

we have already made some reference. The Ontario Society of Artists had for its first patrons Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, and the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The first president was Mr. W. H. Howland; Mr. L. R. O'Brien was chosen vice-president and also discharged the duties of treasurer; Mr. M. Matthews was elected secretary, and Mr. Geo. Hallen assumed the position of accountant. The original membership comprised, in addition to the most noteworthy artists of Ontario, a certain number of those of the other provinces. It was classified according to the branches of art cultivated in the Dominion—the greater number consisting of painters, the remainder being made up of sculptors, architects, designers and engravers. After his arrival, in 1878, Lord Lorne took a warm interest in the welfare of the society, which he consulted as to his plan of an Academy. After his Lordship had formally unfolded his design to the society, a resolution was passed cordially approving of it. The Academy, which has, so far, fulfilled its purpose in serving as a common centre for the various local organizations, with whose objects and work it in no wise interferes, was, as to the comprehensiveness of its membership, modelled on the Society of Artists. Like the latter, the Academy includes architects, sculptors, designers and engravers, as well as painters. Our group is fairly representative, and some of our readers will have no difficulty in picking out their favourite artist. The Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, is president; Mr. William Revell, landscape and still-life painter, vice-president; Mr. R. F. Gagen, noted for his flower pictures, is secretary. Other noteworthy members are Mr. M. Matthews, R.C.A., landscape painter; Mr. T. M. Martin, landscape and animal painter; Mr. W. A. Sherwood, portrait and animal painter; Mr. Hannaford, landscape painter, and Mr. H. MacCarthy, sculptor.

THE FRASER CANYON, BELOW NORTH BEND.—This stupendous work of nature is one of the marvels of that Wonderland through which the C.P.R. carries the tourist as he approaches Yale. At North Bend there is a fine hotel for the accommodation of those who wish to have a nearer and more leisurely view of the extraordinary scene. Four miles below that point the principal canyon commences, and the scenery becomes correspondingly startling. The mighty river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks. After being repeatedly thrown back upon itself by rocky obstacles or broken into roaring torrents by obstructing masses fallen from above, it roars and foams in wild frenzy. The railway is cut into the cliffs two hundred feet or more in elevation, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by a succession of tunnels. At Spuzzum, of which we had an illustration some time ago, there is a suspension bridge in connection with the Government road, and ten miles lower down the cliffs seem to interpose their enormous bulk so as to bar the way. The river then makes an abrupt turn to the left, while the railway, turning to the right, disappears into a large tunnel, to emerge once more into the light of day at the City of Yale.

FALLS OF THE METABETCHOUAN—THE OUIATCHOUAN FALLS.—Our readers have here some further illustrations of noted scenes in the Lake St. John district, of which they have already had glimpses. Both the Falls, which form the themes of our engravings, are among the most admired phenomena of this region of wood and water—the land of the wianishe, the paradise of the sportsman. The rivers Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan, like the other streams of the district, abound in fish, and the country which they water has ample scope for the exercise of the huntsman's skill.

JUNCTION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH THOMPSON RIVERS AT KAMLOOPS, B.C.—The scene in our engraving is one of the most beautiful on the Canadian Pacific Railway route. At Kamloops, the chief town in the Thomson River Valley, formerly a Hudson's Bay Company's post, the north fork of the Thompson comes down from the mountains, 200 miles northward, and here joins the main river, whence the name of the place, which is an Indian word, meaning a river-confluence. It is a beautiful spot. The broad valleys intersect at right angles. There is a background of bordering hills, and fine groves line both banks of the streams. Steamboats are on the river, and saw mills briskly at work, Chinese labour being largely employed. The triangular space between the rivers opposite Kamloops is an Indian reservation, overlooked by St. Paul's Mountain. The principal industry around Kamloops will always be grazing, since the hills are covered with most nutritious "bunch-grass." Agriculture and fruit raising flourishes, wherever irrigation is practicable. This is the supply point for a large ranching and mineral region southward, especially in the Okanagan and Nicola valleys, reached by stage lines.

THE "ANGELUS" OF J. F. MILLET.—The engraving of this celebrated picture, the interest in which has been greatly enhanced by the rivalry for its possession at the recent Secretan sale, is copied from the reproduction of M. Margelidon's etching in *L'Illustration*. The price paid for the "Angelus" by M. Proust on the 1st of the present month was 553,000 francs, of which 200,000 francs were subscribed by collectors and amateurs determined that the masterpiece should be secured to the Musée de Paris and to the French people. It may be that patriotic pride had more to do with that exercise of generosity than religious sentiment; but in the latter a nation which so highly prizes such a conception of simple but profound reverence for things sacred cannot justly be said to be lacking. The associations which the picture calls up are peculiar to

Catholic countries. In modern England the only approach to it (in poetry) is the curfew in Gray's "Elegy," but the curfew is a mere tradition, whereas the "Angelus" is a reality. Longfellow has caught the spirit of it in his descriptions of Acadian life. Though the Angelus sounds at dawn and noon as well as evening, it is as the Vesper bell that its calming, consoling and elevating influences are chiefly recognized. So in Millet's picture, the sun has already disappeared below the horizon, above which the diffused rays of his parting glory have warmed the sky with a softened golden light. The fields seem to feel that the hours of labour are over or drawing to a close. The two young figures in the field give the key to the brooding mystery. They have heard the call, soft yet clear, to prayer, and their hearts are stirred with a sense of awe. The young man has promptly uncovered his head, which is bowed, while the cap clasped in his hands is pressed against his breast. The girl has her hands joined and raised nearly to her lowered face. The scene is wondrously simple, wondrously impressive. But was its merit less a generation ago when neither French Museums nor American Art Associations cared to purchase it? The noble truthfulness of Millet was as true then as it is to-day. What, then, has changed? Whatever it be, France deems it a triumph and a privilege to have "The Angelus" in its own possession, while the United States would add ten thousand dollars to the purchase money to win it for American galleries.

THE HERO OF MONTREAL.

1642.

(PARKMAN'S "JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.")

In the heart of the Royal City, that rises grand and fair
On the banks of the blue St. Lawrence, is throned a stately square:

The "Place d'Armes" is the name they gave it. Ah! fitter
than ye wot
Was the chivalrous title given that scene of combat hot.

O ye men of the New Dominion, grudge ye your treasure of gold
To record in enduring marble the valour of the Old?

Ye have girdled the spot with temples to shrine the god
To-day:
Not a stone have ye carved to honour a Hero's brave essay!

Sound ye bells from yon towers his praises! Extol, O Ville
Marie,
The renown of thy valiant Founder, who dared so much for thee!

Bid your trumpet-tongued heralds cease not to fling their
pæans wide
O'er the field where the doughty Champion brought low the
Redman's pride.

* * * * *

Mid the gloom of the wild-wood's silence see yon devoted band
Reverent kneel at their leafy altar, and consecrate the land.

See them wrest from the trackless forest a space to call
their home,
Where they sleep 'neath the twinkling tapers hung high in
Heaven's dome.

By the faith of a brave endeavour, and self-forgetting toil,
The germs of a future City takes root in kindly soil.
And the birds, and the trees, and flowers breathe forth a
song of peace,
That descends as a benediction to bid complainings cease.

Now their out-branching roots strike deeper; old friends
lend powerful aid;
And the zeal of devoted woman inspires the soldier's blade.
For the souls of the dusky heathen they claimed as their
reward;

A New Land for their earthly sovereign, its People for the
Lord.

Soon their fate shall be put to the trial. The river from its
bed,
With the roar of a host advancing, in solid phalanx led,
To the sack of some leaguered fortress, rose up one awful
night,
And the hearts of the watchers failed them, before the dire-
ful sight.

Lo! the hand of the Lord, in mercy, the rushing waters
stayed,
As of old the engulfing billows on Gallilee He laid.
And the Cross, in devout thanksgiving, one joyous, happy
morn,
To the summit of far Mount Royal in stalwart arms was
borne.

* * * * *

But the lust of the wolfish prowler is thirsting for his prey;
And the blight of the skulking savage lurks darkly night
and day.

In the soldier's enforced inaction, the foe he could not see
Dulled the edge of his fiery mettle, and chafed his spirit free.

Now their murmurs, becoming louder, soon reached the
leader's ear,
And the taunt, undeserved, "Thou coward!" was flung with
mocking jeer.

"Do we never draw sword, Commandant? do naught but
watch and wait,
While the arrogant Redskins flout us, before the fortress
gate?"

* * * * *

In the dawn of a bright March morning, the crisp snow
lying white
Round the fort still enwrapped in slumber, what sounds the
ear affright?

'Tis the bay of the watchful Pilot, as, with her yelping
brood,
She gives tongue to the dreaded tidings: "The foe is in the
wood!"

All was bustle and hurried arming. "Now shall ye have
your will!
And take care that ye fight as boast ye—I promise ye your
fill.
I shall lead ye myself to thrash them—yon curs must feel the
whip:
See that ye be not slow to follow, nor fail their claws to
clip!"

* * * * *

Bind the thongs of the snowshoe tightly, and test the flint-
lock's prime;
Fill your measure of ball and powder, waste not the pre-
cious time,
Lest the wolves in the thicket hiding shall sneak in fear
away,
And the hunter return disheartened, balked of his long-
sought prey!

* * * * *

At the head of the little column the leader takes his place.
Now they make for the snowy clearing, and cross the open
space;
Till the hush of the woods enfolds them, still as the silent
grave,
Where the plumes of the tossing pine trees their spiny tassels
wave.

On they push through the whirling snow-drifts, 'mid count-
less pitfalls deep,
To the depths of the sunless forest, still wrapt in winter's
sleep:

When a yell from the ambushed demons through all the
arches rang,
And the whiz of the biting arrow answered the bow-string's
twang.

For a moment the bravest falter—the odds are five to one—
But they fight till their powder fails them, for thought of
flight had none,
Till the Captain, to save the remnant, commanded the re-
treat,
And the rush of the fleeing soldiers proclaimed the rout
complete.

The intrepid Commander, scorning on foes to turn his back,
All alone, in the open clearing, defied the howling pack.
Till the last of the wounded stragglers the longed-for shelter
gained
He confronted the shower of arrows the Indian bowmen
rained.

Now, their chief from the van advancing, 'mid yells and
vengeful cries,
With the spring of the panther bounded to seize so rare a
prize.

But the heart of the Soldier quailed not, straight at the
tufted head
He discharged his remaining pistol, and shot the savage
dead.

Then the howls of the shrieking rabble were turned to cries
of woe
As they gazed on their fallen comrade, dead on the crimson
snow.

"Though the scalp of the hated Frenchman ne'er grace the
council tent,
We shall rescue our chieftain's body, and wail his Tribe's
Lament."

Unmolested, the brave Deliverer the fortress wall regains.
Now the women press round him, weeping, to kiss his
bloody stains;
And the men, in glad praise of their hero, break forth in
loud acclaim,
As the sound of retreating footsteps across the snowdrifts
came.

* * * * *

'Mong the names that enrich the pages of Canada's bead-roll
Shines there ONE in a halo lustrous, the man of noble soul,
Who endured with a faith unswerving, nor reeked the toil
and loss:

MAISONNEUVE, the Heroic, the Fearless, "First Soldier of
the Cross."

Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

Is the dishorning of cattle cruel? Well. Chief Justice
Coleridge, in a judicial decision just rendered by him, says
it is "detestably brutal," and Mr. Justice Hawkins, who
tried a test case with him, pronounces the practice "a re-
volting operation." Mr. Wiley, a Norfolk farmer, was
brought before a bench of magistrates by the Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for "having unlawfully
tortured thirty-two bullocks by dishorning them." Mr.
Wiley freely admitted the charge. He placed every con-
venience in the way of the magistrates acquiring evidence as
to how the operation was performed. The defence was
that dishorning greatly increased the value of his cattle and
was necessary.