

lished all over the Empire. This far-spread organization is a bulwark against the assaults of would-be disintegrators, and a valuable ally to the Royal Colonial Institute, in its efforts to obtain due recognition of the worth of the colonies. But to bring into fruitful existence that proud and generous sentiment of imperial unity which would make the trials or triumphs, the progress or the back-going of every community from the Empire's metropolis to its remotest dependency a matter of sympathetic concern to every other—that must be a matter of time, a matter of education. How few in the United Kingdom or the Colonies study the history and geography of the Empire or know what it means! In helping to remove that ignorance and apathy—which are the great obstacles to any closer union—the League is doing a good work.

Complaints are made of the havoc among the schools of mackerel through the use of the purse seine. The effect of permitting this long-since condemned net to be employed in the fishery is ruinous to the supply of one of the most delicate of our fish. Nor is it really profitable to those whom greed or ignorance, backed by the remissness of the authorities, impels to sweep the waters with such exterminating tackle. Their catch is necessarily largely useless, and a great part of it has to be got rid of, to the pollution of the fishery grounds, and their ultimate evacuation. Thus by the net in the first place, which leaves no breeders to renew the race, and by the putrefaction of the waters in the second, the grounds are being gradually made an abomination of desolation. It is time that the Government came down with a heavy hand on such offenders.

### OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The degree of attention that Canada has attracted from strangers, not only from the United States and Europe, but from the far east and the distant south has been in proportion to the means of rapid and comfortable travel placed at their disposal. Some of our readers can, doubtless, recall the years when Quebec and Toronto were practically farther apart than England is from Canada to-day; when Halifax and Montreal were for half the year separated by a wilderness only traversed with delay and fatigue hardly imaginable by those whose experience is limited to the Intercolonial; when British Columbia was reached, whether by land or sea, only after months of lonely drudgery or a voyage half round the world. Those who remember the overland march of our military defenders in 1861, or the journey of the emigrant party across the plains and mountains to British Columbia in the following year will be able to appreciate the revolution which a few years have wrought. The Intercolonial virtually opened up a new world to the people of old Canada, while it gave the Maritime Provinces easy access to the region of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. But there was still more than half a continent cut off from the older and largely settled portion of the Dominion. To link the eastern with the western extremity was the task of the Canadian Pacific Company, the completion of whose vast line gave a meaning to Confederation which it never had before. While the links that bound our country into one were thus being riveted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, railways of shorter range were bringing cities, towns and districts into communication with each other until the five older provinces were covered with a net-work of routes

which brought remotest settlements within the reach of the great centres of population. The result has been a quickening of curiosity both among Canadians and outsiders as to the resources, scenery and inhabitants of the previously little known parts of the Dominion and, once quickened, there was every inducement to gratify it. Places even out of beaten routes of travel are now better known than Toronto, or Montreal, or Halifax used to be some years ago. A gentleman who visited an old fashioned place under the impression that he had at last got away from the madding crowd of those who go to and fro upon the earth was surprised, on examining the register of the quaint little inn, to find the names of tourists from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and a series of Canadian cities which only found its terminus at Nanaimo. There is, indeed, hardly a point of interest in peopled Canada, hardly a region, in the vast extent of its still uninhabited, but largely habitable areas, that has not been depicted by the pen and pencil of the tourist or explorer.

Since Principal Grant and Mr. O'Brien, with their able staff of coadjutors, gave to the world in "Picturesque Canada" a graphic and comprehensive panorama of our country from ocean to ocean, the development of the Dominion, especially in the North-West, has been extraordinary. It is during this interval that the grand heritage of the Canadian people has obtained the largest share of that recognition from the outside world which is its tardily paid due. During the half of that interval our trans-continental railway has been in operation along its whole extent. During the progress of its construction many who were impatient to see the wonderland of the Fertile Belt, availed themselves of the line to its constantly receding terminus to catch a glimpse of even the border of the new land of promise. In due time the whole vast plain to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains was traversed by the rails. Then came the most critical portion of the undertaking, opening up fresh vistas of ever changing grandeur, till at last the mighty obstacle was surmounted, and through the seeming chaos of towering peaks it made its way triumphantly to the sea. One effect of the finished undertaking was the decentralization of interest. Instead of one El Dorado, to which men flocked as the only source of quickly won prosperity, it was then seen that even in the most favoured land, there was for the mass of mortals no royal road to wealth, but that to those who strive and wait opportunity is never wanting when nature is benign. Not to yield unearned fortunes to a few, but to provide happy homes for many was the object aimed at in the transfer and opening up of the realms of the fur kings. The attainment of that object in the amplest sense is only a matter of time. The success achieved so far may have come short of the expectations of the over-sanguine, but those who compare the Canada of a quarter of a century ago with the Canada of the present must admit that a change has taken place which not even the forecasts of the most far-seeing could have predicted.

A patriotic historian has conceived and carried out an idea which is sure to find approval from our readers—that of gathering into a single copiously illustrated volume all that exploration, art, study and research have revealed regarding the great natural features, scenery, resources, history and manifold development of the vast inter-oceanic territory known as the Dominion of Canada. For such a work the title with which we have headed

these remarks is perfectly appropriate. "Our Own Country" is, as we learn from the title-page, "an account of the extent, resources, physical aspect, industries, cities and chief towns of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia." The author, who has written a "History of Canada," which is deservedly popular, a work on the "Catacombs of Rome," of which Mr. Gladstone has expressed a high opinion, a book of European travel, and several other works of merit, is a Canadian of U. E. Loyalist stock and is ardently devoted to his native land, whose natural wealth and charms he has made it a labour of love to describe. Before beginning his task he travelled over the continent, visiting all the centres of industrial and commercial activity, all spots of historic interest or romantic association, all localities noteworthy for the beauty or sublimity of the scenery or for exceptional features in the life of the people. The Rev. Dr. Withrow—for it is he to whom we owe this volume—starts on his interesting and instructive journey from the City of Halifax, and, after many a digression into by-paths that we would not miss, guides the reader, by the new North-West passage, to the shores of the Pacific. On the devious route he entertains us with lore, legend and poetry, gathered from many sources, while at every stage art is the handmaid of literature. There are no less than 360 engravings, all well executed and some of them exceedingly fine, illustrative of Canadian scenery, history, social life, industries and amusements. Under Dr. Withrow's lucid and cheerful guidance, we survey Halifax from the citadel, and, recalling that July day in 1749, when Governor Cornwallis, with his infant colony, sailed into Chebucto harbour, admire the beauty of the scene and the enterprise of the people; we contemplate, with reflections on the vanity of human ambition, the desolation of once proud Louisburg; we watch in fancy the first valiant attempt at European colonization at Annapolis and mourn over the wreck of a people's hopes at Grand Pré; we cruise along Prince Edward Island, not unmindful of the terrible Lord's Day Gale, or listen to the almost human cry of the young harp seals as the ruthless gaff descends upon their guiltless heads; we welcome the Loyalists to St. John and praise the enterprise of their descendants, glancing backward meanwhile at the strifes of La Tour and Charnisay in an earlier day; we cross the borderland between Acadia and Canada and dream of the past in the storied city of Champlain; we stand upon the spot where De Maisonneuve landed, with prayer and praise upon his lips, and looking in vain for some memorial of that worthy founder, conclude that, perhaps, his best monument is the city of his toils and love; thinking of La Salle, we glance at Lachine, and wonder what Sir George Simpson would say of his metamorphosed domain; "Ottawa's tide" teams with associations of the early and the latter past, but we don't forget to pay a tribute to the patient heroism of Col. By, while hearing the thrilling tale of the Long Sault in George Murray's verse; with Sangster we acknowledge the charm of the Thousand Islands, and salute his birthplace; with Mr. Lighthall we do homage to the Queen City and Governor Simcoe, and meet Mr. Kirby musing on old times at his "ancient capital"; with Campbell's music in our ears we land at Port Arthur and push on to prairieland, which has found a *sacer vates* in