

ON THE OTTAWA.

II.

The conclusion of breakfast just brings us to Pointe Claire. This pretty point breasts the wave, with an old-fashioned "Moulin-à-vent" for a figure-head. There is a sweet, gentle loveliness about the scenery here that is very restful. As we leave Lake St. Louis, the beautiful seigneurie of Isle Perrot displays a delightful irregularity of shore-line, which coquettes with the sunshine, and in the play of light and shade shews every vernal tint, from tenderest golden green to deepest myrtle. In some out-reaching points the opposite shores almost kiss.

It is strange how much more imperatively a human interest appeals to us than purely physical nature. A few gleaming white gables, whose windows glint out at us through the trees, like the eyes of some woodland animal; the breath of home-life rising up into the pure sky from a few chimneys; the framing of choice bits of scenery by fence and wall; some gaily painted boats dotting the little reed-fringed bays, bring the passengers to their feet and, with one accord, to the side of the boat, as we near Ste. Anne's, memorialized by Moore's lines.

As we enter the lock, three old women, looking most picturesque in their gay shawls and huge flat straw hats, and who have never, by untimely youth, seemed less in harmony with an almost primeval state of nature, stand as they have ever stood, within the memory of the oldest traveller, at the boatside, with their baskets full of striped sugar-sticks, golden brown gingerbread and bunches of cherries.

If these graces failed to appear, almost I fear the captain himself would not recognize the place and lose his bearings. Leaving Ste. Anne's, with its picturesque grouping of cottages, and bridges, we presently enter the Lake of the Two Mountains, one of which is Mount Calvary, and its fellow I have never heard called by any name but "The Other."

All the stretch of water before us is reddish brown in the shades of the ripples, and blue in the lights—not the clear, bright azure of the St. Lawrence, but a deep, slaty tinge. Just here beneath us the river looks like flowing amber, and behind to the eastward, in the track of the vessel, it would seem the sun is showering a heavy rain of diamonds upon it, invisible till at the point of contact with the water, and shoot up thousands of electric sparks of dazzling scintillating light. All along our course is the waving margin, like the rippling hair parted over a beautiful placid brow. A dead gold streak in the northern shore-line, through the dark green verdure, is lost and repeated, then grows wider and clearer, till we reach the sand banks of Oka, rising amid fine groves.

Some few years ago the church (R. C.), always the prominent feature in a Canadian village, nestled under the shade of a group of trees, whose outlines once bore a very striking resemblance to those of a bear just come to the brink of the water to slake his thirst. Then there arose the trouble between a part of the Indian settlement and the priests, resulting in a fire, in which the trees and church were destroyed, with a collection of valuable old black letter manuscripts and musical scores. The new church is an imposing edifice of red stone, quite a pleasing point of colour in the landscape, though emphasizing, by contrast, the bare hideousness of the miserable Indian village, in which every hut stands with all its angles in defiant independence of its neighbours. Pigs and children enliven the scene. On the wharf stands half the community, two distinct types of physiognomy, stamping their origin from different tribes, the Algonquin and the Iroquois. The men gaze at us out of bronzed immobile faces, so set and expressionless as to give one the impression of masks. The squaws look more animated and wear their gay shawls over their heads, although it is the height of summer. They press forward to offer their handiwork of beads and baskets for sale. Behind the sand-bank, away off in the crest of Mount Calvary, you catch a glimpse of the last of the seven century-old chapels, which are inter-

persed along the way to the top. There, the faithful say, the virgin appears periodically, as I understand, with her own hand drawing aside the veil of flesh and revealing the perpetually burning flames of love in her heart.

There is an annual pilgrimage to this point, when priest and peasant walk bare-headed and silent, offering prayers at all the small painted shrines by the roadside. Of late years the Trappists have established a branch community here, and their rigours of discipline in fasting and silence are legendary.

Montreal.

K. A. C.

THE BUSINESS METROPOLIS.

By G. S. P.

During the business season a walk from the canal basin along the revetment wall reveals, to some extent, this metropolis as a mart of great and increasing commerce, unrivalled by any other inland city. For nearly six miles ocean and maritime steamships, river steamships, river steamboats, shipping, etc., may be seen discharging and loading cargoes of goods and other commodities to and from Europe and elsewhere; besides railway freight cars with teas from China and Japan, and western produce from over the C. P. R.; the steamships preparing to receive outward cargoes of cattle, grain, flour, etc. On the canal, where large manufacturing establishments are erected, Canadian and United States barges, etc., may be seen loading or discharging their various cargoes. Substantial teams of vehicles conveying goods, etc., to their various destinations in various parts of the city, giving employment to hundreds of workmen, labourers, etc.; altogether presenting a lively, bustling scene of commercial industry.

The favourable position occupied by the city at the head of ocean navigation, and the energetic and enterprising character of the merchants have enabled them to maintain their position by overcoming many difficulties and formidable obstacles. The question now arises: "Have the utmost limits of harbour accommodation been reached?" almost every available space being now occupied and inconveniently crowded to its greatest extent. Unlike Quebec, New York, Boston, and other places, the opposite side of the river affords no present facilities for extending the harbour limits in that direction, and it is now proposed to build extensive shipping docks to relieve the harbour of its superabundant and increasing demands for loading and discharging inward and outward cargoes.

The approaches to Montreal, though lacking the grandeur of Quebec and its vicinity, are nevertheless pleasing and interesting. Passing by the populous villages and environs; the pretty island of St. Helen's, with its stately parks and shrubbery, form a favourite and attractive resort. The famous Victoria Bridge appears in the distance, a gigantic structure of engineering and mechanical skill, spanning upward of two miles across the River St. Lawrence; the substantial stone breastworks of the quays and lines of lofty warehouses, stretching along the river frontage, with a forest of shipping, from the stupendous steamship to the tiniest river craft; altogether betokening a large and greatly increasing commerce.

The drive round the Mountain, with its cemeteries, parks and magnificent views of distant scenery, and a ramble over the city, reveal many points of interest, public buildings, capacious streets and handsome squares, adorned with trees, flowers and fountains, too numerous for special detail.

A red-headed young lady of St. Louis proposes to give a unique entertainment to all ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance whose heads show a similar tinge. Pages with auburn curls will attend in hall and cloak room, while sunny-haired maids will serve the supper.

The second church bell brought to this continent still rings at the First Congregational church, of Hartford, Conn. The first church bell brought to the United States rang in Virginia.

THE ALARM OF THE ARMADA.

'Twas about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth Bay;

The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped the van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcomb's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.

The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.

Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.

Far o'er the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.

At once, on London's stately gates, arose the answering fires;

At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;

And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went;

And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent:

Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hill, flew those bright coursers forth;

High on black Hamstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;

All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill;

Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales;

Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;

Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light;

Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,

And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;

Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,

And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

[This summer was celebrated in England, with unusual solemnity, the invasion and dispersion of the Spanish Armada, one of the greatest events in British history and the most glorious of Elizabeth's long reign. We thought it fit to publish Macaulay's ballad on the subject, which shows that he could describe as well in verse as in prose, despite the sneers of some critics.—EDITOR.]

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—"Mason and Dixon's line" derived its name from the surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. The "line" was 300 miles long and marked the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland and Virginia. It was marked by stone posts at intervals of one mile.

An Englishman leaving London always speaks of his departure as "going down." He goes down even if he is bound for the highest part of the kingdom. In the way of "going down" Homburg seems to be specially favoured this year.