which strike the visitor with admiration and inspire him with emotions of pleasure.

A little further on in the work just mentioned, the writer exclaims, "O young England! young England! you were born into these rac-

ing railroad times, when there's a great exhibition or some monster sight year by year, and you can get over a couple of thousand miles for three pound ten ; why don't you know more of your birth place?" Now the youth of Canada can hardly be thus apostrophised ; for, first, comparatively few of them are born to affluence, and so they cannot go trotting over the globe, bent on sight-seeing ; and, secondly, their country is of such vast extent, and Nature has done so much for it, and the history of some parts of it is so bound up with that of France and of England, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific there are so many exemplifications of the amazing progress of the civilized world during the last couple of centuries, that every Canadian can easily find at home " enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life."

Perhaps in the whole Dominion of Canada there is no place so full of interest as the City and Province of Quebec, for here is preserved almost the last example of civic and military architecture of the earliest settlers on the St. Lawrence. Hence it is that no traveller who comes to see our country ever thinks of going away without spending at least a few days in

the "ancient capital," as well as other parts of the oldest of Canadian provinces. Should he come from the west, probably the first thing that strikes him after he has entered the lower province is what may be called its topographical nomenclature, so different from that to which he has been accustomed; for though he may have been familiar with many of those names when he was a schoolboy, he has never heard them used in ordinary everyday conversation. He knows very well, it may be, such names as Cat Lake and Jack Lake, but in the Province of Quebec, he can sail over Lake St. John and Lake St. Joseph; Cut Knife Creek and Smoky River may sound in his ears like the names of old friends, but in the east he hears people speaking of the rivers St. Maurice and St. Charles; Sulphur Island and Goat Island he may have visited, but the French Canadian tells him of the Magdalen Islands and the Island of Jesus; he finds a strange contrast between such appellatives as Yellow Head, Kicking Horse, and Rat Portage on the one hand, and St. Vincent, St. Louis, and St. Croix on the other. Moreover, besides names connected with the Christian Religion,

he finds others which perpetuate on this side the Atlantic the memory of many an illustrious house in old France and many a place famous in her history. Now, if he be a thoughtful man, he will probably muse within himself something after this fashion :—

“ Those old French settlers in Canada certainly seem to have been very religious men and deeply attached to their native country. At any rate, if religion and patriotism were not their two dominant thoughts, they seem to have been most in their minds after they came across the ocean, and found themselves in a strange land and amongst a heathen and savage people. How else can we account for their giving to mountains and valleys, lakes and streams, villages and towns, names woven into the very history of Christianity or identical with those of famous places and noble families of old France? We, of another race and of a later age, give no such names to places now, and are too often guided in our choice by the irreligious, or materialistic, or plutocratic spirit of the times in which we live. We must surely be growing much more secular in our notions than were our predecessors of the seventeenth



Photo by Montminy.

SIR LOUIS A. JETTÉ, K. C. M. G.
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.



and eighteenth centuries. Nor indeed is this much to be wondered at, seeing the unprecedented progress we have been making in almost every direction, but especially in those branches of science which in their application to practical purposes, have promoted the world's material advancement to an extent never so much as dreamed of a century ago. But we should be careful, for, after all, there are higher pursuits and nobler objects than those which are simply utilitarian. We must remember that if we allow the spiritual part of our nature either to be neglected or to die of inanition, or to have life crushed out of it by a merciless materialism, we must sink to a distinctly lower level, and at length become merely a combination of proud intellectualism and selfish animalism, having no higher objects in life than those sought after by that embodiment of ruthless egoism so cleverly depicted by Lytton in that work of his which he so appropriately calls *A Strange Story*,—a being so concentrated in self that he would sacrifice a human life to save himself from the pain produced by the prick of a needle. Yes, most decidedly we should be very careful. But whatever may

be the tendency of the age, and however great the changes which may take place, so long as the Province retains the names one hears so frequently within its borders, it can never be forgotten that Canada was discovered by men from old France, and that they were devout believers in the Christian Faith, and had a passionate love for their native land."

The initial impression made upon the visitor to the city of Quebec, especially if he comes by way of the St. Lawrence, is the commanding situation of the old capital, for it is set on a hill and cannot be hid; the next, the strength of its fortifications. As he passes from bastion to bastion, and looks down upon the river, so far below, where the British ships lay at anchor in the summer of 1759, he cannot but be amazed at the military genius of the man who succeeded in taking such a seemingly impregnable fortress, and that too in spite of an army as brave as his own and commanded by a general no less gallant than himself. Perchance he gives a sigh to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm; and when he sees the monument, one monument, which commemorates both of these men, he thinks nothing could be

more appropriate than the inscription there engraved :

“*Virtus mortem communem ; famam Historia ; Posteritas monumentem dedit.*”

It might be supposed that owing to the vast improvements effected in the fortifications of the city as military science became more and more developed, Quebec could not be taken to-day. But it should be borne in mind that the development of offensive weapons has kept pace *pari passu* with that of defensive weapons; and that, therefore, the taking of the citadel would now be an achievement no greater than that which was accomplished by Wolfe on the memorable thirteenth day of September, 1759. The truth, however, seems to be that Quebec had to be taken by stratagem rather than by force ; and if ever taken again it must be by similar tactics. It is not likely indeed that such an attempt will ever be made and so far as can be seen Quebec must remain the Gibraltar of the western world. At the same time it is just as well to remember that what may have every appearance of perpetual peace between friendly nations may be rudely and unexpectedly broken ; and, more than that, a

people apparently content to-day may be goaded and exasperated by scheming demagogues and unprincipled politicians to rise in insurrection to-morrow. Eternal vigilance is no less the price of safety than that of liberty ; and every well-governed country should be ready at a moment's warning both to stamp out rebellion and repel an invasion. Meantime the fervent Christian prayer of " Give peace in our time, O Lord," should continue to be the guiding principle of action.

As every one knows, Canada was ceded to England at the Treaty of Paris; and as from that date to this people have been coming here from the British Isles, and as many others—the patriotic United Empire Loyalists—came here from the American colonies after the Revolution, it will be seen at a glance of thought (forgive the figure) that Quebec must perforce be inhabited by a mixed population, a duo in appearance and language, a duo in manners and customs, a duo in laws and religion. Now, so far as the writer's opportunities, during nearly twenty years' residence there, have enabled him to judge, he has no hesitation in saying that they sing together

(a minor note now and then strikes in occasionally) in fair time and tune ; and he believes that they will continue to do so, if certain mischievous busybodies, influenced by ulterior and selfish motives, will only discontinue their dastardly attempts to introduce discord into harmony. Most of the inhabitants of the Province are of French descent, many are of English, and there's a fairly large element of Irish and Scotch extraction, and yet, notwithstanding this variety, Quebec city and Province are quite peaceable, and are in every way as well governed as other cities and provinces where the people are much more homogeneous, and where but one language is used for the purposes of trade, commerce and legislation.

To the present generation Quebec city remains a monument, a somewhat pathetic monument, of the days of the old *regime*. No one endowed with any sensibility to the tragedy of human life, who realizes that suffering must attend every step upward to a higher level than before, who knows that sacrifice is the essential condition of progress, but must experience a sense of sadness as he gazes upon

the few remaining memorials of the past life of the old city. Here and there he finds himself in streets, narrow and irregular, that must have been laid out before Scottish Kelt and Anglo-Saxon had proved their prowess on the Plains of Abraham. On this side and that he sees houses of such strange construction, and high roofs, and queer looking windows, and altogether of an appearance so quaint, that he involuntarily exclaims, " Ah ! these indeed must have been built not long after Champlain began to found the city ! " Now and then he comes across the remains of what must once have been an ecclesiastical structure, or a civic building, or a military fortification, all of which were the work of the first settlers on the banks of the St. Lawrence. As he looks down upon the broad expanse of the majestic stream below his thoughts go back to the days of the intrepid Cartier, and he wonders if the adventurous Commodore of St. Malo, as he entered the river August 10th, on St. Laurent's Day, 1535, and sailed to old Hochelaga, ever dreamed of what picturesque villages and stately cities would, in the distant future, adorn the banks of this magnificent

highway into the interior of British America. British America! No, no, the brave explorer can never have imagined that Britain would one day reign supreme over the land he had discovered, and as "he reared the Cross and crown on Hochelaga's heights," he no doubt believed he was planting a New France in the New World, which would in days to come bless the continent with the religion of the land of "the *fleur-de-lis* and Cross," her advanced civilization, her arts and sciences, her energy and industry, her enterprise and valour. Oh, the irony of the Muse of History! Still, however, notwithstanding British rule, Quebec affords striking evidences, touching evidences, that Cartier's countrymen were its first settlers and its original rulers.

Since those old days many a change has taken place, and, as a rule, each change—much as one misses ancient landmarks,—has been an improvement on what had been before. Thus, for example, the modern English architecture, and even the modern French architecture, as seen in numerous private residences, present, both in external appearance and internal arrangements, a remarkable contrast

to the old dwellings that are still to be seen, whilst many of the civic buildings of past days have been replaced by structures which would do credit to a city of ten times the population.

The Court House, for instance, and the City Hall, the Drill Hall, the Chateau, and the Legislative Buildings—the latter fine examples of modern French architecture, would be ornaments to more than one European capital. As to churches, every one knows that Quebec possesses some of the finest on the continent ; and indeed the same thing may be said of any French Canadian town of any importance. Perhaps the most spacious and beautiful of the Catholic churches in the city are the majestic Basilica and the beautiful St. John's, whilst the most imposing and commodious of the Protestant churches are the venerable and stately Anglican Cathedral and the ornate St. Matthew's. Then, also, among the Catholic places of worship, there are the spacious and commanding edifice of St. Patrick's, and the historic Notre Dame des Victoires. In speaking of Quebec's educational buildings mention should be made of the great University of Laval, which is another striking

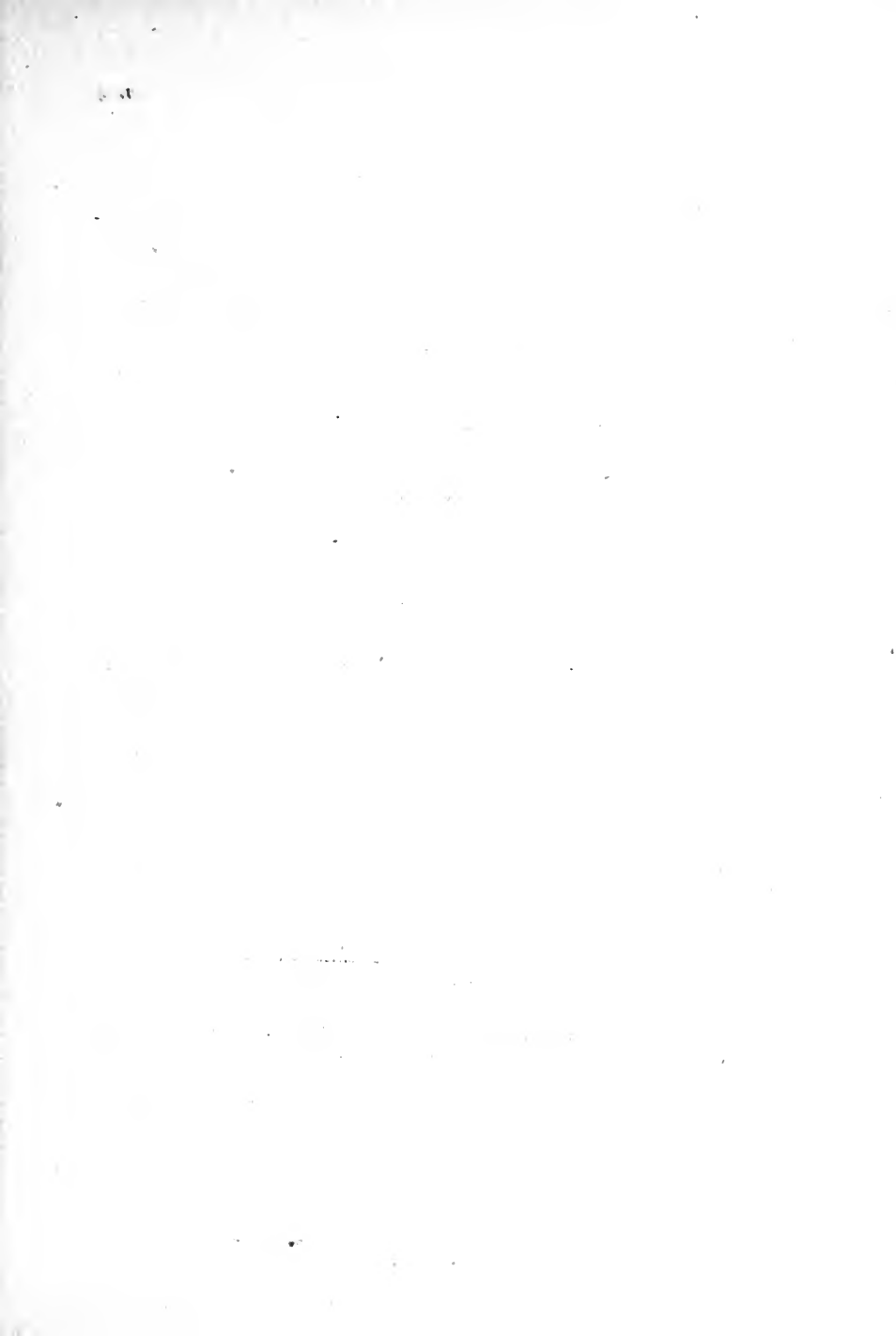




Photo by Montminy.

J. GEORGE GARNEAU,
MAYOR OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC AND CHAIRMAN OF THE BATTLEFIELDS
COMMISSION.

example of modern French architecture, and forms a conspicuous feature in the view of the city from the river ; of the Seminaries, the Normal school, the High schools, the numerous Convents and Academies, and of old Morrin College which is now devoted to the library uses of the Literary and Historical Society.

The "lungs" of the city embrace several attractive parks and promenades, including the shady walks of the Governor's Garden, the picturesque "Ring," the grassy slopes of the Glacis, the trim Esplanade, the broad acres of the Cove Fields, the historic Plains of Abraham, and the attractive Frontenac, Victoria, and City Parks.

No finer promenade can be found in either hemisphere than the Dufferin Terrace, looking seaward from which the view possesses many characteristics, both beautiful and sublime, which are perhaps unrivalled as they are certainly unsurpassed, by any other landscape on the continent. The works of nature here are truly on the grandest scale and possess unspeakable charms. What incentives there are for the artist's pencil ! What splendid natural

defences, and what battlegrounds ! quickly thinks the military man.

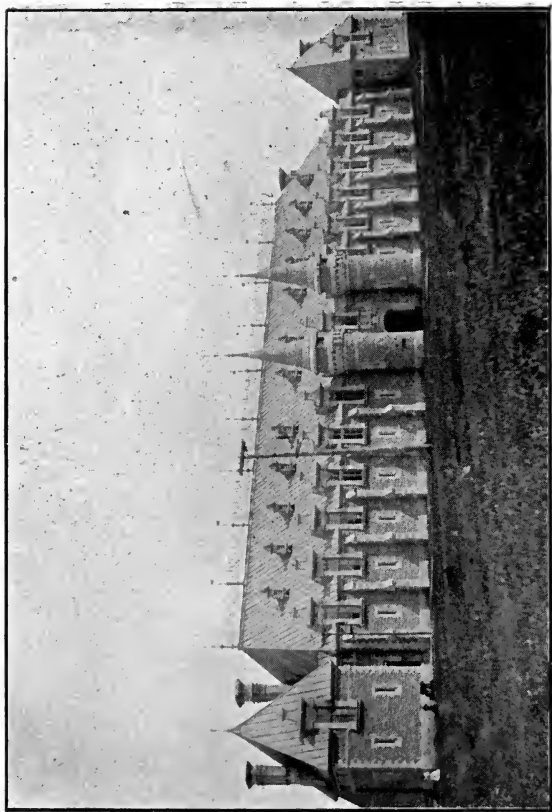
The modern city gates are unique and graceful, and the various monuments, both ecclesiastic and military, possess distinctive beauty and character.

Viewed from anywhere the prospect of Quebec is an inspiring one, but most so from the river St. Lawrence. The founder of Quebec chose well, in fact could not indeed, have chosen better, when he laid the first foundation of the city. As a city it is unique on the American Continent, as a harbour it is almost perfect. With the lofty citadel, and the adjoining highlands on both sides of the river, the harbour is well sheltered from every wind and sea, the east the worst "of a' the airts," excepted, but east winds, like most other ills of this best of all worlds, are exceptions, and for most days of the year few harbors afford a safer or more commodious anchorage than Quebec.

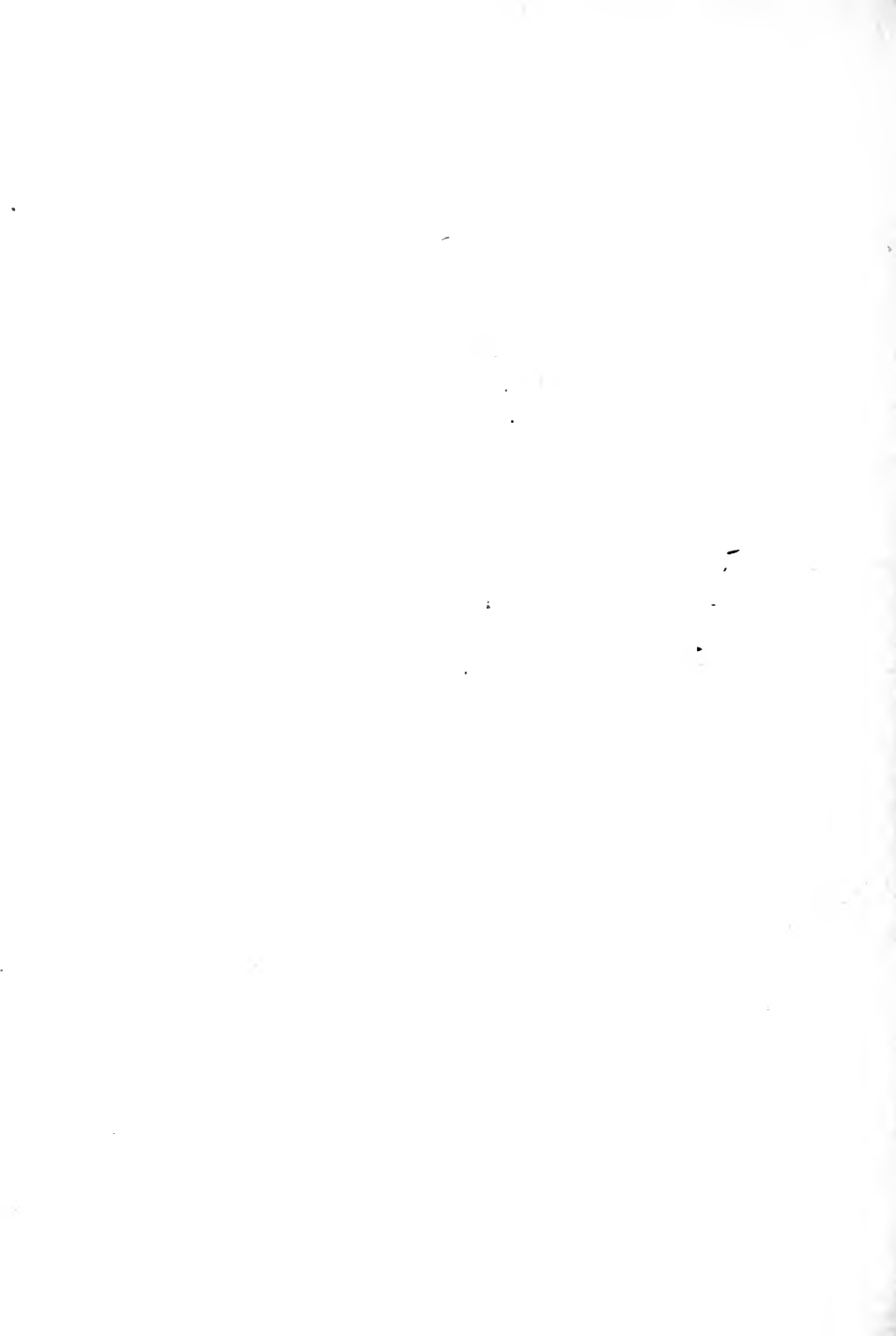
If this paper were written especially for those to whom Quebec is not unknown it would be unnecessary to do more than describe a few localities which, though rich in associa-

tions with the past, are not included amongst what are called the "sights of the city," to which cabby or some other guide is sure to conduct every stranger who engages his services. The Quebec cabby is in many ways a very good specimen of his race, being respectful, polite, and attentive; but in one respect he bears a family resemblance to his brothers in every large city; he will take his fare to all those noted places which he knows are likely to be of interest to visitors in general, but in doing so he will pass in silence by many a quiet spot which, for one reason or another, is well worthy of notice. He, so to speak, directs your attention to the stars, heedless that whilst gazing at the heavens you are crushing primroses and violets beneath your feet. Thus he will drive you to Montmorenci, but will never think of showing you what are called the Natural Steps, those terraces formed during the course of ages by the resistless stream as it cut its way through the rocks, as if determined in its mad career to hurl itself over the awful precipice in order to be united with the St. Lawrence so that both together might find a home in the ocean. And yet, for the ordinary

visitor the place possesses a singular charm, and is of absorbing interest to the amateur geologist. Again, he will drive you along St. Louis Street ; but, unless you happen to enquire about it, he will perhaps never dream of pointing out to you the site of the house where Montgomery was carried after he had fallen when attempting to take the city, or the place where stood that other house, of greater interest still, which witnessed the death of the brave Montcalm. Cabby is almost certain to show you the fine post-office building, but probably will forget to direct your attention to the *Chien d'Or* which adorns its eastern façade and will perhaps be unable to explain to you why it is virtually a memorial to him who may be called the Hampden of Quebec. Should he take you to be a Protestant—and he generally makes a pretty shrewd guess in such a matter, almost as shrewd a guess as if he hailed from green Erin—he is sure to point out to you St. Matthew's church ; but, poor fellow, how could he be expected to know that in the church-yard, perhaps within a few feet of where you are standing, there is a memorial of the brother of the author of *Waverly*. Quite



DRILL HALL, QUÉBEC.



likely he will drive you along Champlain street to show you the change made in the appearance of the precipice by the fatal landslide of 1889, but if you are at all interested in the abortive attack made on the city by the Americans in 1775 make him take you down under the cliff so that you may see the only memorial Quebec possesses of the death of that ill-starred Irish soldier and American Revolutionist, General Montgomery.

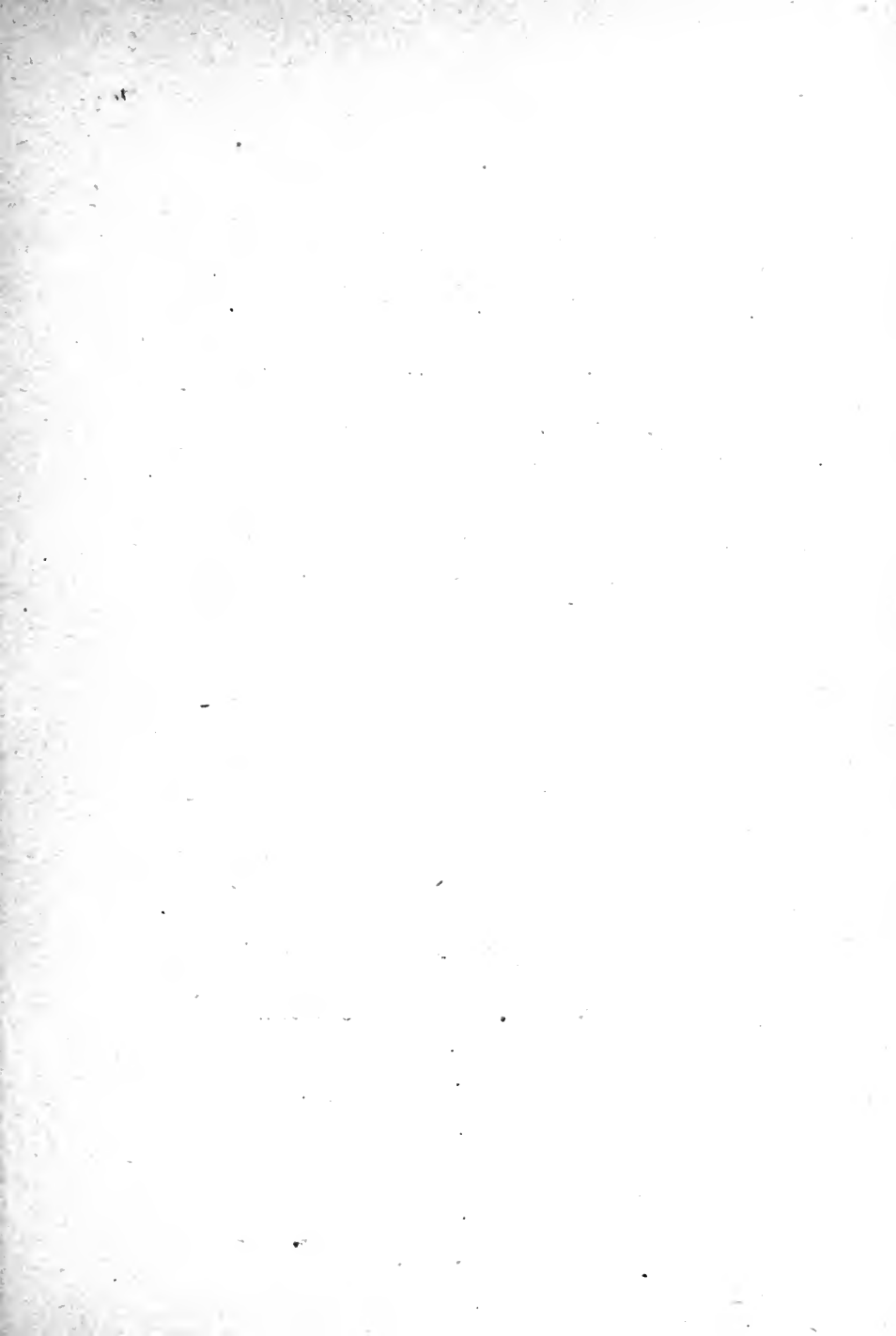
However, as this article on Quebec is not meant particularly for the benefit of those to whom the Ancient Capital is more or less known, but for the sake of others, it is desirable to attempt such an account of the city and its neighborhood as may be interesting to people in general, and shew them that though they might spend a summer holiday where the goddess of fashion is more wantonly worshipped by her votaries—and where also their expenses would be much greater—they will hardly find a locality on the continent where such a holiday may be spent with greater advantage to both mind and body. Of course, one may spend his vacation almost anywhere in reckless dissipation; but the man who

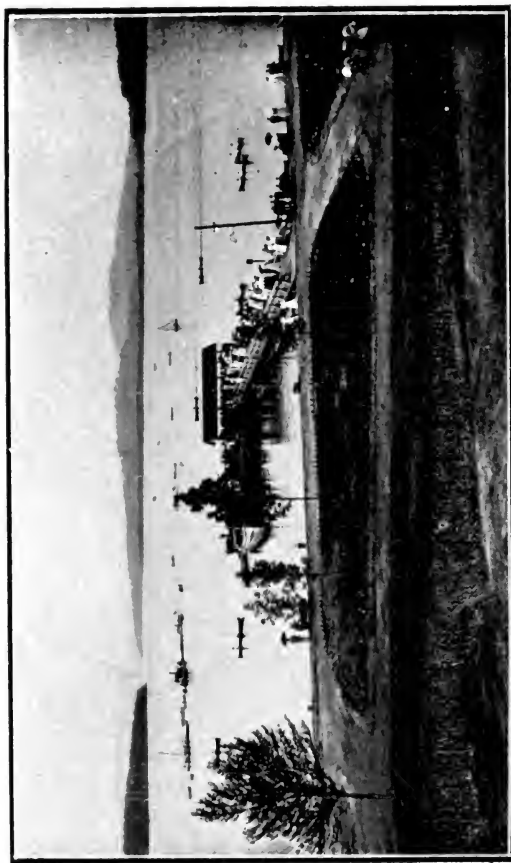
spends it rationally in Quebec and its neighborhood will return to his work with all his powers wonderfully refreshed and recuperated.

To the temporary sojourner within the gates of " Old Quebec's " tributary country there is a great deal in the way of scenery which will more than repay a visit.

The Saguenay country is by long odds the most noted of these natural attractions, and the improvement in travelling facilities is rapidly increasing the number of its visitors. The journey is made by one of two different routes from Quebec,—the improved railway service competing with the splendid river route. An attempt to describe the beauties of this extraordinary country would be only to repeat what has already been said, and then even a first impression of what the Saguenay really is would not be transmitted. It is by a visit alone that the grandeur and sublimity of this natural wonder can be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

It may be said, however, that when one has seen the Saguenay he has virtually seen a Norwegian fjord. Then, en route thither by the St. Lawrence river one finds such pictur-





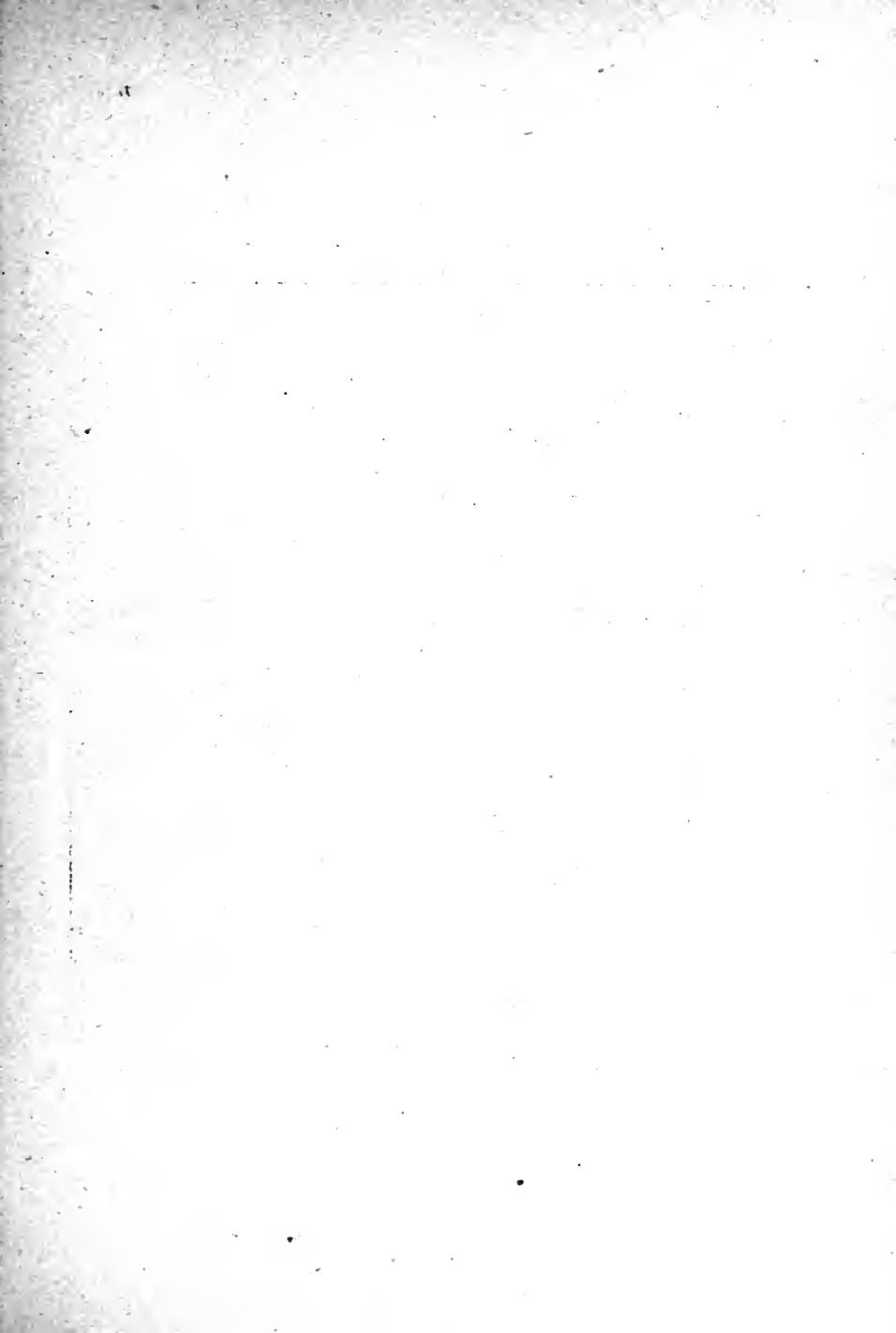
LAKE ST. JOSEPH, NEAR QUEBEC.

esque places as Les Eboulements, Baie St. Paul, Murray Bay, Cap à l'Aigle, Rivière du Loup, Tadoussac, Ha ! Ha ! Bay, Chicoutimi, and Roberval, the last named situated upon the margin of the beautiful Lake St. John with its blue fringe of mountains, and affording a view from every point of the great white veil of the Ouiatchouan Falls in their graceful descent of over three hundred feet. There is also the impressive scenery of the Laurentian hills, through which the railway has penetrated at a great altitude for nearly two hundred miles, on its way through the romantic "Canadian Adirondacs" to the lake just mentioned. The country surrounding this great body of water is known as the Lake St. John Territory, and comprises over thirty thousand square miles or nearly twenty million acres, and the resources of this domain are as varied as can be imagined. There is a large area of arable land ; the soil is very suitable for mixed farming, which is being carried on at the present time with more than average success. The land is peculiarly adapted to grazing. The country has been aptly styled

the future granary of eastern Canada, and it is already famous as a dairy country.

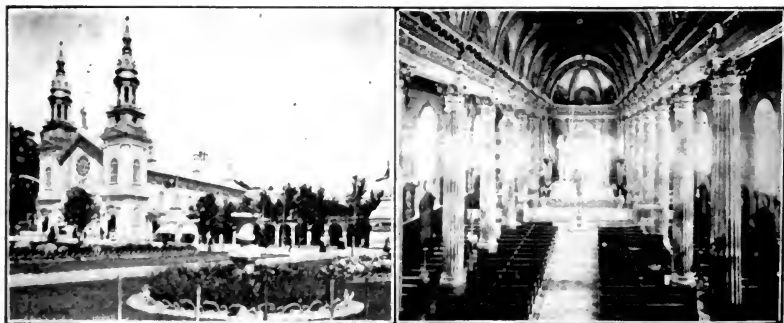
The chief physical feature of the Lake St. John region is the great inland sea from which it takes its name. This is a beautiful body of water, almost circular in form, and about a hundred miles in circumference. The lake's elevation is three hundred feet above the level of the sea : it is fed by a dozen or so of rivers, some of which are of immense size. Innumerable lakes, surrounded for the most part by virgin forests of valuable timber, feed many hundreds of tributaries of these large rivers. Most of the waters furnish a vast variety of most desirable food and game fishes, and fishermen from all over the world have visited them from time to time.

Of the many valuable gifts that nature has bestowed upon the Province of Quebec are the numerous water-powers which abound in every part of it, and the vast forests of spruce and other woods which fill the valleys and adorn the hills of this picturesque country. Of the twenty millions acres comprising this territory about fifteen millions acres are covered by forests. The principal kinds of timber are





MONTMORENCY FALLS, QUE.



SHRINE OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ, QUE.

spruce, balsam, fir, white birch, cypress and pine. The white, black and red spruce constitute more than seventy-five per cent, of the timber. As spruce is now admitted to be the best wood for making pulp for paper, and as better values are being obtained, the pulp industry of Quebec is assuming gigantic proportions. The spruce timber resources of Quebec forests form a topic of national interest. The area of growth of spruce timber in Quebec is in truth a wonderful feature in connection with the native tree growth of this North-eastern country.

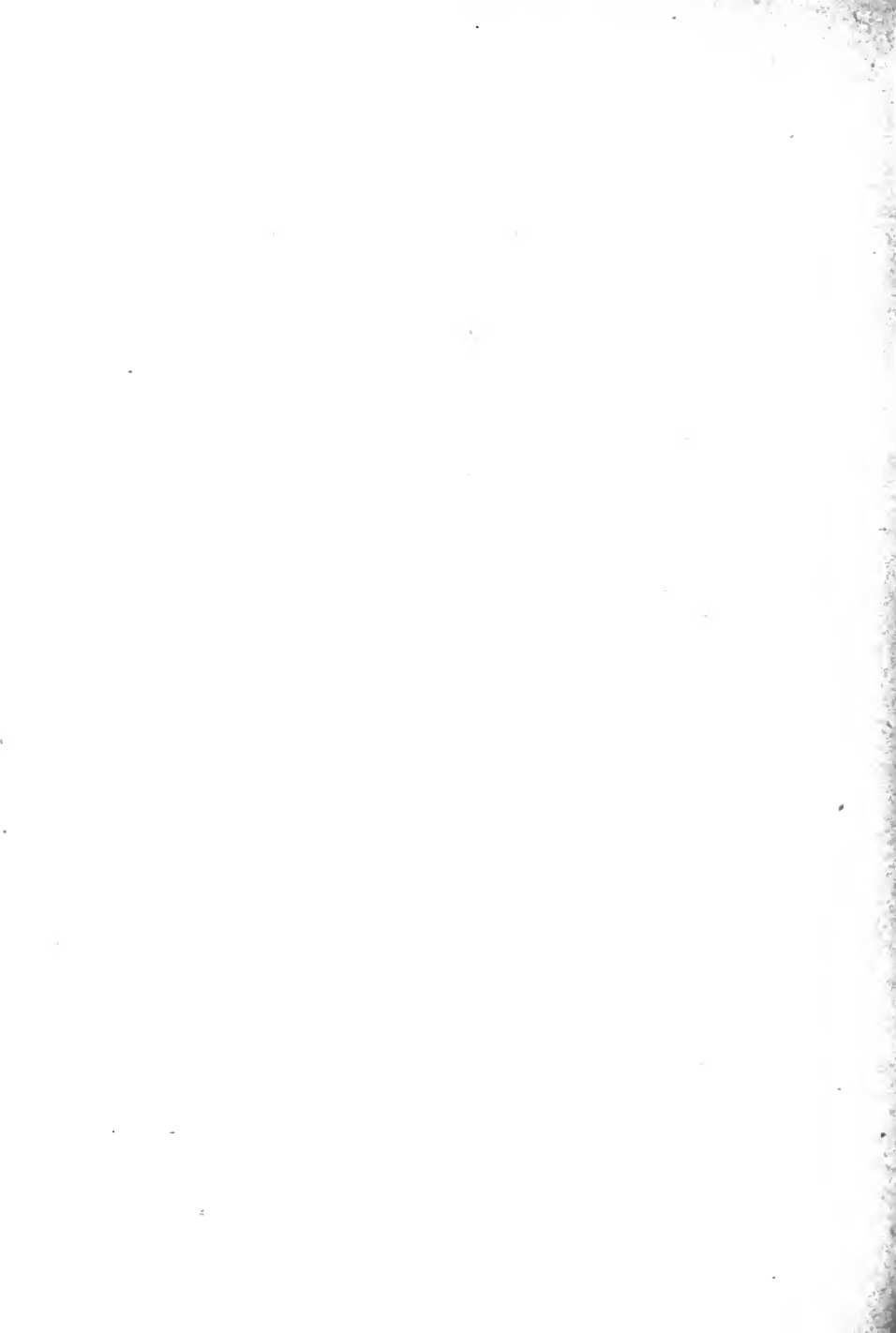
Another important territory is that watered by the Rivers Manicouagan and Aux Outardes. This comprises an area of thirteen millions five hundred thousand acres, eight millions eight hundred thousand of which are drained by the Manicouagan and four millions seven thousand hundred by the Outardes. The bay at the mouth of Manicouagan River is three miles broad. There are many excellent water-powers available on both these rivers. There is a large supply of spruce timber of a good commercial size in various parts of the territory, and an abundance of white birch, white and

black spruce, aspen, poplar, balsam, fir, banksian pine, white pine and black ash. Although shorter and smoother than the Manicouagan, Auz Outardes is, nevertheless, one of the largest rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence. Its width is from seven to fifteen chains, with an average depth of eight feet. The falls are at the end of the tidal wave, about twelve miles from the sea, and the current at the falls exceeds one hundred feet per minute. The soil of the territory is fit for settlement and pulpwood is abundant. Graphite and immense deposits of iron ore have been found, and thick bands of magnetite have also been met with. The climate is not severe, and agriculture has been undertaken to a limited extent.

The "La Tuque" rapids, on the St. Maurice River, create a magnificent water-power; the total minimum natural power of these rapids is equal to seventy-nine thousand one hundred and ninety-sixth horse-power. By damming the river above the rapids, and increasing the head to one hundred feet, it is said that the total power would attain to ninety thousand horse-power. Convenient sites for mills are available. The distance in a straight line from the head



ON THE SAGUENAY RIVER, QUÉBEC, CANADA.



of these rapids to these mill sites is about four thousand feet.

The allied industries of Shawenegan Falls are the most important of all the industries of this character established in the Province. There has been an expenditure in connection with these industries, in real property and improvements, of approximately seven millions of dollars. These industries have developed a town of a population of six thousand people, who enjoy all modern municipal improvements and nearly two thousand people are employed in connection with this wide range of industries.

At Lake St. John the deep and rapid river Saguenay has its source ; and emerging thence through the Grand Discharge it flows between verdant banks, then it madly rushes between precipitous rocks some two thousand feet in perpendicular height—dashing, tumbling, foaming, roaring, raving, until at last it mingles its tumultuous and inky waters with those of the more pellucid St. Lawrence. No wonder that amongst the crowds which have visited Lake St. John and the Saguenay there have been some very exalted personages

indeed ; and it is related that many members of the royal family of Salmou, and the kindred Ouananiche,— which is loveliest and gamest of all the Salmon tribe — have met death beneath these waters at the hands of the Royal House of Hanover. The river does not actually rise in Lake St. John, but passes through it, its source being about three hundred miles further back in Lake Miscouaskame; and from thence to Lake St. John it is known as the Ashuapmouchouan, or, to use the shorter form, Chamouchuan. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the scenery along its course from Ha! Ha! Bay, a distance of some seventy-five miles.

But if a visit to the Saguenay and Lake St. John be out of the question a choice may be made from several other places—quieter indeed, but none the less attractive, and reached more readily. Out of these we select two or three which should not be overlooked—or rather, they should be overlooked, but not left unvisited. For example, there is Lake St. Joseph, nestling amid the Laurentian hills,—a favorite resort with pleasure seekers, and one which has many attractions in he

way of boating, yachting and fishing, and affording every modern facility in the way of hotel accomodation ; and that other of nature's gems, Lake Beauport, quiet but none the less attractive for this reason. There is, also, Indian Lorette, a little village having a beautiful cascade nearby, the source of which is the sinuous river St. Charles. The village is inhabited by not indeed the "last of the Mohicans," but by almost the last of the Hurons, celebrated along with many an other aboriginal tribe of dusky warriors in the fascinating stories of a deservedly celebrated novelist. Alas, the red man seems to be rapidly passing away ; and although we would not like to see him as he once was—horrible in his paint, treacherously stealing upon his foe, scalping the braves with his deadly knife, and mercilessly slaughtering women and children—we would like to have him remain with us, untainted by the vices of the renegade white man, and enjoying all the blessings of Christian civilization. Well, those of them to be seen at Jeune Lorette spend their time peaceably enough, chiefly engaged at the work in which they excel, namely, manufacturing birch bark,

buckskin, beads, and so on, into a variety of articles, all of them pretty and most of them useful.

Of course, no one would think of spending so short a time as a couple of day's at Quebec without visiting the world-renowned Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, a shrine which has such a reputation as being the scene of wonderful works of healing that it has drawn, and continues to draw, millions of devout pilgrims and others from all parts of the continent. Is there any truth in the accounts given of these miracles? Well, when one sees the collections of crutches left here by cripples who, when they came to the shrine, were unable to walk without their aid, and when one listens to the statements of those whose testimony seems to be of the most unimpeachable character, what can one say? To be sure, the sceptic will turn away with scorn, and say that such works are absolutely impossible, that they are contrary to the laws of nature, and that no miracle has ever been performed at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré or any where else. But may there not be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of"—even "in the philosophy"





SCENE ON THE ST. FRANCIS RIVER, NEAR SHERBROOKE, QUE.
ON THE LINE OF THE QUEBEC CENTRAL RAILWAY.

of a sceptic? At any rate, it is hardly in keeping with the meek though inquiring spirit of the true philosopher to sneeringly say that vows and prayers offered to the Saints and to Him whom the Saints adore, for some miraculous work of healing to be performed, are nothing but the outcome of ignorance and superstition. The wonders said to have taken place in our days at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré and other places may not seem to be in accordance with any department of that domain which some men, in their shortsightedness regard as the whole realm of Science; but may there not be another realm, a spiritual realm, governed by other laws than those which are known to mortals? and if so, may not what men call miracles be just as much in accordance with these laws as the fall of the apple which is said to have led Newton to his great discovery was in accordance with what is known as the law of attraction of gravitation? But be that as it may, even the most unbelieving cannot but acknowledge that the faith which leads people suffering from various diseases, to come long distances to the Shrine of Ste. Anne, and there make holy vows and

offer unceasing prayers in concert with others, may have the effect of enabling them to cast off those diseases which afflicted them, and which had set at naught the best efforts of the most skilful physicians.

But this is not the place to discuss the subject of miracles ; and so we say good bye to the sacred relics and the holy shrine, to the venerable *Scala Sancta* and the beautiful church, and as we do so we hope and pray that thousands of miracles may yet be wrought for the relief of suffering humanity. God knows there is sorrow enough in the world without our adding to it by trying to undermine the beautiful faith which still believes that the day of miracles has not passed away forever, and that there is one who still says to the suppliant, " Be of good comfort ; thy faith has made thee whole ; go in peace."

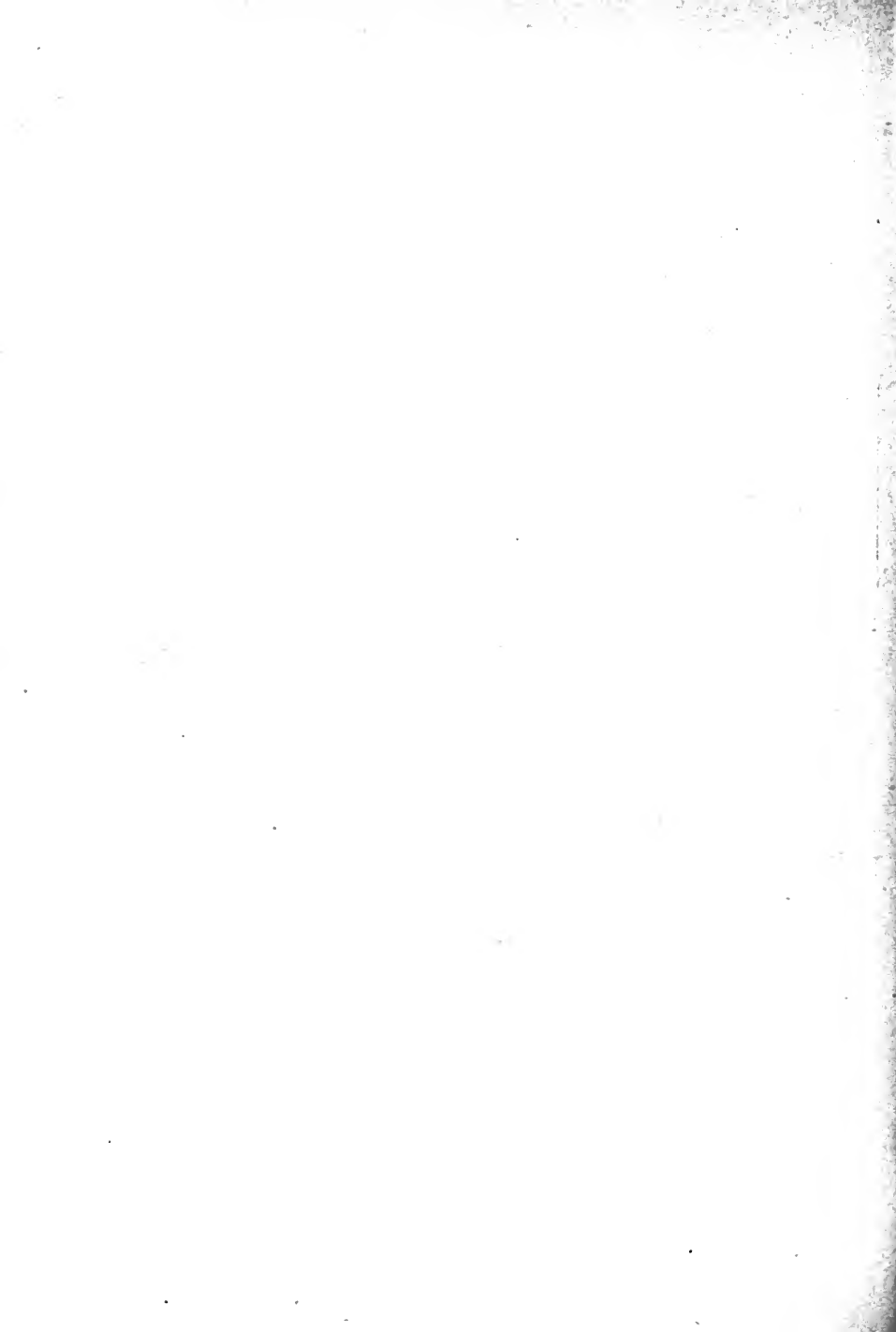
Returning from Ste. Anne de Beaupré there is another place of interest, which should be visited before bidding farewell to glorious old Quebec. This is Montmorency Falls and the grounds in connection with historic Kent House. Smoothly and quickly we glide along a charming railway route by the banks of the



THE CITADEL, HALIFAX, N. S.



ST. JOHN, N. B.



river until we find ourselves almost at the foot of the picturesque and beautiful cataract. Indeed just where we leave the car is a spot from which one of the finest views is to be obtained ; and as we notice the milk-white colour of the waters glistening in the sunlight we are not surprised to learn that the Indians, after their usual manner, called the place " the Cow " — not a poetic name perhaps, but certainly expressive. The Falls of Montmorency are some two hundred and fifty feet in height, or about one hundred feet higher than Niagara, and are characterized by peculiar grace and beauty.

Near by is Kent House which was once the summer residence of King Edward's grandfather, the royal Duke of Kent, one of the wisest and most efficient Commandants that ever had charge of the garrison at Halifax.

Here one can roam through the delightful park, a spot which the art of the landscape gardener, supplementing the charms lavished by Nature's generous hand has converted into a terrestrial paradise. An added charm here is the interesting zoological exhibition which owes its existence to the generosity of one of

the merchant princes of the ancient capital. A short walk brings one to the Natural Steps, and "Fairy Lake," and as we examine the curious geological formation we are once more reminded of the past ; for here the French and the British forces lay encamped opposite each other, separated only by the river, a short time before the successful assault was made on the city. As we return to Montmorency Park we catch glimpses of the broad bosom of the wondrous river that gives "its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave." Too soon, we fancy, does the sun give his last kiss to the falling waters ; but as he sinks to rest behind the western hills,

" Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me nots of the
angels."

And as we reluctantly leave this land of delight we feel that we are saying farewell to a place which we shall always remember as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

One cannot very well speak of the enterprise and natural scenic beauty of the Province of Quebec without including some



ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.



reference to the Eastern Townships, a section of country which stretches south easterly from the St. Lawrence River to the New England frontier. This is regarded as one of the fairest tracts of Old Canada, and embraces ten thousand square miles, " a land of river and plain ; of mountain, and tarn, and lake, and valley ; but first and chiefly a river land. " Principal among the business centres of greatest importance in this part of the province is the city of Sherbrooke. Sweet Sherbrooke ! loveliest city of the Townships ! The effect on the visitor on entering the place is certainly pleasing, and there are many indications of recent great improvement in the civic character of the town. Of the scenery round about there is much to charm and much to see. It is wonderful how all the towns flourish which possess " water priviledges." How extraordinary, for example, is the growth of this city on the Magog River ; of St. Hyacinthe, and of many similarly situated towns in the Province of Quebec. Not long ago the two towns mentioned were small villages overlooking picturesque waters, but now they are flourishing centres of twelve thousand and fifteen

thousand inhabitants, respectively, the current of whose rivers is the source of an industrial life and energy which generally distinguishes the West.



II.

THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS.

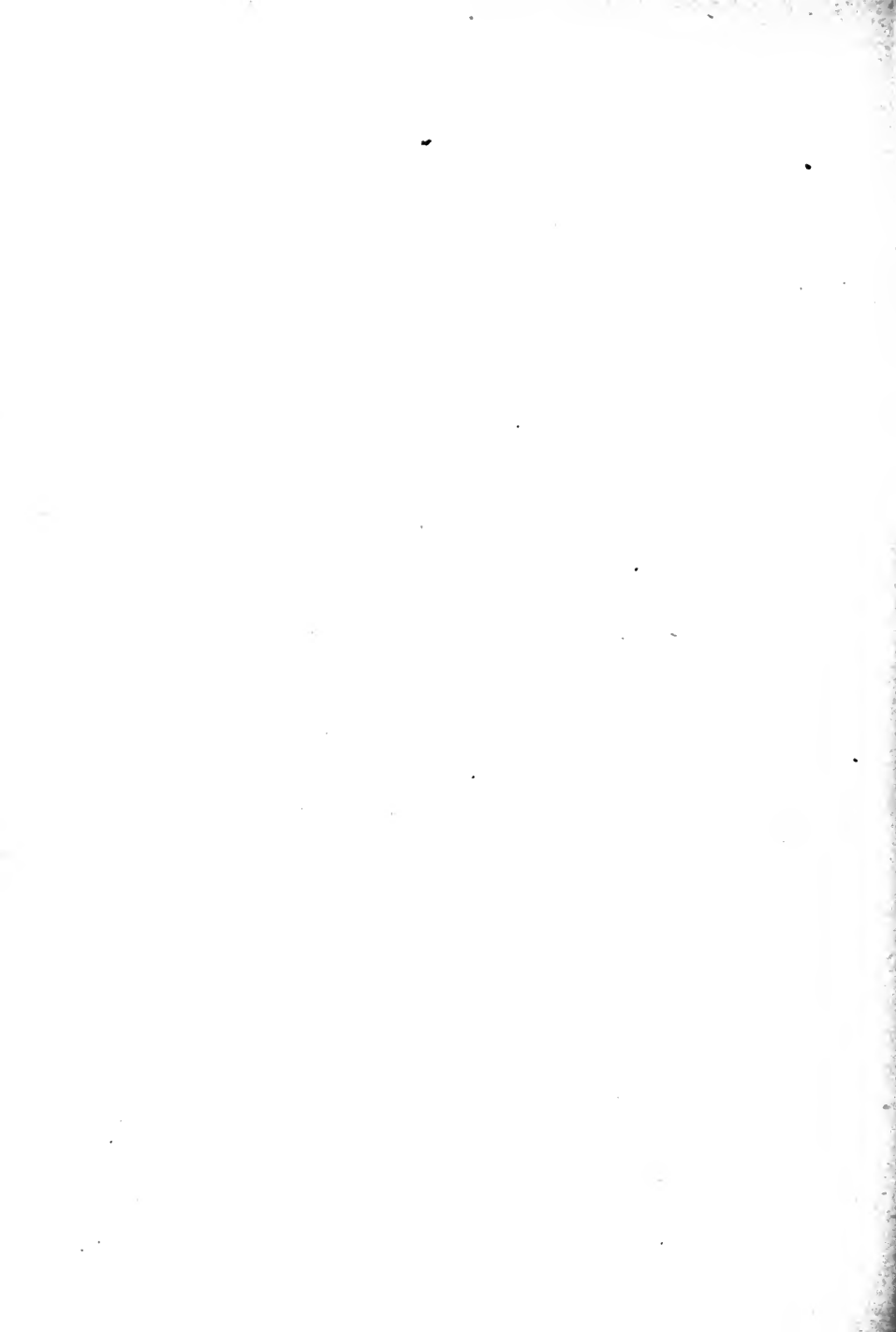
No historiographer of Canada, or even of the Province of Quebec, could avoid devoting a chapter or two of his work to the Isle of Orleans, that delightful retreat "from the busy haunts of men," whilst to the local annalist it affords material of the most absorbing interest. What names and memories are forever associated with the Island of Orleans! As we wander amid its quiet groves, or recline upon its grassy slopes, or listen to the rippling of the waters upon its silvery sands, we think of Cartier and De la Roque, Champlain and Montmorency, Wolfe and Montcalm, aye, and many another also whose names can never be forgotten, and whose enterprise, courage, and fortitude must ever illumine the page of history. But as this sketch is meant to be descriptive rather than historical, we must content ourselves with lightly skimming over the

island's annals, noting in our rapid flight a few incidents which should be attractive to the average reader of Canadian literature.

When Jacques Cartier, on his second voyage to the new world, first sailed up the St. Lawrence, he called the subject of our sketch the Island of Bacchus, either because here he first found the grape-vine in Canada or because it grew here in great abundance. However, just before setting out on his return voyage, he gave it its present more desirable appellation, and he did so in memory of that Duke of Orleans who had died a short time before. Colonists from old France, with the enterprise which has always characterized their race, soon began to arrive in considerable numbers ; and as these adventurous men, in common with all Frenchmen in those days, brought their religion with them wherever they came, churches were quickly erected, and were served by priests of the learned and self-sacrificing Jesuit order, an order to which not only Canada, but the whole continent, is under deep and lasting obligations. Who can estimate a tithe of what they, and members of other orders also, had to suffer as, animated by their Master's spirit,



VIEWS AT "BOUT DE L'ISLE"
ISLAND OF ORLEANS, QUEBEC.



they carried on their evangelistic and educational work among the pagan aborigines? Nor were refined and delicately nurtured women less devoted to the cause of Christianity; for very early in the seventeenth century, at the latest, there must have been a Sisterhood working on the island, seeing that when their convent was burned to the ground in 1650 very many Indians, who had become converts to Christianity, and whom they had helped to civilize, gladly acknowledged their great indebtedness to the Sisters, and gave them every assistance in their power.

It is not surprising, then, that very early in its history Orleans became divided into parishes, each having its own church and its own curé; and, perhaps, the unadorned worship offered in these necessarily humble houses of prayer, beneath whose protection the early settlers dwelt secure, was just as earnest and heartfelt as the most gorgeous services that have ever been held in those glorious fanes which now bedeck so many parts of the Dominion, and which in a very real sense are bulwarks of Canada.

The island, which is nearly twenty-one miles

long, and in some places five and a half miles broad, was granted originally as a Seigniory, —forming part of the Seigniory of Beaupré,— by the Company of New-France to the Sieur Castillon of Paris, on the 15th of January, 1636. One of the conditions of the grant was that the said Sieur was to send out colonists to settle on the island. The lands were soon occupied, and in the year 1663 one of the Jesuit Fathers wrote : —“ The Island of Orleans is remarkable for its size, being upwards of fifteenth leagues in circumference. It abounds in grain, which grows there of every description, and with such facility that the farmer has only to scrape the land, which yields him all that he can desire, and this during fourteen or fifteen consecutive years without repose. This beautiful island continues happily to be peopled from one end to the other.”

In course of time the island came into the possession of Monseigneur de Laval Montmorency, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, and that enthusiastic educationist soon after presented it to the Seminary at Quebec, which indeed he himself had founded ; and the same ecclesiastical dignitary, as the repre-

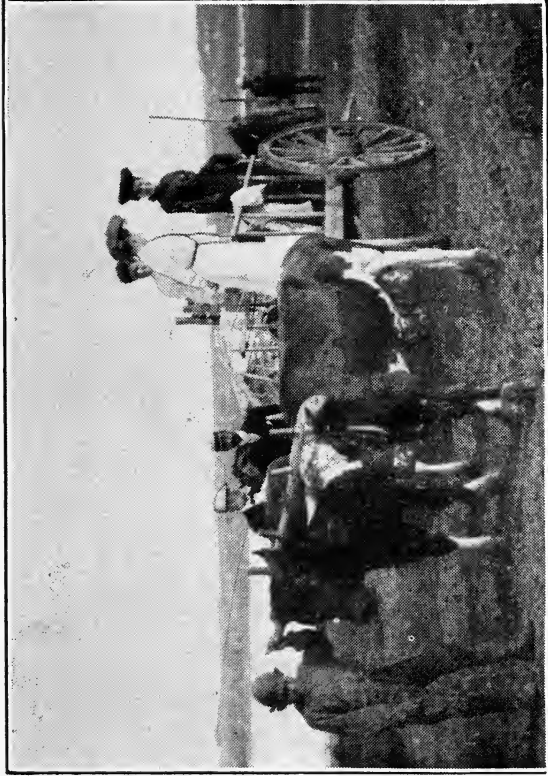
sentative of the Seminary, afterwards exchanged it for the Island of Jesus, near Montreal. In 1675 it was erected into an independent Seigniory, having hitherto belonged as stated, to the Seigniory of Beaupré ; and some thirty years later it passed, by purchase, into the hands of M. de Berthelot, a former owner. After this the island was owned by one person and another up to the beginning of the last century, when it was bought by the then head of the Drapeau family, and it has since been acquired by the present resident population, numbering four thousand and more souls, who are engaged in the various departments of farming life.

The only other historical event we shall refer to is of a deeply interesting character to the whole British people, and must be very affecting to those loyal subjects of King Edward, the French-Canadians ; that is to say, it was in this island that Wolfe prepared for his ever-memorable assault on Quebec. It is questionable if a more seemingly desperate undertaking was ever faced by a military commander, and though he and his men as they sailed up the St. Lawrence were flushed with the recent

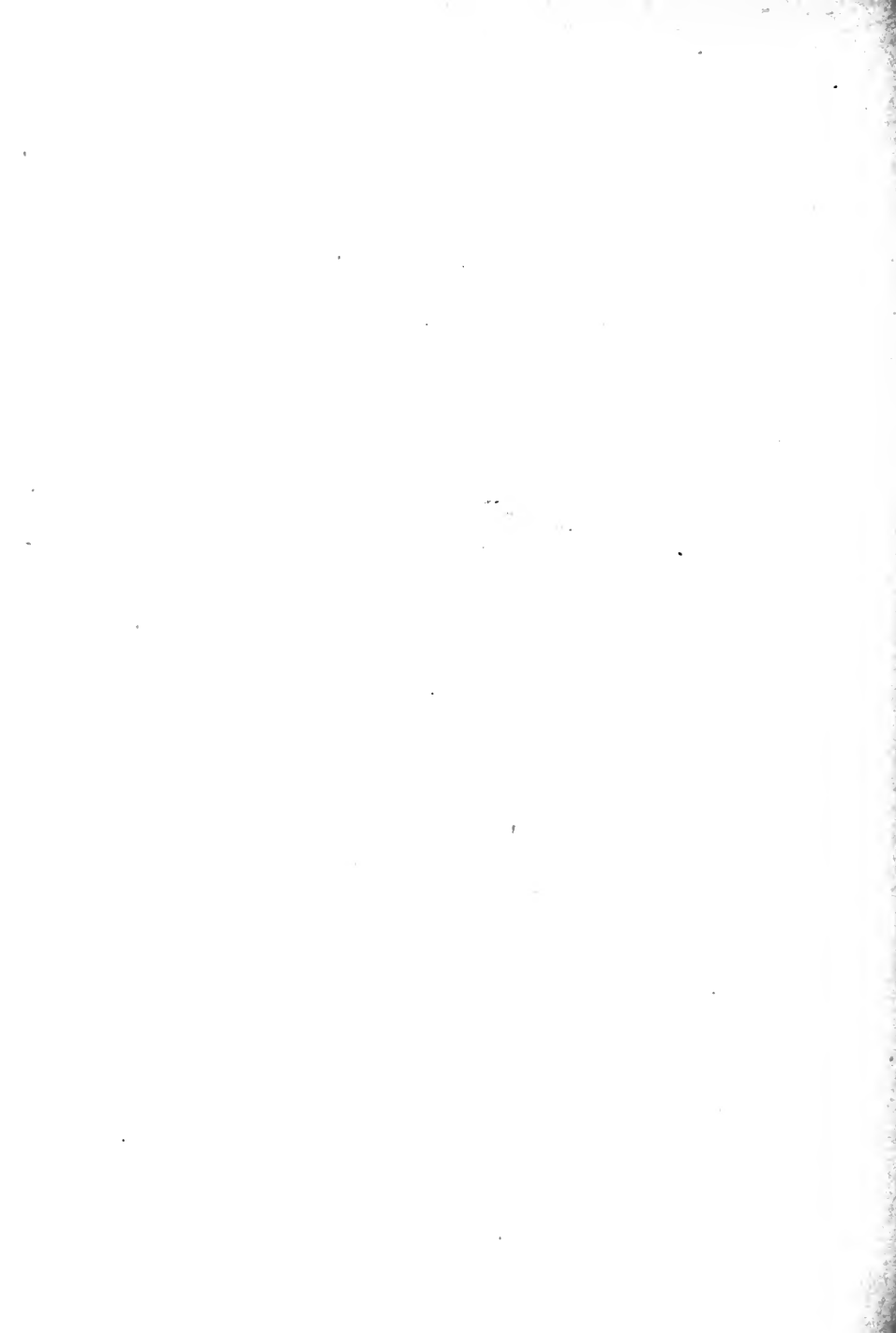
victory at Louisburg, their hearts must have sunk within them as they began to realize the stupendous character of the task they were expected to accomplish.

Between them and this apparently unassailable object of attack are the dangerous rocks and shoals of the northern branch of the mighty river ; some eight miles east of the city the left flank of the enemy is protected by the deep and rapid Montmorency, and before them stands the frowning citadel, the most formidable fortress on the continent. Every available position all the way up the almost perpendicular ascent is fortified with redouts and parapets, bristling with cannon, and manned by thousands of the bravest veterans of Europe and of the hardy and courageous militia men of Canada, all under the command of a valiant and skilful general.

But why say more ? The whole world knows what was the issue ; and we shall conclude this part of our paper with the gratifying reflection that the two races, including many descendants of the brave men who met in deadly conflict on the Plains of Abraham that September day in 1759, are now vying



OX TEAM,
ISLAND OF ORLEANS, QUEBEC.



with each other in promoting the material, moral, and spiritual welfare of the land we all love so well, our own Canada ; and we also express our earnest hope that the *entente cordiale* now happily existing between philosophic France and practical England may continue unimpaired from generation to generation.

From the first arrival of the French the Island of Orleans has been noted for the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its climate, and its diversified scenery. It produces in abundance the cereals and fruits of the temperate zone, and a great variety of wild flowers ; surrounded by the waters of the broad river, the heat in summer is a tonic rather than enervating, nor, it is said, is the cold in winter so intense as it is on the mainland ; whilst maples and oaks, elms and cedars, rowans and poplars, form picturesque groves, dim vistas and delightful avenues.

One of these last, running across the island from north to south, and extending from the Church of St. Pierre to the Church of the St. Laurent, deserves special mention, for it is particularly beautiful. As we walk or slowly

drive between the rows of umbrageous maples we catch glimpses of the azure sky through the natural lattice work of overarching branches, — the summer heat gratefully moderated by the leafy canopy ; we inhale the perfume of the flowers which “ opening their sweet eyes one by one,” spring up at each side, “ where nature has her mossy velvet spread ;” and we are joyously greeted by the feathered songsters as they pour forth floods of melody. Amid such surroundings, under such influences, we begin to fancy that the Bard of the Emerald Isle might here have realized, for at least a third of the year, the vision which must have appeared before the eyes of his soul when he sang :

“ Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where the leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers;
And the bee banquets on through the whole year
of flowers ;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live.
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.”

Some two miles from the southwest of the island, and towards the north, we come to an eminence which rises to about twelve hundred feet above the river ; and from this elevation the eye is delighted with the prospect spread out on every side. On the opposite main land the milk-white waters of the historic Montmorency are seen taking their graceful leap from a height of two hundred and fifty feet in their mad rush to mingle themselves with those of the all-absorbing St-Lawrence ; the reverberations of their descent, mellowed by distance, fall not unmusically upon the ear ; whilst, the spray, like clouds of silver dust, now appear vague and shadowy, now fantastic and bewildering, and anon delights the enraptured beholder by exhibiting every combination of grace and beauty.

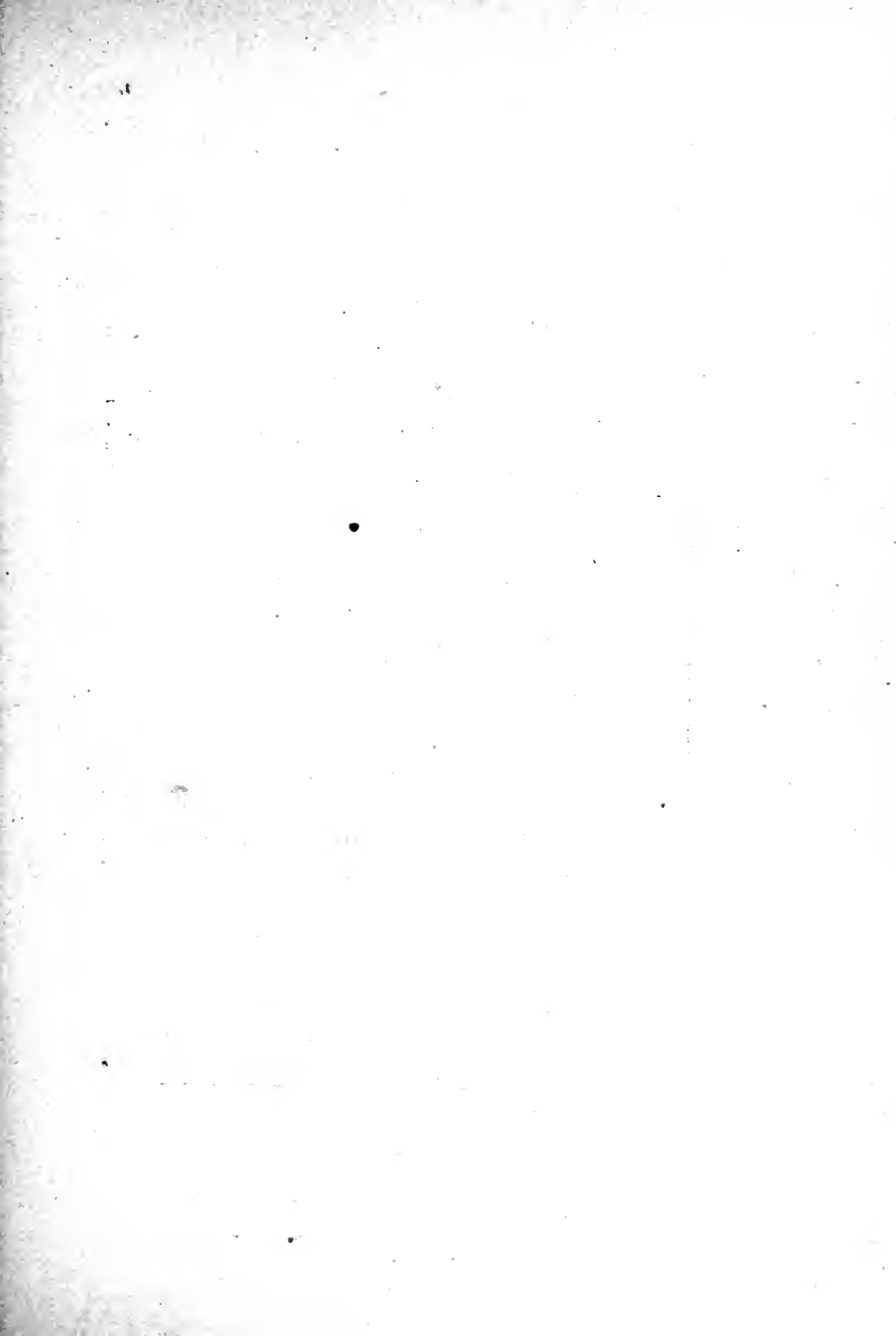
We cannot but recall some lines once addressed to another waterfall, and as we repeat them we please ourselves by believing that the poet's prayer was answered, and that the bow was seen in the mist that circled him at the last :—

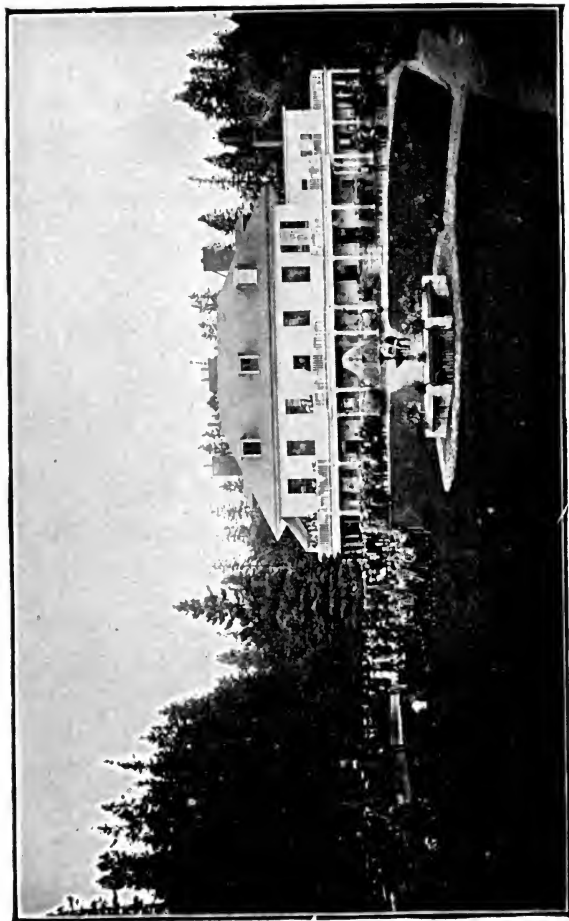
“ Oh ! may my falls be bright as thine.
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine

Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it falls on thee."

See the shore of Beauport shimmering in the sunlight as the laving waters first advance and then recede ; above, as if to protect the place from danger, see the parish church, bearing on high the holy Cross, which, as it dazzlingly reflects the brilliant light that comes down from heaven in a flood of glory, reminds us that what was once a symbol of shame has been, since the dawn of the first Easter, when the Magdalene saw her risen Lord, an emblem of joy and victory.

Not far off see those carefully cultivated lands dotted here and there with the pretty dwellings of the *habitants*, embellished by orchards and gardens, and protected from the rude winds of the north by a background of blue hills. The cattle quench their thirst at the crystal stream, or crop the wholesome herbage as they slowly move through the green pasture ; the lambs are resting at the mothers' sides or disporting themselves in some more distant part of the enclosure ; and, as we hear the lowing of the kine or the tink-





KENT HOUSE, MONTMORENCY FALLS, QUEBEC.
THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF KENT, GRANDFATHER OF HIS MOST GRACIOUS
MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

ling of the sheep-bells, the Angelus calls us to one of the dearest and sweetest devotions, for it is in honor of the Divine Child and His Virgin Mother.

A pleasant walk of between two and three miles brings us to the highest elevation on the island ; and from this altitude, on a midsummer's day, we have an enchanting view of quaint, old-fashioned cottages, fertile fields and fruitful orchards, picturesque hills and dales; whilst the majestic St. Lawrence reveals himself at intervals here and there, and the towering Laurentians are seen in the distance. Further eastward, a splendid expanse of the river, not less than fifteen miles from shore to shore, breaks upon our gaze, with the soft outlines of Caps Ste. Anne and Tourmente towards the one side, and towards the other several islands having many natural beauties ; and these, in some instances, are enhanced by the skill of the horticulturist or the art of the landscape gardener. Animation is given to the scene by the light canoe skimming over the surface of the translucent waters, by the trim yacht as she gracefully yields to the favoring

breeze, by the big-sailed bateau slowly proceeding to her destination, and by the monstrous ocean steamers as they pass on their way to some "land beyond the sea," or seek rest in the quiet haven after perchance a rough and stormy passage.

Along the south shore, as we go towards the west, a fine public road takes one past many a fair and fertile farm, lying on a slightly elevated plateau, each farm having its own private road leading to the highway, and several of them flying the Canadian ensign from graceful flagstuffs. We soon reach the southern extremity of the fine avenue already mentioned as running across the island from north to south ; and not far from here a safe, and almost land-locked, bay reminds us that, at a time now long gone by, some of the adventurous and ubiquitous sons of Erin must in all probability have visited the island, for no one remembers a time when the bay was not known by the name of the patron saint of Ireland. Still pursuing our way in the same direction, we at length reach a point from which the citadel city itself is seen to great advantage, its roofs and spires glittering by day in the

bright sunlight, and resplendent by night in all the varied and brilliant colors which the electrican causes to be assumed— or to seem to be assumed by that mysterious fluid which the daring Franklin, the modern Prometheus, was the first to draw down from the throne of Jove in the clouds of heaven.

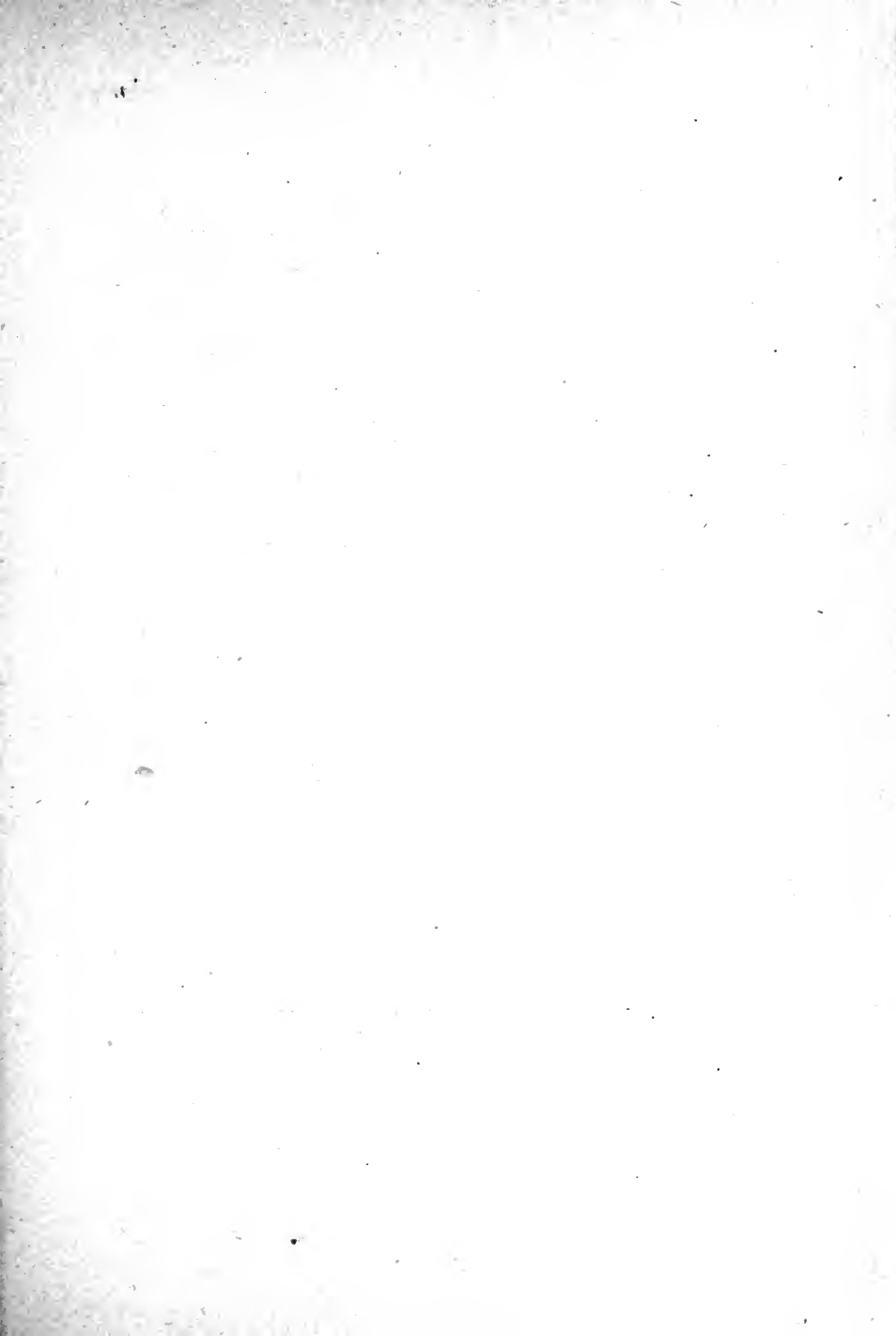
With such a charming resort within half an hour's sail from the city of Quebec it is not to be wondered at that many outsiders have their summer residences here, and that consequently many fine mansions have been erected, and that here are to be found golf links, tennis courts, etc.

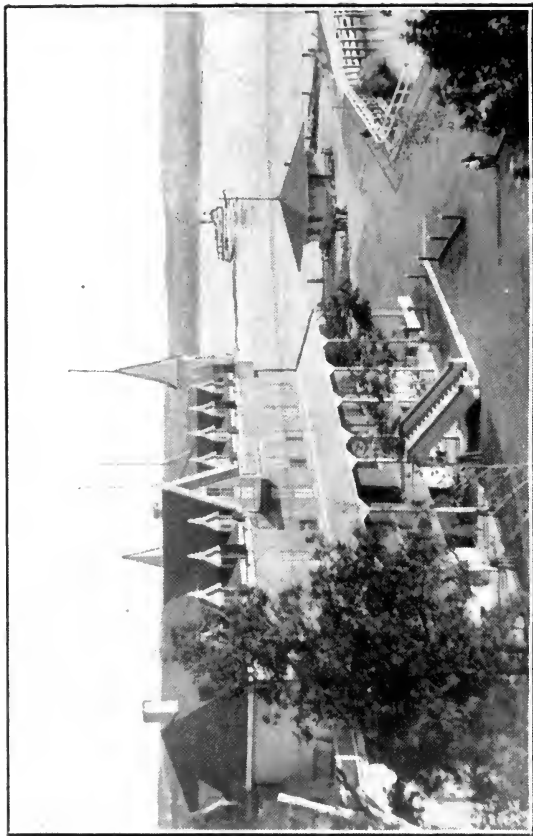
But, as we have to follow our itinerary as closely as may be, the time has come when we must say good-bye to this beautiful place ; and so, in the twilight of an ideal summer day, we go on board one of the handsomely appointed boats just before she sets out for the city. As she gracefully glides upon her watery way, a light mist spreads itself around us, and the moon's pale beams shed a soft radiance upon the river's tranquil bosom. Looking back towards the island, we see the lights of the dwellings shining out, one by one, through

the deepening shadows ; and as we murmur our adieus, somewhat pensively perhaps, an answer comes to us from the now dim and distant shore, for—hark ! can you not hear it ?

“ Through the mist that floats above us
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like the voice of those that love us,
Fondly calling, Fare thee well ! ”







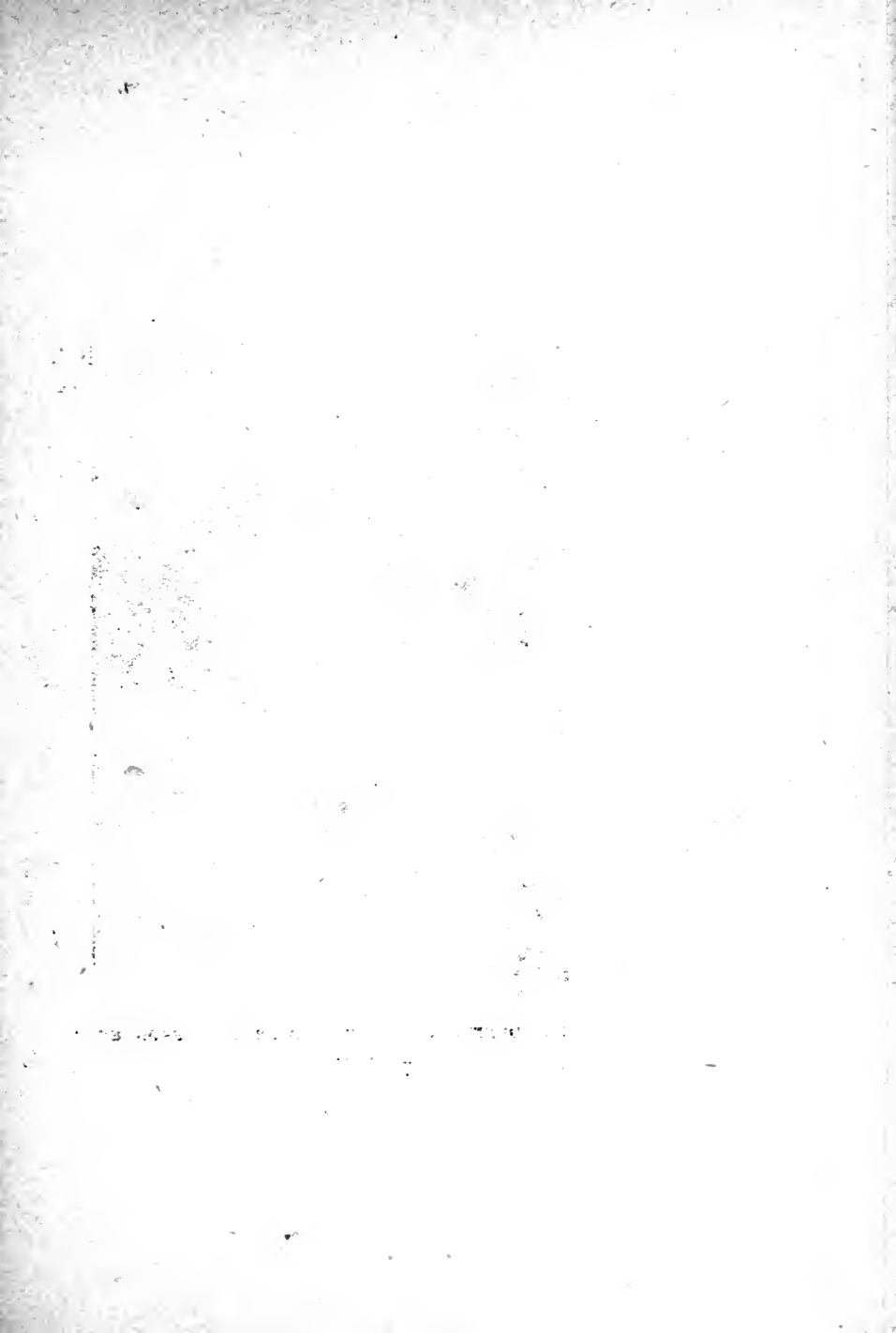
CHATEAU BEL-AIR,
ISLAND OF ORLEANS, QUEBEC.

III.

QUEBEC'S UNIQUE PROMENADE.

Those of us who have reached middle age, and whose home has been in Canada for the last thirty-five years or so, must have a very vivid remembrance of him who was Governor-General of the country during the middle seventies—a nobleman who was the wisest and most sagacious statesman, the most eloquent and popular representative of Royalty, that the motherland has ever sent to this vast Dominion ; and happy indeed was the man who first suggested that the memory of Lord Dufferin should be perpetuated in this portion of the Empire by giving his name to that magnificent terrace which is unique amongst the many attractions of the Ancient Capital. Peculiarly appropriate is it, too, that the impregnable citadel should tower above the terrace, as if affording protection to the splendid promenade which is named after him who did so much for the State to which the citadel belongs. Nor is

it less fitting that Dufferin Terrace should be free for the recreation of all alike, the poor and the plebian as well as the wealthy and aristocratic, for the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava formed his estimate of men not by the length of their purses or the nobility of their pedigree, but by their moral stamina and their mental endowments. Moreover, at one time in his life, before he had ever seen the great inland seas of Canada or her illimitable prairies, her majestic mountains or her romantic valleys, he is said to have known something of the *res angustæ domi*— which, after all, was not without its compensation, for to this seemingly unhappy circumstance we are indebted, it is said, for that most entertaining book entitled “ Letters from High Latitudes.” Let us say also that as we marvel at the eloquence of another of his works, “ Speeches and Addresses,” our wonder ceases when we call to mind the fact that the blood of Richard Brinsley Sheridan coursed through his veins ; and as we admire the poetic strain which characterizes many of these addresses we remember that “ Bingen on the Rhine ” is one of several beautiful poems written by his mother’s





VIEWS OF THE DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CHATEAU FRONTENAC
QUEBEC.

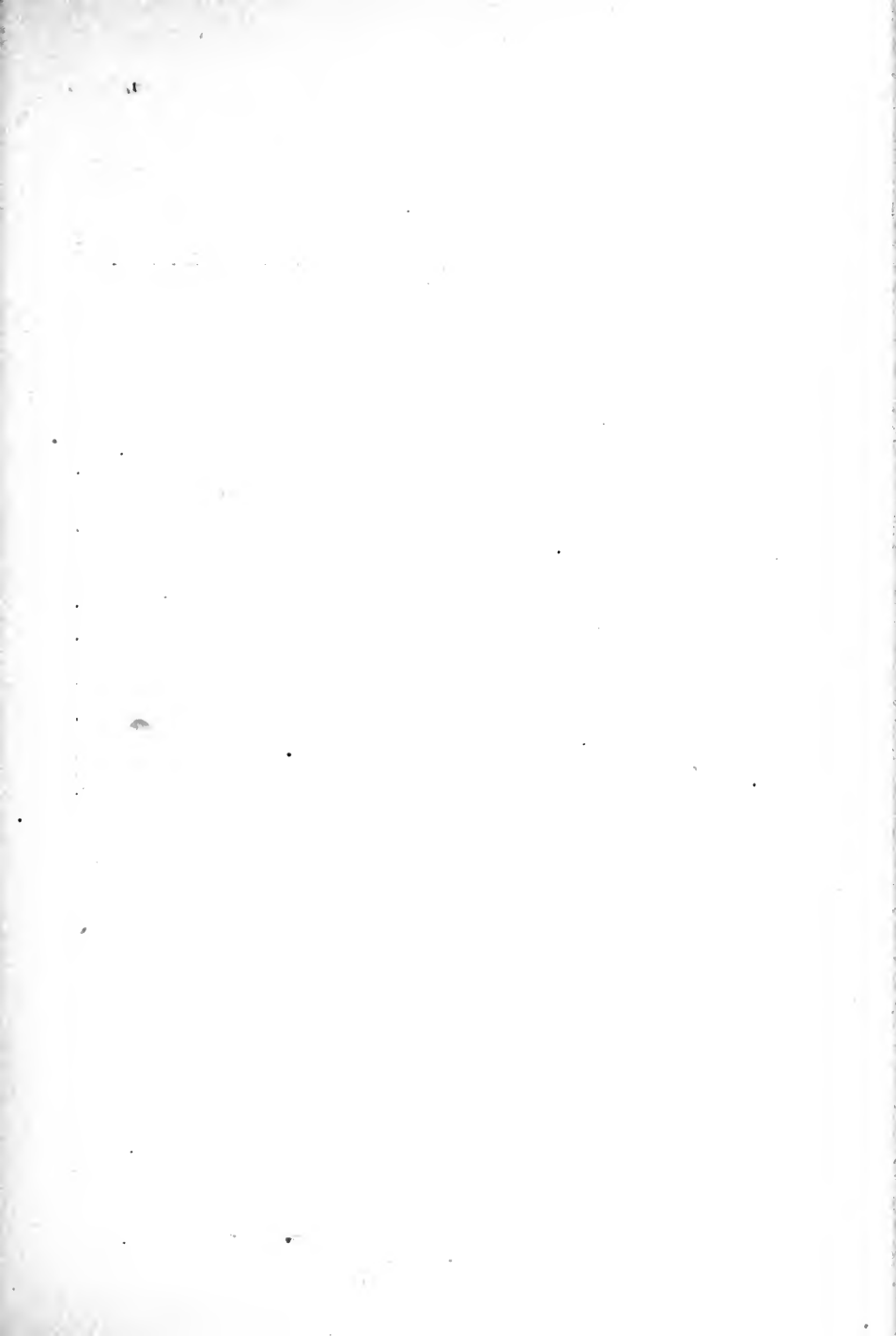
sister, and that the mother herself was the author of many others, including that exquisitely tender and pathetic lyric, "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," which "has made the world realize the whole tragedy of the Irish exodus more than the four millions of people who have left Ireland during half a century."

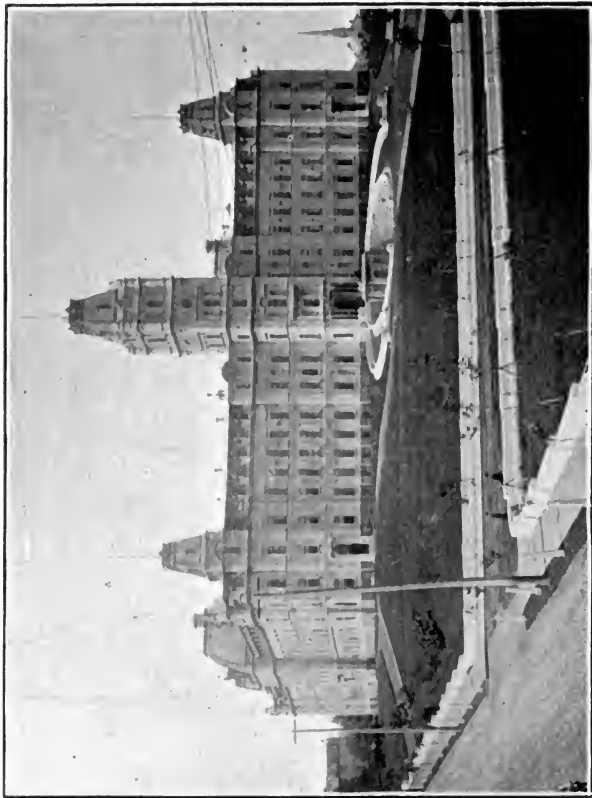
So much for the name of the Terrace. But its name is by no means its most distinguishing feature, for in some respects it surpasses even such famous promenades as Sackville Street, or any walk in Phoenix Park, Dublin; Princes' Street, or the delightful way to Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh; Piccadilly, Regent Street, the Park of St. James, or the Thames Embankment, in London. In one of his addresses, when in Canada, the Earl of Dufferin compared the view from the Terrace of Quebec to that obtained from either Arthur's Seat, or Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, and the comparison was by no means to Quebec's disadvantage. The Terrace was originally built during the Governor-Generalship of Lord Durham, and perpetuated the name for many years of one of the ablest British Governors of

Canada. The Durham Terrace is associated with the most romantic and heroic memories that cluster round Quebec. Where the present monument to the memory of Quebec's founder is erected there was in Champlain's time a rude stockaded fort, within which he and his men were fain to take refuge from the incursions of the fierce Iroquois. Here, also, rose the old Chateau St. Louis which, for two centuries under the *Fleur de lis* or the Union Jack, was the centre of Canadian Government, and the base of defense against Iroquois, British, and American assailants.

The original Terrace was only sixty feet in length, but was extended in 1854 to one hundred and seventy feet, and, again, in 1879, at the suggestion of Lord Dufferin, to the walls of the Citadel, making a total promenade of fourteen hundred feet, with an average width of at least seventy feet. Another promenade has since been constructed on a higher level and extending alongside the Citadel walls as far as the Cove Fields, the connection between the two Terraces having been effected by a series of stairways.

At a height of three hundred feet above the



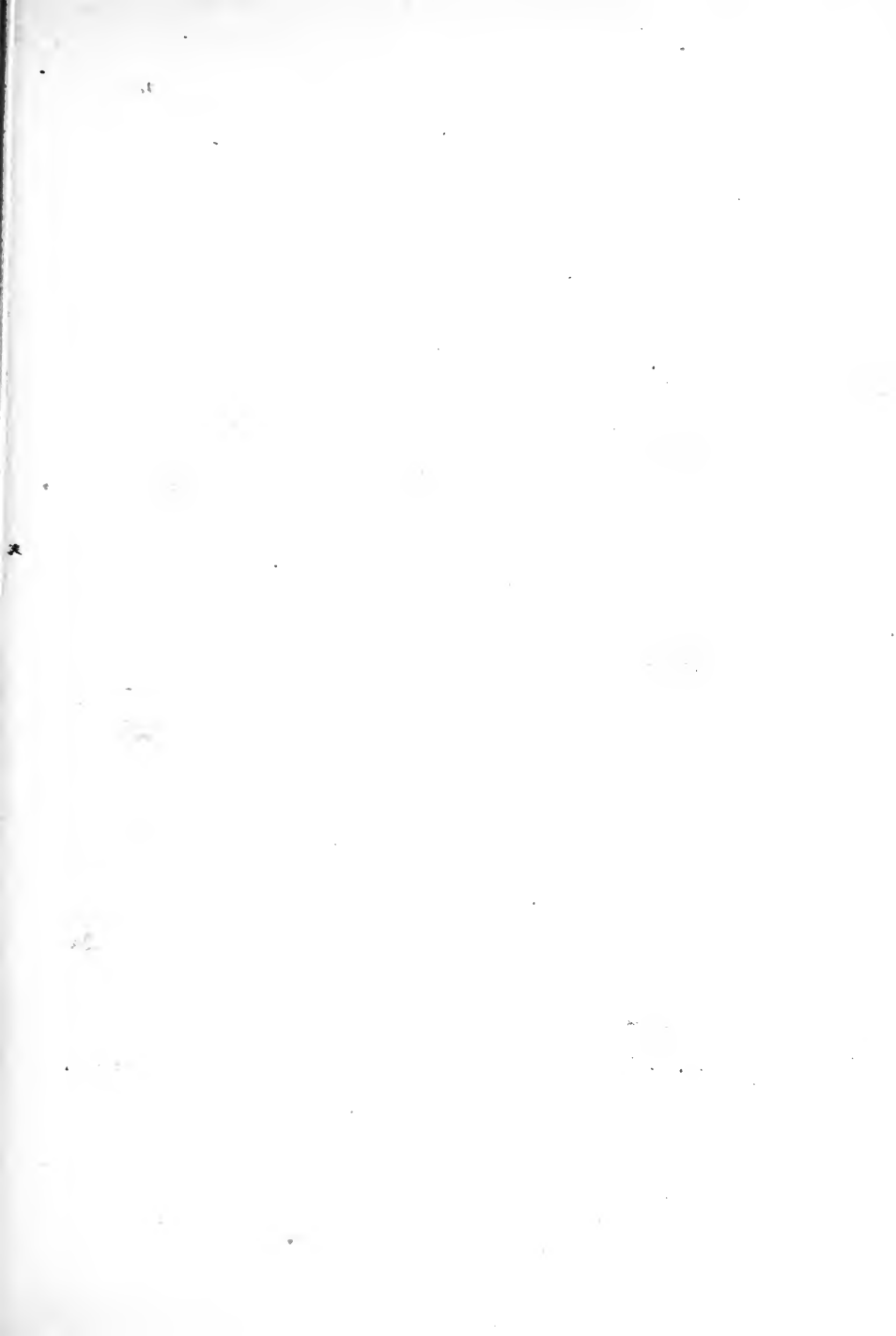


PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC.

waters of the St. Lawrence, the Terrace affords a view which for extent and variety of scene is perhaps unrivalled, as it is certainly unsurpassed, on the Continent of America, a view which must yield very delightful recreation to those who look upon it on a fine summer evening from this commanding situation. In one direction we have a glimpse of a quiet village, and the slender spire of its modest church, glistening in the after glow of the sunset ; in another we see the comfortable home of some Canadian farmer, protected from the heat by the wide-spreading branches of the umbrageous maple or graceful elm, and embellished externally with those simple creeping vines which the French Canadians arrange so effectively ; in the distance the Laurentian mountains raise their purple veiled summits towards the sky, here shining in the brilliant sunlight, there shrouded in shadow ; nearer to us, but on the opposite side of the water, is the old fashioned town of Levis, with its somewhat precipitous streets, and admirable fortifications, and picturesque surroundings ; while not far off is the beautifully green Island of Orleans, calm and undisturbed, as if sleeping in the embrace of

the arms of the parted river. Nearer to us, and seeming nearer still because of our altitude, is the St. Charles Valley of many charms and wondrous fertility, and the sinuous course of its shining river. How impressive the sunset glow tinting hill and dale with aerial light and imparting an ideal touch to the wide spreading scene ! We turn away, wearied possibly with gazing upon so much brilliance and so many attractions of beauty, and look in another direction, and, lo ! we are confronted by the colossal statue of the adventurous Champlain ; so our thoughts turn to the past, and we think of the hero of St. Malo, and of the founder of Quebec, and of many another brave man whose memory the Muse of History will never allow to be forgotten.

But delightful as is the promenade at this hour of the late afternoon or early evening, when the beauty and fashion of the city are there recuperating, in the pure and tonic atmosphere, those powers which have become somewhat exhausted by the exacting demands of Society, it is still more so a few hours later when its brilliant illuminations, and the glowing lights of the Chateau, the electric splendour of





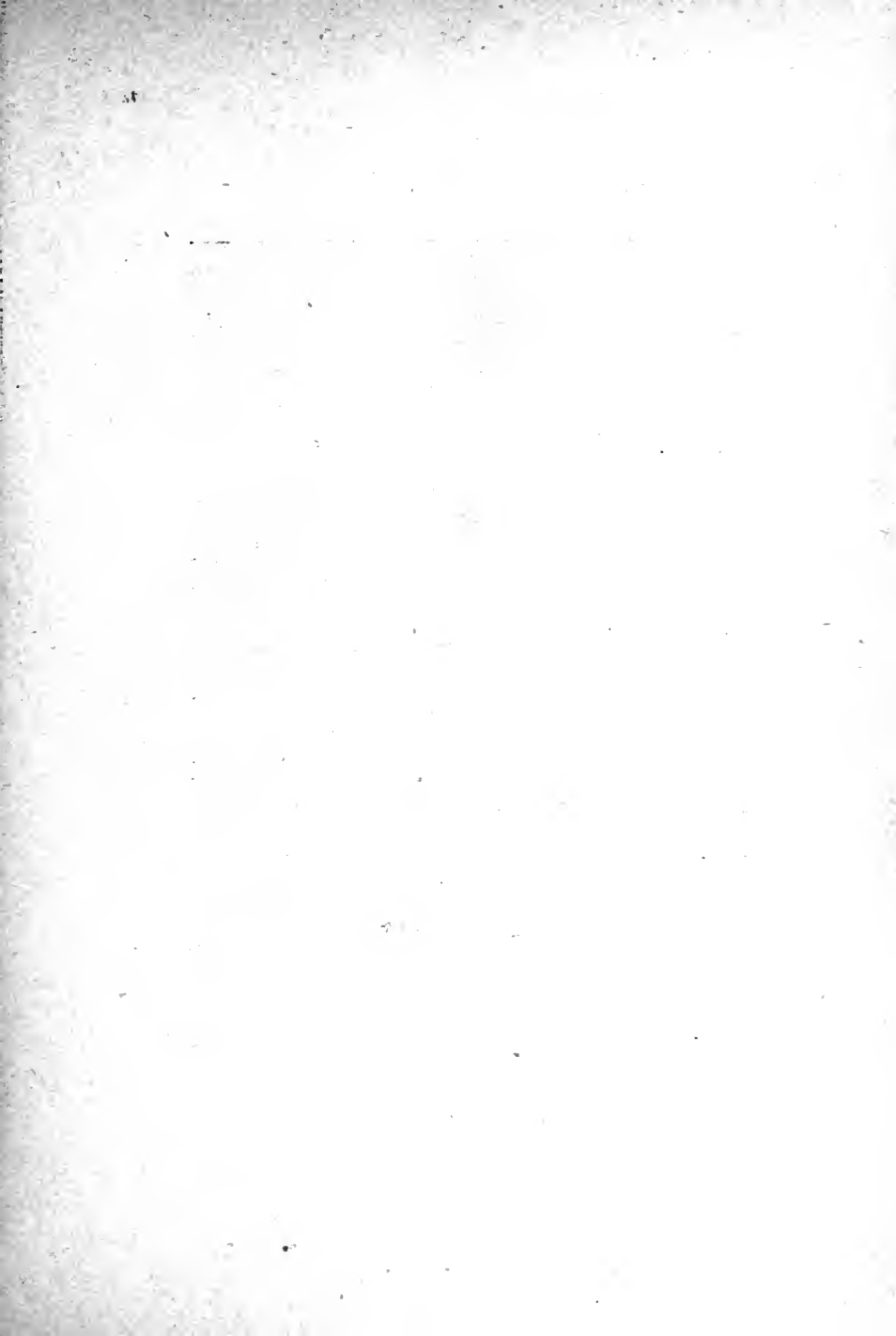
MONTMORENCY PARK, QUEBEC.

MOOSE, RED DEER AND ELK, AT THE ZOO, THE PROPERTY OF MESSRS HOLT, RENFREW & CO.

Montmorency in the distance, and the starry effect of the opposite shore, reflected in one place or another from the broad bosom of the river—and the pleasure craft crossing the belts of light and passing on into the shade, or emerging from the shadows and passing into the light—thus reminding us of the mystery of the beginning of each one's earthly life, or of the souls of the just passing from the gloom of things terrestrial into the celestial brightness of Paradise—all combine to form a scene more brilliant and glorious than the Lamp of Aladdan ever revealed to the enraptured vision of its fortunate possessor. Then, too, we experience another pleasure also, for the ear is suddenly awakened by the tones—sharp and distinct—of a military band stationed in one of those picturesque and brightly illumined kiosks which adorn the Terrace; or else it is ravished by the voluptuous swell of the orchestra from the corridors or the balconies of the Chateau, which mingles with the subdued murmur of the river's current and traffic ere it falls upon the ears of the happy promenaders.

But none of these many charms, nor all of

them, can monopolize our attention, and we are irresistibly impelled to "take the measure," to some extent at least, of our fellow-promenaders. As we look upon the men—every care of business, whether commercial, professional, or having to do with the still more onerous affairs of State, evidently forgotten for the time-being—carrying themselves as free men should ; or as we gaze upon the women, their cheeks mantled by the rosy glow of health, their eyes softly beaming with the kindness of charitable hearts or quickly flashing with the brightness of highly cultivated minds, the lissome figure and the graceful gait showing that the new gospel now preached of joy, of health, and rational recreation is beginning to be seen in every day life in Canada, and that athletics and physical culture are not being neglected. Amongst others we see many fine looking boys enjoying themselves—boys whose faces are manly rather than pretty, whose features show intelligence rather than what is called beauty, and whose whole air indicates that the harmonious development of mind and body is going on—and as we notice these indications, we cannot but think that many of





PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO MONTCALM

THE ALLEGORY REPRESENTS GLORY SUSTAINING THE DYING HERO WITH THE LAUREL OF IMMORTALITY. (FROM A SKETCH OF THE DESIGN.)

these youths, if not all of them, will serve Canada well—some in the counting house and others in the forum, some on the tented field, and others in the legislative halls, and others again in the pulpit and at the altar. But we wonder how many of them will do as much for their country as was done by him who, a most accomplished diplomatist, carried to a successful issue those very delicate commissions with which the mother country entrusted him when sending him as her ambassador to foreign courts, who was no less idolized Governor General of Britain's most wealthy and majestic dependency in the magnificent Orient than when as Governor General of her most extensive and prosperous colony in the Western World, and who will be gratefully remembered throughout the empire as long as Dufferin Terrace graces the mighty precipice which makes Quebec the Gibraltar of America.

IV

CANADA, MY COUNTRY !

PART. I.

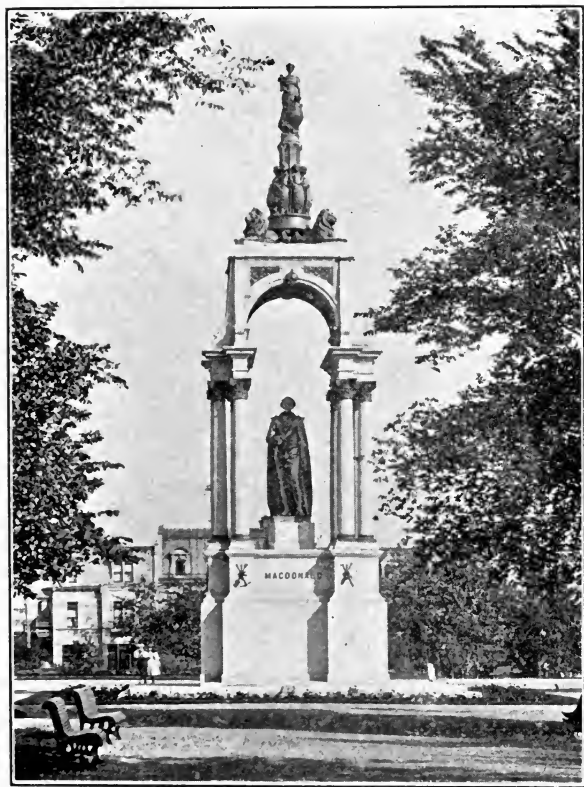
Towards the end of the fifteenth century, ere navigation had reached its present state of advancement, and when the voyage from the west of Europe to the east of Asia was a much more dangerous undertaking than it is at the present, a poor man, a common sailor, taking the sphericity of the earth as the basis of his reasoning, concluded that by constantly sailing in a westerly direction, he should at length reach the most distant shores of the Eastern Continent. In his applications to the rich and powerful to be equipped for such a voyage he met with unexpected reverses, bitter disappointment, and heartless deception ; under all of which he manifested the most exemplary patience and indomitable perseverance.

At last, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain furnished him with three small vessels, old and

almost unseaworthy, with which to prosecute his hazardous enterprise. His sailors accompanied him with the utmost reluctance, for they believed the voyage was doomed to have a disastrous termination ; and when they lost sight of the Azores, the most westerly land at the time visited by Europeans, they wept like children for they supposed they had bidden a final farewell to home and native land, to wives and children. Incessantly did they harass their brave commander with their fears and complaints, and eventually threatened to cast him overboard if he would not consent to relinquish his project and return to Europe. But by means and influence which seem ever to be within the reach of genius, which genius is always able to command, he dispelled their terrors and inspired them with some degree of confidence in his undertaking. One night as from his vessel's deck he was peering sadly and silently into the surrounding darkness, he fancied he saw a light in the distance. Afraid to trust the evidence of his senses, he called to him a couple of his sailors, one after the other. They confirmed his impression, for they, too, saw the light ; and in a moment or two after-

wards, the whole three saw it simultaneously. Despondency fled ; anxiety was ended ; the hollow ships resounded with the joyful cry of Land ! Land ! ; the voyage was successful ; the New World was discovered ; the name of Columbus was immortalized.

Some forty years afterwards Cartier set sail from the shores of *la belle France* upon a voyage of discovery and exploration, and he, too, crossed the Atlantic. On St. Laurent's anniversary he entered one of the magnificent streams of North America ; and it has been known ever since as the river St. Lawrence. Proceeding many miles up the stream he reached a little Indian village which was then called Stadacona. It is now known as the City of Quebec, one of Britain's most impregnable fortresses, the Gibraltar of America, the key which is ready to lock the gates of Canada in the face of the invader from the East, but which opens them to the honest and industrious from every clime, asking no man any question as to his race and religion, but giving a hearty welcome to all who come to reclaim the land from the wilderness of nature, to bring it into cultivation, and to fit it for the



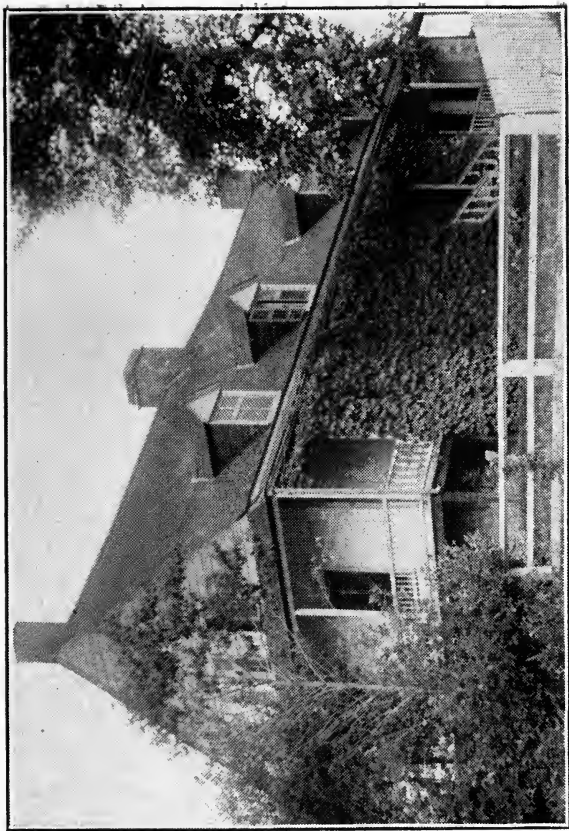
THE MACDONALD MEMORIAL, DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL.



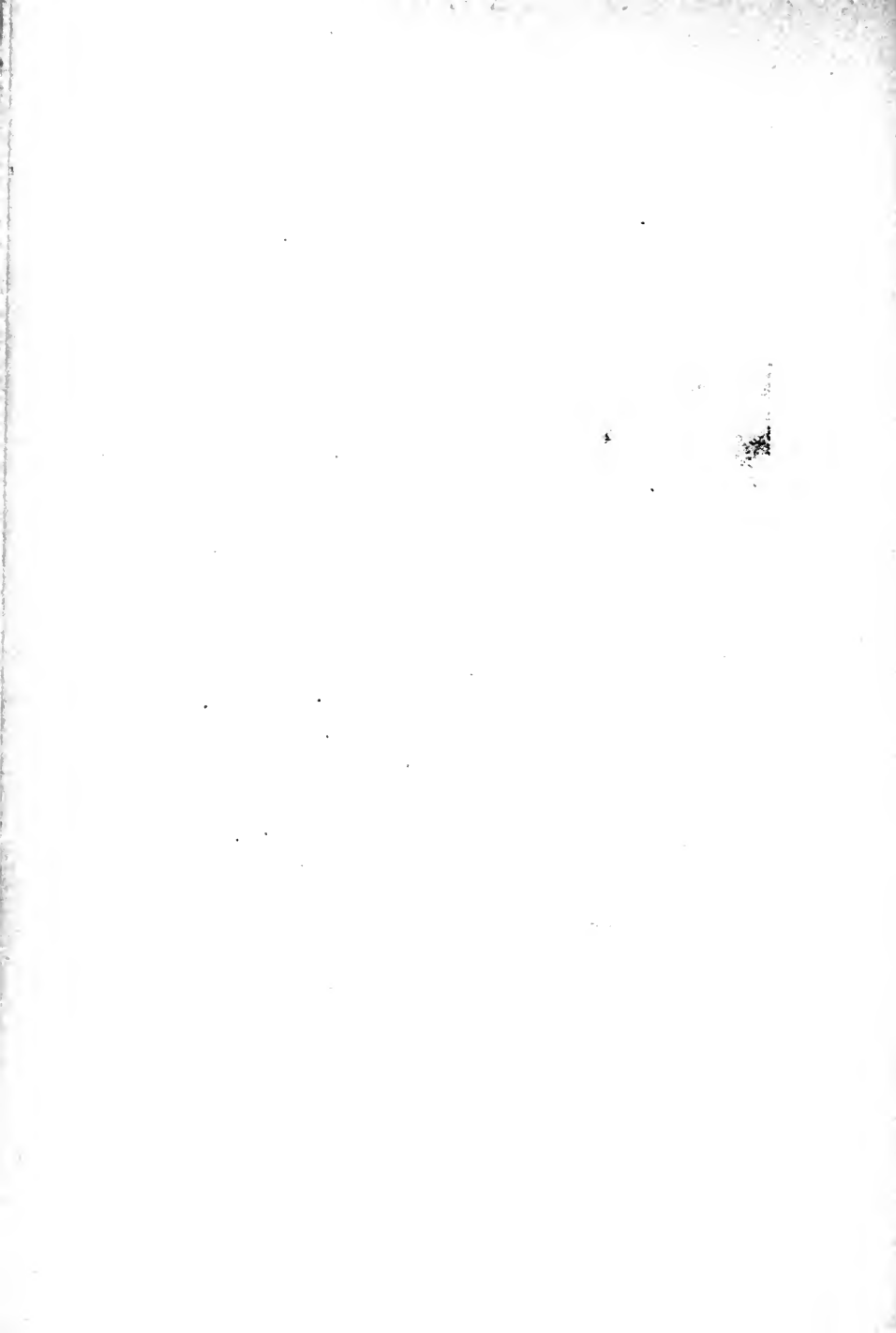
bounteous home of teeming millions in the future. And though the brow be burnt by the sun, and the hand hardened with toil, these people are those who form Canada's real aristocracy, her true nobility. The intrepid Frenchman sailed still further up the river until he came to another Indian village. It was then known as Hochelaga ; we now call it Montreal, and it is universally regarded as Canada's commercial metropolis, a city celebrated alike for its business enterprise and educational advantages, for its architectural beauty and the charming scenery of the surrounding country. Cartier here took formal possession of Canada in the name of his sovereign, erecting a cross which bore the inscription, *Franciscus Primus, Dei Gratia Francorum Rex, Regnat.*

In the year 1608 Samuel de Champlain, a native of Saintonge, born at Brouage on the Bay of Biscay, the real founder of the City of Quebec, received authority from the King of France to plant the Cross and *Fleur de lis* in the new world, and to extend the religion and commerce of France among its savage tribes, and whatever of romance the story of Cana-

dian colonization contains is centered in the person of Champlain. He reached the narrows of the river where from the towering heights of Quebec, and here, beneath the tall cliff of Cape Diamond, he laid the foundations of one of the most famous cities of the new world. In his search for a passage to China he discovered Lake Champlain, penetrated to Lake Nipissing, crossed Lake Ontario, and explored the *mer douce* of the Hurons. Owing to the efforts of this brave man and others, and also owing to the most incredible labors of missionaries, the country became settled, civilized, and evangelized. One of Canada's foremost citizens, literally an exile from Erin, long since called to his rest, but who at the time of Confederation was justly regarded as the most painstaking historian, the truest poet, the most brilliant orator, and the most devoted patriot, of the New Dominion, we mean Thomas D'Arcy McGee, has celebrated the discovery of Canada in a poem which should be familiar to every Canadian, especially to every French and every Irish Canadian ; for it was written by an Irishman and celebrates the achievement of a Frenchman, and the scene



OLD MANOR HOUSE,
ISLAND OF ORLEANS, QUEBEC.



is Canada. He presents to us Cartier setting sail in the spring ; and then, when he had not returned by autumn, the poet shows us the people in Cathedral praying for the sailor's safety :

“ In the sea-port of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn
in May,
When the Commodore, Jacques Cartier, to the west
ward sailed away.
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on
their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from undiscovered
seas ;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and
pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts
with fear.

He next depicts Cartier, upon his return to France after an absence of many weary months, telling his townsman all he had learned of the new country which he had discovered, and, with much more,

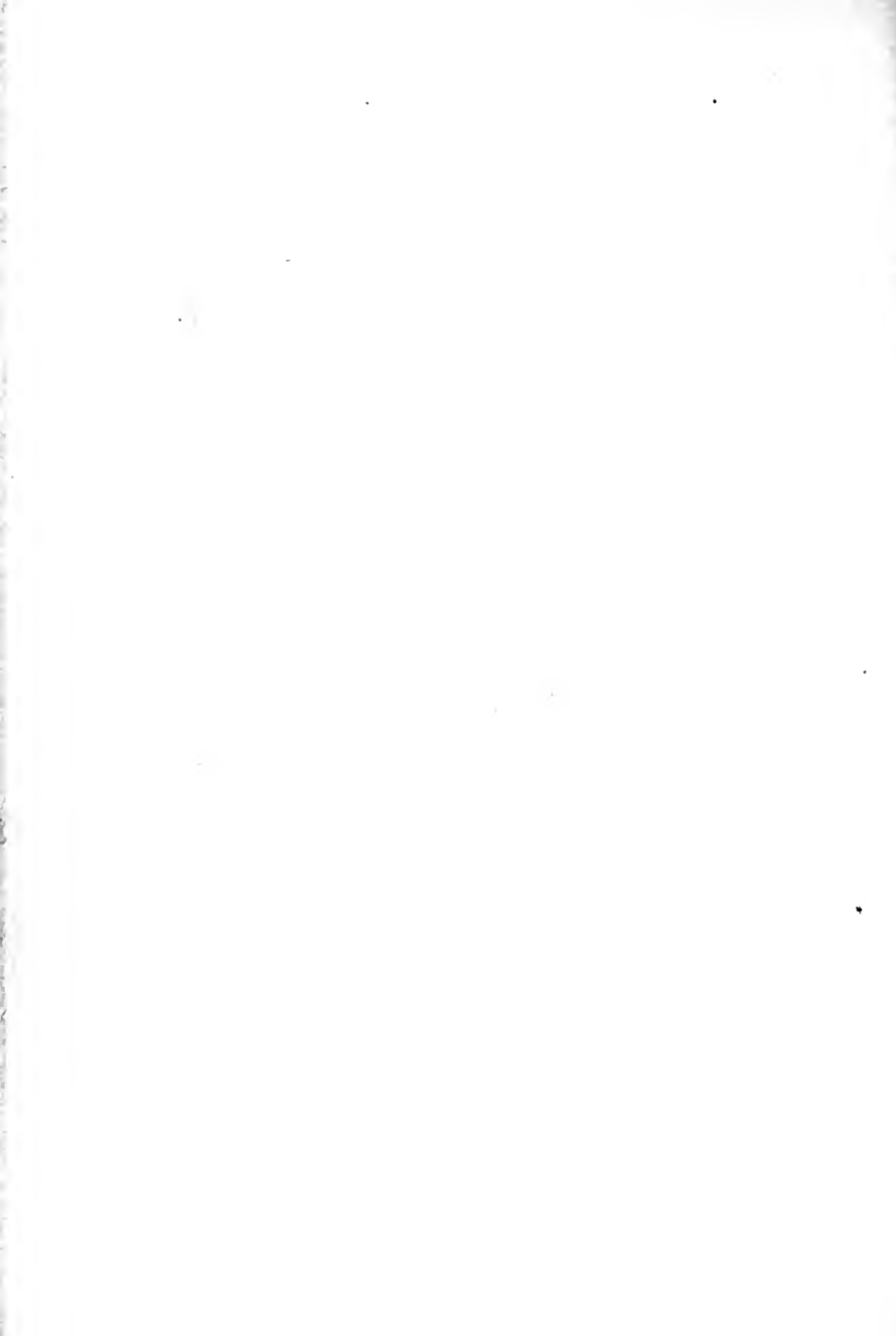
“ He told them of the river whose mighty current
gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny
wave ;
He told them of a glorious scene presented to his
sight

What time he reared the Crown and Cross on Hoche-
laga's height,
And of the Fortress-cliff that keeps of Canada the
key ;
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his
perils o'er the sea."

Canada thus belonged to France, so far, that is, as discovery implies the right of possession. Now from very early times there had been the most deadly feuds between France and England. These two nations were almost constantly at war with each other ; and their example was followed by the colonists in America. After many alternate reverses and successes their disputes were brought to a close under the masterly statesmanship of Pitt ; and the fate of Canada was decided upon the Plains of Abraham where on September thirteenth, A. D. 1759, Quebec was taken by our noble and gallant Wolfe from a no less brave and gallant Montcalm. Both leaders lost their lives in the engagements ; and it is a subject of which both France and England are justly proud that the descendents of those French and British colonists on which the French and British soldiers relied for aid in the deadly



CITY HALL, QUEBEC.



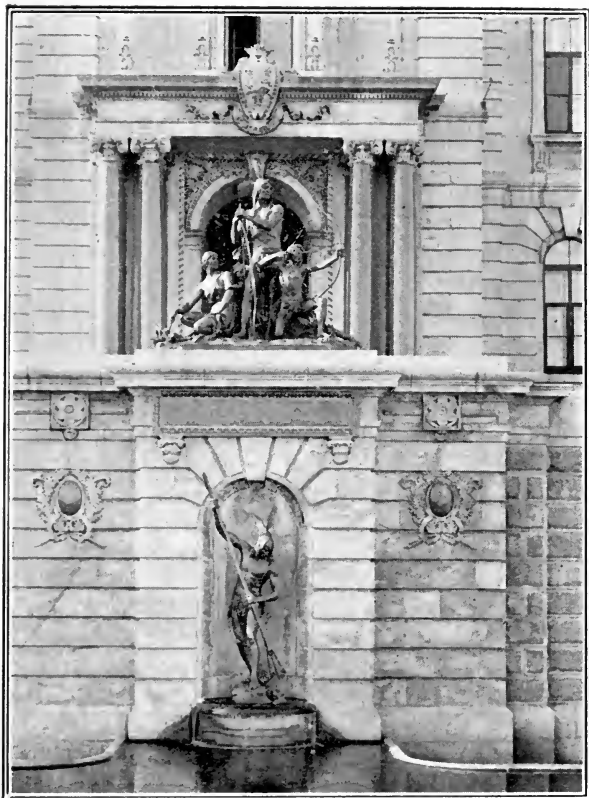
combat have since united in erecting a noble monument which is common to the memory of their enemies and comrades.

The loyalty of the Province of Quebec has been subjected to more than one severe test but it has remained a loyal portion of the British Empire. Canada as a whole has ever since remained a faithful dependency of Great Britain, and every year she is becoming of greater importance. The extent of her territory and the abundance of her resources entitle her to a place amongst the first nations of the globe. All that she wants to give her this position is a population to fully develop those resources which nature has so bountifully furnished. The extraordinary tide of immigration to our shores during the past ten or twelve years, and the consequent development of the western part of our country, go to show that Canada is advancing with accelerated speed. The improvements already effected, the state of progress already attained, required more energy and enterprise on the part of a comparative few, who, with limited means and many discouragements, have hitherto borne the burden, than ten times the improvements

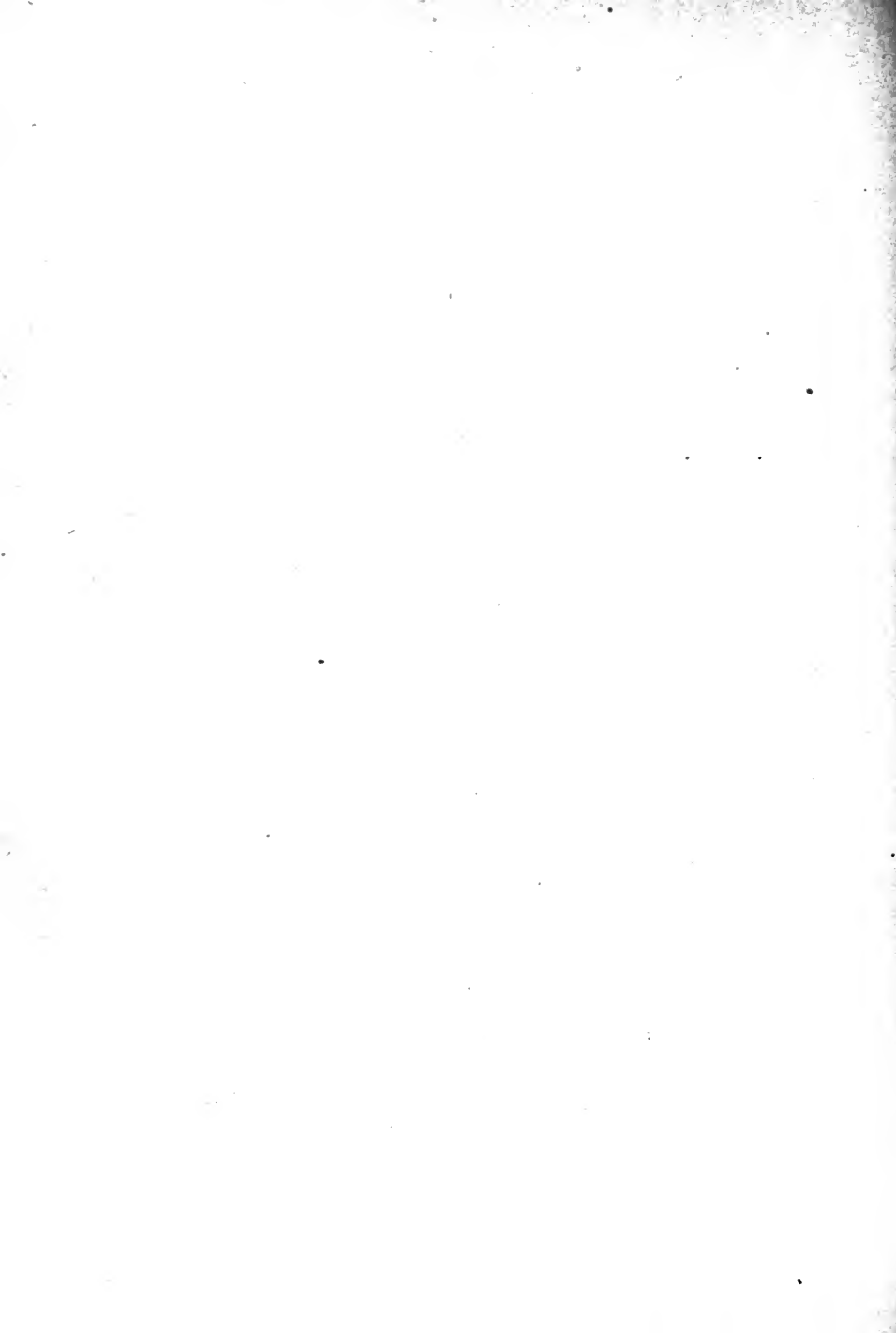
will require after this, when a teeming population, together with increasing wealth and power, will enable public spirited and enterprising citizens, backed by free and enlightened government, to attempt and accomplish schemes of advancement which have up to the present been regarded as utopian.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the men entrusted with the public interests that by every improvement by which any one of the many resources of the country is developed, the welfare of the whole community is promoted. Every branch of industry which is introduced is a new mine of wealth, a sinew of power added to the nation ; and every improvement effected not only suggests others still greater, but also provides means for their accomplishment.

At the boundless resources of Canada we shall but glance ; and a glance, we think will be sufficient to prove what has been advanced with reference to her prospects. The lines of the sea coast on the Atlantic and Pacific, embracing an area which stretches from Labrador to British Columbia, and from the Great Lakes to the icy ocean, and including nearly



ABÉNAQUIS GROUP
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC.

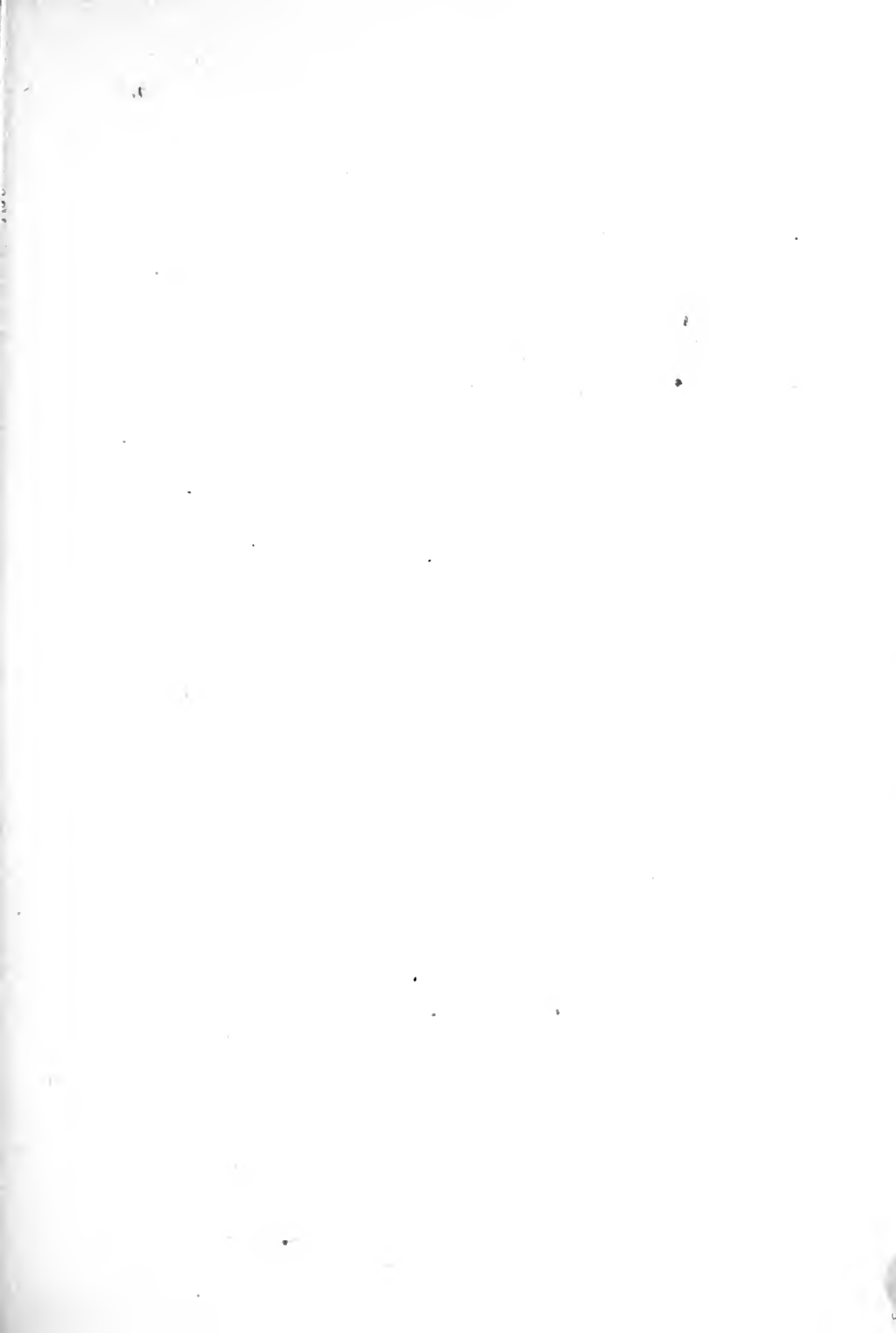


three and a half million geographical miles—present facilities for commerce, navigation and fisheries, unsurpassed by any other country. As a recent writer on this subject has aptly said, “the vast extent of Canada and its boundless possibilities are, perhaps, not fully realized by the Canadian himself. A man must needs travel the land, from north to south and from east to west, to obtain a correct idea of its capacity or its immensity. It contains within its boundaries 3,456,383 square miles, one and a quarter million of which are covered with forest growths. For three thousand miles from St. Johns to Queen Charlotte’s Island stretches an unbroken blur of British red; two thousand miles of the same warm colour from Windsor to the north shore of Baffin’s; sixteen hundred miles of British territory between Fort Macleod and Banks Land, and for three hundred miles north of these northern boundaries the Arctic sea is blotched with crimson splashes—Prince Patrick’s Island, Bathurst, Grinnell’s Land, North Devon, and further still, stretching away fourteen hundred and eighty-seven miles toward the pole—North

Lincoln. Truly, this young giant of the north has ample room for growth."

The numerous rivers and Lakes which abound in the interior of Canada, and her very practical system of canals, are becoming as serviceable for internal communication as the sea coast is for commerce with the old land and with foreign nations. Add to these advantages the railroads, one already spanning the continent, and two others of like character, in course of construction,—and where is there a country that affords better facilities for railroads,—and our channels of traffic will bear comparison with those of our proudest rivals.

Canada seems peculiarly favored with every essential for her development into a great commercial country ; an inexhaustible supply of the best varieties of timber, an unlimited supply of whatever is necessary for the equipping and furnishing of any number of vessels ; abundance of valuable products for export ; and endless quantities of imports required. In view of these advantages, and possessed of ample means for the most direct and uninterrupted communication with the more remote regions of the universe—are we not justified,





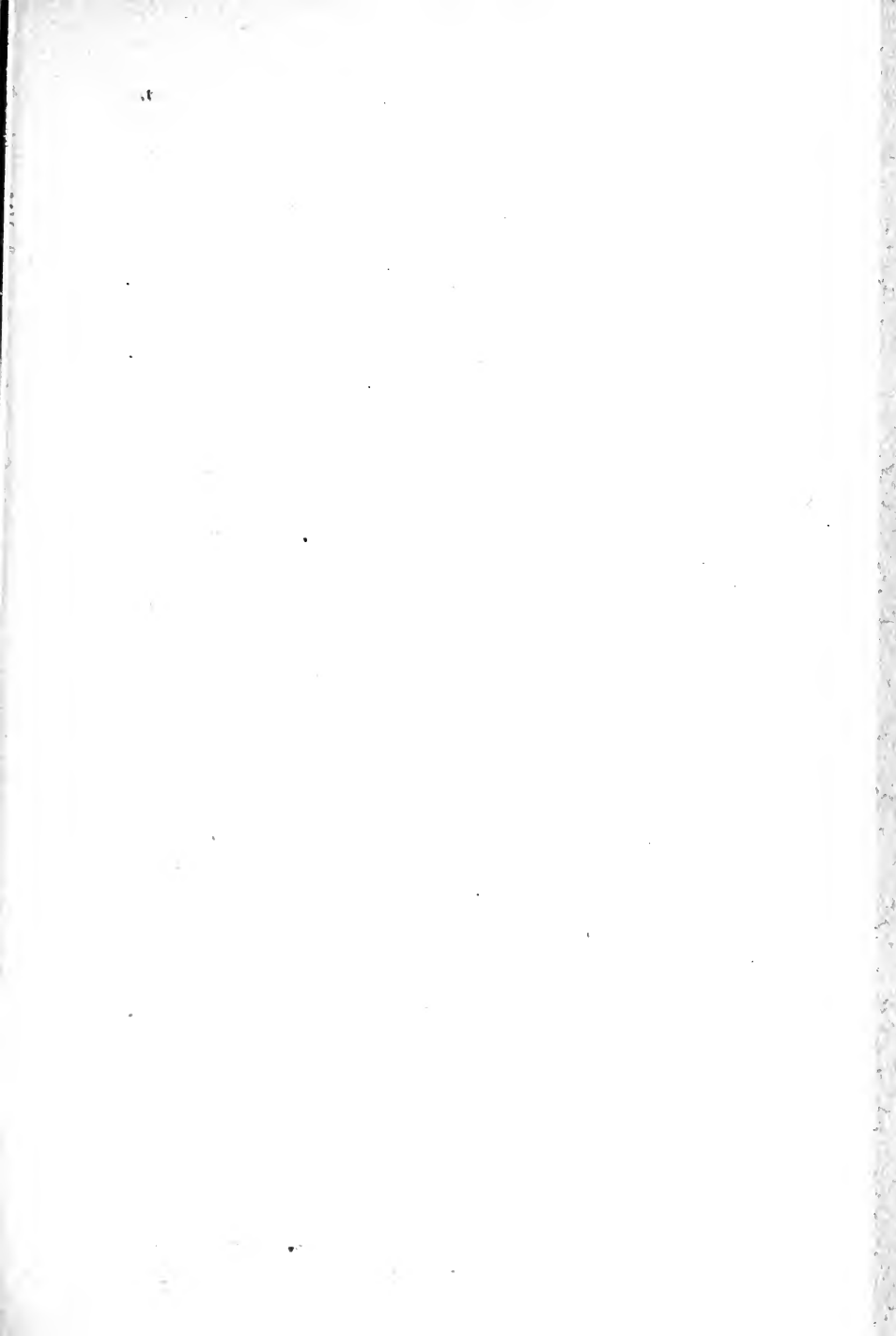
LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

in asking, what is there to hinder Canada from becoming one of the greatest commercial countries of the world ?

The mineral resources and manufacturing interests of our country are, as yet, but little known outside her own borders ; but there are indications that in these also she is destined to excel. So far as geological survey and practical development of various parts of Canada have proceeded, the results are highly satisfactory ; and the coal and iron mines of the Maritime Provinces, the coal fields of Manitoba and the Territories, and British Columbia ; the gold, asbestos, mica, and iron mines of Quebec ; the gold and silver mines of the Pacific Coast ; the silver mines of Cobalt and the Lake Superior region, in Ontario ; are all extraordinarily resourceful. The discoveries already made are sufficient to justify the prediction that in mineral wealth alone the Dominion will be nearly independant of the world. For manufacturing purposes she has resources, both in material and means, which only require to be fully developed and fostered in order to put our country on a par with the most favored nations of western Europe.

But it is to her great fruit and agricultural resources that Canada is chiefly to be indebted for her greatness. For in the variety of the produce of the soil she has few equals, and the superior quality of these products is acknowledged wherever they are known. Our climate some have supposed to be prejudicial to agricultural pursuits ; but, on the contrary, the snows and frosts of winter anticipate the labors of the plough, and by pulverizing the soil, prepare it for the various crops which our ardent summer sun brings in due time to perfection.

One cannot but regard with admiration the skill and science displayed so far in the varied improvements in Canadian husbandry, the greater part of which have been the work of scarce a decade. The waste places of our country—the rolling prairies and the plains of the west—as a result of such healthy innovation, are being cultivated and transformed. In various parts of the older Provinces of Quebec and Ontario waving fields of golden grain and other crops are now to be seen, each year, where less than a quarter of a century ago the aboriginies of the forest waved their



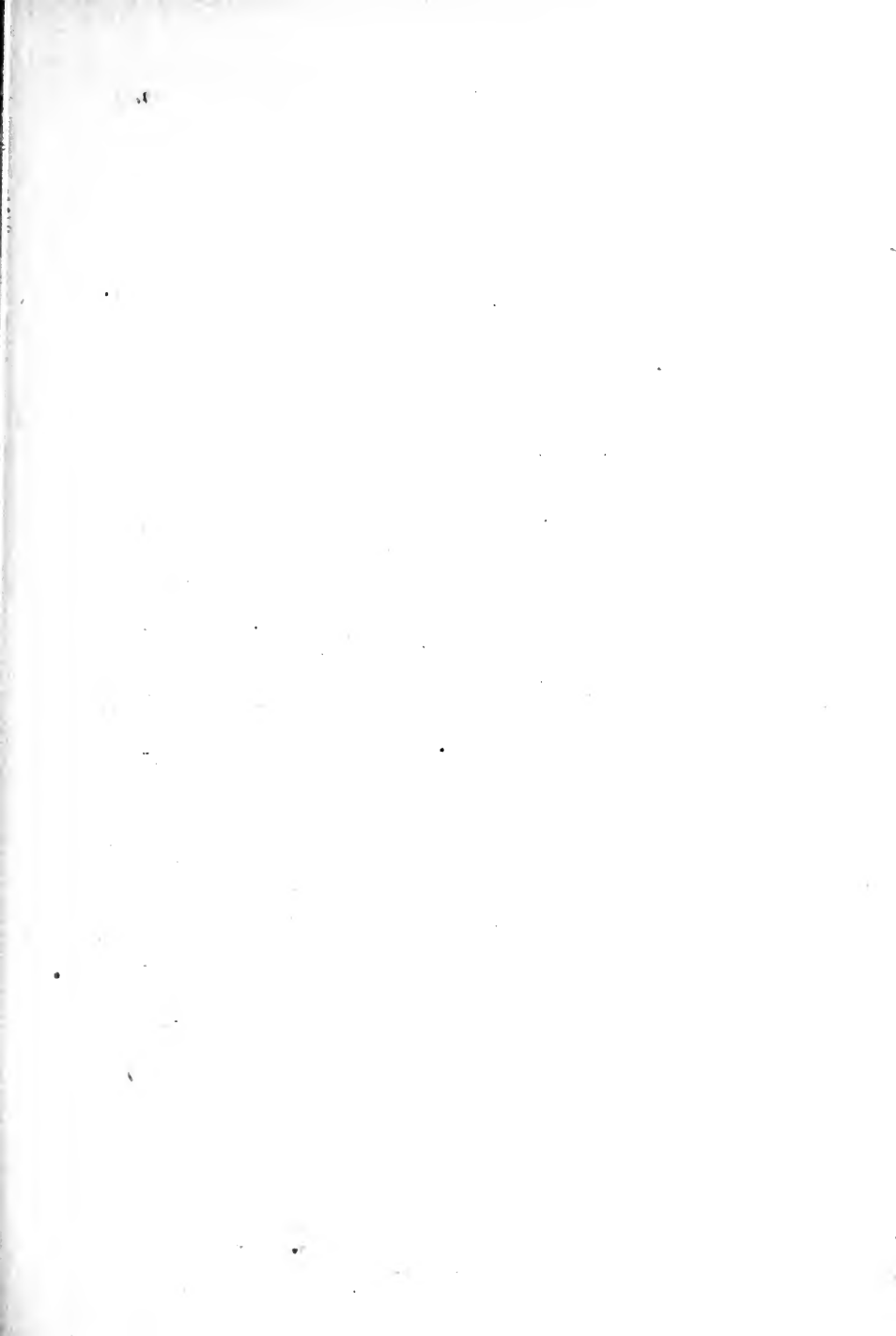


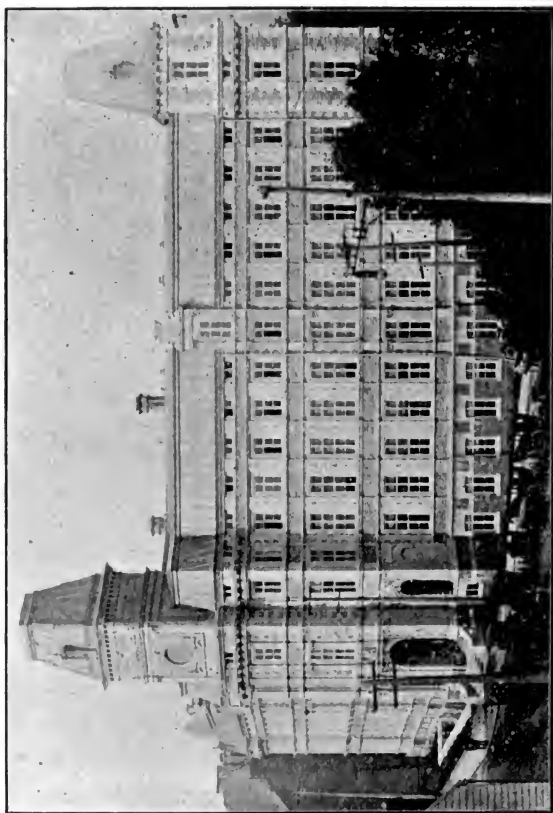
HOTEL ROBERVAL, ROBERVAL, LAKE ST. JOHN, QUE.

mighty heads as if in obdurate defiance of the onward march of civilization. We have experienced in all parts of Canada what important changes a few years of scientific farming are capable of unfolding. If the soil is the treasury from which the largest portion of our future wealth must flow, our material progress will greatly depend upon the skill of the husbandman. Agriculture may be followed as a simple rude art, yielding but a scant return, or it may be practised as one of the noblest sciences which can engage man's physical and mental energies, furnishing material wealth and abounding plenty. If the gods place labor before honor, and if there be dignity in human industry, then labor and industry become ennobled under the guidance of enlightened judgment, and bring in their train a thousand blessings.

But while agriculture is and will continue to be our chief and leading interest, there are some other objects which must engage the enterprise of our people. The farmer raises more than he can consume, while in this age of high civilization he is the creature of a thousand wants, which the land cannot direct-

ly supply. We must look to commerce and manufactures to supply these wants and to give a marketable value to all our surplus produce. We must foster in every legitimate way those branches of industry which will give additional population to our towns and cities, secure to us a home market, and consolidate our wealth. Canada has already been signally successful with her foundries, tanneries, implement and furniture factories, woollen and paper mills; steel, lumber, pulp, and paper industries; engine and machine shops; boot and shoe factories, etc. There is a marked spirit of enterprise abroad in our country; and when we look at the noble St. Lawrence, with its splendidly equipped and busy harbors of Quebec and Montreal; at Hudson's and James's Bays, and at those great inland unsalted seas, the lakes Ontario, Huron, and Superior, which, together with our modern system of canals and railways, afford such facilities for carrying on all our commercial exchange; and when we remember the boundless extent of our water powers,—the certain local demand for all manufactured products, together with the fact that we have a territory that can sus-





COURT HOUSE, QUEBEC.

tain a dense and teeming population, we must feel that Canada presents an unlimited field for human enterprise. We have, then, in our grainfields, in our fruit farms, in our mines, in our forests, and in our workshops, inexhaustible resources of honest wealth, and to bring these within our reach we require nothing but the intelligent application of modern science. It is to science that we are indebted for all those discoveries, inventions and appliances, which have given to the world so many comforts, and ministered so powerfully to our present high civilization that the peasant of the twentieth century enjoys more luxuries and is more refined than the prince of a few centuries ago.

It requires no argument to show that a region extending over several million square miles, and possessed at almost every part of so many natural advantages, is destined to become a great country. The question, then, What is to be the character of the population of this great country? is one that must come with thrilling interest to the heart of every Canadian patriot and philanthropist. That the country is capable of sustaining a numerous,

enlightened, and happy people, is clear, and, as we have said, it is very evident that enlightenment and happiness are the characteristics of those who at present form the population of Canada. But it is a sad truth that the richest blessings of nature and Providence may be so abused as to prove evils instead of benefits; and many countries evidently designed to be the abodes of light and liberty, health and happiness, have been turned into scenes of ignorance and vice, misery and degradation. With such views before them it is not surprising that all intelligent Canadians should watch with jealous anxiety the doings of their rulers, and the progress of their national institutions—acts and institutions pregnant with an incalculable amount of weal or woe to the many millions, who, in a few years, will form the population of our Canadian country.

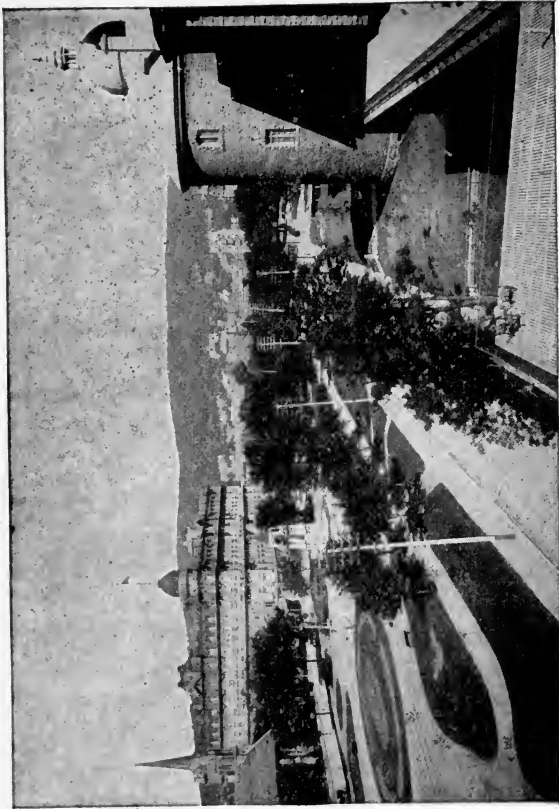
V

CANADA, MY COUNTRY !

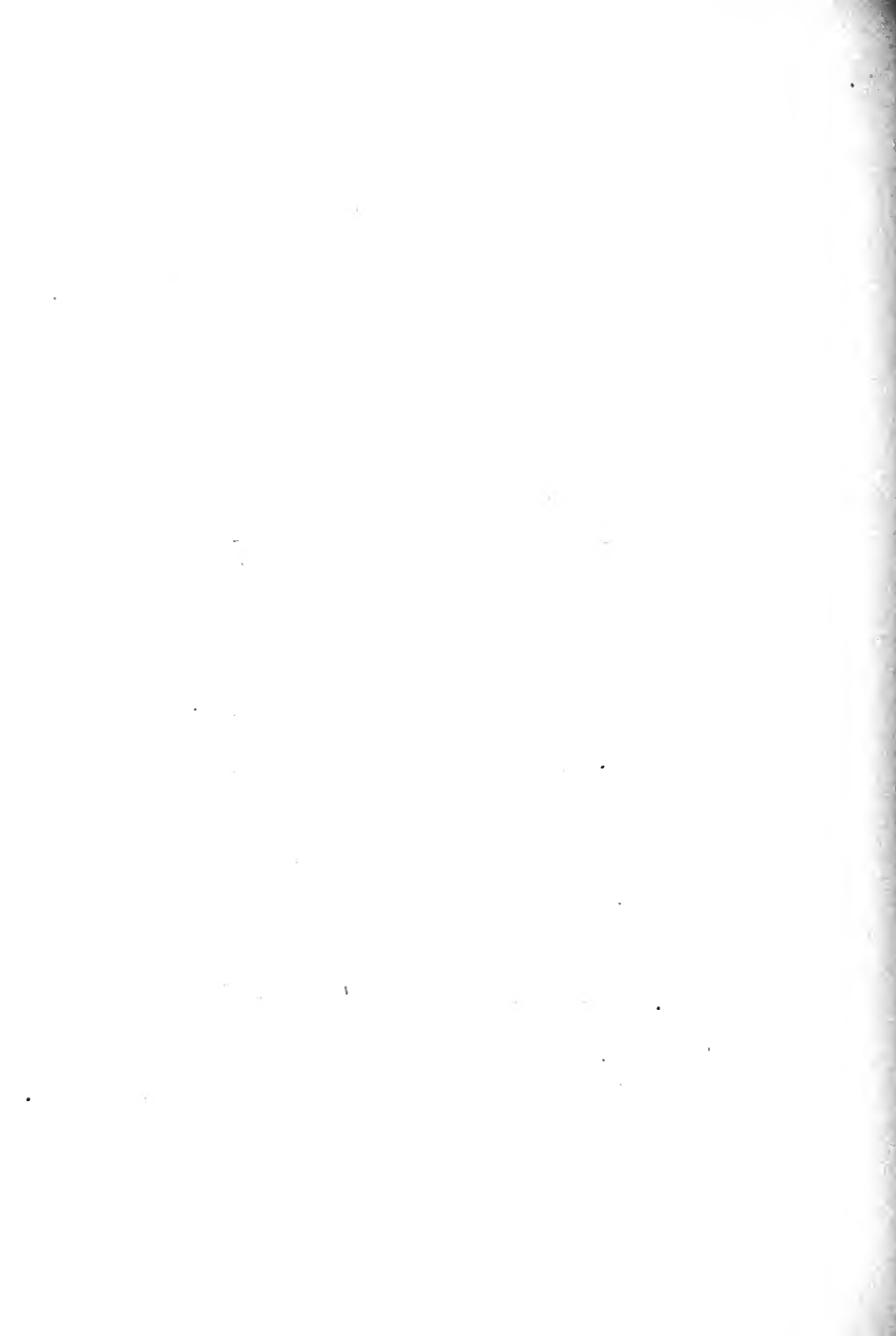
PART II

It must gratifying to all patriotic Canadians that the mother country, Great Britain, holds commercial sway in every quarter of the globe ; that her flag is unfurled to every breeze ; that her power is acknowledged in every zone ; and that her influence is felt in every nation. The beat of her morning drum, commencing in the east of the Dominion of Canada with the rising sun, accompanies the god of day in his never ceasing journey across the blue vault of heaven, until its reverberations are heard amid the Titanic mountains which keep watch and ward over the Pacific slope ; and then joining the mid-day guns of her men-of-war it is repeated and re-repeated until it is heard by the soldiers and civilians in India and Australia, and mingles with the boom of the evening gun on the Indian Ocean, and is then repeated at Mauritius and Good Hope, and its sounds are

heard in the Red Sea, and her ships carry it through the Suez Canal, where it is answered from Egypt, and then at Cypress and Malta, and mingles with the sound of the morning gun at Gibraltar. It passes over the Atlantic and asserts Britain's rule at Honduras, and awakens the sleepers in the West Indies, and from the fortifications of old Quebec it vibrates over the river St. Lawrence. But of all the places which hear it, which of them can compare with the last, our own Canada, the land of our adoption or our nativity. Canada with her vast extent of territory. Canada with her verdant spring and glowing summer, her gorgeous autumn and bracing winter. Canada with her fertile soil and salubrious clime, her abundant cereal productions and prodigious mineral resources. Canada with her fur-bearing animals and her inexhaustible fisheries, her boundless forests and magnificent harbours. Canada with her Dominion Parliament and her Provincial Legislatures, her honoured statesmen and unsullied ermine. Canada with her liberty of conscience and splendid system of education, her patriarchal sires and brave sons and fair daughters, is



DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUE.



one of the brightest gems that sparkles and flashes in King Edward's diadem !

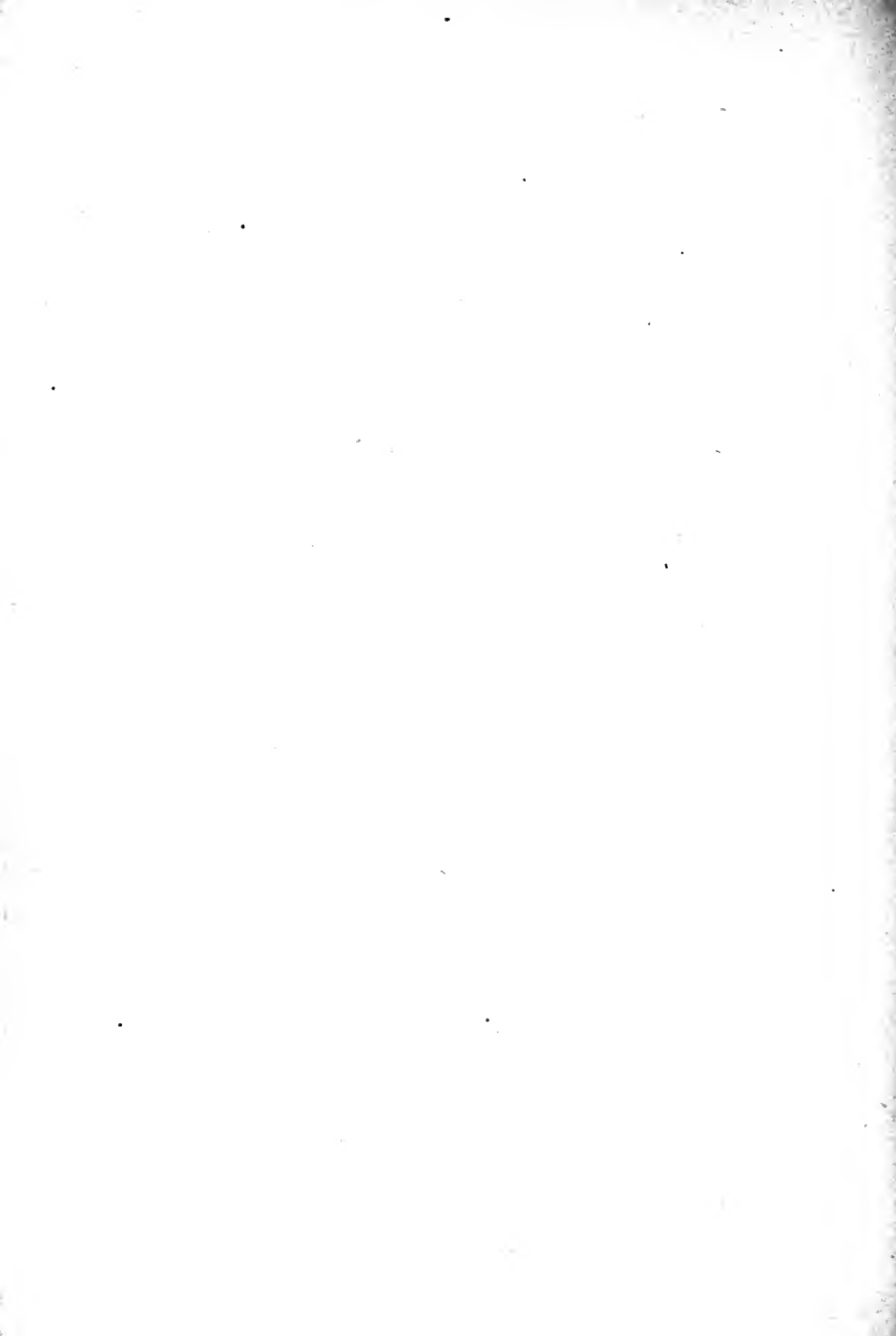
To-day she proudly points to Britain, France and Ireland, as the mother countries ; and her sons are safe under the old flag which her forefathers often followed to battle and victory. But we are looking forward to a time when all the British possessions containing as they do more than a million square miles and embracing a quarter of the world inhabitants, shall be bound together still more indissolubly than they are now ; and yet as a result of such federation, each one of them shall enjoy a greater measure of independence than at present. We are looking farther forward yet even to a time when all who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue shall find their chief rivalry in teaching the nations " to learn war no more," in promoting the reign of peace and good will ; in leading the heathen to the foot of the Cross where alone they can hide their sin and shame, and have their wounds staunched and healed ; in striking from the fettered limbs of those still unilluminated the shackles of ignorance and error, of cruelty and wrong ; and

in every way advancing the material, moral and spiritual welfare of humanity.

There are indeed obstacles in the way of this mighty achievement. But obstacles are things to be annihilated, when they stand in the way of the world's progress. Canada has given an indication already pointed out—an indication which reaches all the way across the Continent—of what she can do in the way of overcoming obstacles at one time thought to be insuperable. To-day we see the great iron horse of the Canadian Pacific Railway with his throbbing heart of fire and his hot blood coursing through his veins, as he is led forth from his smoky stable on the Atlantic shore, and drawing after him a long train of carriages filled with men and women on their way to the agricultural Eldorado of the great Canadian West. We see him flying over Canadian Plains, rushing through Canadian settlements, pawing up Canadian mountains, and awakening in his course the echoes of ten thousand craggy peaks, which had hitherto raised their snow-crowned summits to the sky in sublime grandeur and primeval solitude. He returns laden with the productions of the



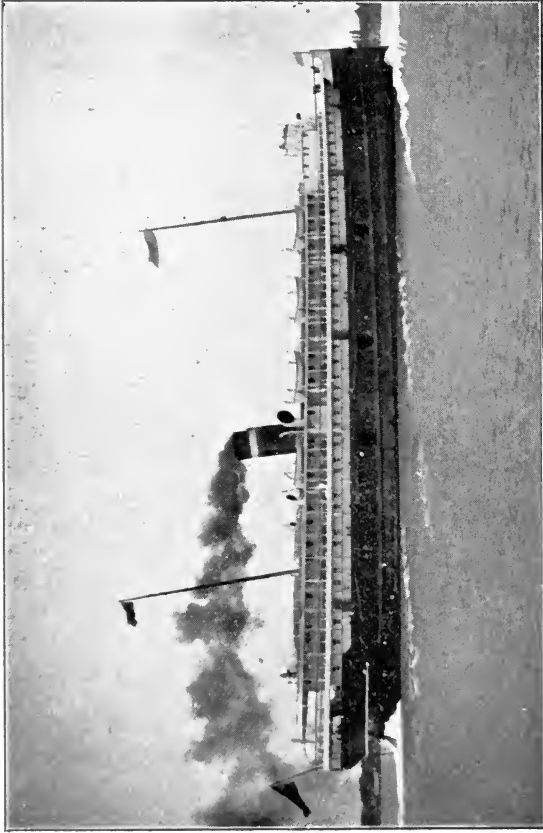
CAMP ON LAKE TEMISCOUATA,
TEMISCOUATA RAILWAY, P. QUE.



glowing Orient ; and all the way along his route scatters them among a free, a prosperous, a happy people. And such a people ! Where can you find their equal ? They embrace the Frenchman with the vanity, gayety, gallantry and chivalry of old France ; the Englishman with the straight forwardness, the business ability, the honesty of old Albion ; the Scotchman with the prudence, cautiousness, and perseverance of Old Scotia, and the Irishman with the hospitality and generosity, the wit and humour, the poetry and patriotism of Old Erin. The character of the population of this budding nation is one of which every true Canadian patriot and philanthropist must feel justly proud, because we realise that while under present auspices we are becoming a more numerous we are also becoming a more enlightened and contented poeple.

Let us turn for a moment to the happy circumstances under which we are living, and see how everything about us is calculated to induce private and public enterprise, and inspire our Canadian people with love and attachment to their country. Here all,—even

the poorest emigrant that comes to our shores, can by honesty and industry, become the possessors of broad and fertile acres ; holding their own deeds direct from the Crown ; whilst in every improvement they make, whether of utility or taste, is adding to their future comfort and wealth, and to the comfort and wealth of those who are nearest and dearest to them. But this is not all. We are living in a state of society where the invidious distinctions of rank and fortune are little known, and industry and integrity command everywhere respect, while the highest posts of honour and emolument are fairly and equally open to all. We have thus every natural incentive to honourable ambition, and a thousand considerations to animate us to strain every nerve for our country's advancement. It would, perhaps, not be out of place to observe that we cannot unfold the page of history without perceiving that every nation which has risen to eminence in ancient or modern times has been distinguished for the patriotism of her sons. What led the countless conquests, the glory and renown of ancient Greece and



S.S. "HURONIC" OF THE NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO. Y.



Rome? What absorbing passion animated the immortal Wallace to such deeds of heroic valour and self-sacrifice as he performed that to the end of time his memory will be warmly cherished in the heart of every patriot? What noble enthusiasm led the British soldier—regiments not exclusively English, but composed alike of men from the rural districts of England, Ireland and Scotland, to scale so gallantly the heights of Alma, and rush into sanguinary but triumphant struggle at Inkerman? And we unhesitatingly reply, a far higher honour than that of gain. The fame of British valour and the integrity of the Empire, the future peace of Europe and the cause of liberty throughout the world, hung upon the issue. But in this utilitarian and wealth amassing age, at least in this Canadian portion of Greater Britain, “our swords” have been turned into “ploughshares,” and our “spears into pruning hooks;” and we behold the spirit of nationality inflamed with a desire to excel in the arts of peace, rather than in those of war, and to attain commercial pre-eminence rather than military glory. May

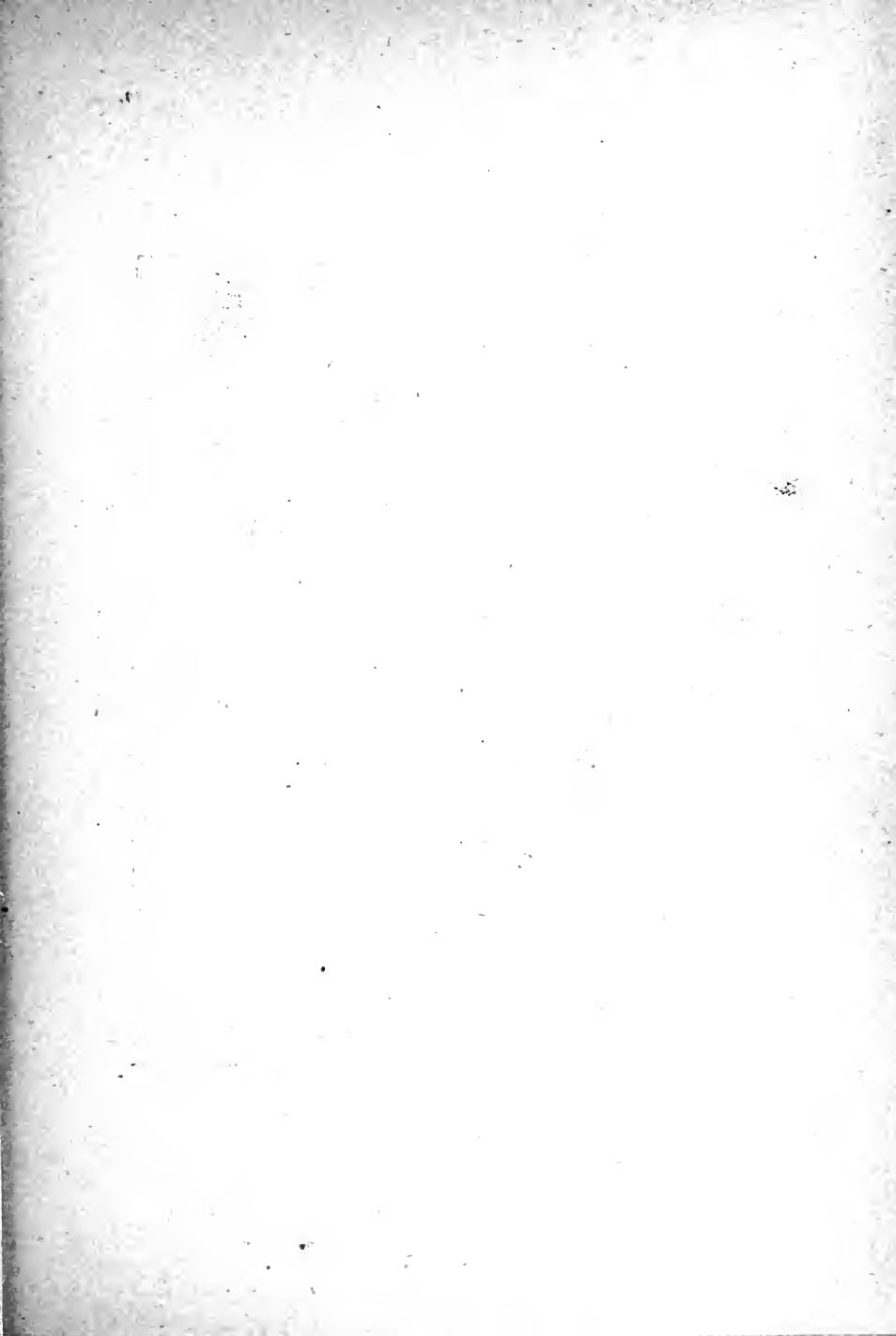
this great public virtue continue to manifest itself amongst us, stimulating the improvement of our agriculture, the increase of our manufactures and the extension of our commerce, and imbuing all with an earnest concern for the country's material prosperity, until at last the motherland who, when the welfare of her people and the cause of humanity demanded it, led the nations of the earth in war, shall teach them instead to cultivate the arts of peace,—Peace, which hath her victories no less than war. And whilst our thoughts and affections often go back o'er the ocean to the old land, we should remember that all nationalities represented in our common citizenship are here to help in building a great nation whose people shall be all Canadians. This glorious structure will be erected some day, and will have a marvellous effect in diffusing peace and plenty, truth and freedom, religion and piety, o'er the whole western world ; and will more than repay to Europe the blessings brought to this continent by Columbus, Cartier, Champlain and Wolfe ; and will help to rejuvenate the effete nations of the Orient by sending across the placid bosom of the broad

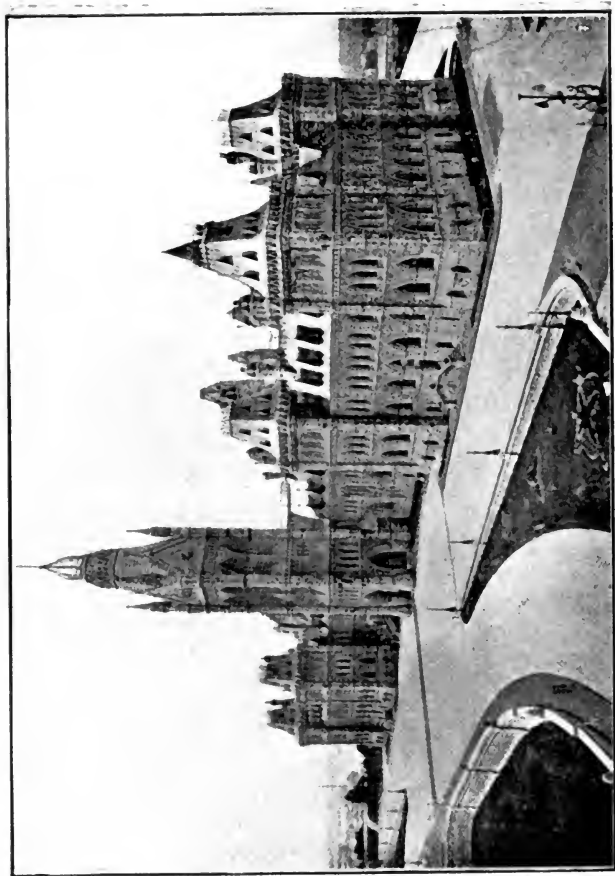
Pacific the truer religion and the more vigorous civilization of our beloved Canada. It is said that guilds of working masons in the middle ages had certain marks by which the works of each were distinguished from those of all the others ; whilst the works of all united reared those magnificent structures which are the glory of the old lands, and bear witness alike to the religion and the genius of their architects. So it is now with Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen in Canada. They are all uniting in the work of building up a great, free and Christian nation, which shall be essentially Canadian. This glorious structure will bear the marks of many nationalities, but the ambition of each should be to see to it that the marks which shall characterize that portion of the work done by the sons of their own nationality and their descendants, shall occupy an honoured place in the national edifice.

From this paper politics are rigidly excluded ; and without entering their domain one may remark that anxious care and patient attention are due from every inhabitant of our land to all those acts of our Legislatures

which bear upon our civil, religious, moral and educational institutions and projects—in short, all acts relating to the social, civil, and religious prosperity, of what is manifestly destined to become a great nation.







PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA

VI

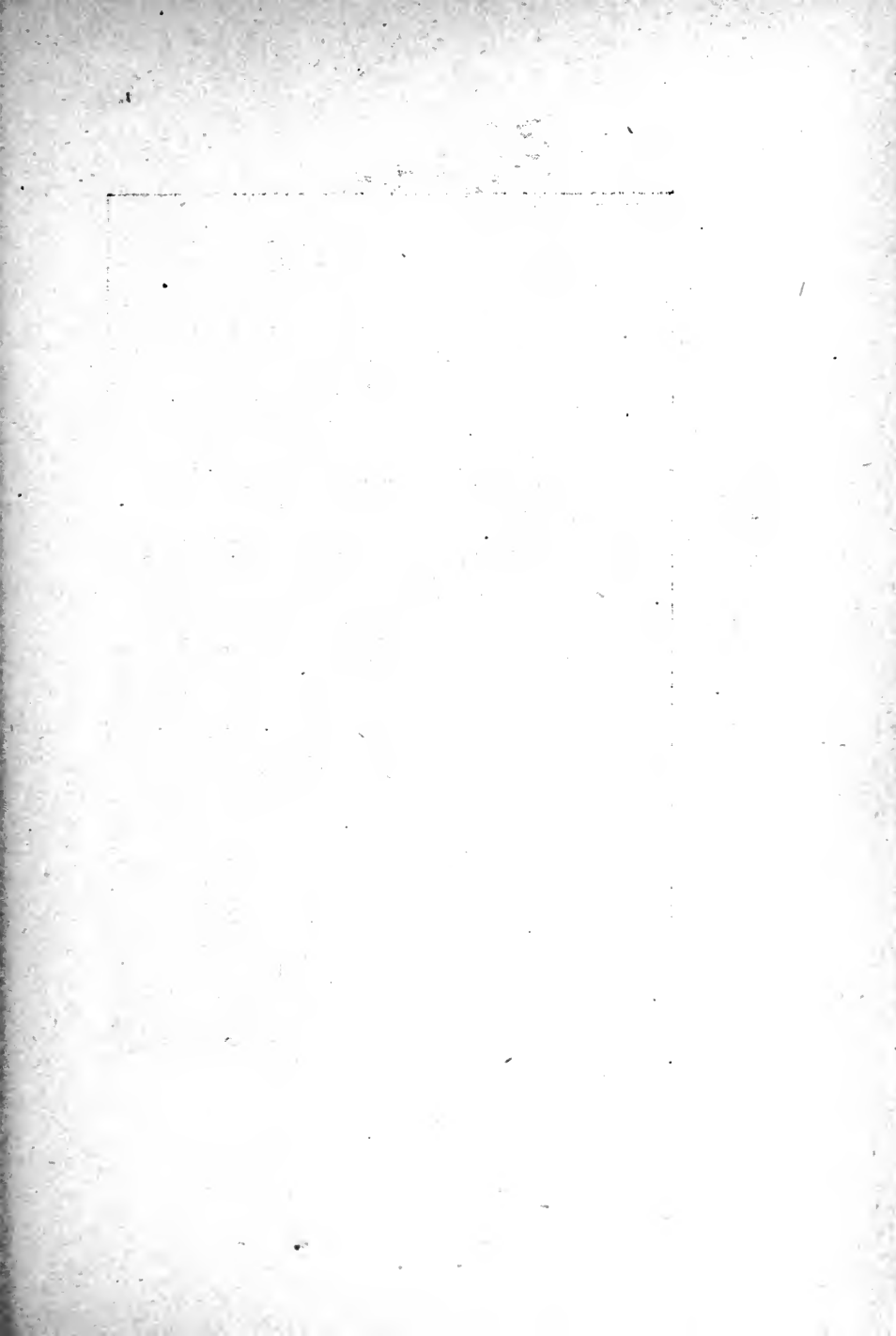
THE LURE OF THE WEST.

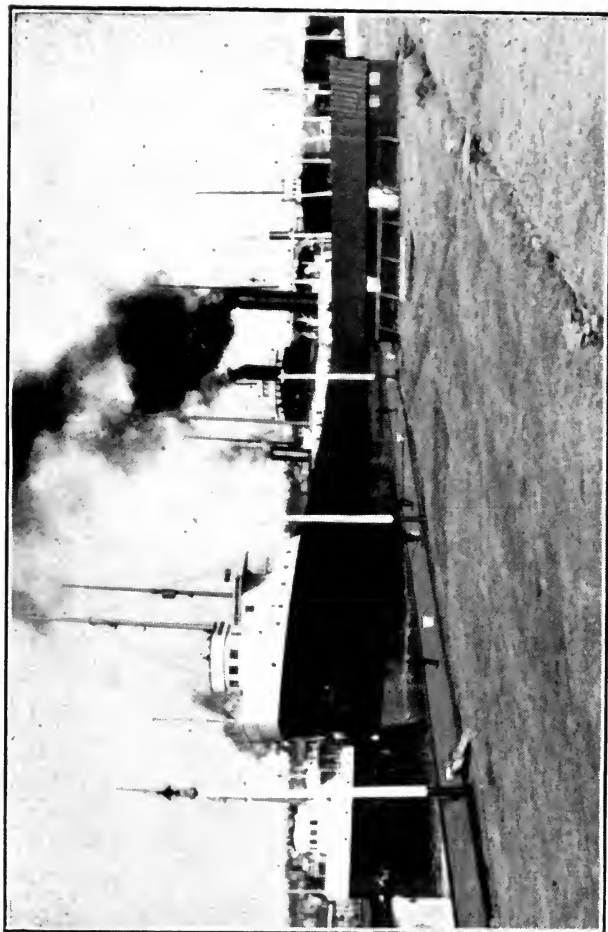
He who first said, "The times change, and we change with them," may have supposed that even then one order of things followed another in quick succession. But still, in his time, the years were indeed "slow-footed," and the same is true in his country to-day; nor could he have had any idea, even the most remote, of the marvellous rapidity with which changes take place in these days of steam and electricity, and in a world which was then unknown—the discovery of which was destined to mark one of the most important epochs in the world's history. Perhaps no more startling illustration of this progress can be found anywhere than in our Canadian West, where the transformations which have taken place in, say, the last twenty-five or thirty years are, in their own way, much more marvellous than the wonders produced by the Jinns of Aladdin;

and which can be fully appreciated by only those brave and daring pioneers who, a generation or so ago, ventured into the then almost unbroken wilderness to make new homes for themselves and their children, and to introduce and establish there those benefits and advantages which are found in every land that acknowledges the beneficent sway of Britain.

Some years ago the writer crossed the continent to the Pacific Coast, and very recently he returned from a visit to Manitoba and the Territories. It is needless to say that he was more than surprised, almost more than amazed, at the wondrous metamorphosis which the country had undergone in the meantime ; and it struck him during his visit that some light or cursory account of what he saw, written by one who is in no way interested in either the refined art of the land grabber or the modest and veracious employment of the land agent, might be of interest to eastern Canadians and to others. Hence the following article.

These jottings of travel would be still more incomplete than if no mention were made of a route which must be delightful to the tourist,





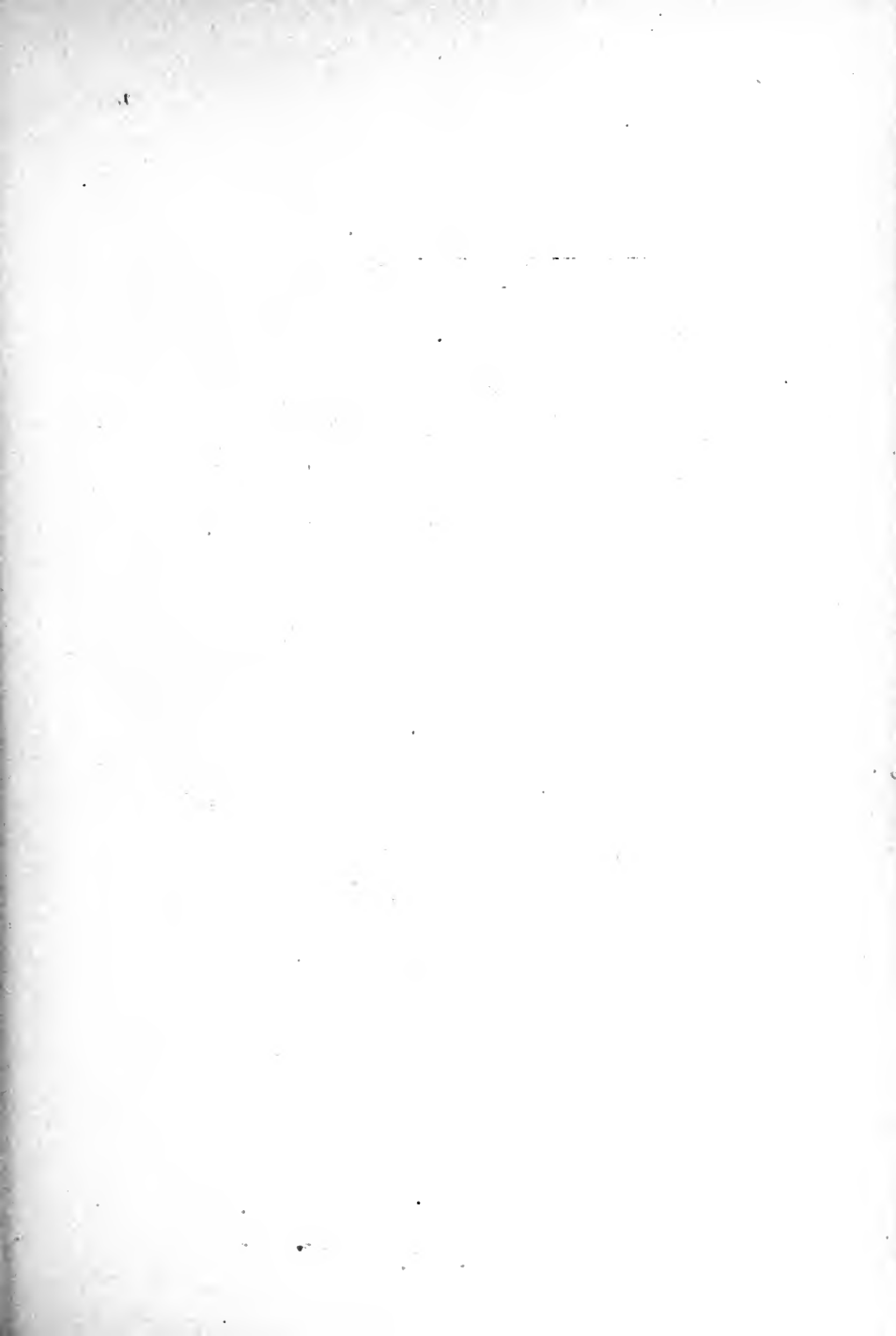
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT. THROUGH THE CANADIAN LOCK.

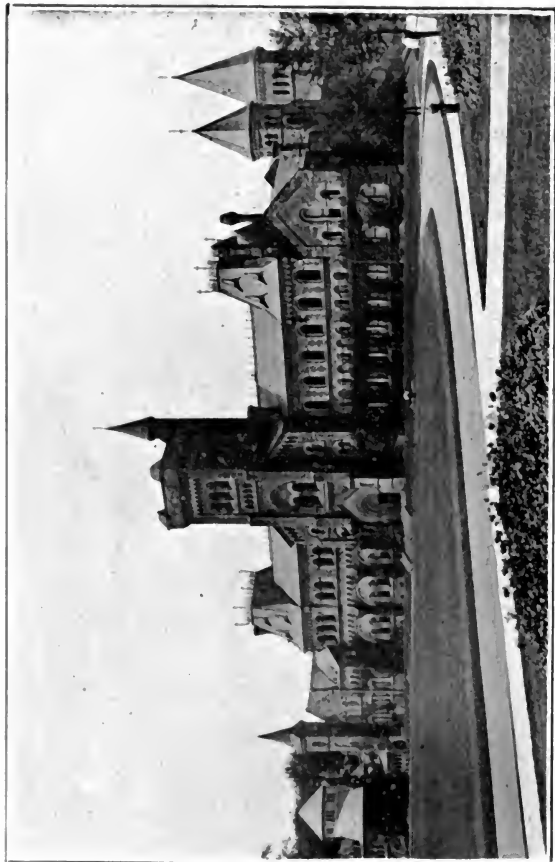
viz : By the Grand Trunk, the Northern Navigation Company and the Canadian Northern Ry. It goes without saying that more beautiful scenery than this route affords could not be desired. Now penetrating into the "forest primeval", now running through a country bearing indications of comparatively recent settlement, now through lands in the highest state of cultivation, now along the banks of a majestic river, now rounding the base of some picturesque hill or lofty mountain, now by some placid lake, and ever and anon revealing to the eye some prospect of charming beauty.

A few hours journey westward from the ancient capital brings one to Canada's metropolis, the mighty city of Montreal with its picturesque mountain, its great architectural marvel the Victoria Bridge, its extensive docks and immense shipping, its crowding of river and ocean craft, "whose rising masts an endless prospect yields." To say nothing of its other manifold resources the shipping interests of Montreal well entitle it to the proud designation of a mighty city. Owing to the careful outlay of almost fabulous sums of money, and the steadily increasing volume of its trade the

metropolitan city is rapidly becoming one of the handsomest, as it is undeniably the busiest of Canadian cities. Of course, everyone has seen, or heard of or read of her great educational buildings, her historic McGill and other colleges and schools ; her stately churches, her handsome public edifices and artistic monuments, the palatial residences of her millionaire business men and others, the number of which is constantly increasing. Now other improvements, on a stupendous scale, are being undertaken, and others are soon to be commenced. The private residences have, to be sure, been erected according to the designs and under the supervision of the best architects available and have been decorated and furnished with a taste which in many instances leaves nothing to be desired. Well, it saves one from certain apprehensions to know that, as also in the case of Federal Capital, public works now in contemplation are to be carried out under the direction of a commission of what may be called architectural experts or a municipal art society.

The city's park system is recognized as one of the finest in America, and these





THE UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, ONT..

beautiful places of public resort are frequented daily by people on foot, on horse back, in carriages of both the horse and horseless variety, and what gorgeous equipages are displayed on all the fashionable thoroughfares of our Canadian metropolis ; one could almost fancy one's self suddenly transported to some aristocratic resort in London, or Paris—Hyde Park, say, or the Bois de Boulogne.

The theatre and opera thrive in Montreal as in only one other city in Canada, and that other city is intensely music-loving Toronto. Such artists as Nordica, Melba, Plançon, the deReszkes, Terry, Irving and others, who might be mentioned in this list, meeting there an unqualified success.

From Montreal to Toronto in six hours ! What a revolution there has been in the railway train service of Canada in the past decade, since a time when a whole day was spent in making the journey between these two metropolitan cities ; then it was a trying ordeal, whereas now it is often enough a pleasant experience. There is some of the choicest scenery in Canada skirting the borders of the St. Lawrence river and Lake Ontario. There are

glimpses of the Thousand Islands and the swift current of the rapids. The land is undulating, and we sweep past hill and valley, river and dale, woodland and field. There is the richness of summer abroad ; the meadows are bright with bloom, and the foliage is refreshingly green. This is the old and cultured farming land of Ontario. There are evidences of wealth and taste everywhere, and the fields are covered with luxuriant crops. Several stopping-places of interest are the cities of Belleville, Brockville, Kingston—the ancient capital of Upper Canada,—and the towns of Port Hope, Cobourg, Whitby, etc. Glimpses of prosperity are revealed at each successive stage in the journey. In the early evening we are set down at Ontario's capital, the " Queen City of the West."

The precipitous and otherwise quaint beauty of the " Ancient Capital," and the modernness and unrelieved levelness of the capital of Ontario, form a striking contrast, but the latter is none the less singularly qualified for one and all of its several distinguishing titles, such as the " Athens of Canada," the Classic Capital of the Banner Province," and still



THE "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.



another which we have cited in the foregoing paragraph. Toronto has quite appreciated the true nature of civic beauty a thing which is too little understood in the present day. From an educational point she is an acknowledged leader. What with her great University, a notable and beautiful building ; her Trinity College, her Victoria, Knox, St. Andrew's, St. Michael's, Upper Canada, and several other Colleges and innumerable schools, the city has centered within her gates the chief educational institutions of the Province, and all these halls of learning are thriving, are crowded with earnest and enthusiastic young men and women, and are taught by devoted and progressive teachers and professors, and by doctors of high degree from the institutions of older lands.

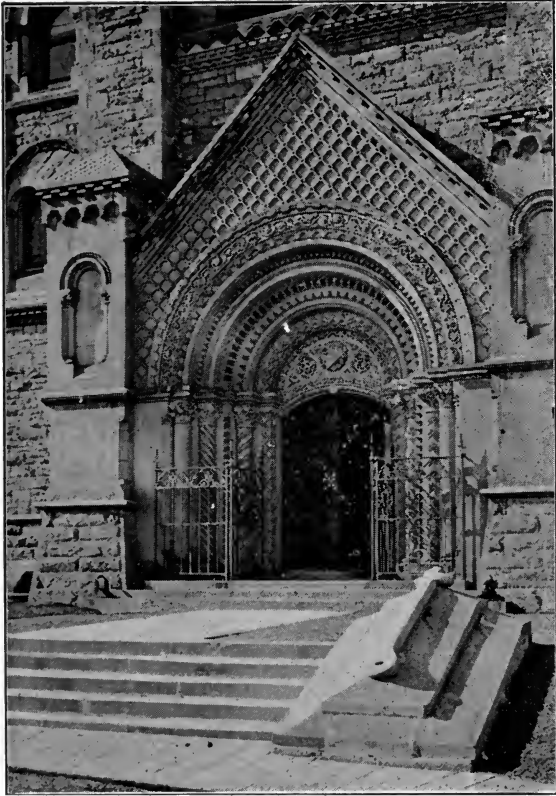
No city in Canada, and, one might add with safety, in America, possesses more delightful surroundings than does this city by Lake Ontario ; as the Bishop of London has recently described it, " Toronto is one of the fairest cities of the world."

In search of continuous picturesqueness we have adopted the route leading through the

rich farming district lying between the two Lakes, Ontario and Huron, on our way to the City and Port of Sarnia, there to embark on the *Huronic*, one of the Northern Navigation Coy's steamers for the Upper Lakes.

What with the splendid sunshine of this memorable summer of 1906, the superb sky, the pure and exhilarating atmosphere, the comfortable and luxurious appointments of a good ship, its swift and smooth motion as she glided over the waters of the lake from which she derives her name, the graceful flights of seagulls which, (with their somewhat strident calls to each other), accompanied the ship for many miles, the gorgeous golden and crimson hues of sunset, the pleasant hour on deck or in the smoking room before turning in for the night—all these were a delightful experience of the journey from Canada's Ancient Capital. It would be strange indeed if the writer did not find himself compelled to believe that his fellow men were not all rascals, and that after all, this old earth of ours may be—as some one has said it is “the best of all worlds.”

Early on the second day out from Sarnia we found the scenic beauty of the River Ste.



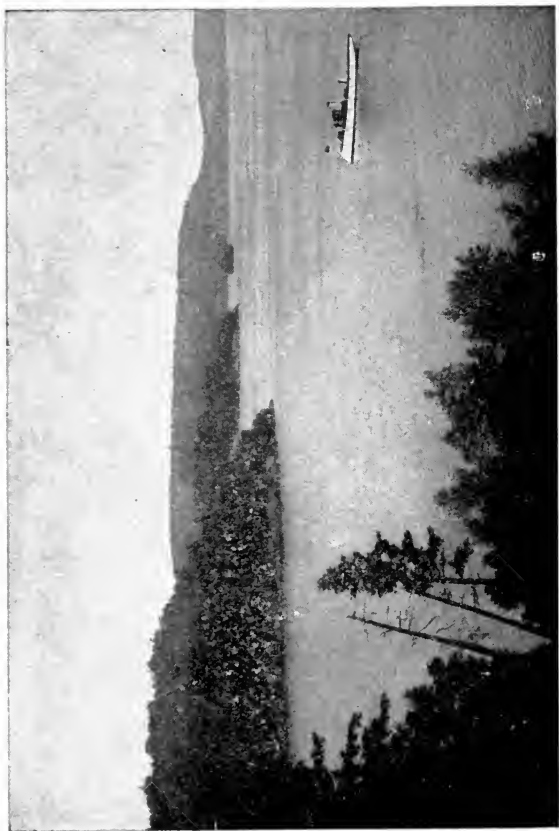
THE MAIN DOOR OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.



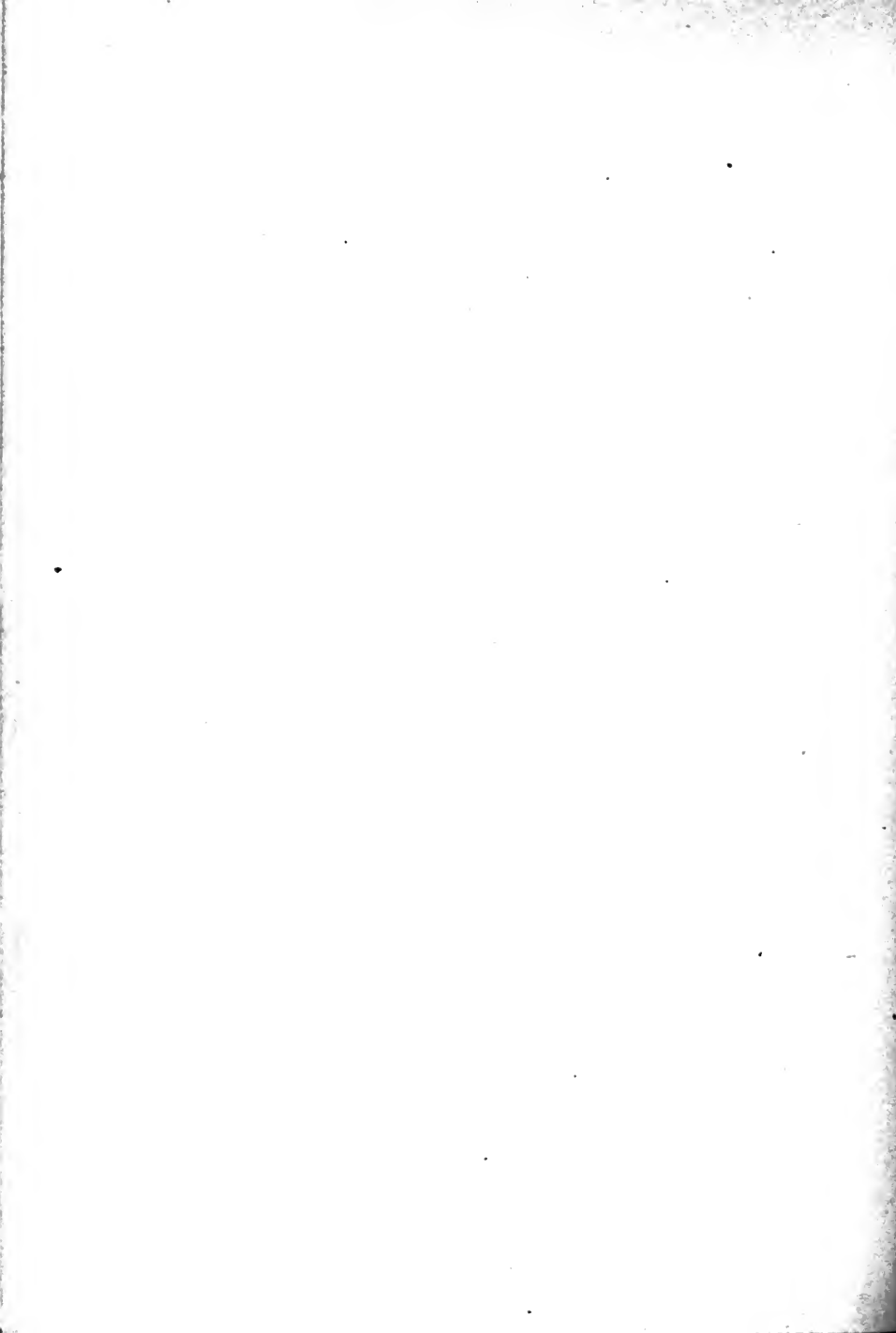
Mary unfolding itself to our delighted gaze, and by noon we were contemplating the wonders of the Canadian "Soo"—its immense water-power, its great ship canal, its Titanic pulp and mineral industries, its massive docks, and its extensive shipping. As we venture to speculate on the future which lies before it we find no great stretch of imagination necessary to enable us to see much of the output of this great centre of industry taken by rail and river to some point on James's Bay and thence transported across the Atlantic to some of the old lands of Europe, and there affording to the skilled artizans an ocular demonstration that Canada can send out mechanical productions as well made and highly finished as those from any other country in the world.

Lake Superior with its bold headlands, its conspicuous capes, its peaceful bays, its numerous islets is beautiful at many points, picturesque at others, and at others it approaches the sublime. To us the most interesting feature of this inland sea (the largest body of fresh water in the world) is Port Arthur, with its magnificent harbour, in which all the fleets of the world might safely lie at anchor. The site on which

the town is built rises gradually to a considerable height from the shore of the beautiful bay, thus affording charming situations for private residences, an advantage of which many of the more prosperous citizens have already availed themselves ; and thus it is that, looked at from the vessel's deck, the houses seem to rise on terrace after terrace until the eye reaches the summit. What with its many handsome dwellings, the pellucid waters of the bay, the clear atmosphere, the magnificent headlands, the place presented on the day of our visit a picture which can never be forgotten. It may be—who knows ? that some time in the now dim and distant future a Canadian Hume or Gibbon, Macauley or Freeman, will leave for posterity an account of the ancient terraced city of Port Arthur, even as Herodotus and others have sent down to us accounts of other cities that flourished when the world was still almost in its infancy. Meantime, however, not less than a quarter of a million of dollars is being spent on the docks, which will be second to none on the lakes ; and, significant fact, what will be known as the French River Canal, with a depth of twenty



IN THE LAKE OF BAYS REGION,
HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO (GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY).



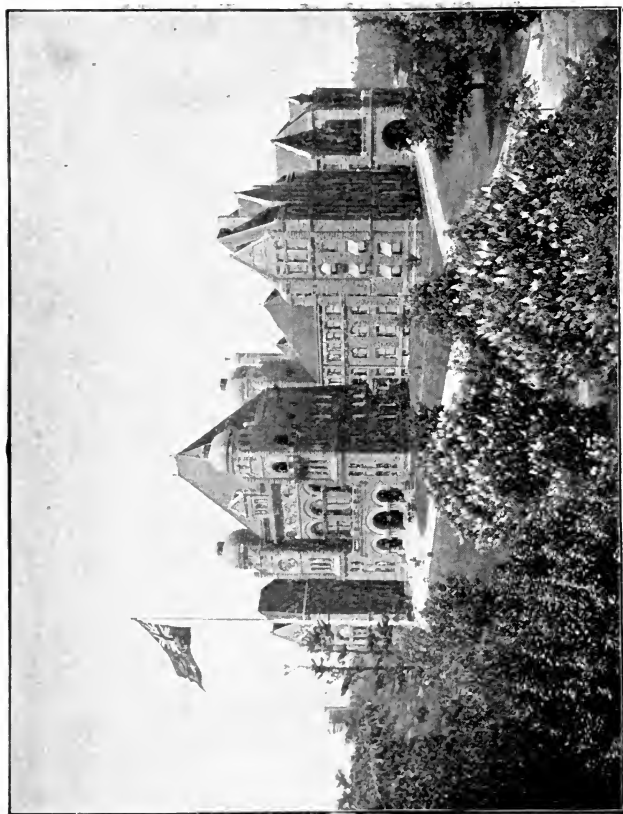
feet, has lately been reported as quite practicable. Hence, with the possibilities of trade and commerce which are thus brought into view, we may hope that long before Macauley's New Zealander, having from London Bridge, sketched the ruins of St. Paul's, sails up Lake Superior to perform a similar charitable work for Port Arthur, the town will have done something to promote the material prosperity of the world. It may be mentioned, by the way, that Port Arthur is the only town on the American Continent which owns and operates all its utilities, and there is a popular demand for similar municipal ownership throughout the Canadian West.

A few miles south-west, on the River Kamastiqua, is an embryo city, Fort William, which is so near its neighbor, Port Arthur, that it may be said the two are practically one. The former gives evidence of such business potentialities as, when developed, must make it a place of great importance. Even now the amount of shipping and of rail transportation which one sees there on every hand would be creditable to a place of twice its population. Doubtless, this is, to a great

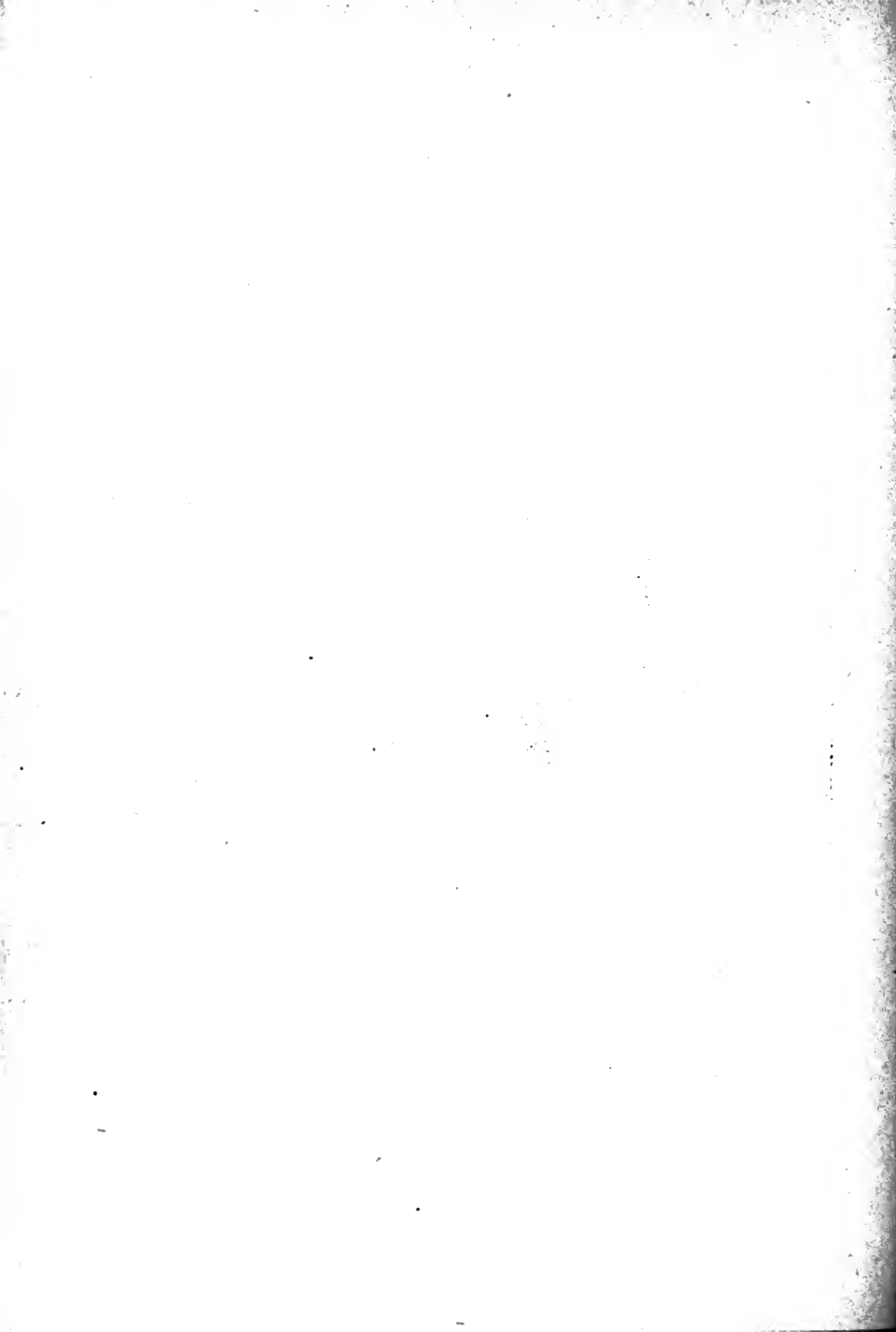
extent, due to the fact that here are the immense workshops and the huge elevators of the Canadian Pacific railway, whilst it is here also that passengers and freight are transferred to and fro the Canadian West by the commodious steamers of the Northern Navigation Company, and the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company.

We are still in the " banner province " of the Dominion, for the vast country to the north and west of Lake Nipissing and the French River is known as "New" or "Greater Ontario." This seems to be an admirable field for colonization ; and under the prudent and energetic administration of the Ontario Lands, Forests and Mines Department, it cannot be doubted that settlers will flock in here in even greater numbers than in the past, and the development of its practically inexhaustible resources will still be more rapid.

With regard to the climate of this part of Canada, the Director of the Dominion Meteorological Service, declares that there is nothing in the climatic conditions to prevent the whole great district from the height of land to



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO, ONT.



James's Bay from being a good agricultural country.

It has been pointed out that while Europeans thought Canada was a northern country, Ottawa is further south than Venice, that Toronto is five hundred and fifty miles south of London, England, and Winnipeg about one hundred miles south. The mildest winters in Canada are attributed to Southern Alberta. All Canada is favoured with more sunshine than any portion of Great Britain, Germany, Holland, or Northern France; the summer percentage of Canada is said to be between 53% and 59%, while southermost England is generally between 35 and 45%. The salient feature of Canada's climate is not the cold of winter but rather the perfection of summer and autumn.

Of the many districts into which New Ontario is divided that of Rainy River is most northerly and westerly; and its most important town, Rat Portage—now known by the more euphonic name of Kenora, is situated on the main line of the two great railways already mentioned. It may surprise some people to learn that this one district alone is

about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and has an average width of about one hundred and twenty, so that it contains scarcely less than thirty thousand square miles. It is something to be proud of that, whilst New Ontario was a few years ago almost entirely unsettled, having but a very sparse population in only a few districts, the foundations of several prosperous cities have since been laid whose inhabitants number from one thousand to ten thousand. Surely this indicates that there will yet be an " Empire west and north of Lake Superior," with water power unlimited, with forests so extensive that one would say they can never be exhausted, with mineral resources on such a gigantic scale that the old mines of Cornwall and the Cassiterites were but pigmies in comparison both as to the amount and the variety of their products, and with an agricultural area so extensive and so fertile as to warrant us in predicting that it will yet supply teeming plenty to many millions of industrious and prosperous inhabitants. Even now, as the train speeds along, one catches glimpses of

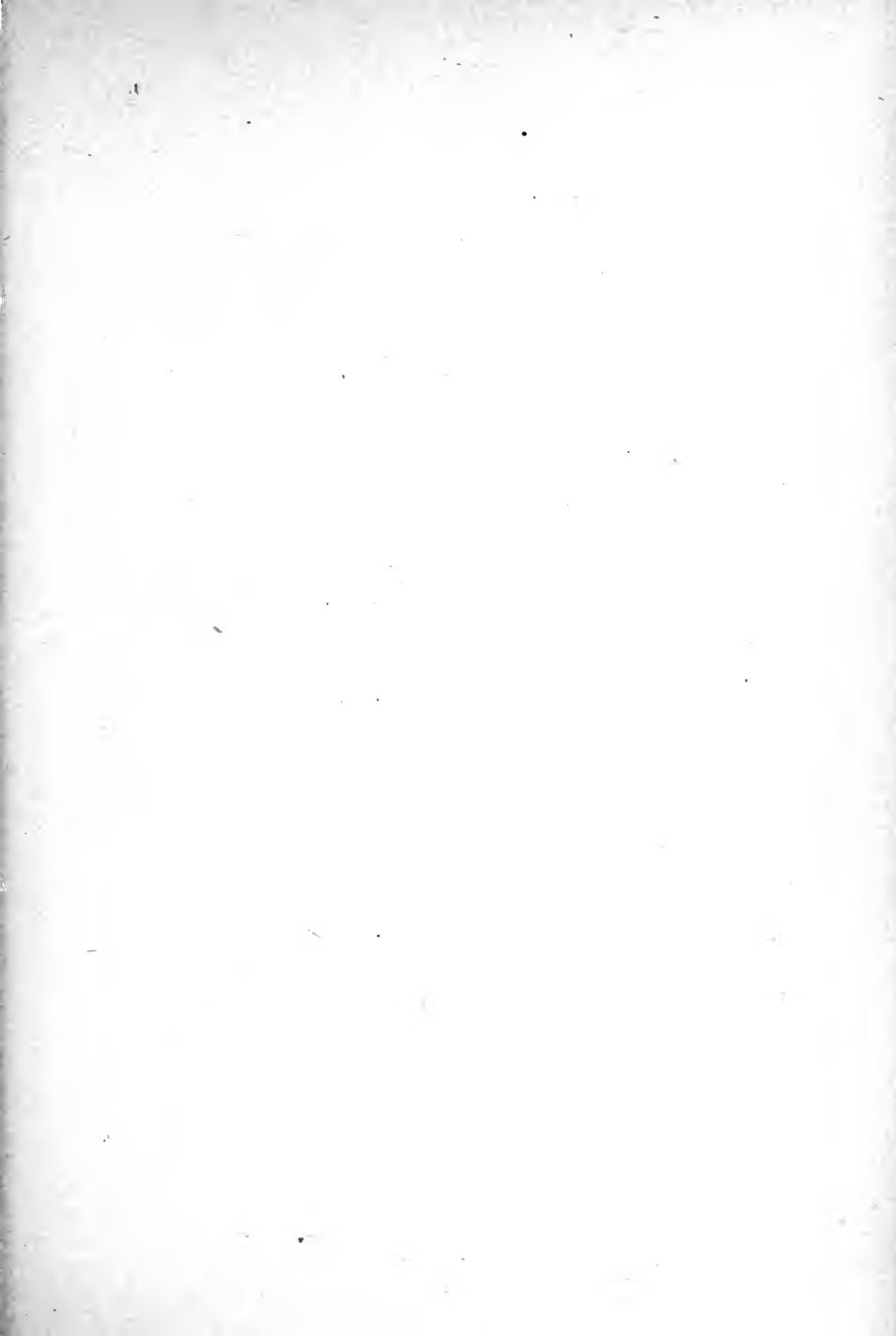
many a settler's comfortable home, and many a clearing in the "forest primeval."

When beginning this paper our intention was to give simply some account of what we saw in Manitoba, confining our observations to a description of the province as it is to-day, and to what it was when the now fine city of Winnipeg was but in embryo as Fort Garry. But our trip was so delightful and so suggestive that we have lingered over it until we have already written quite enough for a single article—that is for an article that one expects to be read—and have not yet said a word about Manitoba itself. No room is now left for drawing such a contrast as we had intended; and yet it would not be seemly if this paper were ended without something being written about the great agricultural province to the immediate west of us, into which there is ever pouring thousands of settlers of various nationalities, and where hosts of laborers annually wend their way to gather in an abundant harvest. Since these lines were penned, throughout the west two harvests are over and the threshing finished, and it is extremely gratifying to learn that the yield of both years has

been phenomenal, the minimum of wheat being about twenty-five bushels to an acre, while in many localities each acre has produced more than forty bushels.

At Edrans, a little town in the Western part of the province, we spent several days very pleasantly ; and none the less, though in another sense, did we enjoy some little excursions into the surrounding country. From here to Carberry, and on to Brandon, the land is rolling prairie, but quite level from Winnipeg to this point. As one gazed over the vast expanse, and breathed in the freshness and freedom of the west, and felt relieved for the time from the more conventional life of the older provinces, and became more exhilarated with the bright clear air of Manitoba—then indeed did one realize that coming out here from the modern city life of old Canada was something like turning to the Percy Ballads after wearisome attempts to comprehend the sonnets of Rossetti. Almost unconsciously one finds oneself thinking of Bryant's poem, "The Prairies," and repeating to oneself :

" These were the gardens of the desert,
* * * So they stretch





MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.
THE TALL BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE IS THAT OF THE UNION BANK OF CANADA.

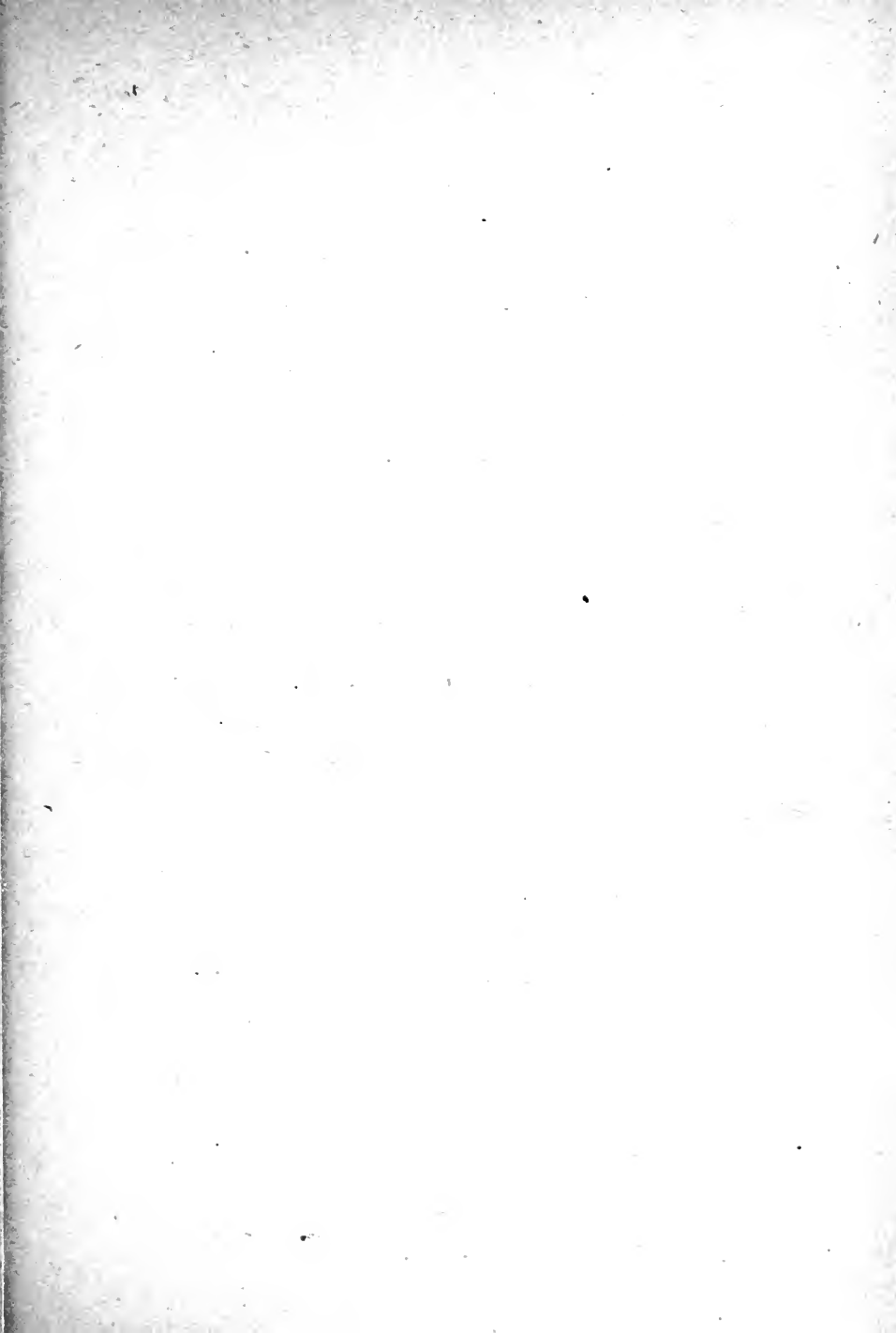
In airy undulations far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentle swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever."

Here and there in this part of Manitoba the prospect is somewhat diversified with what may be called islands of clustering trees, and the sod is covered with wild flowers of almost infinite variety. Here we see, in all their modest beauty, black-eyed, brown-eyed, and yellow-eyed "susans" and countless other charming blossoms, somewhat resembling what we in the east call the corn flower; and an immense profusion of wild roses, many hued, from the delicate pink to the brilliant damask; aye, and many another besides.

Coming, as we do, from the city founded by Champlain nearly three hundred years ago, the moment we reach the almost brand new capital of Manitoba we are at once struck with the difference between it and Quebec; and we miss the striking surroundings of the old city, its commanding situation, its effective fortifications, and its historic buildings. But, still Winnipeg can boast of many delightful walks and drives in its immediate neighbor-

hood, its parks have many natural and artificial beauty spots, and its public buildings are commodious and handsome. Then, too, across the Red River and the Assinaboia stands old fashioned St. Boniface, where we hear the language so familiar to our ears in the Province of Quebec, and spoken by people of the same race. Here, too, in Winnipeg, are St. John's, Manitoba and Wesley Colleges, which with the University of Manitoba, are doing such good work for the higher education of the people of the Prairie Province.

However, the great advantage which Winnipeg possesses is its situation as a commercial centre, which is perhaps unsurpassed in the Dominion ; and, consequently its growth in the past few years has been simply phenomenal, and its material advancement during the past twelve months has been more marked than that of any other year in its history. That the citizens have the fullest confidence in its future progress as an emporium for the illimitable country surrounding it is evidenced by the large number of substantial buildings now in course of erection. Amongst the finest of them is that of the Union Bank of Canada, an



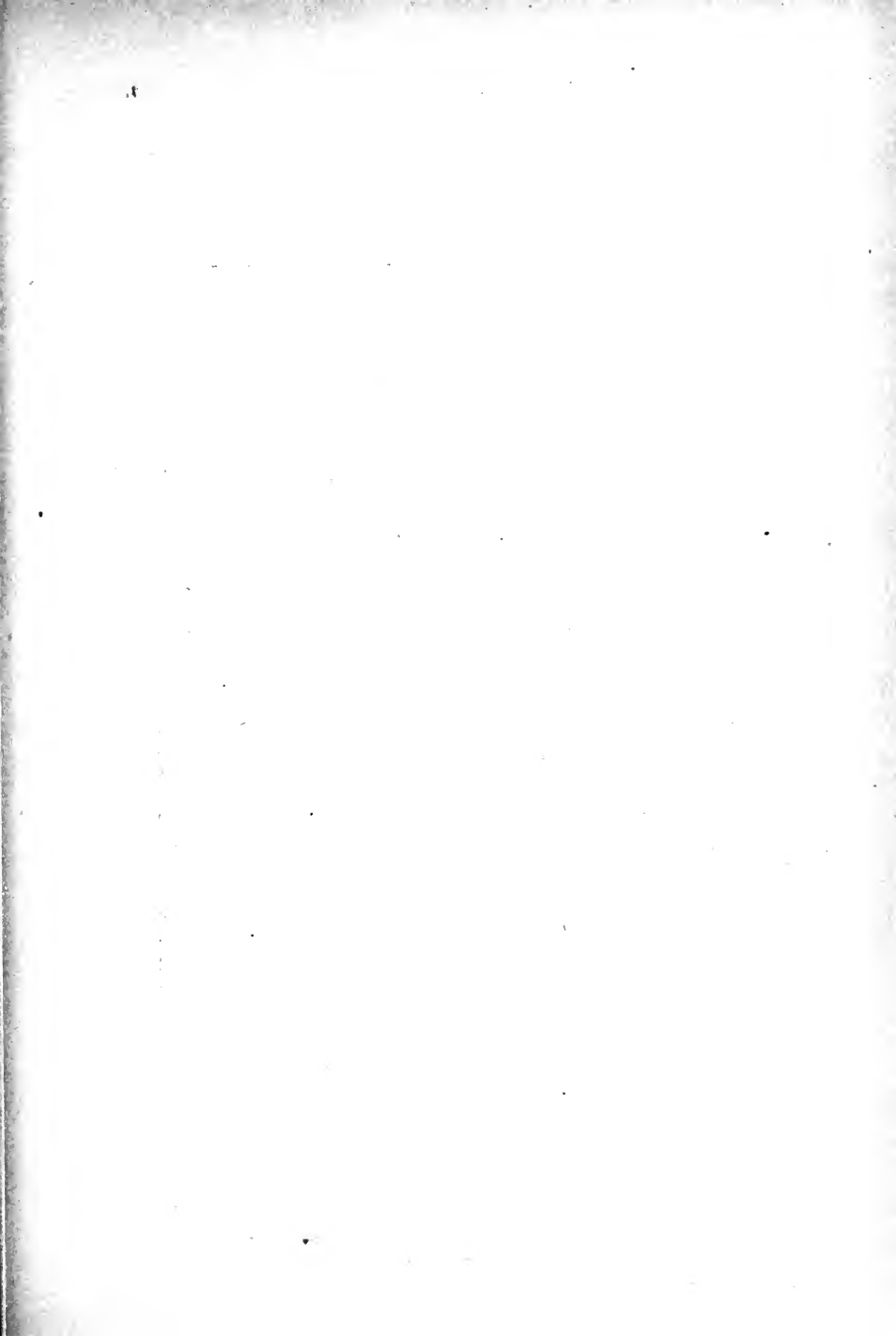


GREAT GLACIER, GLACIER, B. C.

institution whose head office is in the city of Quebec, a magnificent structure in a central situation; and by the way the Union has branches in all the principal cities and towns of the West. The Winnipeg building is ten stories in height, and from its roof one has an almost bewildering view of the whole city, and of the prairies which encompass it, as they stretch out in all directions to the far distant horizon. As is usual in all cities with very bright prospects. Winnipeg seems at present to be overcrowded with business ventures. Some of them, one would say, must end in failure; but others, those investments made by men able to tide over certain financial difficulties which are morally certain to arise now and then until the stream of immigration is sufficiently great to justify the outlay, must eventually bring in a rich return. At present the indications are decidedly in favor of an early settlement of the West in general and of Manitoba in particular. The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the continuation of the Canadian Northern, the many extensions of the Canadian Pacific, together with other considerations, are unmistakable signs of the rapid

settlement and development of the province ; so that it requires neither the eye of the seer nor the pen of the prophet to foretell that the time is rapidly approaching when Winnipeg will become to Western Canada, as a distributing centre, what Chicago is to the Western States. And so with earnest aspirations for its welfare, we bid Winnipeg farewell—Winnipeg with its salubrious summer and invigorating winter, its fine public buildings and handsome private residences, its busy, active, cheerful, prosperous and hospitable citizens.

One sees enough in the embryo cities of the Canadian West to dissuade him from anything like prophecy. The barren prairie, touched by the wand of enterprise springs at once into newness of life : a community goes on from strength to strength until its friends become surprised with unexpected triumphs, the travellers amazed at the increase of population, and the residents charmed with the prospect of still greater things. Between Dauphin and Edmonton there are about eighty towns and villages varying in size from fifty to two hundred inhabitants, each with a definite motive for existence, and each feeling a due





THRESHING IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

sense of the important place it occupies in the development of the country. All of them are enterprising and progressive, and each of them looks forward to the possibility of becoming a large city in the not distant future. Their present need only be judged by a comparison with the conditions which prevailed before the railways went through. Close and compact settlements have been spread over hundreds of miles which were given over to the birds and the beasts. In less than three years a new country has been built up, thriving towns and prosperous farms occupying the places where solitude reigned, and "the wind came down to the grass and flowers to join in complaint that so much beauty was born to blush unseen."

Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, is a brilliant example of what the advent of a railway does for an ambitious but handicapped community. Up to 1905 it had no direct rail communication. The Canadian Northern now has its western terminus in the centre of this formidable city, which has fourteen banks—sure evidence of the magnitude of its business.

Without water the lands in some parts of the Territories are in a measure valueless, as the

crops are liable to burn up in a dry season. With water they are surprisingly fertile. The introduction of a thorough system of irrigation has, however, raised the farmer above the fear of dry weather, and fabulous crops spring from the strong soil which, when dry, appears to be more or less barren. The water is taken from swift-flowing streams by throwing out wing-dams, and is conducted along the distant banks until it is very much higher than the river from which it is taken. The current seems to be climbing around the elevated banks, and so strong is the deception that one can hardly believe it is not actually running up hill. Every year, it is said, increases the rainfall in these regions, and it is predicted they will soon be situated in the rain belt and bountifully supplied with water from the clouds. The cost of the irrigation is not excessive and the farmer has the option of either a perpetual water right or one renewable annually.

The scenery of the Canadian "Rockies" affords greater variety, perhaps, than any other part of the American Continent. How impressive the western sunshine, sifting itself

down these mighty ravines and hollows, and tinting the far off summits with aerial light. One could not but deem that the bard of "Thanatopsis" had well applied to these majestic hills those happy lines wherein he apostrophises the famous heights of Europe :

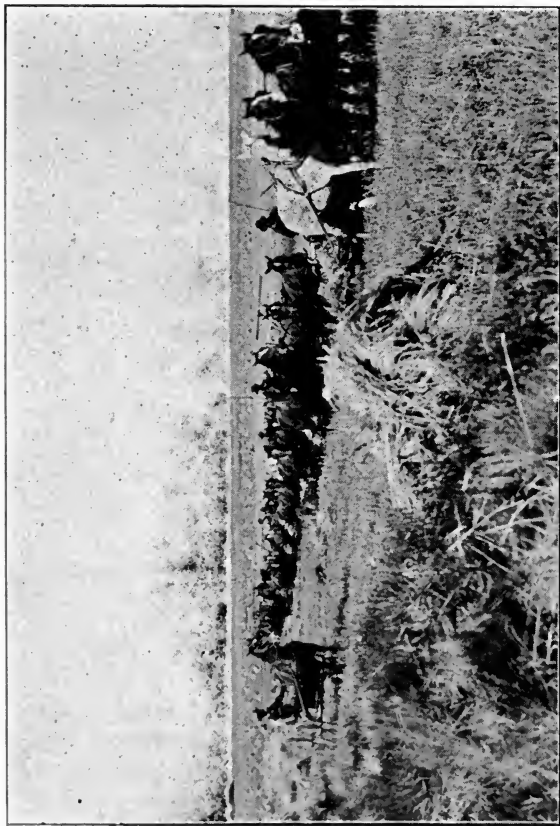
" Your peaks are beautiful, ye Appenines
In the soft light of your serenest skies.
From the broad highland region, dark with pines,
Fair as the hills of Paradise, ye rise. "

The statement seems almost incredible that heavily laden trains now run daily across regions which were largely unknown and unexplored a quarter of century ago. The Canadian Pacific Railway has for several years traversed regions which were known then to none but the wandering Indian or the solitary trapper. The other side of the continent can now be reached daily in a parlour car. For majesty of scenery and for marvels of engineering skill this rail route is, perhaps, unrivalled. The highest point attained by the railway in this route is said to be a mile above sea level. The views gained along this journey rival the gleaming splendour of Chamounix and Mont Blanc. The resemblance is that of a tumul-

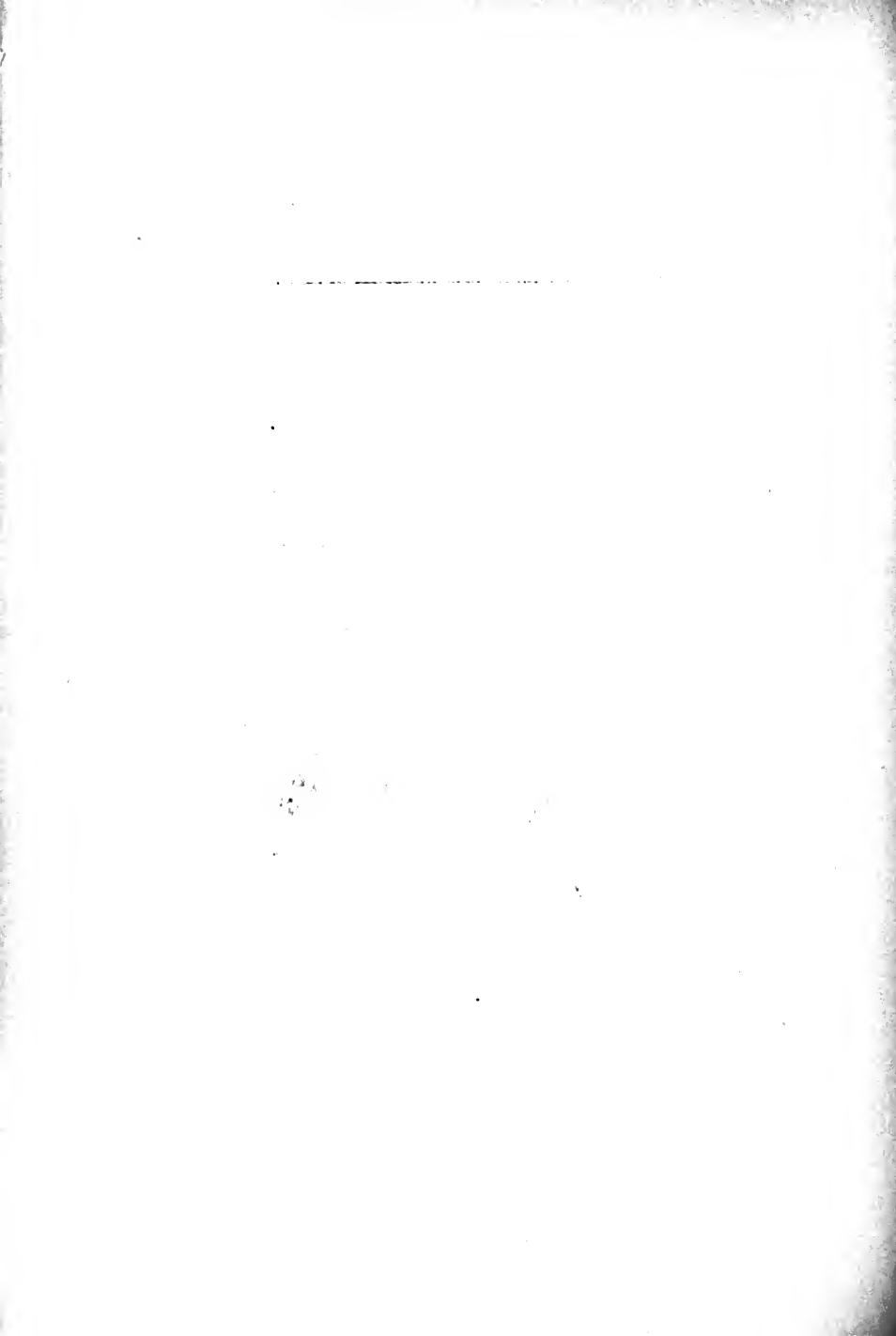
tuous yet regular sea of rocky billows suddenly arrested and petrified. Peak after peak rears its bold, bare crest above the timber line.

Two hours from Banff the train crosses "the Great Divide," which is the backbone of the continent—the highest point reached by the railway—which is over five thousand feet above the sea level. Many lofty peaks, however, rise from five thousand feet to seven thousand feet above this altitude. Mount Stephen towers ten thousand feet above sea level. The Selkirks follow the Rockies,—Mount Donald, an acute pyramid of naked rock, and other sentinel mountains, all of them thousands of feet above us, stand out here and there like the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc. Stretching away and beneath on every side is an endless series of peaks dwarfed by contrast and yet ranging thousands of feet in height.

At this altitude the silence is broken only by the laboured throbs of the locomotive and the steady rotation of the carriage wheels. Birds are rarely seen, though sometimes an eagle may be discerned poised in the air or pursuing his majestic flight. Nearing the coast

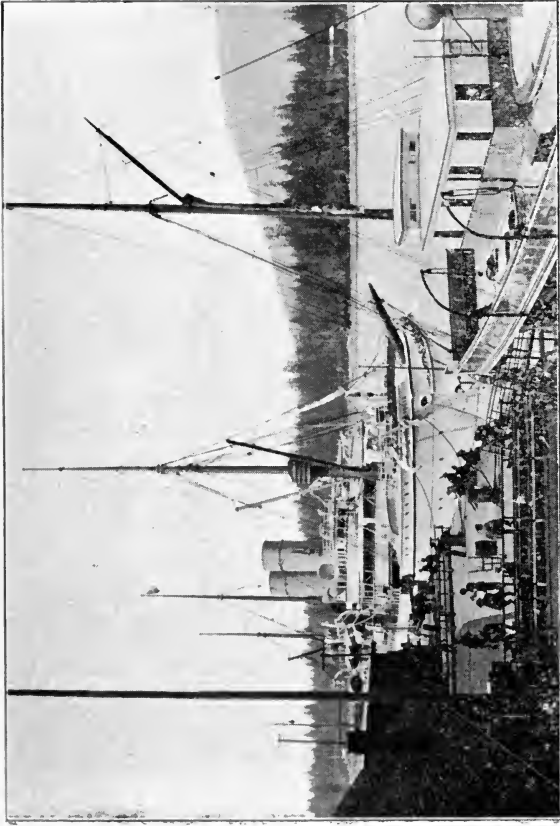


REAPING IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

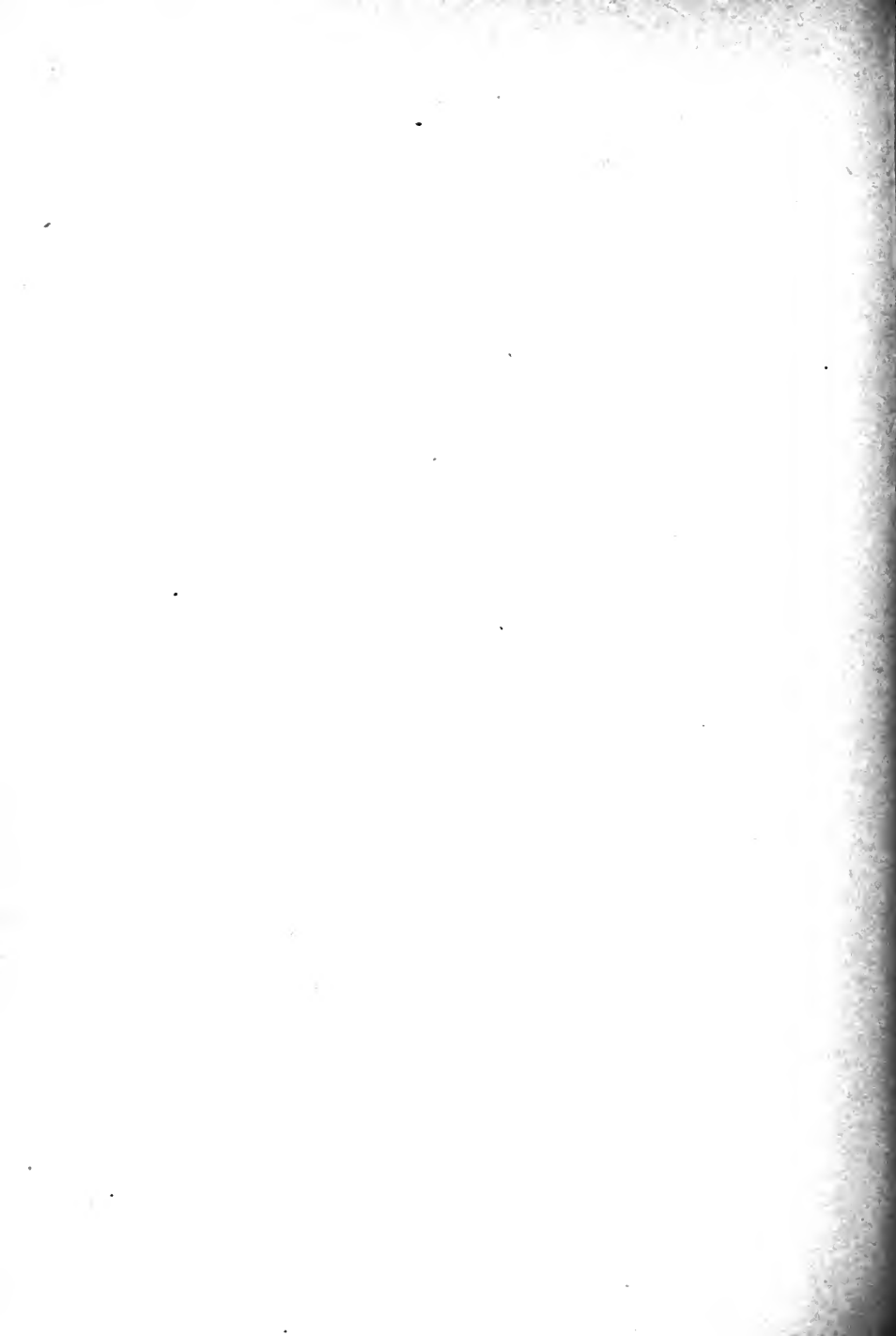


the view becomes wider and more general. Several high snow-capped mountains rear their stately crests towards the sky. Here one sees the cloud-like cone of Mount Baker, singularly impressive ; in another direction, Mount Hood, and Mount St. Helens, seven thousand feet in height ; Mount Shasta, and at a vastly greater altitude, magnificent Mount Tacoma. The symmetrical form of Mount Hood, which stands forth in the proudest majesty, is an object almost invariably in view in the prospects in and about the cities of Vancouver and Victoria. Another of the conspicuous objects in the mountain scenery is Mount Tacoma, towering nearly fifteen thousand feet, crowned with perpetual snow, and a powerful field glass brings in plain view a massive glacier resting thousands of feet above green plains and human habitations. The scenery en route from Vancouver to Victoria is at all points very picturesque. The shores of the Straits are beautifully rounded and are clothed to the water's edge with magnificent forests. There are many bold headlands, and apparently only a few miles away rise the glittering snow clad summits of some of the great peaks. The

irregular shores reveal at every stage in the cruise a new picture. The scenery here possesses some of the charms of the Italian Lakes, or of the Mediteranean. The approach to the Island of Vancouver, in the early morning is a superb view. On one hand unfolding the drapery of the morning mist, rise the blue glistening snow-capped heights of the Olympic range of mountains ; in the south—the crowning glory of all, is the snow-white dome of Mount Tacoma. The picturesque island of Vancouver is straight ahead, and we are approaching its southern extremity, which was the original abode of the early settlers on the Island of Vancouver, and is now the site of the cosmopolitan city of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. The city is situated on Victoria Arm, which is the name given to an inland bay, and which is an excellent harbour in all seasons. The Arm is about four miles in length and its shores are not wanting in picturesqueness, and many charming nooks present themselves. We are not sufficiently skilled as a botanist to enter scientifically into a description of the flora of the country, and give the names of the plants, flowers, shrubs,



THE HARBOR, VANCOUVER, B. C.

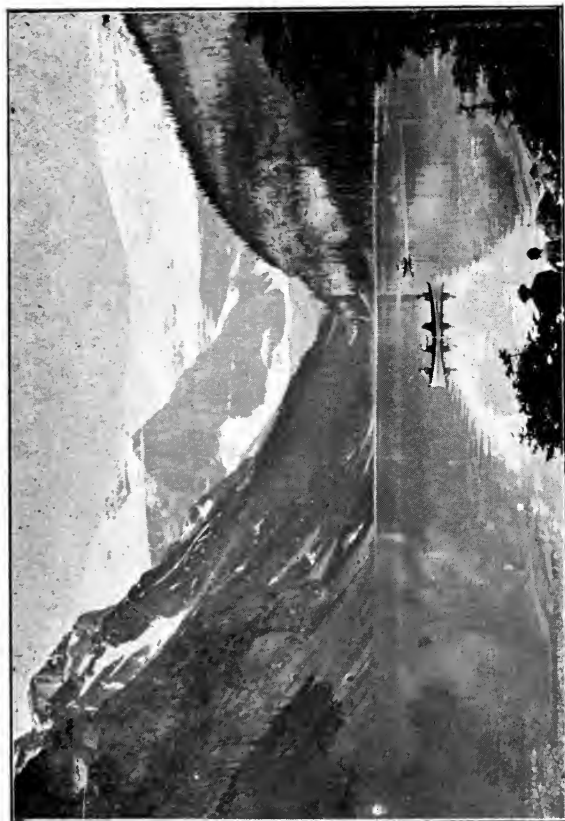


and trees which abound in many parts of the Island of Vancouver ; suffice it to say, that wild flowers, beautiful and fragrant, abound, also berries and many varieties of trees, among which are the arbutus, or California manazita, the elder the maple, and many others. The government buildings, including Government House so recently occupied by a distinguished son of Quebec. Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinière, P. C. K. C. M. G., as Lieutenant Governor of the Province, are of great architectural beauty, and the grounds by which they are surrounded are handsomely laid out, well kept, and planted with trees and shrubbery, which lend a pleasing effect to the distinctive character of the buildings. On the spacious lawn a handsome granite shaft naturally arrests the eye of the visitor. The inscription informs him that it is erected in memory of Sir James Douglas, K. C. B. the first Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province, from 1851 to 1864.

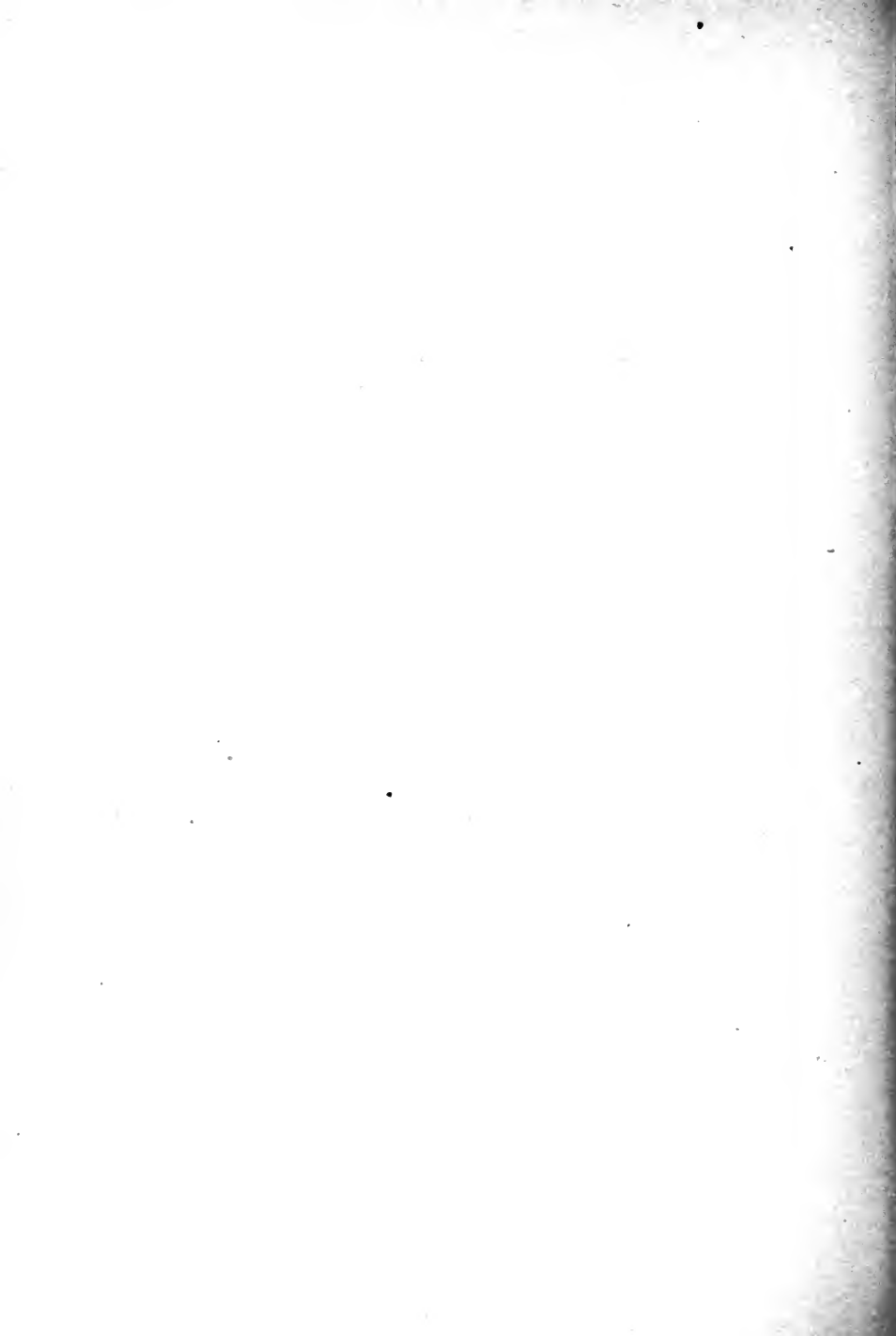
Another of British Columbia's prominent towns in that of New Westminster situated on the mainland. The site is particularly beautiful and attractive being on the north bank of the Fraser river and about fifteen

miles from its mouth. We doubt if there is an other place on the continent where nature has done more to aid the architect or offer inducements to the wealthy to make a home.

On the Pacific coast there are several instances of the most rapid rise of cities known to the world ; some of these have proved permanent and profitable places of investment, while others have dwindled into insignificance or become altogether unknown. It requires no prophetic gift to predict the future greatness of Vancouver and its continued important relation to the commerce and traffic of the world. Its geographical position has secured to it the final terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with steamship communication with the Orient, and nature has been so bountiful in her gifts as to supply every thing necessary or desirable to render it at once a pleasant and profitable place at which to reside and engage in business. Vancouver possesses a mild and agreeable climate, grand and enchanting scenery, and a splendid natural harbour. So much has been said and written, and so much that should be taken *cum grano salis*, that the writer feels some hesitation in giving such matter as,



LAKE LOUISE, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE.



while it contains only plain and very visible truth, must needs be in a great measure repetition, and to those who read without seeing, like exaggeration. Figures, have however, the reputation of being truthful. First as to the matter of distances, an important thing in connection with any great thoroughfare either of travel or commerce. Yokohama to San Francisco in nautical miles, is 4,791; Yokohama to Vancouver, is 4,259 miles. The difference, when the ocean route taken by vessels is considered, is still further increased, and may be estimated from 500 to 700 nautical miles. From San Francisco to New-York is put down at 3,208 miles ; from Vancouver to New-York at 3,288 miles, via Montreal. From San Francisco to Boston, 3,304 miles; from Vancouver to Boston via Montreal, 3,245 miles. From New-York to Liverpool the distance in nautical miles is 3,040 ; from Montreal to Liverpool, in nautical miles, 2,790. It does not require any amount of mental arithmetic to form a conclusion from the above, as to which is the shortest route, for trade, traffic, or travel. We are living in too fast an age for a difference of a thousand miles to be treated with any-

thing but the greatest respect. To-day there are great ocean steamers running to Vancouver from China and Japan, unloading their cargoes on magnificent docks and then these cargoes are transferred to warehouses and trains of freight cars. The fine harbour there has a forest of masts over which float the flags of many nationalities. These are magnificent facts for Canadians to be proud of. Vancouver has long since received her guest ; has greeted with becoming welcome the herald which has proclaimed that the Pacific Slope and the Atlantic coast have united themselves with a band of steel over British Canadian territory.

The area of Canada's habitable territory is being rapidly widened by enterprise, capital and railways. The Yukon, the Mackenzie, and the Abbitibi sections of our country will doubtless some day become permanently populated and will prove valuable additions to our magnificent heritage. Even in these northerly regions various kinds of grain once supposed to belong to more southerly parts of Canada have been grown with success ; and skill and diligence alone are required to make them profitable sources of our national revenue.

No really thoughtful person can spend even a few weeks in the Canadian West without being impressed with the idea that a sentiment is steadily growing amongst the people to the effect that the Dominion will soon have outgrown colonialism, and that the time is coming when she will not be regarded as unduly ambitious should she aspire to the status of nationhood within or without the empire,—with all its great advantages and with all its solemn responsibilities. The feeling of loyalty to Britain is indeed deep, strong, and enthusiastic ; and it would be difficult to understand in what really essential element of independence Canada is lacking to-day — so far, that is, as a country can be independent whilst it remains a part of a kingdom or empire. Still, however, it is becoming more evident every day that the Dominion has within itself all the latent potentiality of national greatness, and that there is no good reason apparent why it may not yet be the leading power on the American continent. But this matter will not, must not, be forced, and we rest content in the belief that (so long as we do our duty as a people) if national independence be best for

us it will be given to us, at the right time and in the right way. Moreover, when it does come we hope to see it not in trying to raise ourselves at the expense of others, not in trying to build up our own nation on the ruins of another, but in entering upon a healthy rivalry with all civilized peoples as to which can do the most towards ushering in the era which England's seer of the last century fore-saw when he sang :

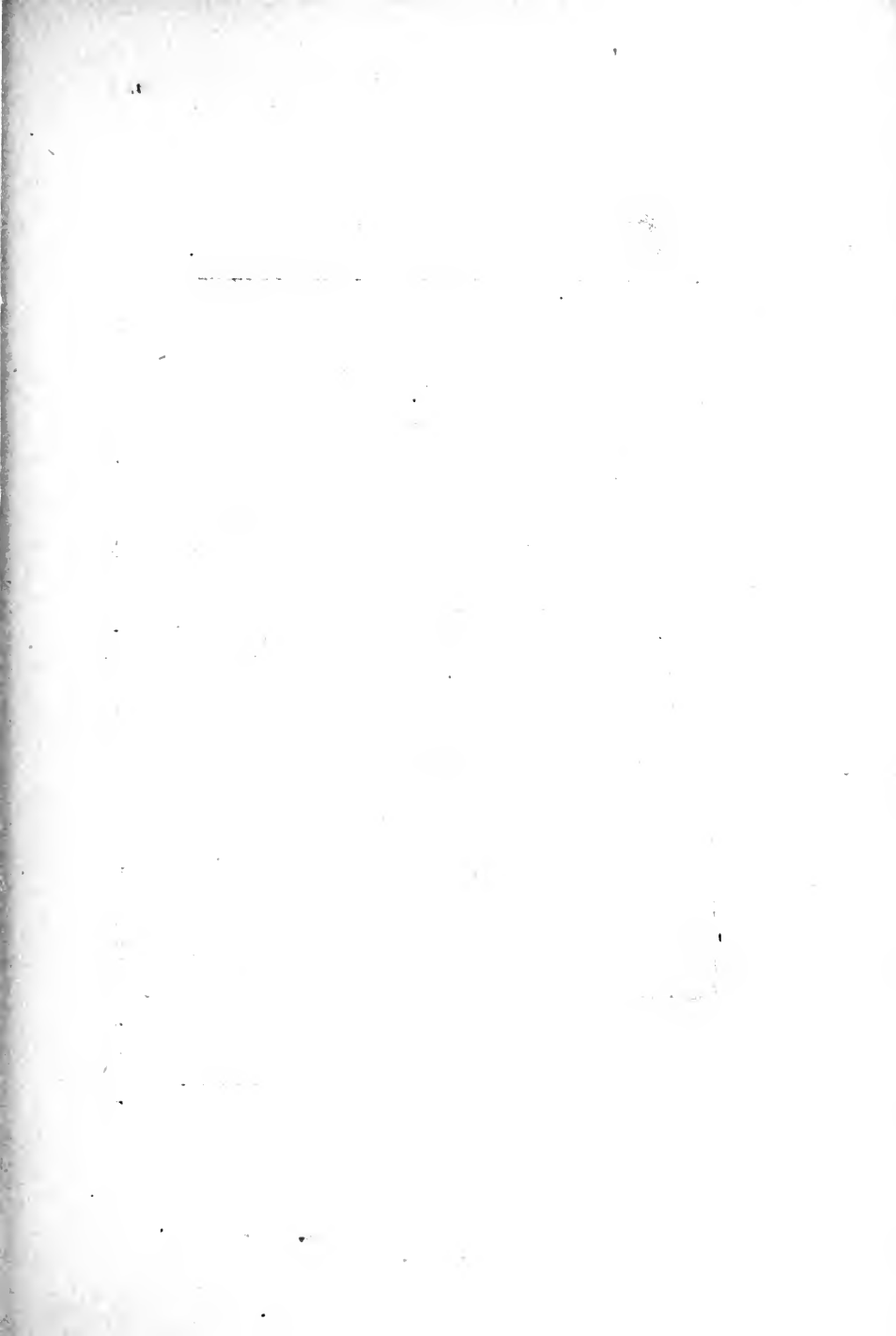
“ Till the war-drums throb'd no longer, and the
battleflags were furl'd
In the Parliament of men, the Federation of the
world.”

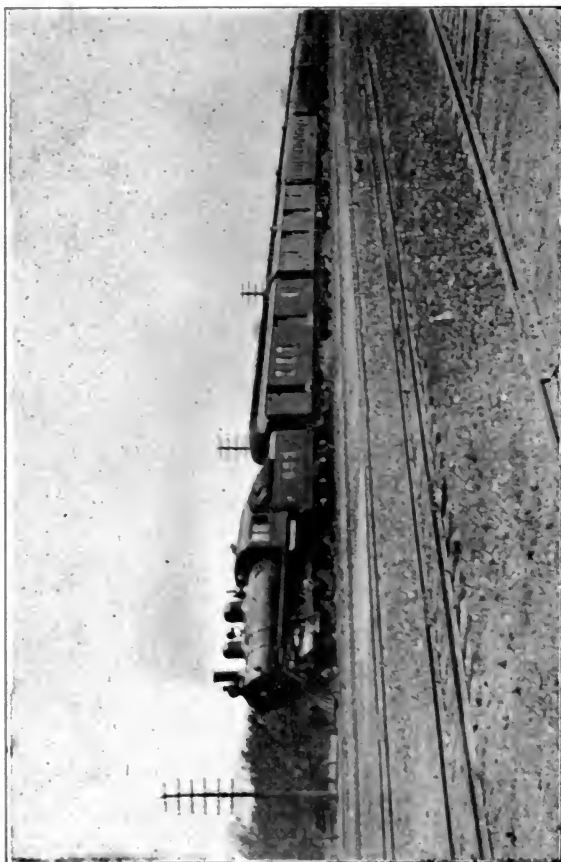
VII

THE ETHICS OF WAR.

One charming mid-summer's day, several years ago, the writer had the exceptional pleasure of witnessing a picturesque series of military evolutions on Quebec's historic battlefield, the Plains of Abraham, which, by the way, —owing mainly to the active initiative set by Lord Grey,—are about to be converted into a national memorial park. From an elevated spot were to be seen troops of prancing, restless cavalry, and long lines of artillery, the bright sunlight bearing down upon the sleek, shining coats of the horses, and dazzling coruscations glist from the burnished arms and accoutrements of their riders. Converging from several quarters, various regiments, some clad in bright scarlet others in dark blue or green uniforms, were moving towards the brigade ground to participate in their morning exercises. At the distance of our view, and without seriously

thinking upon the subject, it was difficult to decide which most to admire—the sombre-garbed, ominous and practical looking “Rifles”, or the gay and spirited-looking “Infantry.” Borne on the wings of a delightful breeze the strains of more than half a score of carefully trained bands reached the ear, producing sensations “felt in the blood and felt along the heart,”—imparting to all not totally inert and pulseless, a sense of new and invigorated life. Only the fewest in this country can have been privileged to listen to the terrific and heart-arousing music, with full orchestral accompaniment, of Handel’s “Gird on Thy Sword,” but feelings probably not much inferior to those inspired by the recital of this mighty composition arose even then within the breasts of the assembled thousands, announcing once again that stern defiance, that indomitable pluck, that pith and valour within the British heart, to which history bears indubitable testimony through all ages. Every wise man yearns that the day when the grim contests of war must be enacted, may be long, long delayed ; but while the fervent Christian prayer of “Give peace in our time, O, Lord,”





**"THE OVERSEAS LIMITED" OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,
WHICH CONNECTS WITH THE "EMPRESSES" OF THE PACIFIC, AT VANCOUVER, B. C., AND THE "EMPRESSES"
OF THE ATLANTIC, AT QUEBEC IN SUMMER, AND ST. JOHN, N. B., IN WINTER.**

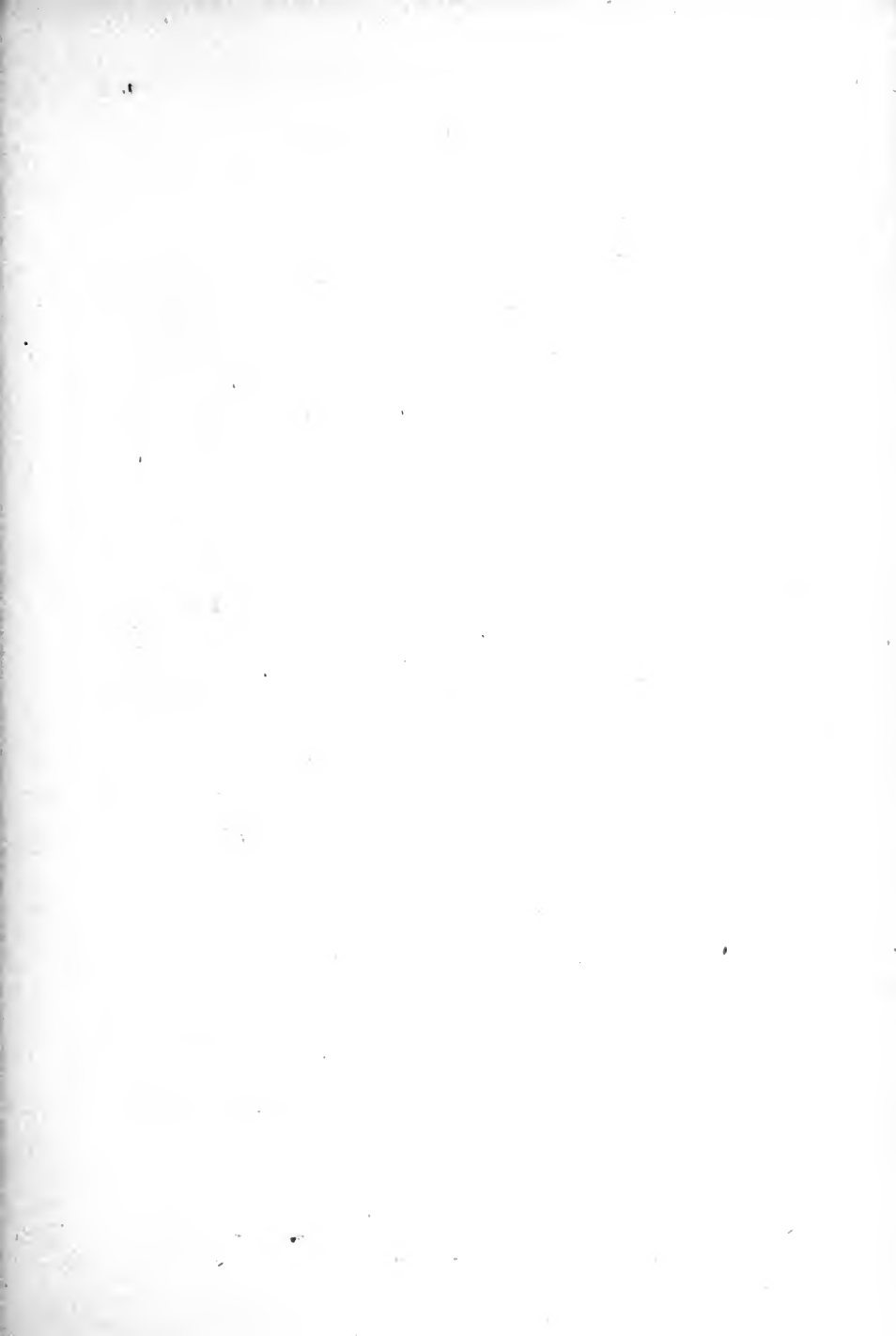
should be the guiding principle of action, it is certain that no country is wisely governed that allows itself to repose in fancied security without the means of repelling invasion by a foreigner or promptly stamping out rebellion. The completest victory is not that which entirely avoids a contest but that which leaves the least evidence of struggle.

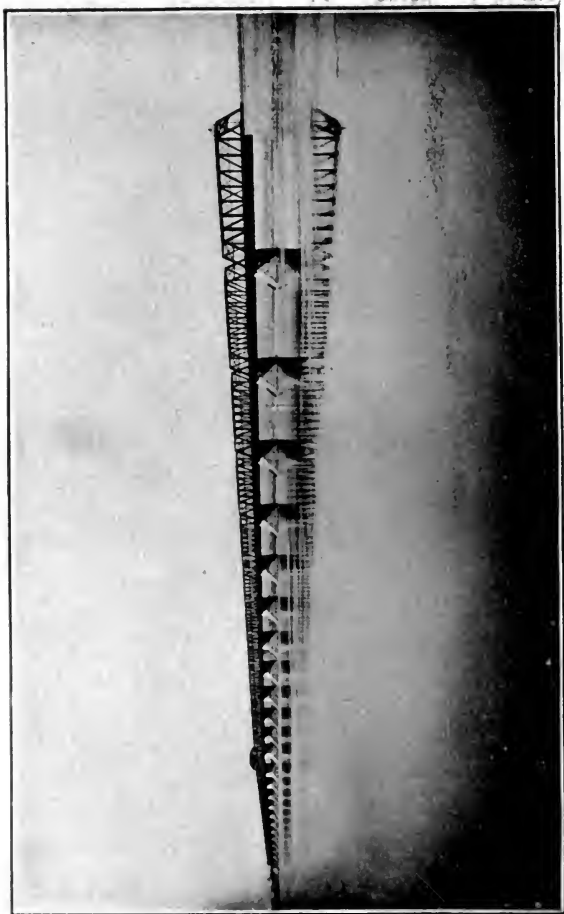
Not unnaturally associated with the simulation of warfare just mentioned, and with the memories awakened of the bravery and chivalry of both French and English in the great deed of arms performed on these historic Plains nearly a century and a half ago, was the thought of the justification of actual contests at arms ; and data that had recently been afforded by no less a qualified authority than the Duke of Connaught, on the subject of the great advance in the moral and intellectual training of " Tommy Atkins " , in the old land, and his abstinence from crime and disorderly conduct while on active service,—suggested doubts whether war itself has necessarily those brutalising tendencies which are popularly attributed to its process, even by those who by no means coincide in the extreme doctrine that it is

never justifiable except as a measure of immediate defence. Such doubts have at times since been considerably strengthened by a perusal of letters written by soldiers from the seat of war to their homes, in which it would be difficult to say whether a brave endurance of discomfort, an heroic exultation in danger faced and overcome, or a kindly flow of home affections, were the most striking characteristics.

That which calls forth in those engaged in it, endurance, sagacity, promptness in resource, presence, of mind, self control, and contempt of death, which knits together officers and men by the strongest ties of mutual respect and admiration, by the sense of dangers shared and services rendered, and by the tenderness and sympathy elicited towards the sick and wounded, can hardly be in itself the wholly evil thing which popular opinion is accustomed in our day to regard it, unless we are prepared to adopt the epicurean sentiment which would make comfort the chief good and pain

“ The something in this world amiss,
To be unriddled by and bye.”





VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE, MONTREAL

True, these facts do not prove that war is not in itself and evil ; and, unquestionably, if men were perfect war would cease. But the question really is, whether men being what they are, wars are not among the modes of human activity by which man's spirit is trained to perfection and the ancient throne of wrong and sensuality, of weakness and cowardice, even of mere brute worship, made to totter to its fall. Unlike the conflict man wages with nature, in war he stands opposed to his fellow-men, and its immediate object is the destruction of human life and the works of human industry. But if the operations of Providence on nature be our guide in this matter, it is not thence that we can draw the moral that evil is to be encountered and good sought only on condition of not destroying the lives and works of men. We humbly trust, and we are learning slowly to perceive that the pestilence that walketh by noon-day and smiteth the thousands in our cities, is sent on a mission of healing, sent expressly to slothful and careless men, whose neglect of the laws of health is entailing incessant loss of life and deterioration of human and bodily powers. The plague

smiteth fiercely, but with a passing blow ; if we learn our lesson its good effects last forever.

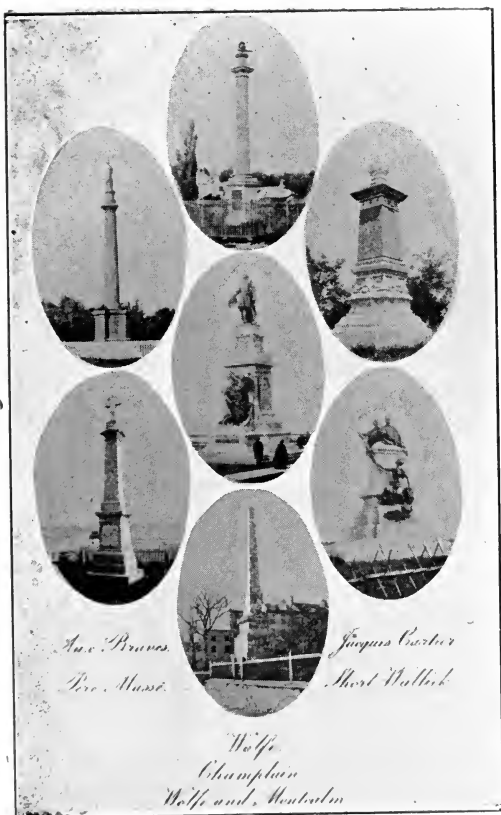
Men are fallible and God is all-wise, it may be answered, and men must not imitate the awful agencies of their Maker, because they cannot be sure they will use them aright. To which we reply that man must act by the best light he has, and that powers given him are lawfully used if used with a righteous purpose : and that when other means of suppressing wrong have been tried in vain, we have no alternative but to let wrong prevail, or to meet and conquer it by armed force. This appears to be a conclusive argument against banishing war from amongst the legitimate means of resisting evil. Mere destruction is no more the real and ultimate object of war than it is of the Arctic expedition, the exploration of Africa, or other noble enterprises in which life is risked. The real object of all justifiable war is to secure the triumph of what is assumed to be right, where human diplomacy has failed to apply the agency of the law, and that combined force of all against one, which is the strength of the law. Nor could the theorists who condemn war, irrespective of its cause or motive, find it

easy either to "justify the ways of God to man," or to approve of any of those enterprises in which life is staked against success, for surely men are bound to regard their own lives as sacred no less than those of others. How, too, will they justify capital punishment, or any punishment, that inflicts bodily pain and injures health? Even the ordinary social mechanism, if strictly probed, the common occupations of men, the systems of labor that accumulate wealth at the expense of the health and vigor of the laborer, would scarcely stand the consistent application of the peace theory.

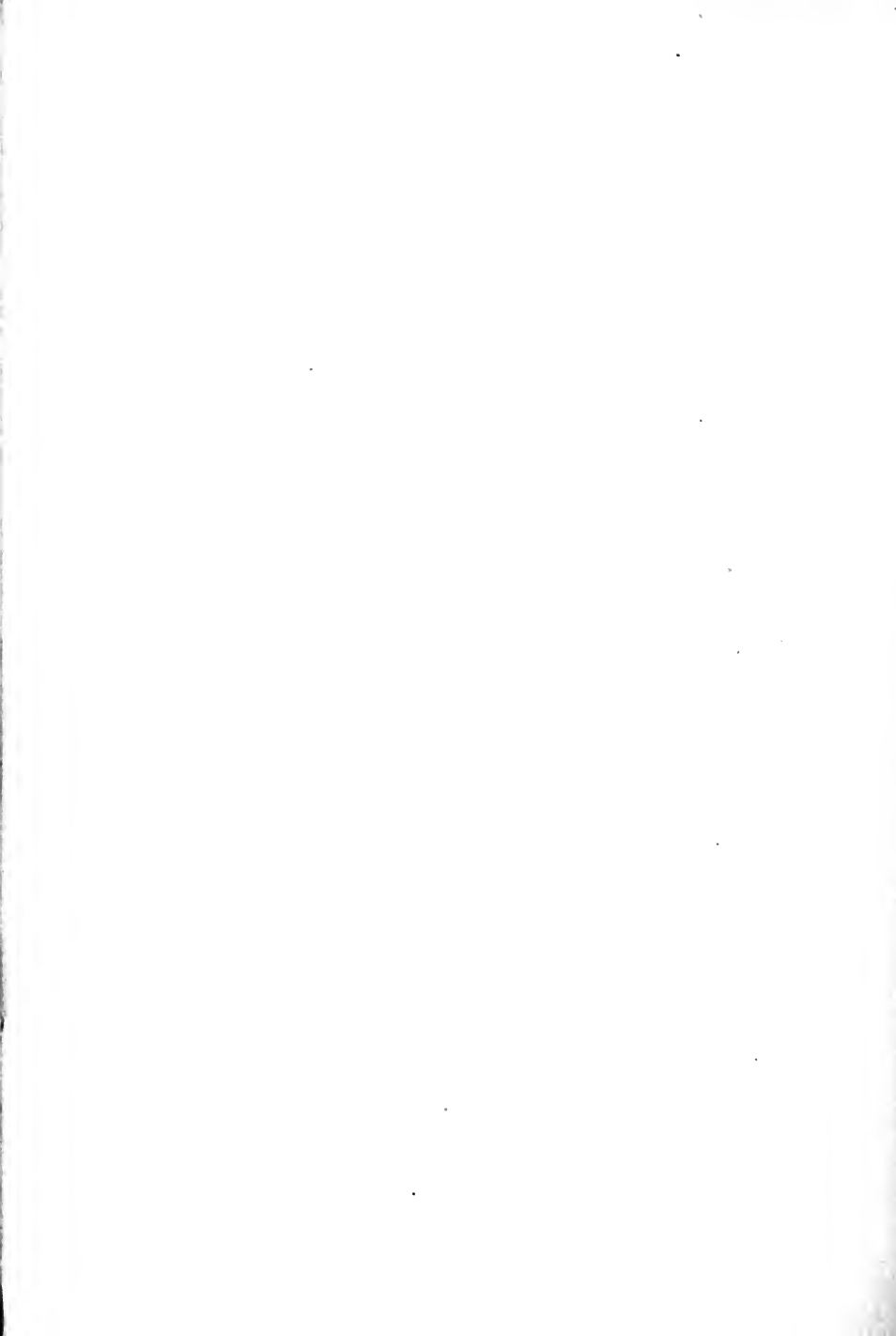
Upon the whole, it would appear, looking into these considerations, that the common sentiment about war needs some revision. Men naturally abhor blood and wounds, pains and mutilated limbs, and regard with instinctive awe the departure of the spirit from its home of flesh—an awe that is vastly deepened when such separation is sudden and violent. May such abhorrence never be less; may such awe never cease to guard with its mysterious sanctity the sacred life of man. But if man is sent into the world not to eat, sleep and enjoy the banquet of the senses, but to vanquish the

evil that is in himself, and in the world ; if no effort, no sacrifice of comfort and happiness is too great to only accomplish the end of his existence ; if we honor by universal acclaim the man who for right and truth exposes his own life, by what logic does that become evil in a nation, which in the individual is honour and virtue ? We must meet and conquer evil in the form it happens to take, and if one of these forms be an armed host working wrong either by its own spontaneous impulse, or at the bidding of a master, what new law comes into operation whereby we are prevented from exposing our lives in this conflict as righteously as we expose them in conflict with the winds and waters in our search after scientific truth or for the produce of distant lands to minister to our needs and luxuries ?

It seems to come to this, that war is among the various agencies by which man's will has to meet and conquer evil ; and that like all those agencies it may be either a noble discipline or a degrading or brutalizing excitement of the passions. Which it will be, in any case, depends much upon the motives of the nation which urges it, and on the general



SOME OF THE MONUMENTS OF QUEBEC.

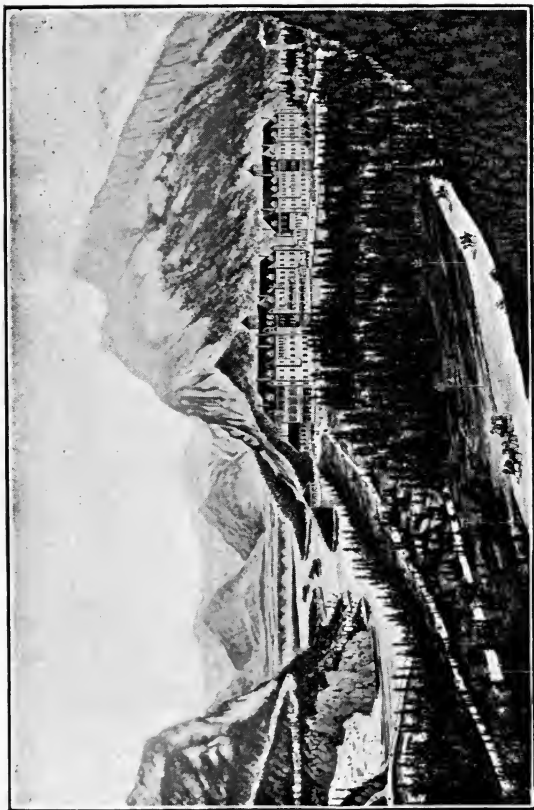


tone of morality among its people. If a nation holds national power as a trust, and if its duties towards its own people have not been miserably neglected, war becomes in the hands of such a nation a divine instrument of justice, and the men who carry it on are sublimed into the conscious ministers of eternal right.

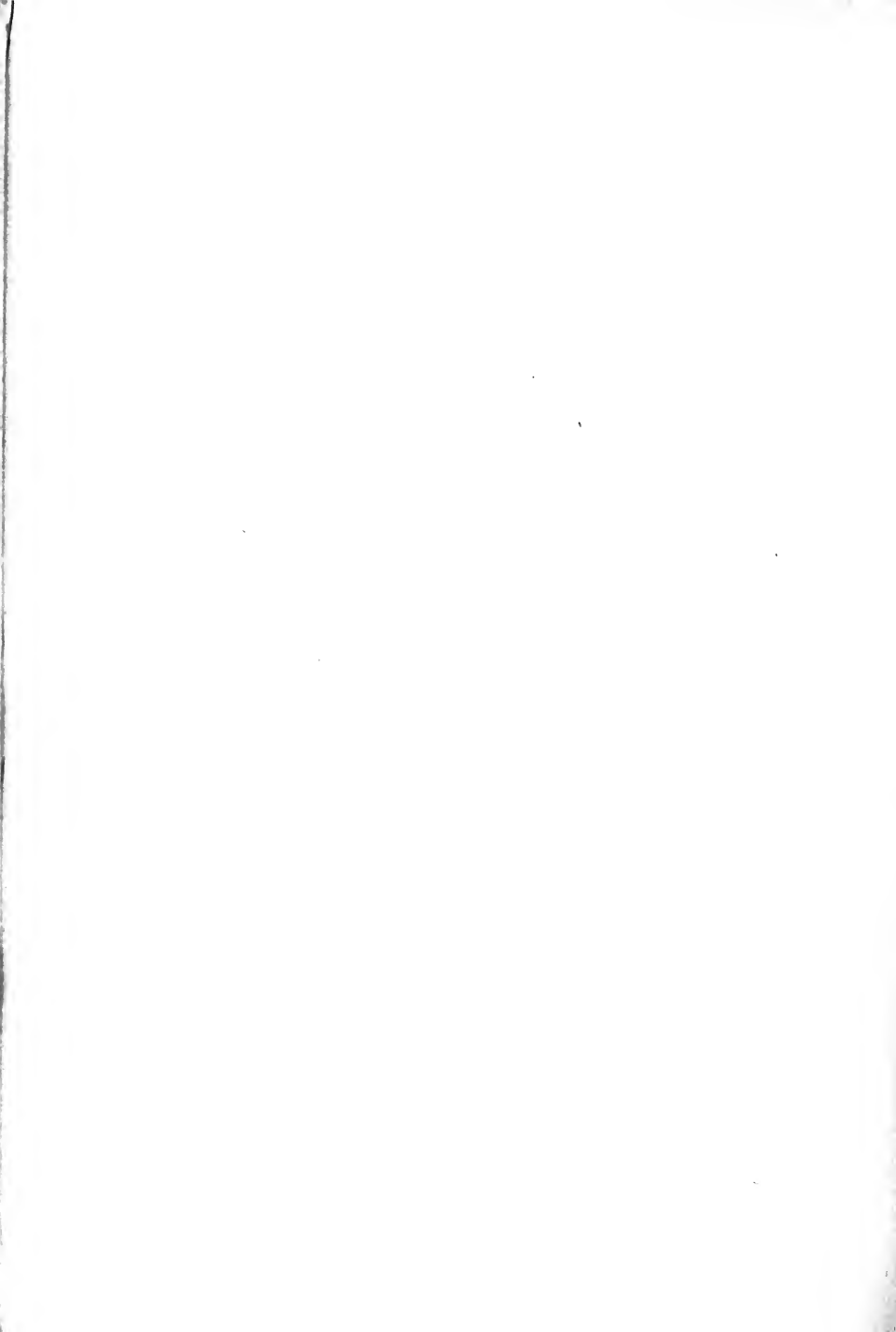
Only a thoroughly materialistic misinterpretation of Christianity, a general epicureanism of habit, and confused notions about what determines the eternal well-being of man, could ever have led to such monstrous doctrines as those propounded by Peace fanatics in reference to recent wars. We turn from such theories to the facts, and find war looking all that is noblest and most manly in a nation, making heroes of peasants and of idlers, hushing the mean jar of faction, except among the basest of mankind, and stirring in the universal heart of a people a strange, delightful sense of brotherhood and unity. And, if startled by such results from what we are taught to consider an unmixed evil, we begin anew to examine the Peace theories promulgated to this day in Europe and America, they resolve themselves into principles, which,

if duly carried out, would deliver over man to the dominion of evil, would postpone every noble motive and high principle to a supreme love of life that would no longer be divine, because divorced from the idea of good, and would soon end in making men the slaves of circumstances, and the bondsmen of the brutes of the forest. Surely the old Pagans had a nobler ideal than this of our modern quietists. If manhood, *virtus*, was then too exclusively seen in the strong arm and brave heart, at least these are the ground of all other excellencies in man ; and a good Christian can no more be a coward and a materialist than he can be a drunkard and a thief. Women retain their instinctive sense of the truth of this matter, and we hold that the qualities in man which a true woman admires are those which God and nature intended him to have.

War has its horrors, so have railways and every noble and useful enterprise, just because such enterprises are a new conflict with evil, and evil fighteth a hard fight, and exacts toils, and groans, and blood before it quits its hold. But to redeem the world from evil is man's mission here, and never is evil more gloriously



BANFF, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



defeated than when armed nations rise indignant against incarnate wrong that has gathered head, sweep away the obstacles to the world's progress, and demean themselves the while as consecrated servants of life and truth.



VIII

THE CHARMS OF BERMUDA.

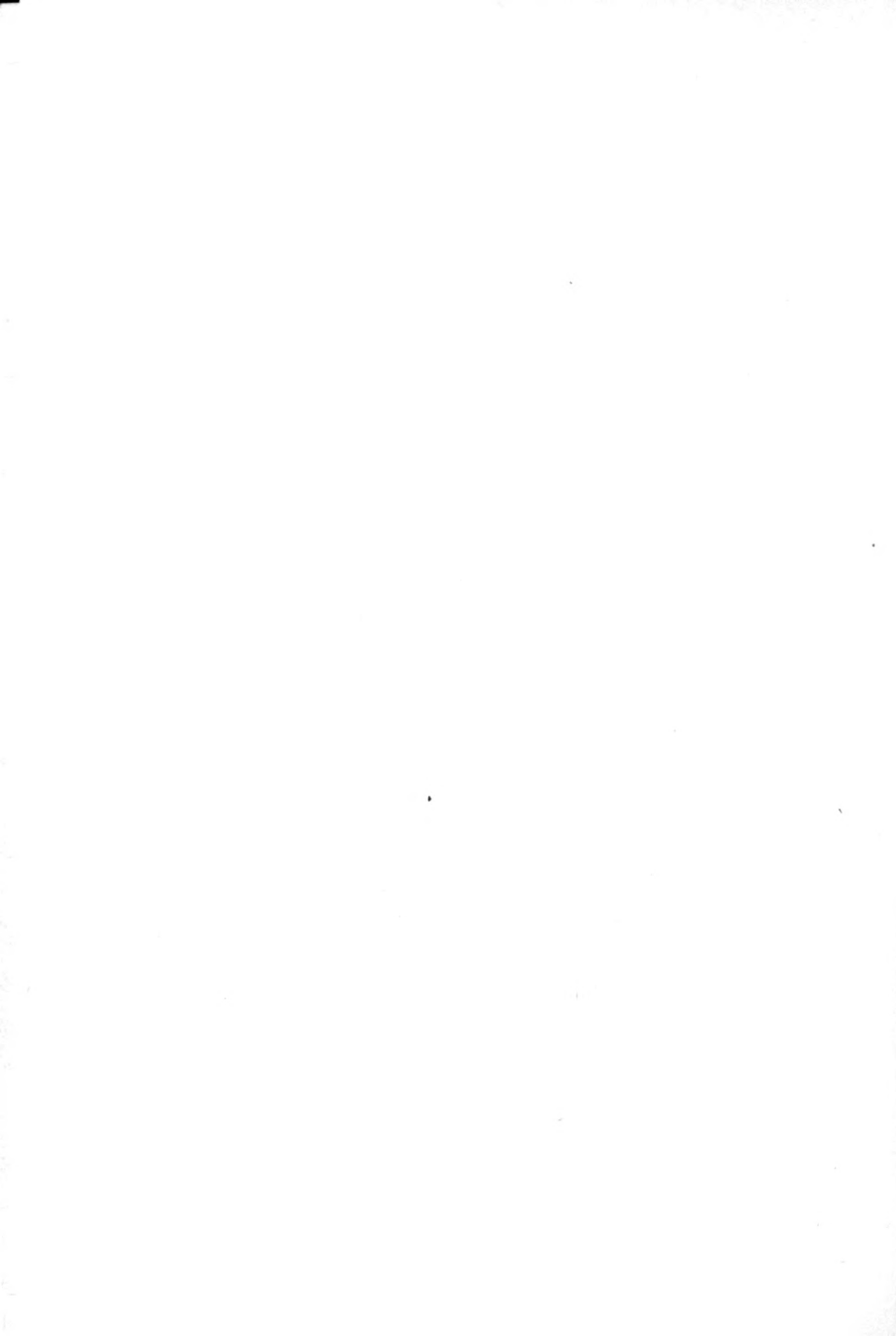
A glance at the map shows that the Bermuda Islands lie southward and eastward of the Gulf Stream, and that they are intersected by the thirty-second parallel of North latitude and the sixty-fourth meridian of West longitude. There is more than the romance of the tropics and the seductive lure of perpetual summer about the Bermudas, and the West India Islands generally, which lift not only "their fronded palms in air" but the cross of St. George as well. There is trade, which Canada might easily cultivate. The enterprise of the Quebec Steamship Company, and of the Pickford & Black S.S. Company, of Halifax N. S., has brought these islands within easy access to Canadians, and traffic has steadily increased between these several parts of the empire the past few years. One writer, a resident of Jamaica, urges that a capital trade ought to



HAMILTON, BERMUDA.



PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO
ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY



be built up with Canada. "The Island has products which the Dominion is prepared to take," he observes, "and the Dominion has products which Jamaica is continually in need of, such, for instance, as flour, timber and fish." A similar thing may be said of the Bahamas, those "islands of the blessed," and also of the "still vexed Bermoothes," in which the writer is most concerned in his present sketch.

All lovers of Shakespeare will remember that the Bermudas are, in part, the scene of the *Tempest*, that drama of which, (with *Midsummer's Night's Dream*), Warburton says, "Sir John Suckling and Milton caught the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shows fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow Castle*." In the second scene of the first act Ariel says to Prospero :

"Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

The islands are said to number one for every

day in the year ; and yet their combined area is not more than twenty square miles, being about an eighth as large as the Isle of Wight. They rest on a foundation of coral, which has been raised by the industrious coral producing zoophytes on the edges of a submerged crater which countless ages ago appeared above the surface of the Atlantic, and eventually disappeared beneath its waves. So translucent is the water around the islands, that, from the summit of a hill near the shore and quite forty feet high, the spectator may clearly see lovely shells and seaweed lying in the bottom fully twenty feet beneath the surface. Though so near the tropics, the climate is free from extremes of heat and cold, the thermometer seldom registering lower than 65 degrees in winter, or higher than 85 degrees in summer. The equable temperature is chiefly due to the complete isolation of the islands, which are at least six hundred miles from the mainland, so that they ever enjoy the benefits of salubrious sea breezes, blow they from what quarter soever.

The productions of the tropics flourish in the islands not because the heat is intense, but

because they are never exposed to frost, winter being practically unknown. Here are found the graceful bamboo, the cocoa palm, the palmetti, the mangrove, the gru-gru palm, the orange, the lemon, the banana, etc., and yet not a poisonous plant can be found throughout the whole group.

In the woods the blue bird on the wing seems like a bit of deep azure sky of Italy endowed with life, whilst the crimson gros-bec flying amongst trees lights up the scene as with an ambient flame. In the placid bays fish, unknown to colder waters, disport themselves, a wonderful variety of brilliant tints—pink, rose-colour, white, blue, orange, emerald, yellow, and ruby. The full list of Bermudian fishes recorded by various authors to date reaches nearly three hundred varieties, chiefly members of the West Indian fauna. The angel fish, (so called from its wing-like fins and quaintly human-looking face), with its scales of brown and white, gills of deep blue, and other parts blue and yellow, is one of the most curious as well as most beautiful of them all.

A native of Erin would find himself per-

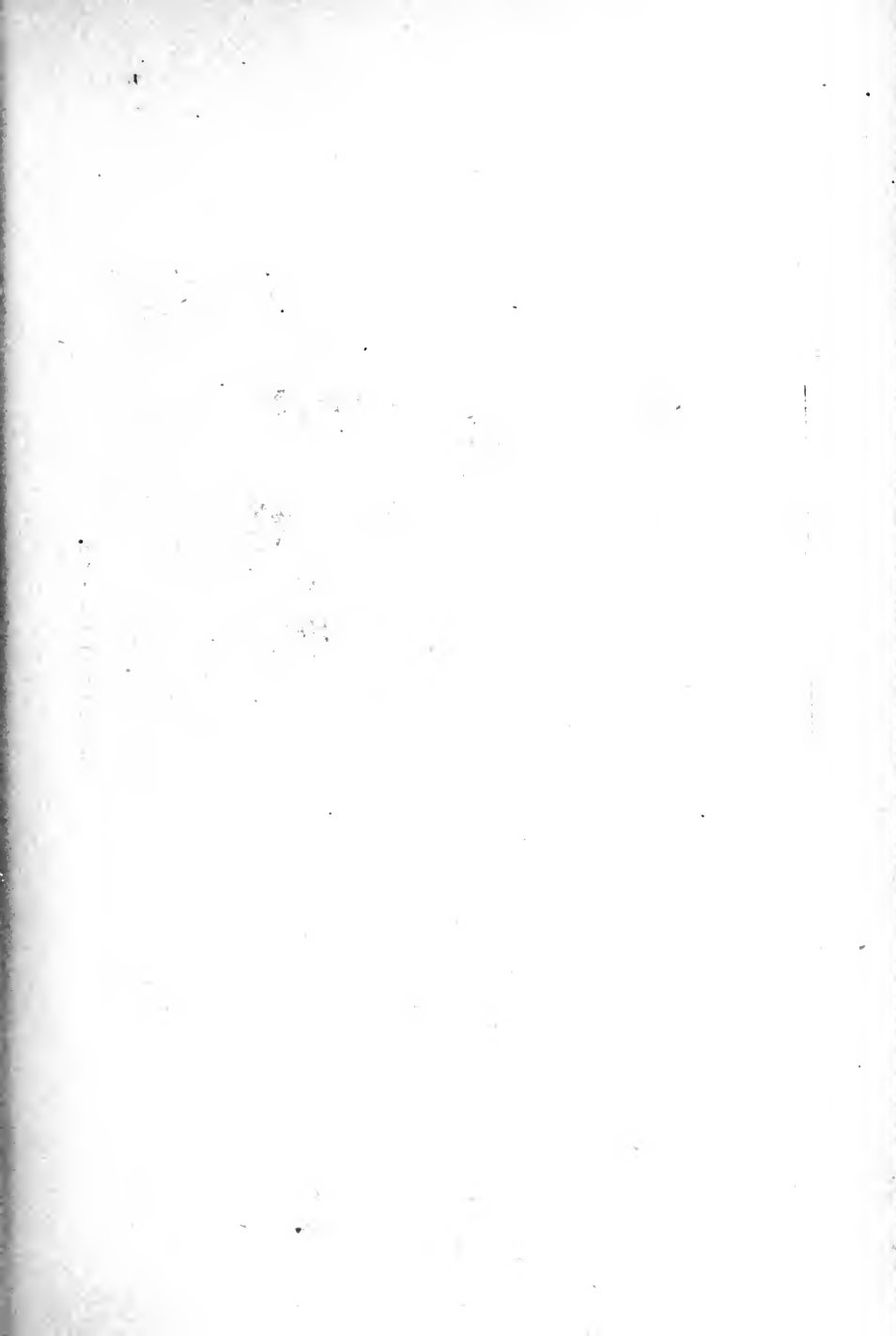
fectly at home in the Bermudas, for reptiles are unknown and potatoes are abundant ; whilst the Welsh-man and the Spaniard would be equally happy amid a profusion of leeks, onions, and garlic. No wonder, then, that one of the islands is called Ireland, and that another rejoices in the name of St. David, whilst Spanish Point reminds one of Spain's naval prowess, in days long past, gone, perhaps, forever.

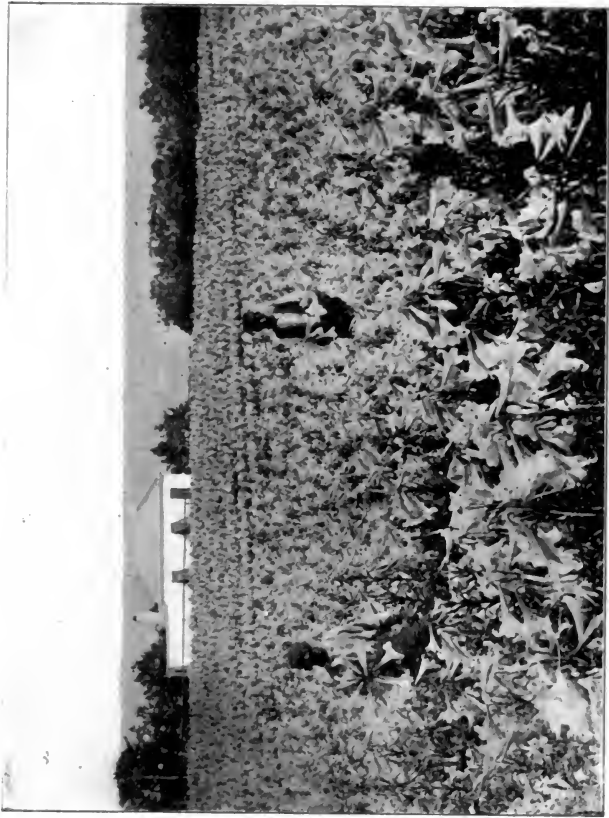
The scenery atones for a good deal of the physical discomfort which many people experience in the short sea voyage between New York, or Halifax and the Islands. Always you have the atmosphere and surroundings of mountain and sea. The green cedar-mantled hills are crowned by excellent roads that present delightful views. You are impressed with the immensity of the Atlantic and the complete isolation of the islands. The scenery may not be sublime, but it is certainly picturesque, and in many places romantic. One of the favorite resorts is " Fairy Land " ; and well does it deserve its name, for it is a spot of bewitching beauty. Over roads formed of coral, and so porous as to absorb the rain

almost as soon as it falls from the clouds, one may drive for miles between rows of lofty cedars, or hedges of gigantic oleanders, or rocks thirty feet in height, and densely covered with luxuriant vines which bear the most brilliant of gorgeous flowers, whilst here and there the eye is charmed with fields of magnificent roses and sweet Easter lillies. Indeed the cultivation of these lillies for export may be said to be one of the industries of the native population. In March and April the oleander is one glory of blossom and colour; the hybiscus is gay with bloom, and the graceful "Pride of India," tree bears its delicate lavender tinted foliage. On the shores the long Atlantic rollers, blue as torquoise, come charging in, their crests of spray running along their length until the waves are broken in white ruin on the rocks. Delightful excursions may be made to some bold promontory, or expansive bay, or natural bridge, or to one of those numerous caves which are amongst the most remarkable of the phenomena of the Bermudas. Into some of these one descends by steps cut out of a living rock; into others you are rowed by a boatman. Here you find

a miniature lake with its strange finny inhabitants. Then you see exquisite stalactites depending from roof and sides. Here you behold immense stalagmites rising from the floor, and now the ear is charmed with the mellifluous music made by the drops of water as they fall from the marvellously sculptured vault above into the emerald waters beneath. This is not the place to enter into the natural history of the wondrous formation found in these caves ; but one of them, a stalagmite, is so remarkable that it must not be passed over in silence. Geologists tell us that it must have taken six hundred thousand years to attain its present dimensions, and their calculations are based upon observations which have been carried on for nearly fifty years. This stupendous stalagmite is now in the Museum of Edinburgh.

The natives of the Islands are a mixed race—the result of a commingling of American-Indians; Negroes, Spaniards, Portuguese, and heaven knows what besides. They are honest and industrious, clean and neat, dress in good taste, are uniformly polite and very religious, if one may judge from their attendance at





BERMUDA LILY FIELD.

public worship. Indeed almost everyone goes to church in the Bermudas, and that man must indeed be very fastidious who cannot find some sort of worship to suit him, be he Catholic or identified with some of the numerous dissenting bodies.

We remember that the services at the great Anglican Cathedral, on the occasion of the Queen of Festivals—Easter Sunday, were singularly beautiful. The vast edifice was filled with a congregation which, while very fashionable, was also very reverent. Indeed it would be difficult for even an avowed Agnostic to attend such a service without feeling the spirit of religious devotion steal into his heart and pervade his whole being. What with the white rays of the sun becoming changed into “ the dim religious light ” as it filtered through the richly coloured windows, the solemn shadows cast by the massive columns which support the arches of the aisles, the profusion of native grown lillies in the chancel, the tones of the splendid organ echoing from the vaulted roof and finding their way into every dim recess until the whole beautiful building was filled with melody ;

the dignified procession of white-robed choristers and clergy to their stalls in the chancel, the penitential accents of the great congregation in humble confession, the authoritative tones of the priest in the declaration of absolution, the joyous and triumphant Easter anthem, the magnificent renderings of the *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, and above all the solemn celebration of the Eucharistic Mysteries, one could not but feel he was in the immediate presence of his Maker.

Besides the natives the inhabitants are chiefly British, belonging to the army and navy for, except Gibraltar, Bermuda is the strongest fortress in England's possessions, being the strategic centre of the North American and West India station. It is the rendezvous of the Atlantic squadron, and on the east of Ireland Island there is a splendid bay, more than ten miles from the open sea, in which the whole British fleet could ride safely at anchor whilst the most terrific storms are raging outside. It is needless to say that there are many extensive arsenals on the Islands, and that every point of importance is protected by tower or battery.

One is rather surprised to learn that newspapers have been published in Bermuda for more than a century ; but one is not so surprised to find some very fair libraries. There are well conducted Government schools for children in general, and admirable private schools for those who can afford them. In the larger towns there are three mail deliveries daily, and two in the smaller places. It will readily be seen, then, that Bermuda is an ideal place for visitors, especially those who need rest and recuperation.

Hence it is that facilities for going there have been marvelously improved during the last twenty years. Then a small steamer made the voyage once in three weeks ; now the Quebec Steamship Company supply a weekly service. Then there was a disagreeable journey of five days ; now a fairly pleasant trip of about forty-eight hours from New-York. Then, except for visits of the little steamer, one was isolated from the rest of the world ; now there is telegraphic communication everywhere. What a contrast between the Bermudas which were the haunts of pirates two hundred years ago and the Bermudas as they

are now, under the benign sway of Great Britain.

From the beginning of November to the middle of April there is a constant stream of visitors from Canada and the United States. Some come for rest, some follow the sun, as Europeans fly to the Riviera and Italy. The climate is ideal, and the only fault that one can find with these lovely islands—these emeralds set in coral, and ever laved by the delicate, opalescent waters—the balmiest and brightest of seas in the broad Atlantic ; this climate of surpassing softness,—is that, when he is once there, the unique and varied charms of the place so grow on him, make themselves so dear to him, become so seductive and enchanting, that he longs to stay among these “ bowers of Ariel ” forever.

IX

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS.

“ The books are left,—consider it ;
That day that sees a friendship flit,
Like butterfly to blooms more bright ;
Or care, the gray moth, wings by night,
Whenever lamps of joy are lit.
Though love goes by with grace and wit,
Unwooded, unheld by man’s poor might,
Not comfortless shall be my plight
For books are left.
Though in the inn of life I sit,
Last of my friends mine host to quit.
Not all of loneliness shall blight,
I may not be deserted quite,
While still, oh, comrades exquisite.
My books are left.”

We are not apt at first sight to appreciate the powerful influence of the society we keep for good or evil upon our conduct through life. There is a constant process of assimilation going on between associates, some meeting half way in the multitude of thought and dis-

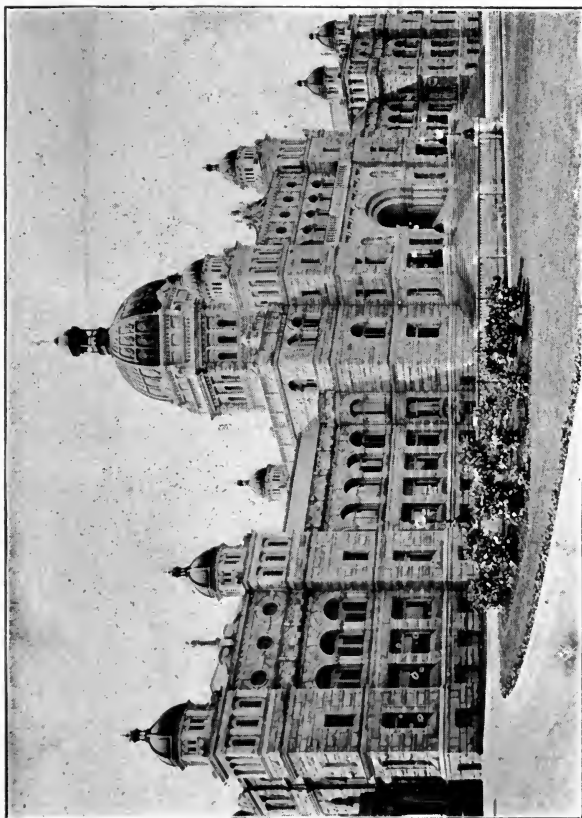
position, and others gained over entirely to the mental habits of their fellows. The process frequently appears in the external customs of individuals ; and the gait and gestures are completely assumed, and nothing is wanted to complete the transcript but the mere *personnel*. In action, manner, and even thought, the youth are faithful copyists of their seniors or companions ; their language and habits become entirely the same, whether correct or otherwise, whether good or bad. The old are not exempt from the same influence ; it pervades society, all conditions and phases of life. Hence the great importance of choosing proper companions. One of the ancients said, " a pleasant companion on the road is better than a coach ; " and an apocryphal writer, " a faithful friend is the medicine of life. " These maxims hold equally good in the books we should read as in the companions we should associate with. Books have a decided advantage over friends in the constancy of their affection, and the correctness of the information they impart. Langford beautifully points this virtue in books :—" Books," he says " *are* friends, and what friends they are. Their love is deep.

and unchanging ; their patience inexhaustible ; their gentleness perennial ; their forbearance unbounded ; and their sympathy without selfishness. Strong as man, and tender as women, they welcome you in every mood, and never turn from you in distress." Another writer eloquently says :—

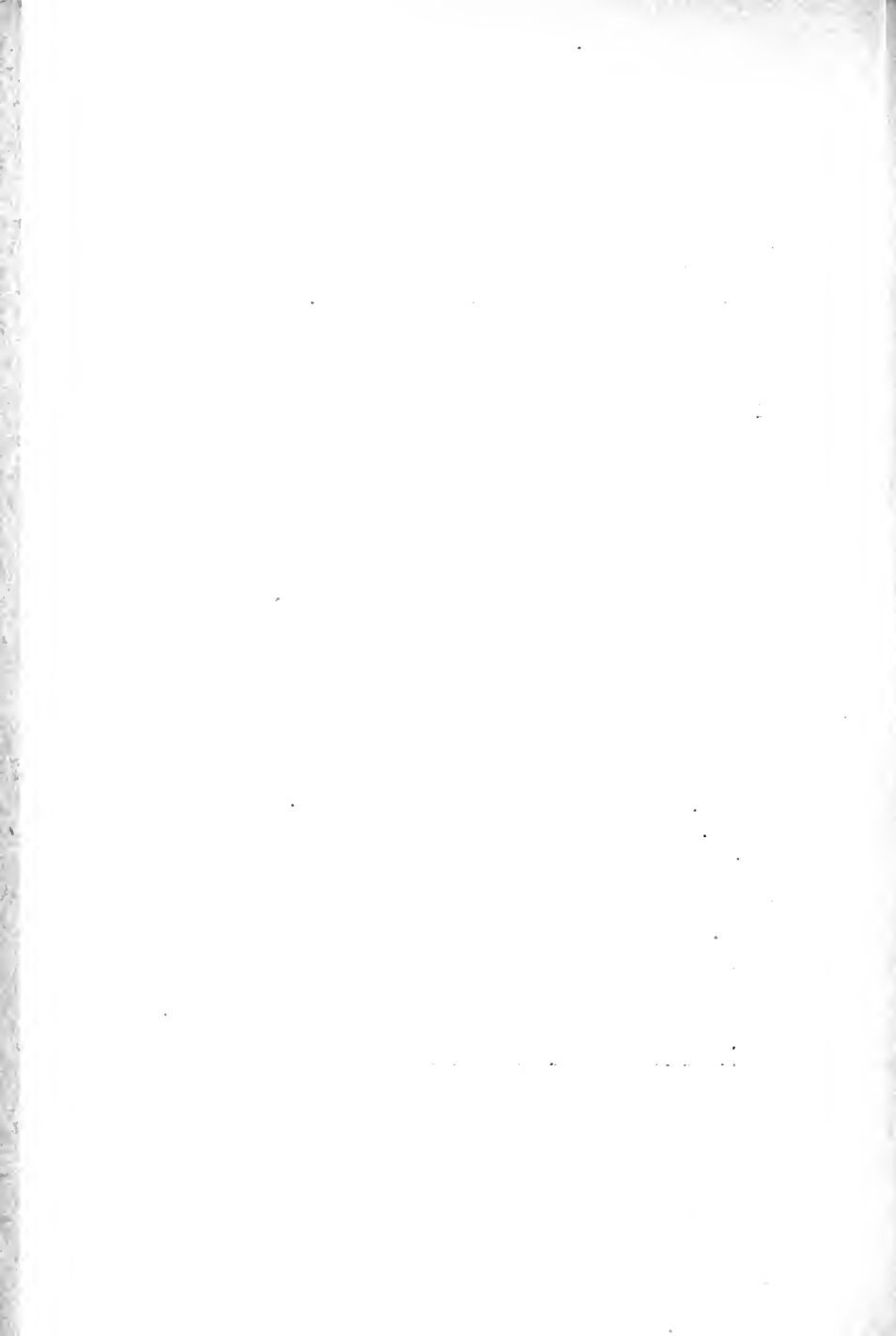
“ Books help me out of the vacancy and despair of a frivolous mind, out of the tangle and confusion of a Society that is busied in bric-a-brac, out of the meanness of unfeeling mockery and the heaviness of incessant mirth, into a loftier and serener region, where through the clear air of serious thoughts I learn to look soberly and bravely upon the mingled misery and splendor of human existence, and then go down with a cheerful courage to play a man's part in the life which Christ has forever ennobled by His Divine Presence.”

When the majority of those who once appeared to take an interest in our welfare have disappeared ; when novelty has lost its charm ; public opinion veered to another point ; or the clouds of adversity spread their ungainly mantle around our hapless heads, and envelope us in their dark embraces ; and when

we “grapple to our souls, as if with hooks of steel, those friends we have and their adoption tried ;” when, in short, our once sunshine friends turn from us or insult us, we may invariably hold sweet and profitable discourse with our constant and unchanged friends, our books—a discourse that leaves us better and wiser than before. They change not ; no frown comes over their countenance ; in morning, noon, and night, in adversity as well as prosperity, our books are ever the same. They exhibit not the curled lip of disdain at our humble condition ; they knit not the supercilious brow at our seeking their society ; no, they show us the same condescension and readiness, and impart their salutary instructions under all circumstances, and ask not whether we can trace our pedigree to Julius Cæsar, or whether our “ancient but ignoble blood has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.” From books we derive all species of knowledge, from the pen of those whose position in society would preclude our access to them ; we learn the manners and habits of their lives, as well as if we had personal inspection of them—in fact, we take note of



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them better than they themselves, without incurring the drudgery or the knick-knacks of etiquette, or perhaps becoming tainted with the vices which, in many instances, are the inheritance of those who move with the pomp and majesty of a high estate. Through books we can hold communion with the greatest and best of every age of the world—the philosophers, moralists, and muses of ancient and modern times ; we can from them gather what the various conditions of life were at the different periods of the world's history, and then trace the various shades of progress, mental and material ; the convulsion of nations, their infancy, growth and decay,—their schemes of ambition and policy, and their seeds of dissolution ; namely, the results of depravity and wickedness of human nature. From the rude attempts of the ancients we can trace the great perfection of art and science in our own day. In books we possess the best stores of knowledge, accumulated through all ages, ready at our hands ; and if we do not profit by past experience, and the excellent lesson it teaches, our fault must be egregious, our minds obtuse, and our respon-

sibility immense. In the present age, thanks to Lawrence Foster and Doctor Faust, the noble art of printing has placed within the reach of the most ordinary mortal, what four centuries ago, all the wealth of the world could not supply. The works of the ancient sages of the East, which had previously been locked up in the cloisters of the learned few, are now scattered in countless numbers, far and wide, over the civilized world. The numberless works of modern times find easy access to the millions through the same source, and with eager avidity meet with multitudes of readers ready to grasp them whenever issued from the press. Had Job lived in the present day it is more than probable that the special desire of his heart—that his enemy should write a book, would have been more than gratified, for in the making of books there is no end. The magic power of steam yoked to locomotion, on sea and land, the wonderful electric current, the telegraph and telephone, and the production of typography, have merged the civilized world into one gigantic community—have converged the remotest quarters of the globe into close neighborhood, so that all

events transpiring from the merest gossip to the most engrossing topics are known in every nook and corner in the space of a few hours. It is through the medium of books and the periodical press that we are made familiar with the character and nature of various other books and periodicals, their merits and demerits. The Standard Reviews, the "police of literature," as they are aptly styled, after severely testing works of high pretensions, and passing them through the alembic of truth and experience, commend to us the worthy and scourge out of existence those that are found wanting, and thus protect us from imposition and expense at the hands of literary quacks and nondescripts. The newspaper press, the Pasquins and Punches of our times, expose by solid reason, admonition and vigilance, or by the "shafts of satire" which penetrate the thickest skin, the sinister motives of individuals, and the enormities of parties and factions, the wrong-doing of political potentates, and their high-handed injustice and through their faithful vigilance, serve to stifle extravagance in the bud. From books and current literature people learn how to

govern themselves, and how they ought to be governed ; the duties they owe to themselves and their rulers ; the privileges they enjoy as the denizens of free and untrammelled institutions ; and how to appreciate their condition as well as better them ; how to assert their rights as free and enlightened citizens and how to secure them. By this medium is spread all species of useful information ; they apprize us of the blessings which they themselves contribute to promote ; of the misery of tyranny and misrule,—its ravages over soul and body ; of the melancholy condition of those nations who do not enjoy the liberty or privilege of possessing the invaluable means of enlightenment. In books our stores of knowledge are inexhaustible. We can turn at will to the rich treasures of literature, science and art, or to the varied beauties and inspirations of courtly poets of various ages, constitutions and climes. The importance of the newspaper press, even for the diffusion of knowledge, and the creation of a taste for reading in a family ; not to speak of the infusion of independent feelings of political rights and privileges, is incalculable, and more

than people in general are apt to imagine. A good authority estimates a respectable newspaper in a family, for a year, as equivalent to a quarter's schooling under the best tuition ; and as sarcastic Junius justly observed :—
“ Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the public press is the palladium of your civil and religious liberty.”



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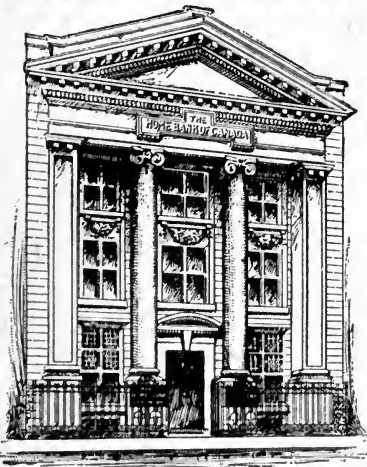
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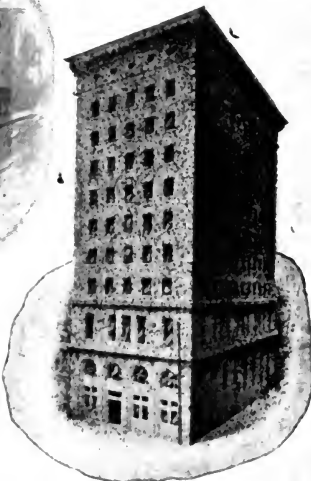
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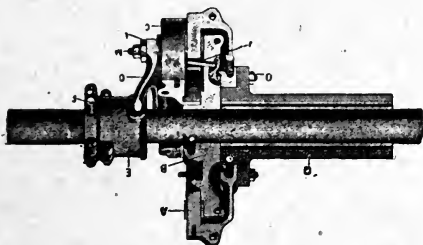


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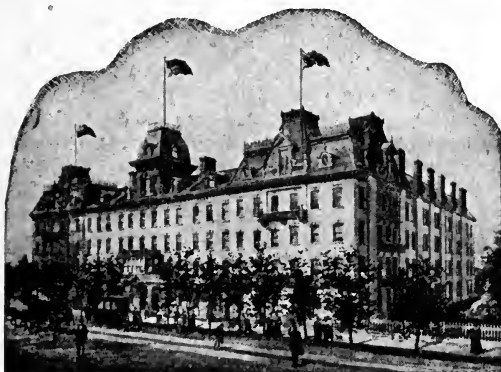
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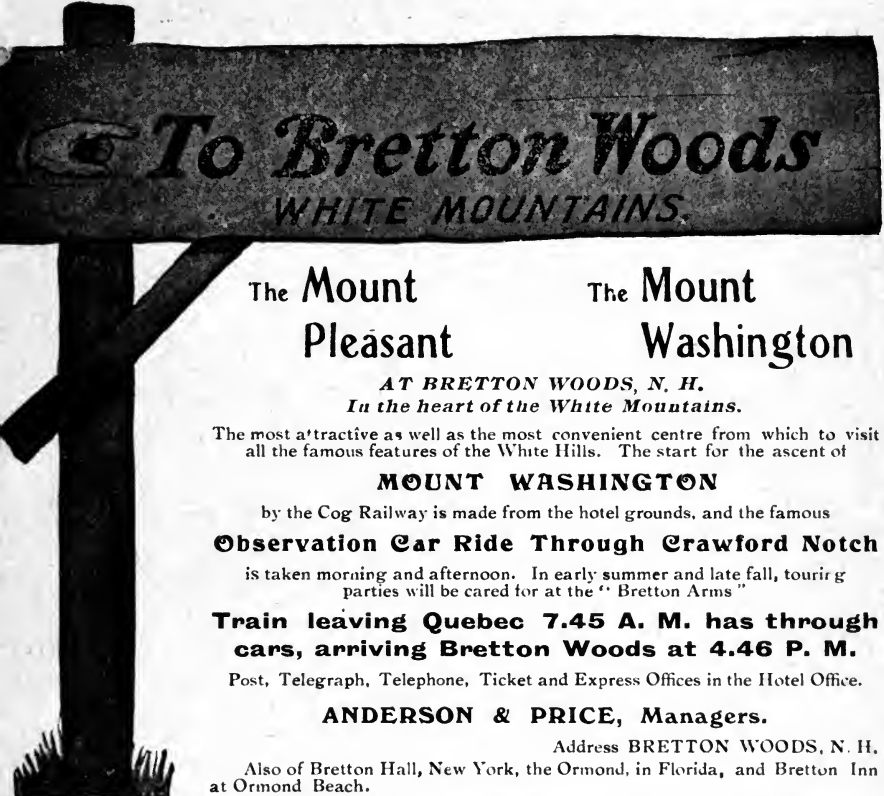
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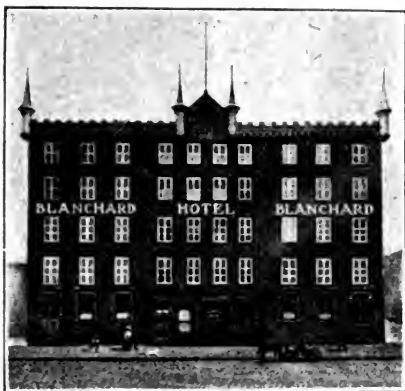


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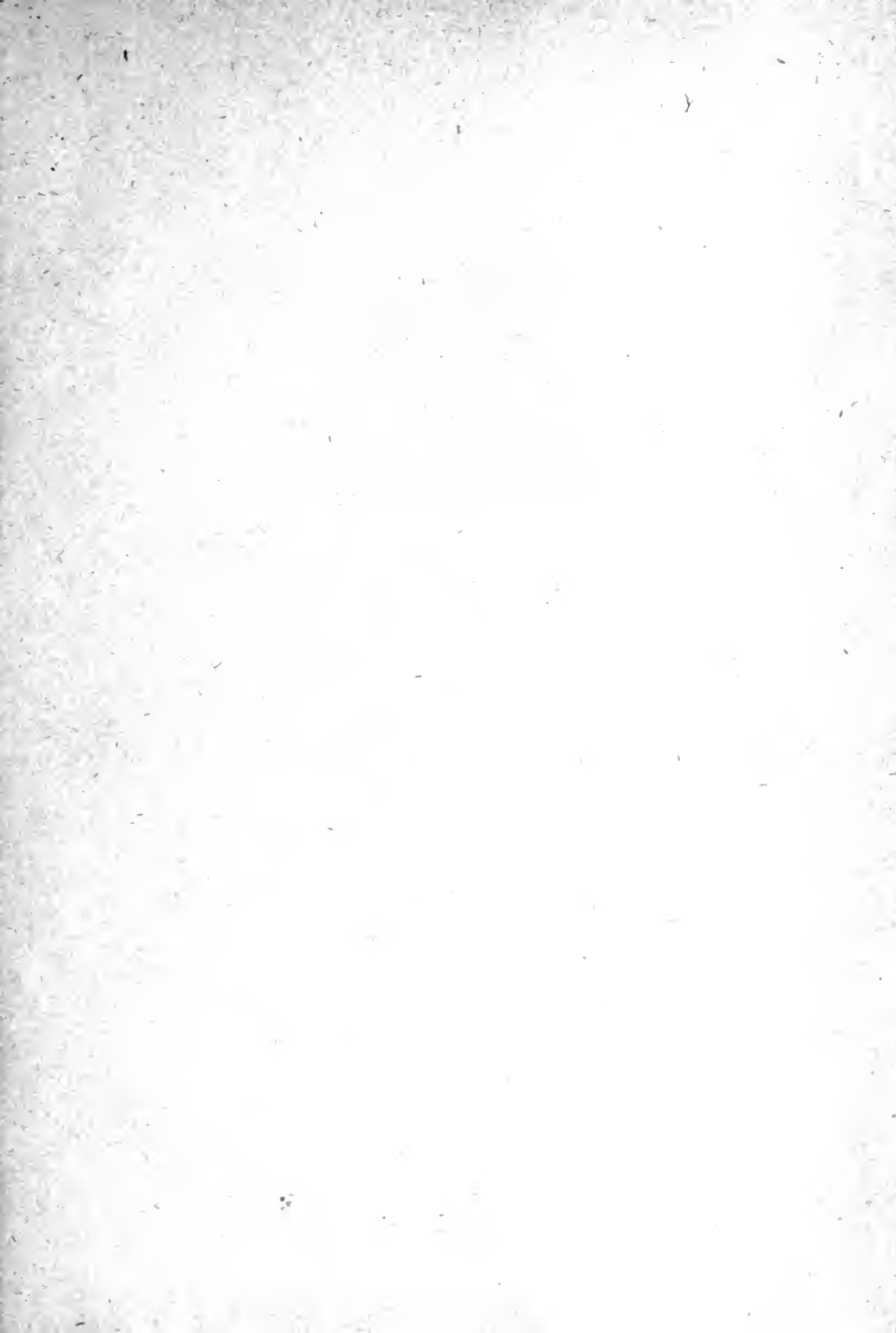
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