

placed by the new appellation Toronto, now so familiar to us all.

Our technical use of the word "landing-place" has been derived from the old voyageur days of Canada, and it corresponds exactly in its significance with the Indian term Teiaiaagon, signifying a place where you disembark to perform a necessary portage of greater or less length. "Dickenson's Landing" used to be a familiar expression amongst us, as perhaps we shall remember. It was where the traveller left the bateaux in order to go round by land past the Long Sault. The Queenston landing, frequently styled, as we shall remember, by way of eminence, "The Landing," was where you disembarked to make the portage round the Falls of Niagara. Prince Arthur's Landing, at the head of Lake Superior, originated, I believe, in the fact that it was where the Prince disembarked for the land journey to western waters.

Curiously, the expression "Holland Landing," continues to this day to be familiar to travellers on Yonge Street, and the passengers by the cars of the Northern Railway. It is an interesting reminder of the time when "Toronto Landing" had its full force of meaning as denoting the southern ending of the portage, of which Holland Landing was the northern beginning; for it was just here where voyageurs from the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe, after passing a few miles up the Holland River, disembarked to make the portage southward by the valley of the Humber to the Toronto Landing.

To render the discussion a little less incomplete, two or three observations are subjoined, which may be regarded as "foot notes," intended to throw light on points here and there touched on in the text.

*Note 1.* After the disappearance from the maps of the expression Lake Toronto, as a designation for the lake which we know now as Lake Simcoe, several other names for that sheet of water appear in French and English documents. The most important of these would seem to be the French expression, Lac-aux-Claies, that is, Hurdle Lake, apparently with allusion to some arrangement for spearing fish at the narrows of the lake. This name is given in D. W. Smith's "First Gazetteer." English traders and land surveyors corrupted the French expression, Lac-aux-Claies, into Lac-le-Clie, or Lac-la-Clie, a word having no meaning. In Captain Gotha Mann's map the old trail of the portage starting from Lake Ontario is designated as "Part of the road towards Lake la Clie."

The primitive land surveyor, Augustus Jones, also makes a note in his field-book, when in the course of his operations in these parts he comes out upon the trail leading to Lake la Clie. D. W. Smith likewise notices the variation. It is of interest to subjoin that the route in the present High Park, Toronto, marked "Indian Road," is a portion of the track referred to.

Other names apparently of Indian origin were likewise applied to Lake Simcoe, such as Sinion or Sheniong, said by some to mean Silver Lake. D. W. Smith has also noted these names. Another native term, uncouth enough for this lake, supplied by the same authority, was Ouentironk, Latinized by Creuxius in the map given by Bressani, into *Lacus Ouentaronius*, an effort, probably, to express the Otoronton of Sagard, *Beaucoup de gens*, etc.

*Note 2.* I have elsewhere recorded the fact that many years ago I had access to a manuscript map of Western Canada at Wolford in Devon, bearing date about 1792, in which Toronto was marked, described as follows: "Toronto, an Indian village, now deserted." I have no doubt that the "Indian village, now deserted," really meant the remains of the Indian trading-post known as Fort Toronto. In Gotha Mann's time these remains were sufficiently extensive to induce him to describe them as "Ruins" on his map, and he was able to delineate distinctly on a small scale five buildings within the enclosure of the palisade.

These remains may have afforded a partial shelter from time to time for wandering bands of Indians, and here probably were accommodated the two Missisaga families, of whom Commodore Bouchette speaks, page 89, vol. I., of his "British Dominions in North America," as constituting the sole inhabitants of Toronto when, at the command of the Government, he commenced the survey of the harbour.

The remains of the old French Fort at Toronto were numerous and sufficiently conspicuous down to the year 1879, when a cairn was erected at the expense of the corporation, bearing a suitable inscription to mark the spot.

The necessities of the Public Industrial Exhibition, instituted about that period, required that the ground hereabout should be levelled down and sodded, causing the entire obliteration of the surface marks, which had to that date been so visible, of the foundations of the wooden buildings of the fort and of the palisade which surrounded it.

The remains of the cairn, with its inscription, are now to be seen on the east side of the base of the monument, which has since been erected to mark the same spot.

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ANOTHER work by Thomas à Kempis, worthy of a place, according to some critics, beside his "Imitatio Christi," has been recently discovered and identified. Two clergymen have translated and edited the work, which is entitled: "De Vita Christi Meditationes," and it is now in the press.

## BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

AMONG other excellent advice, Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: "When you frequent places of public worship remember that, however erroneous, there are none of them objects of ridicule. The object of all public worship in the world is the same; it is that great eternal Being who created everything. The different manners of worship are by no means subjects of ridicule; each sect thinks its own the best, and I know no infallible judge in the world to decide which is the best."

Have you ever gone early to church and watched the people come in? Seen Mr. Pomposity march up the aisle as though he owned the building and all the people in it, his wife sailing behind, followed by a troop of children who settle and unsettle themselves during the entire service and make things uncomfortable for a radius of half the church? The shy maiden who begins to feel her years, and glides in as if conscious that all eyes were upon her and yet disappointed because they are not; her sister, probably a few years older, who prides herself upon her single blessedness and holds her head a little higher than is really necessary, who walks boldly and fancies herself indifferent to people's opinions? The man who is proud of his handsome face and figure and pays his cobbler a trifle extra for the squeak in his shoes, who comes late to church and strides well to the front in order that all may have a chance of seeing him? The bank and civil service clerks who think it quite the proper thing to be seen there, who take their places and attend to the service in a very creditable manner? The student who comes to criticize, and saunters in with a careless air as if doing the preacher and congregation a favour by attending at all? Clerks of lower degrees—who sell butter, ribbon, shoes or sausages all the week, who put on their best manners with their Sunday clothes and walk awkwardly up the aisle and sit consciously in their seats trying to forget themselves and appear natural? The young society ladies, walking demurely, tripping lightly or strutting proudly to their places? Giggling school girls shuffling sideways with one shoulder forward and gaining their seats with a noticeable effort? Elderly ladies who enjoy coming and walk naturally and pleasantly? Others to whom the sanctuary is a holy place and who enter it entirely forgetful of self and thinking only of the blessing it is to them; those to whom religion is a living reality and whose lives show an implicit faith and love in a Divine Being. There are many churches and many forms of worship; but few people show to worse disadvantage than when attending a place of worship differing in form from their own. I have seen members of other denominations attending the English church, watched them take their seats and sit bolt upright and look round to let people see that they would not ask any favour of the Lord for His guidance in *this* worship; they would not designate themselves miserable sinners *there*, nor bend the knee to pray, nor join in the psalter, nor repeat the Creed; but look on with an amused and puzzled expression, considering themselves superior to the rest of the congregation. They might join in the hymns if the tunes were ones they had heard in their own church, but the condescending air with which they took any part in the service was sufficient to attract and deserve the mirth, ridicule or contempt of the worshippers who could not help seeing them. They would turn their backs to the clergyman and stare at the architecture, rattle the leaves of their prayerbooks and throw them down with an air of impatience that anyone could believe such stuff, knock over the footstools and behave themselves in a most unseemly and ungente manner until the service was over. Speak in loud tones on leaving the church, assuring everyone of the bore the whole thing had been to them, and what nonsense and child's play the forms had appeared. They had gone home pleased with themselves, and had related at the dinner table the lessons they had taught, and how wonderstruck the people were that they had not been influenced by anything they had seen or heard. It never dawned upon them that they had been making fools of themselves, that the few who could not help noticing them had thought them uncouth and boorish; that the clergyman had pitied them for their ignorant insolence and, upon enquiry, was surprised to find that they had any pretensions to the name of gentle people.

I have seen Episcopalians attend other churches and sit with a half-concealed sneer upon their faces through the whole service, declining to open a Bible or hymn book, and insisting upon kneeling during the prayer when the rest of the congregation stood. I have heard them go so far as to declare it presumption to speak to the Lord without a printed form, and to ridicule every attempt to worship without a book. The subject of baptism, too, is a matter for great display of impoliteness. Immersion is peculiar to those who have not been brought up to believe in it. People go to see it as a show; whisper, giggle and make silly remarks through the service, even stand upon the benches that they can the better see (although their society manners are beyond reproach). They do not think of the solemn meaning it has for those who are thus publicly confessing their faith; and if they do, they show an utter disregard for feelings that they themselves do not experience; and infant baptism! how I have heard it sneered at! I knew a father refuse to have his dying child baptized, although the mother firmly believed her little one would be in eternal torture if the sacred rite were not administered. Have you ever observed what reverence there is in the Roman Catholic religion? How

quiet and well-behaved the people are in their churches, and, for the most part, they belong to the humbler classes; and, have you noticed a Protestant enter? He does not simply pass the urn of holy water; he turns and stares at it to let every one know that he sees, but has a contempt for it; he does not go directly into a pew as he would in his own church, but stands for a moment and gazes about him; the worshippers there bend the knee before entering their seats. He sits throughout the service, and even if he be a high church Episcopalian, he will not bow so much as his head. The Holy Father is an object of curiosity, and the white-robed altar-boys part of the show. He tosses a quarter into the offering plate to pay for his amusement, and saunters out before the service is finished. Well it would have been for him had he been ordered out before the service began! What a pity it is, too, that Romanists cannot take their church reverence with them to other places of worship! I once heard a lady of the Roman Catholic faith say, on being asked to attend divine service in a Protestant church: "I don't mind going, but you would not expect me to join in your worship." She was one of the best women I ever met, but who, I may ask, is broad-minded on the subject of their religion? I have been amused, sometimes, in watching people sing in church, especially if a new hymn book has been introduced, of which they do not entirely approve; some old-fashioned hymn is given out; they open their books and glance over it, probably the words are re-arranged, or the tune is different; it is enough, the books are closed; but that does not prevent them singing; oh, dear, no! They sing all the louder, and when they come to the different words and tunes they raise their voices and shout in awful discord, "and just hope the people heard them and learned that they were not going to conform to any new setting!" Probably they did hear them, and thought what geese they were making of themselves.

I was struck with an Englishman's loyalty once. He grew tired of England and came to Canada; this did not suit him and he went to the States to try his fortune. He obtained a government appointment and made a good living from it. It was in a large church in one of the American cities that this wave of loyalty overwhelmed him; we were going through the service, and, strangely enough, the President's name was put in place of our most sovereign lady Queen Victoria's, and no mention was made of the rest of the royal family, nor any blank filled in for such dignitaries. This was too much for the Englishman; he bawled in his loudest tones for blessings upon his Queen, went through the remainder of the Guelph family, and turned over the leaves of his prayer-book to see when again he might proclaim his nationality. Americans are kind-hearted people, and those who heard him were neither angry nor hurt; they forgot the little incident, but not so the Englishman; he tells with pride how he showed those Yankees "he was none of them." The Salvation Army is a good institution for those who truly believe and take pleasure in that form of worship, but it does not suit the taste of the more refined members of society, and they cannot demean themselves more than by ridiculing this very essence of happiness of the less educated worshippers. If we do not approve of forms of worship, let us stay away from them; we shall never be missed, and may rest assured that our opinions have no weight with those who do believe in the forms which we reject. People attend church service from different motives; most of us go because we were brought up to do so, and we believe our creeds for the same reason; we are content to think as we were taught to think, but have no patience with others who do the same. I boarded with an old couple once who were Episcopalians, although one had been brought up a Methodist and the other a Baptist. They were more scrupulous about the church forms than those who had been Episcopalians from birth, and had less sympathy for members of outside churches than is usual, even among the strictest high church people. Every Sunday they went to church, listened to the text and criticized the sermon; upon returning home they took down an old Bible and looked up the chapter and verse from which the text had been taken; if a sermon had been preached from it before, it was underscored and the date written beside it; it might have been used several times and then marginal notes appeared on the page, one for each occasion; but woe betide the preacher! he was pulled to pieces for "never giving a new sermon when he was paid for it!" If it was a new text they were sure he had taken it from someone else, and then they would discuss the rousing old sermons they used to listen to in their good Methodist and Baptist days. I often wondered why they did not return to them. Church choral service is, to me, the most elevating part of worship; there is something grand and soul-inspiring about organ music and good singing; it lifts us above the petty cares and worries of this life, and, instinctively, we get a glimpse of something higher to live for. But I wish some choir members could sit in the body of the church and watch themselves as they are when seated in the choir; I think they would never go to church again, and I am sure they would rather leave the town than meet anyone who had seen them as they would then see themselves. Why can't people be natural in church, and take their best manners with them wherever they attend divine service? Nothing stamps a man more quickly than his church behaviour; and it matters not how refined and pleasing he may be in worldly society, there is something wanting in him if he cannot worship—like a gentleman, at least.