

darkness of the mountain, with the long shadows of the tall houses in the narrow streets, with the slender black silhouettes of the tangled birch branches by the roadside. Thus she looked down upon the huts of Hochelaga, thus upon the primitive chapels of the good priests of St. Sulpice, thus upon the charred memorial of fatuous party hate that stood upon St. Ann's Market to mark the further progress of civilisation in 1849. And many a night since has she thrown her white beams on history as it unravels itself out of time, and must often have seen a phase that pleased her better than this we share with her. For our guides have become veritable link-boys, and the bold yellow flame of their torches puts the moon out of countenance for numberless square yards around. High and afar, on the face of the cathedral, on the brow of the great hill, on the silent stretches of the river, and among all her vassals the stars, she is still supreme; but within the little radius of our immediate vision the flaring pine-knots have quite superseded her. So Truth, perhaps, eternal in the heavens, shines vainly for us till we lift our eyes from the spluttering torches of our own kindling. Even as we philosophise in their uncertain light they disappear, they and their bearers together, and our problems and postulates are illuminated by their successors.

At all events this has happened to our Carnival guides, who have joined the great procession that has already begun its serpentine course up the mountain-side. On its very brow a royal beacon blazes against the frosty glitter of the night. Towards this the long fiery double line slowly mounts in its winding way against the darkness of the height. Strange fires burn along its path, flashing far into the snowy solitudes of the woods on either hand, frightening away the blue moon-shadows in the hollows, and confessing the demoralised brown bracken that makes a tattered appearance in the sheltered places. And ever and anon a new bonfire blazes forth lustily, till all Mount Royal is transformed into a Canadian Jungfernsprung, with its gnomes and kobolds in the maddest state of exhilaration. Now down they come towards the city, but their descent is not upon the habitations of men. Doughty in his stronghold sits the King of the Carnival. Very magnificent are his imperial trappings. The Czar of all the Russias boasts no purer ermine than his, no Indian rajah owns a jewel that could pretend to sparkle beside those of his royal diadem. In no other Cabinet do we find such powerful and inscrutable ministers as his—ministers that hold whole Meteorological Bureaus in contempt, and bring confusion upon the Clerk of the Weather every day. And how impregnable his splendid fortress looks, tower and turret and battlement sharply outlined against the starlight sky, each individual block of icy chrysopease seeming to shine with the separate splendour of a little magic modern jet in the heart of it. Yet there is reason for uneasiness in the breast of the Ice King, for these muscular moccasined *gobelini* have brought strange missiles to the attack, fires filched from subterranean conflagrations of their acquaintance, that furrow the air in long, graceful curves, and burst with easily recognisable volcanic energy upon his defences, his throne, his very iced person. With a brave heart in a thawing bosom he undauntedly hurls them back again, but vainly. Faster and faster fly the unearthly bombs, as with strange, victorious cries these creatures of the tuque and sash press the assault. Mystic and awful burnings from within throw lights of blue and rose and green upon the castle walls. The royal wardrobe it would seem, is going. The bombardment grows hotter and hotter. One final heroic repulse, out-belching of angry flame and up-streaming of a myriad fiery tongues, and resistance is over. The castle has fallen and its King, if not its parliament, is dissolved.

Cruel, too, after all that he had done in abetting the public-spirited citizens in making their winter festival a success—preparing the fields for their snow-shoe clubs, and the hills for their toboggans, the highways for their tandem driving, and the rinks for the distinguished presence of their Excellencies in masquerade; thrilling the air with the irresponsible spirit of the Carnival, and setting our brains a-tingle with the happy capability of being amused by a foolish face or a tin horn. But monarchies, no less than republics, are sometimes ungrateful.

Is it not simple, delightful Emile Souvestre who tells us of the festival kept by an old connoisseur, while all Paris was rejoicing in celebration of "le jour de l'an," with a single picture upon which he gloated his eyes with all a discoverer's, as well as a beholder's joy? Come, then, while the rest are imperilling their necks upon the toboggan slides, and their fortunes in the great hotels, let us follow whither he would have led had he kept Carnival here this week, and we will discover a treat of undreamed richness in the rooms of the Art Association of Montreal. With the utmost liberality the cultured and wealthy residents of the Carnival City have denuded their walls of their treasure, and sent it to hang for a little space in the Association's care, for the delight of the multitude. The spirit that dictated this generous action is beyond all praise; and not the least

of its results is the dissemination of juster ideas as to the extent of art appreciation in Canada, and more accurate knowledge of the canvases that have made their way into the country.

In the midst, on a stand, just where the light from above strikes full upon it, is Jules Breton's "Communiantes":

Parmi les frais lilas, les renaissants feuillages,  
Par ce printemps qui chante et rit dans les villages,  
Par ce dimanche clair fillettes au front pur,  
Qui marchez vers la messe entre les jeunes branches,  
Avez-vous pris au ciel communiantes blanches  
Vos robes de lumière où frissonne l'azur,"

quotes the artist, translating his lovely subject back from the language of his pigments to the lines which probably suggested it. It is all there and more. In the foreground a little maiden on the way to her first communion, lifts her face to her wrinkled grandmother's for the benediction of her kiss, the grandfather, sitting in the sun beside his cottage door, leans forward on his stick waiting his turn. Just behind is a group of her white-robed companions starting for the village church, the spire of which one sees beyond a turn in the road. Two things strike one mainly in the picture—its fidelity to the exquisite feeling of the lines which inspired it, and its victory, by this means, over the somewhat hard and unpleasing details of its figure subjects. There is no beauty in the young girl's face: Breton might have put it there, but he scorned so obvious a way of pleasing, and put ignorance instead, and plain little features, and formed her and her companions with the coarse, hard lines that peasant humanity is apt to develop into. But with the innocence he places upon it, with the poor simplicity he paints in the stiff and ill-made white garments, with his absolute faithfulness to the beautiful homely sentiment of the old village pair, and above all, with the full and lovely spring-tide that sheds its light and its beauty and its perfume almost over the happy scene, the artist casts over us the spell that proves his genius, and brings forth the wonder of a common thing by the divine magic of his touch. Sun-bathed, sleepy old village roofs, doves cooing on them, wild thorn in blossom, "*renaissants feuillages*," throbbing fresh and green, over head "*les frais lilas*" in purple splendour—but let us go on. Here, in a little room to itself, shown by gaslight as usual, is Gabriel Max's "Raising of Jairus Daughter," familiar to many picture-lovers in Ontario. The grand presence of the Christ in the picture, painted, as He should be, in coarse garb, with no suggestion of divinity except the noble strength and sublime suffering of His face; the pallid girl, and the vanishing death-rigour of her face, hold the little room-full in the bond of silent awe. Suddenly voices at the door, voices pitched high and nasally. They enter, they take possession of the place; in tones of strident enthusiasm they enunciate—

"How perfectly elegant!"

It is time to look for the Millet, and the Corot, and the Doré, and the Bougereau, and the Pelouse, and the Benjamin-Constant, we have discovered on the catalogue. We can come back again. There is a very general movement toward the door. Ah, these *consanguines*!

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.

#### JOTTINGS ALONG THE C. P. R.

ON Monday, September 27, at nine o'clock in the morning, we left Donald by the express bound west for the Coast, a party of four on a long-contemplated visit to the Glacier Hotel at the summit of the Selkirk Mountains; "summit" being the expression generally used in the country for the elevation at which the railroad crosses that range. The scenery throughout this portion of the Canadian Pacific is said to be unrivalled in the world, and it certainly far exceeds in beauty and grandeur that of any other locality in British Columbia. We were, as usual, favoured in our weather, which was bright and clear, with a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. The tops of the mountains on both sides of the Columbia Valley were covered with a soft coating of snow, which lent a not unpleasant suspicion of frostiness to the atmosphere. The railroad crosses the Columbia half a mile west from Donald over a high trestle bridge; the river at this point describes a perfect loop, and when next it comes into view its character has entirely changed—lost the smooth sweep of current which characterised it, ceased to be navigable, and is seen tumbling over a shallow, rocky bed in a succession of small rapids.

The Rockies now face us on the east, and the brilliant autumn livery they have donned is a strange contrast to the various shades of green which clothed their sides during the early summer months. Bright streaks of golden colour, formed by the yellow hues of thousands of young poplars and alders, seem to creep in detachments up the mountain sides, alternating with the heavy, dark foliage of the pines and firs, while the lofty peaks above them glisten with a veil of snow down even to the timber limit.

Thirteen miles from Donald the line enters the narrow canyon of the Beaver River, a small and picturesque stream rushing down from the Selkirks over huge rocks and boulders; we follow it for a few miles, and cross it at Bear Creek, which brings the magnificent range of the Selkirk