

The Birds and the Lighthouse.

(The birds are now collecting for their long journey southward. The lighthouse is but one of the many dangers met by them on their migrations).

Confused, dismayed, they flutter in the gale,

Those little pinions that have lost their track;

The gallant hearts that sped them reel and fall

Like ships aback.

Sucked in a magic current, like a leaf

Torn from autumnal tree, they drift abroad,

But ever nearer to the siren reef, The ruthless sword.

On, on, transfixed and swooning, without check,

To the lee shore of that bedazzling wall,

Until they strike, and break in utter wreck,

And founder all.

Brave little wings, that sailed the storm so well,

Trimmed to the set of every wayward blast!

Brave little hearts, that never storm could quell,

Beaten at last!

The great sea swallows them, and they are gone,

For ever gone, like bubbles of the foam;

And the bright star that lured them, shining on,

Still points to home.

—From "The Hand in the Dark," by Ada Cambridge.

Little Trips Among the Eminent.

Men Notable in North American History. The Earliest Explorers.

People speak of "history" almost as if it were an abstraction, the word, at best, calling up but a confused idea—akin to the kaleidoscopic conceptions of the "Futurist" school of art—of battles, kings, great statesmen and political scrambles, mingled hopelessly. After all, however, what is history but a continuous record of the lives of men, like beads on a string, those of the few called great standing out pre-eminently. Good men, bad men, all are there, and in the clear perspective of the past from which the fog and smoke of contemporary days have long since drifted away we can see them all, at last, as they really were, and can discern how each has moulded, to greater or lesser extent, the fortunes of his own generation and of posterity. How little, in very truth, can any man or woman of character live unto himself or herself.

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"Globe-trotters" (what other word will so well describe the species?) are accustomed to speak, with a praise that depreciates the attractions of the other continents, of the "interests" of Europe. "There is so much that is historical there," they say. Yet is there not a history bound up with America, too—a history, at that, of marvellous fascination, wherein the shifting medley of forest and red Indian and tossing plume and gleaming corselet, of fierce scenes of blood, of pirates and strange vessels passing over the blue water, resolves itself into the history of men?

Yes, even in this peaceful Canada, we walk every day over scenes of a primitive life as interesting as that of the Briton, and over battlefields as momentous, perhaps, to those who waged war

upon them, as the fields of Hastings or Crecy, Rossbach or Waterloo. Sailing in stately vessels over our lakes and rivers we but follow the paths taken long since by men as venturesome, if not so spectacularly so, as Caesar or Hannibal, Xerxes or Alexander the Great, and perhaps it is not altogether to our credit that, as a rule, we know so little of our great Past,—that, so far as we are concerned, the landmarks of history have so largely been forgotten. True, there have been celebrations recently at Chrysler's Farm and Stoney Creek, and a few years ago the Tercentenary celebration at Quebec recalled the long story of that famed city—but there are so many other sites, so many other memories.

"The Golden Age is in the Future."—Accepted; yet the interest of the present is by no means lessened by one's being able to say: "On this spot once was fought a fierce Indian battle."—"Here an intrepid missionary gave up his life,"—"Here a great man once lived in his little outpost,"—"And yet down this route travelled, in his frail canoe, an explorer whose life helped to make Canada what it is."

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Without further preliminary, then, let us turn to the early days of America.

"Who discovered America?" is asked, and immediately a chorus of voices

many vines of wild grapes found there. As though in confirmation of these claims there may be seen in Massachusetts to-day, a remarkable Runic inscription cut upon a stone known as the Dighton Rock, and interpreted by Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, thus: "Thorfinn, with 151 Norse seafaring men, took possession of this land."

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Following Columbus's voyage, in 1492, came those of the Cabots in 1497-98. Columbus indeed had sailed straight westward into mystery, with all its terrors, but was less intrepidity required in Sebastian Cabot to induce him to penetrate, as he did in 1517, with no better equipment than the clumsy little sailing vessel of his time, the ice-walled fastnesses of the great gulf later known as Hudson's Bay?

In 1501, too, Gaspard Cortereal, sailing from Lisbon, with two ships, visited Labrador, which he called Terra Laborador, or "land which may be cultivated." But only one of the ships returned to tell the story. Cortereal's had been wrecked, and the bold navigator had paid the cost of his bravery.

Basque and Breton fishermen, also were among those who responded to the early call of the unknown West across the trackless waste of waters, and, from a very early period, they seem to have re-

Parkman in his picturesque way, "there were other perils than those of the waves. The rocks and shores of those sequestered seas had, so thought the voyagers, other tenants than the seal, the walrus, and the screaming sea-fowl, the bears, which stole away their fish before their eyes, and the wild natives dressed in skins. Griffins—so ran the story—infested the mountains of Labrador. Two islands north of Newfoundland were given over to the fiends, from whom they derived their name, the Isles of Demons. An old map pictures their occupants at length, devils rampant, with wings, horns and tail. The passing voyager heard the dim of their infernal orgies, and woe to the sailor or fisherman who ventured alone into the haunted woods."

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Not only fishermen, bound for Newfoundland cod-banks, set sail from France. In 1506 Denis of Honfleur, on a private expedition, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In 1508 Aubert of Dieppe followed in his track. In 1518 Baron de Lery made an attempt at settlement on Sable Island, where the cattle left by him multiplied, to the succor of subsequent voyagers wrecked at that forbidding spot. But it was not until 1524 that France first made good her claim to be called the "true pioneer of the Great West."

In that year Verazzani, sent out on the never-ending hope of finding a passage westward to the rich Kingdom of Cathay, cruised in his vessel, the Dauphine, all the way from North Carolina to Newfoundland, over the entire region previously explored by the Cabots, formally claiming possession in the name of Francis I., and naming the country New France. "So," says Withrow, "began the long and bloody rivalry between England and France for the possession of the continent."

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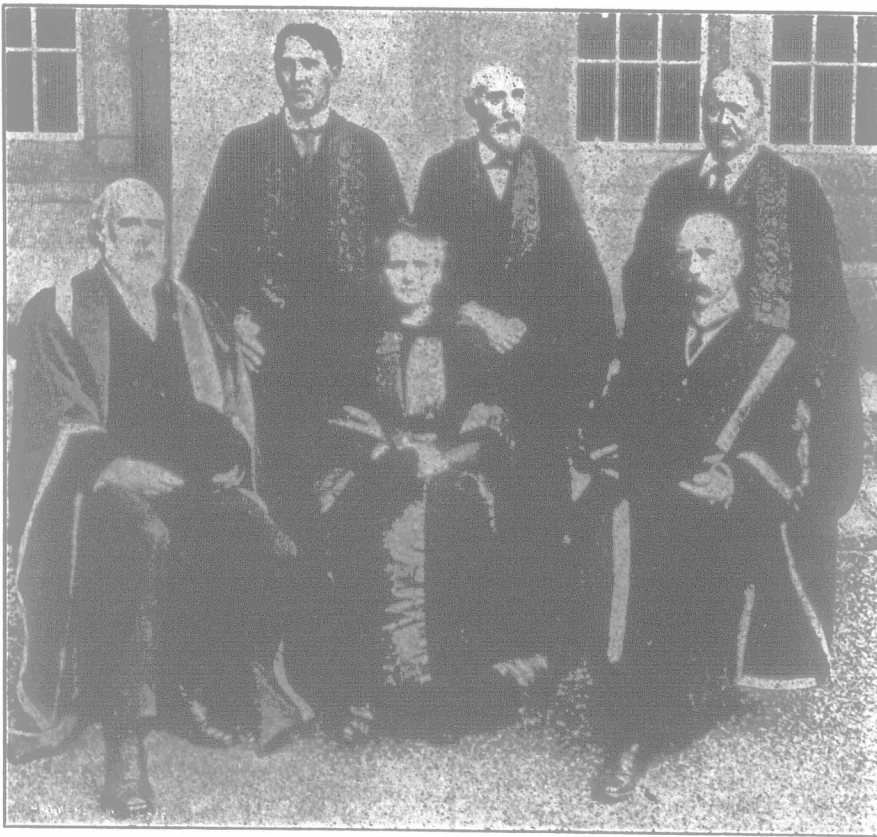
Farther to the southward the Spaniards had been for years also prosecuting a search for an El Dorado, and fierce and wild are the tales that are told of buccaneering expeditions in southern seas, of savage butchery of rivals, of vain searches wherein gaily caparisoned parties of young noblemen dashed into dreadful fastnesses of swamp and forest. "Corselet and marion, arquebuss and halberd flashing in the sun that flickered through interminable leaves,"—pitiful parties that came back, "all that was left of them," half creeping for weakness, clad in the skins of beasts and mats made of the bark of vines. And through all their history glints the names of men who bravely, sometimes ferociously, ventured, and bravely, sometimes ignominiously, perished—names of Narvaez and De Soto, Memendez and Villegagnon, the Huguenot Ribaut and Dominique de Gourgues, interwoven with the early and awful stories of the early days of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico;—names still better known—those of Cortez and Pizarro, conquerors of Mexico and Peru.

While, however, these, lured by tales of wondrous gold and precious stones to be found further and ever further towards the setting sun, were conquering, and intimidating, and dying to the southward, France was destined to lay a better foundation towards the grimmer Northern skies, "they who bore the fleur-de-lis always in the van, patient, daring, indomitable." And so we come to "the real discoverer of Canada," Jacques Cartier, of whom more in a later issue.

A. M. W.

(To be continued.)

(The writer begs to give acknowledgments to the histories written by Withrow, Parkman and others in the preparation of these articles).



An Interesting Group.

A group of leaders of modern science, taken at the Birmingham meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Those standing, from left to right, are: Prof. R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University; Prof. Henrik Lorentz, of the University of Leiden, Holland; Prof. Svante Arrhenius, of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm. Seated, in the same order, are: Sir Oliver Lodge, President of the Association; Madame Curie, of Paris, discoverer of radium; Prof. Gilbert Barling, University of Birmingham.

arises: "Christopher Columbus." Yet even that long-accepted statement may be open to question. Among those who have claimed prior voyages are the hardy Norsemen, in whose records it is told that in the year 985 Eric the Red sailed from Iceland to Greenland, where he found a settlement. The Icelanders also claim to have reached a coast, probably that of Nova Scotia, in the year 1000, and to have gone further south and established in 1007, under Thorfinn Karlsefne, a colony in Massachusetts, called by him "Vinland," on account of the

turned again and again to the rich cod-banks about Newfoundland, which have never failed until this day. They it was who gave to Cape Breton its name, and whose descendants at a later date peopled the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, even to-day a remnant of medieval France, though at the mouth of the St. Lawrence. A hardy and daring people these, ready to face either fog or wave—may more, ready to face forces to the child-like superstitious minds of the Middle Ages more fearful still. "On this dim verge of the known world," says