

old Indian names. Indeed these names appear in most cases to cling more naturally than the new fangled titles which a less correct fancy would give. Bytown has become Ottawa, and Newark has never superseded Niagara. Little York has long been forgotten in Toronto, which Dr. Scadding, that indefatigable local historian, tells us is an Indian term referring to a place of meeting, and was originally applied to the peninsula between Nottawasaga Bay, Matchedash or Sturgeon Bay, the River Severn, Lake Couchiching, and Lake Simcoe—a locality much frequented by the native tribes, especially by the Wyandots or Hurons.

Most of the names of the principal rivers and lakes of Canada are of Indian origin. The St. Lawrence River is a memorable exception, for it has derived its name from the Gulf into which it carries the tribute of the great lakes and its numerous tributaries. The Saguenay is derived from a Montagnais word, saki-nip or rushing water. In a previous article on the Ottawa valley I have stated that the River derived its name, according to some writers, from an Algonquin word signifying a human ear, but I have been very recently informed by Mr. Thorburn, the learned Principal of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, that he had it on the authority of an Indian missionary of Rama, Rev. T. H. Beatty, that Ottawa or Attawa signifies the "River Guards," in allusion to the fact that the tribe held the control of the river. The same authority gives Lake Couchiching as meaning an outlet. Ontario is in doubt. The Mohawk writer from whom I have before quoted, derives the word from Ken-ta-ri-yoh, a placid sheet of water. Erie, no doubt, has been named from Erige or Erike, and means the lake of the Cat Indians, who once dwelt on its banks, and were destroyed by the Iroquois. Huron refers to the Indians who once formed a powerful nation, and held a large district of country in the Western Province—in what is now Huron and Bruce, and the history of whose tragic fate will be

well remembered by the students of the past.

The influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood can be seen in numerous names throughout Canada. All the Saints in the Calendar have had their names appended to villages, parishes, rivers, lakes, and bays, especially in the Province of Quebec. The priest and adventurer were ever found side by side in the early days of discovery and exploration on this continent, and every Frenchman, whether black robe or layman, was animated by the same impulse to spread the lessons of his faith in the forests of the New World. St. Margaret's Bay, St. John River, Lakes St. Louis and St. Peter, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, St. Ignace, L'Assomption, Ange Gardien, are among the countless illustrations the map gives us of priestly zeal. Wherever we go we find the bells calling the Roman Catholic congregation to their devotions:—

Is it the clang of wild geese?

Is it the Indian's yell,

That lends to the voice of the North wind,

The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens

To the sound that grows apace;

Well he knows the vesper's ringing

Of the bells of St. Boniface,

The bells of the Roman mission,

That call from their turrets twain,

To the boatmen on the river,

To the hunter on the plain.

Only a few days ago the writer travelled through the valley of the Gatineau to a little village on the very confines of the settled district that extends to the northward of the Ottawa. Here on a lofty hill rose a massive stone church, whose tower was crowned by a large image of Notre Dame du Désert—Our Lady of the Desert, who has given her name, and as the Indians believe, her protection to the settlement in that pine-clad rocky region. The interior of the church was unfinished, and the only attempts at decoration were to be seen in the gilded altar and a few cheap pic-