

patient duty of Christians; but by some brought from a legend of the saint who is said to have carried Christ over a piece of water. Christopher Columbus. Christopher Marlowe. Christopher Wren.

Constantine, Constanstia, Constance—Latin.—Firm, constant; literally withstanding; or, as we now say, standing by us. A name of noble meaning. Constantine the Great. Constance, mother to Arthur, Duke of Bretagne,—see Shakespeare's King John.

Daniel—Hebrew.—Judgment of God. Daniel de Foe. Daniel Webster. Daniel Auber, musician.

David—Hebrew.—Beloved. St. David, patron of Wales. David Rizzio. David Teniers. David Garrick. David Hume. Sir David Brewster.

Dennis, Dennis, from Dionysius or Dionysus, the Greek name of Bacchus. According to some it comes from a Syrian word alluding to lameness or pain in the thigh, in reference to Bacchus. Others make it a Greek compound, signifying the Divine Mind, or the Spirit of the Universe. The modern use of it came from St. Denis, of France.

Edward and Edmund—Saxon.—Happy Guarder or Keeper. Happy Peace. Edward the Great. Edward the Confessor. Edward Fairfax. Edward Lord Herbert, of Cheshire, philosophical writer. Edward Lytton Bulwer. Edmund Burke. Edmund Spenser. Edmund Halley. Edmund Kean.

Ernest—German.—Sincere and Ardent. Earnest. According to Camden, it is Caesar's word Ariovistus; which, says the Italian genealogist, is the origin of the name of Ariosto. Ernest, Elector of Hesse, father of George I., of England.

Eustace—Greek.—Well Standing; not easily turned aside. The fit name of the famous French patriot Eustace St. Pierre, who delivered himself up to Edward the Third as a sacrifice for his fellow-citizens.

Francis, Frank, from the German word Franc, which signifies Free, as opposed to servile; whence our metaphorical word Frank and Free. St. Francis of Assisi. Francesco Petrarca. Sir Francis Drake. Francis Rabelais. Francis Bacon. Francis de la Rochefoucault. Francis de Salisnac de la Motte Fenelon. Francis Burdett. Francis Fulford, D.D.

George—Greek.—Husbandman, Tiller of the Earth; the same as the Latin Agricola. In spite of the word Georgics one is surprised to find this name of Greek origin, it has retained so little of its character, and been so much identified with modern England. St. George, the patron saint of England. George Buchanan. George Herbert. George Frederic Handel. George Berkeley. George Grote. George Louis le Clerc, Count Buffon. George Canning. George Washington. George Lord Byron.

Godfrey—German.—God's Peace. Godfrey of Bouillon, who went to make war in the Holy Land.

Isaac—Hebrew.—Laughter. The Gelasius of the Greeks. Isaac Newton. Isaac Walton. Isaac Barrow. Isaac Disraeli.

Jacob, James, Jacques—Hebrew.—A Supplanter. James Crichton, the Admirable. James Thomson, the poet. James Wolf, the hero of Quebec. Jean Jacques Rousseau. James Cook, the navigator. James Watt, the engineer.

John—Hebrew.—Gracious. Giovanni in Italian; Jean in French. The commonest Christian name in use, given originally from the most amiable of the apostles. Jean Wyckliffe. John Hampden. John Milton. John Bunyan. John Dryden. John Locke. John Herschel. John Selden. John Howard. John Hunter. John Wesley. Sir John Moore. Jean Racine. Jean Baptiste Molière. Jean de la Fontaine. Giovanni Boccaccio. Giovanni Ludovico Ariosto. John Sobieski. John Keble, author of "The Christian Year." John Payne Collier, critic.

Jonathan—Hebrew.—God's Gift. The same as the Greek Theodore and Theodosius, and the Latin Deodatus. Jonathan Swift.

Joseph—Hebrew.—Addition. Joseph Addison. Joseph Hadyn. Joseph Butler, author of the Analogy.

Lawrence, Lorenzo—Latin.—Laurel-like, Flourishing like the Bay. The Daphnis of the Greeks. A happy name for Lorenzo de Medici, under whose shadow lived so many poets, artists, and learned men. Lorenzo Lippi. Lawrence Sterne.

Michael—Hebrew.—Who is like God? Michael Angelo. Michael de Montaigne. Michael Drayton. Michael Faraday.

Oliver—Latin.—From the Olive-tree, an emblem of Peace. Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Goldsmith.

Peter—Greek.—A Stone. The Czar Peter. Peter Paul Rubens. Peter the Hermit and the Crusader. Pierre Berryer, the defender of Châteaubriand. Pierre du Terrail, called the Chevalier Bayard.

Phillip—Greek.—A Lover of Horses. Sir Philip Sidney. Philip Melancthon.

Richard—Saxon.—Richard I., King of England. Richard Baxter. Richard Hooker. Richard Steele. Richard Cobden.

Robert, Robin—German.—Bright Counsel. Robert Herrick. Robert Blake. Robert Burns. Robert Stevenson. Robin Hood. Robert Peel. Robert Hall.

Samuel—Hebrew.—Placed of God. Samuel Butler. Sir Samuel Romilly. Samuel Johnson. Samuel Richardson. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Samuel Whitbread. Samuel Rogers.

Stephen—Greek.—A Crown. Stephen the proto-martyr. Stephen, King of England. Stephen Lushington, the renowned jurist.

Thomas—Hebrew.—A Twin. Sir Thomas Moore. Thomas Hobbes. Thomas A. Beckett. Thomas a Kempis. Thomas Decker. Thomas Gray. Thomas Chatterton. Thomas Carlyle. Thomas Brown. Thomas Chalmers. Thomas Guthrie.

Walter—German.—According to some, a Pilgrim; to others, a Woodman or Lover of Woods, like Sylvanus; and to others, a General of an Army. In all senses it will be suitable to Sir Walter Raleigh. Walter Furst, one of the founders of Swiss Liberty. Sir Walter Scott. Walter Savage Landor.

William—German.—The Defender of Many. A good name; and, together with Alfred, the most honoured in our language, for it belonged to Shakespeare. It belongs to Scotland in the person of William Wallace. What the Scottish hero was to Scotland, William Tell was to Switzerland. Americans will ever cherish the name of William Penn. The scholar and philanthropist will ever venerate the name of William of Wykeham. The very iconoclasts have respected his tomb. His revered effigy, in pontifical robes, at Winchester Cathedral, seems as if scarcely a few days had elapsed since it left the hands of the sculptor. Again, there is William Wilberforce, the good Wilberforce, the man who gave freedom to the slave, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey, near that of his friend the great William Pitt, whose last words in public were—the news of the victorious Battle of Trafalgar having

just arrived—"Let us hope that England, having saved herself by her energy, may save Europe by her example."

William Tyndal, the translator of the old New Testament into the English language, who, in consequence, set the minds of the English people free, "for he alone is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides." To use the language of that vigorous thinker and eloquent critic William Hazlitt, "We consider the Bible to have been the chief development of all that genius which shone out so full and bright in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. There cannot be a doubt that the Orphic hymns of David, the prophetic denunciations of Isaiah, the gorgeous visions of Ezekiel, with their originality, vastness of conception, depth and tenderness of feeling, must have impressed such a temperament as William Shakespeare's."

We seem to revel amongst the Williams, there are so many sweet ones amongst them. William Cowper, the author of "John Gilpin," the delight of our boyish days; and William Wordsworth, the writer of some of the sweetest poems in our language, his memory conjures up the past. There is William (Wilhelm) Grimm, who has acquired such an immense popularity with juvenile readers for his fairy tales and legends, the language of whose pictures commend him to all hearts, and whose works have rendered him immortal, we shall end our list of the Williams. They are a goodly lot, and well worthy the emulation of the whole family of the Williams of the present day. The same may be said of the Thomases and the Johns; amongst them may be found some one of whom it may be said:

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

"What's in a name?" What, indeed. Thomas Handel, William Milton, and John Shakespeare; they want no such Christian names.

"That which we call a rose"

By any other name will smell as sweet."

Shakespeare, whether John or William, would have bequeathed "that wonderful alembic of light, till, in the hand of new discoverers, it has become the key of nature's laboratory, in which she has been surprised melting and compounding, in crucibles huge as ocean, the rich hues with which she overlays the surfaces of suns and stars, yet, at the same time, breathes its delicate blush upon the tenderest petals of the opening rose."

Milton, the Latin Secretary to Cromwell, whether Thomas or William, would, in such an adulterate and profligate age as that of Charles I. and Charles II., have been like

—The seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he.

Among innumerable false, unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.

He would have had, as a poet, "light within his own clean breast," and like Shakespeare, would have warbled "his native wood notes wild." He would have been "married to immortal verse." He would have taken "the prisoned soul and hopped it in Elysium," and given to the ears of his countrymen "strains that might create a soul under the ribs of Death."

Handel, whether Thomas or William, would have filled the Island of Britain with "noises, sounds, and sweet airs that give delight." We should have lost nothing of that true sublimity with which he has invested his religious compositions. We should not cease to feel in that awful chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," that those three magical notes which announce its claps of thunder "That all flesh shall see — it, toge — ther," might better belong to "an order of ethereal beings, with wings that they might rise spontaneous with the sounds, than to a miserable race who are merged in clay and chained to earth, though they feel they hardly stand on upon it when they hear them."

Therefore, ye Williams, ye Johns, ye Thomases, fret not that you have not been christened Horatius, Constantines, and Sebastians! Consider that honour and shame neither rise from condition nor name:

"Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

Remember that

"Man is our star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late,
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

As George Herbert says: The consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE FOUNDING OF VILLE-MARIE.

BY W. H. W.

I.—THE LANDING.

"Vetus arbor crescit pro."

"As from an acorn small the sturdy tree
Peered first, a feeble germ, above the ground
While chill rains fell and skies incline not frowned,
Yet flourished still upon the emerald lea;

"So from a weak and small beginning grew
This tall and stately tree, that shaketh now
Like Lebanon, and weareth on its brow
Its leafy honours fed by sun and dew."

On the morning on the eighteenth of May 1612, a small flotilla might have been seen slowly gliding up the rapid current which flows between St. Helen's Island and the island of Montreal. The sun shone brightly on the snowy sails, flashed from the surface of the rippling river, and lit up the tender green of the early spring foliage on the shores. The dipping of the oars kept time to the chanting of a hymn of praise, which, softened by the distance, floated musically over the waves.

As the foremost and largest vessel approached, there could be distinguished on its deck a small but illustrious group of pioneers of civilization, whose names are forever associated with the planting of the religion of the cross on the virgin soil of Canada, and with the founding of the great city, which now occupies those green and solitary shores, then clothed with the rank luxuriance of the primeval forest. Conspicuous among these

by his tall figure, close black cassock, wide brimmed hat, and cross hanging from his girdle, and by the glowing enthusiasm that kindled in his dark eyes, was Vimont, the Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Canada. By his side stood a youthful acolyte bearing a silken banner, floating gently in the morning breeze, on which gleamed in white and gold upon a purple ground, the image of the Blessed Virgin, by whose name the new town was to be consecrated.

On the right of the Jesuit Father stood a gallant soldier in the uniform of the Knights of Malta, wearing a scarlet tunic on which was embroidered a purple cross. A velvet cap with a waving plume shaded his broad and handsome brow, and a light rapier completed his equipment. This was Montmagny, the military commandant of Quebec. To the left of the priest stood a taller and more martial looking figure, wearing a close-fitting buff jerkin, on his head a steel morion, and girt to his waist a broad sword that had seen hard service in the terrible wars of Flanders. This was the valiant Maisonneuve—a name prophetic of his work—the first Governor of Montreal. Between those two distinguished laymen a studied and dignified courtesy was maintained, yet marked by a certain stately coldness and hauteur. In fact a feeling of jealousy toward the new commandant had been already manifested by Montmagny, who foresaw in the planting of a new colony the erection of a formidable rival of Quebec, and a diminution of his own hitherto supreme authority. He therefore sought to dissuade Maisonneuve from the enterprise with which he was commissioned, urging the difficulties and dangers in the way, especially from the opposition of the terrible Iroquois.

"I have not come to deliberate, but to act," replied the gallant soldier. "It is my duty and my honour to found a colony at Montreal; and though every tree were an Iroquois, should make the attempt." (*)

"Be it according to your pleasure, Sieur de Maisonneuve," Montmagny haughtily replied, "you may find, however, the savages of whom you speak so slightly more formidable enemies than you anticipate. But if you are attacked I cannot assist you. My little garrison must not be weakened by division. Had you remained at Ile d'Orleans I would willingly give you any help in my power."

"We will trust, Sir Knight," he proudly answered, "to our good swords and the protection of the Blessed Virgin; and the greater the danger may be the greater will be the glory, and the more acceptable the service."

Montmagny now accompanied the expedition as the representative of the Company of the Hundred Associates to formally transfer the island to Maisonneuve, the representative of the Associates of Montreal.

Nor was woman's gentle presence wanting to this romantic group. A somewhat petite figure in dark conventual dress and snowy wimple, which only made more striking the deathly pallor of her countenance, was she to whom the greatest respect seemed to be paid. Her large dark eyes lit up her countenance with a strange light, and revealed the enthusiasm burning in her breast, which longed to carry the Gospel even to the remote and inaccessible wilds of the Hurons. This was the devout widow, Madame de la Peltrie, a daughter of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who, having abandoned wealth and courtly friends for the love of souls, had come the previous year to Quebec, and gladly joined the new colony to be established for the honour of the Virgin. A lay-sister, Mademoiselle Mance by name, a soldier's wife, and a servant of Madame de la Peltrie, completed the little female group.

A miscellaneous company of soldiers, sailors, artisans, and labourers, about forty in all, filled the three little vessels which, freighted with the fortunes of the new colony, now approached the strand. As the keel of the pinnace, which was foremost, grated on the pebbly beach, Maisonneuve, seizing the consecrated banner, lightly leaped ashore and firmly planting it in the earth, fell upon his knees in glad thanksgiving. Montmagny, Vimont and the ladies followed, and the whole company engaging in a devoted act of worship chanted with glad some voice the sublime medieval hymn:

Vexilla Regis prodeunt:
Fulgens eris mysteriorum
The banners of heaven's King advance:
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

The shore is soon strewn with stores, bales, boxes, arms and baggage of every sort. An altar is speedily erected and decorated with fresh and fragrant flowers that studded the grassy margin of a neighbouring stream. The sacred vessels are exposed. Vimont, arrayed in the rich vestments of his office stands before the altar, and, while the congregation in silence fall upon their knees, celebrates for the first time amid that magnificent amphitheatre of nature the sacrifice of the mass. Moved to tears the little group sing the hymn:

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quae tu creasti pectora.

But their voices take a tremulous tone, and a deeper emotion thrills their souls as they chant the closing words, so appropriate to their defenceless condition:

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque domus propius;
Ductores sic te precior,
Vitemus omne noxium.

At the closing of the service the priest piously invoked the blessing of heaven on the new colony, planted not for greed of gold, nor lust of power, nor for extended rule; but for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. With a voice tremulous with emotion, turning to his audience he exclaimed with the prophetic prescience of faith:

"You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you and your children shall fill the land."

The mountain which gives to the city its name, shagged with ancient woods to the very top, looked down on the unwonted scene. The river front which now bristles with a forest of masts was a solitude.

No mention is made in the contemporary records of the Jesuits of the Indian village of Hochelaga described by Jacques Cartier as occupying the site of Montreal a hundred years before. It had, doubtless, been destroyed by Iroquois invasion. The noble stream which bears to-day on its broad bosom the shipping of the world was undisturbed but by the splash of the wild fowl, or the dash of the Indian's light canoe. Where is daily heard the shriek of the iron horse, peacefully grazed the timid red

(*) La Tour, *Mémoire de Lauro*, Livre viii.
Vimont, *Relation des Jésuites*, 1612, p. 37, Dollé de Casson, A. D. 1641-42.