

BUCK ISLAND, OTTAWA RIVER.—This delightful resort of the seekers of pleasure and rest, of which we give two illustrations, is, doubtless, well known to some of our readers. Those who are familiar with the Ottawa River route from Montreal to the capital will have no difficulty in verifying the locality. The engravings are from photographs taken last summer, and Mr. T. H. Harper, to whose courtesy we are indebted for them, sends us the following note conveying his impressions of the scene: "Buck Island, about 35 miles below Ottawa, 4 miles miles below Thurso village. It is composed of one large and two small islands, and the picture was taken in a channel running between them, looking towards the main stream, which is hid from view by the smallest of the three islands. Our camp was situated at the head of the largest island. It is, I think, one of the prettiest scenes of the kind among the many islands studding this part of the Ottawa River."

THE WINNINISH.—Those of our readers who have heard of the celebrated land-locked salmon of Lake St. John, called by the Indians *ouinaniche* (pronounced winninish), will, no doubt, thank us for the illustration in this number showing some very fine specimens of this noble fish. In flavour the *ouinaniche* is very little, if at all, inferior to the ordinary salmon. It is seldom taken, however, more than fourteen to sixteen pounds in weight. It is beautifully spotted, rises freely to the fly, and, when struck, fights long and hard for liberty, taxing severely the angler's skill and tackle alike. It is peculiar to Lake St. John and to the rivers flowing into it, and parts of the banks of the latter have been leased, with the fishing privileges attached thereto, for a term of years, by clubs of wealthy American sportsmen, who have obtained incorporation for the purpose at the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. Kit Clarke, the famous American angler, thus briefly described his first experience of *ouinaniche* fishing last summer:—"The sportsman whose hook for the first time impales the fish will be dumbfounded at the tremendous leaps and fiery struggles of his heroic antagonist. His vigorous contentions are astounding, while at every leap into the air he turns a complete somersault, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger. These terrific leaps are so continuous, that one seems to be fighting the fish in the air as much as in the water. The first one I hooked smashed my rod into pieces—a trusty tool, that had done yeoman's service in many a hard-fought battle and never before surrendered—and promptly escaped; the second broke the hook and went his way; the third parted my line (E size, silk waterproofed) and disappeared, and then I began to feel interested. I determined to hold a winning hand in the subsequent proceedings. I rigged up for whales, and the next fish was safely landed, and I fell upon him bodily. Even then it required no little effort to completely kill him, and, when the deed was finally accomplished, I held him up, carefully examined, and then carelessly fondled the grandest warrior of the watery kingdom."

THE JEANNOTTE RIVER.—The view of a portion of the Jeannotte river is a fair specimen of the wild natural scenery abounding in the country traversed by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The Jeannotte is the southerly outlet of Lake Edward, as the northeast branch of the Batiscan river is its northern discharge. About twenty miles from its source it flows into the Batiscan, and thus are reunited the waters of the lake, divided for a space by the Isle of Lake Edward, which is thus enclosed by the lake itself and its two outlets. Where the Jeannotte empties into the Batiscan, the opposite bank of the latter is hugged by the Lake St. John Railway. It is exceedingly difficult to scale the Jeannotte, in consequence of the succession of rapids and cascades, such as shown in our engraving, necessitating long and tedious portages through an exceedingly difficult country. It is picturesque in the extreme, and its waters fairly teem with trout. Though one of the finest streams in Canada for fly-fishing, very few white men have ever cast a fly on its lower waters. This is, no doubt, largely due to the difficulty of ascending it. It is quite easy of access by way of Lake Edward, and some of the most remarkable fishing reported from this section of the country has been done just below the lake, in what is known as "the discharge." This is the locality depicted in our illustration.

SALVAGE ROCK, HARBOUR GRACE, Nfld.—This old warrior has stood the storm for centuries. It stands well out at the entrance of Harbour Grace. When a heavy sea is on it is a grand sight to watch the waves dashing over and at times almost hiding it from view. "Long Harry," the companion of its solitude, stands nearer the shore, and resembles the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Harbour Grace may be dimly seen in the distance with two sealing steamers in the ice, evidently waiting for the wind to change and move the ice out.

THE CATHEDRAL OF GENEVA.—It is announced that the church of St. Pierre, in Geneva, where Calvin preached, is in need of extensive repairs. The northern tower must be entirely rebuilt, and the principal façade must be considerably altered; the interior also will require to be restored. The lowest estimate for these works is set down at 500,000 f.; but the cost will probably exceed this sum. A society has been formed at Geneva to raise the necessary funds.



The name of Dora Greenwell is, perhaps, better known to American and Canadian readers than are the writings of that gifted woman. Her real name was not Dora, but Dorothy. A member of a North of England family, that had held the same estate for more than three centuries and a half—and one of the great sorrows of her life was parting, through stress of circumstances, with her old home—she was born on the 6th of December, 1821, and breathed her last on the 29th of March, 1882. She had already made a fair reputation in letters when, through reverse of fortune, the property of her father, Mr. William Thomas Greenwell, had to be sold. It was situated at Lancaster, in the county of Durham, and not very far from the cathedral city, in which so many years of Dora's life were destined to be spent. The interval between her departure from the Ford and her permanent settlement at Durham was passed partly in Northumberland, partly in Lancashire, with brothers who were clergymen. The Durham period, which began in 1854, in her 34th year, was also that of her greatest intellectual activity. Her prose works cover a wide range. The "Colloquia Crucis" is, as the title implies, a study in the spiritual life. It was preceded by "Two Friends," and both volumes are marked by a certain mystical tenderness and pathos. Still earlier were "The Patience of Hope" and "A Present Heaven." The "Liber Humanitatis" is a series of essays on various aspects of religious and social life. A biography of John Woolman, the Quaker, still further revealed her sympathy with contemplative quietism. The first volume of her poems appeared in 1861; a revised edition of it in 1867. It was dedicated to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Later two other volumes were published. The selections just issued by Walter Scott (Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.) comprise pieces or extracts from the three volumes, "Carmina Crucis," "The Soul's Legend" and "Camera Obscura." There are many poems in the volume that we would gladly present to our readers, if our space permitted. Something we must give, however, and we select this:

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.
An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet step to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

And this:

To Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in 1861.

I praised thee not while living; what to thee
Was praise of mine? I mourned thee not when dead;
I only loved thee,—love thee! O thou fled
Fair spirit, free at last where all are free,
I only love thee, bless thee, that to me
For ever thou hast made the rose more red,
More sweet each word by olden singers said
In sadness, or by children in their glee;
Once, only once, in life I heard thee speak,
Once, only once, I kissed thee on the cheek,
And met thy kiss and blessing; scarce I knew
Thy smile, I only loved thee, only grew,
Through wealth, through strength of thine, less poor, less
weak.

Oh! what hath death with souls like thine to do?

We owe to the courtesy of the author three essays of uncommon interest: "The Origin of Languages, and the Antiquity of Speaking Man," "Race and Language," and "The Development of Language." The first, which has attracted much attention among scholars and men of science to a new theory to account for the diversity of human speech, was delivered before the Anthropological Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Buffalo, on Aug., 1886. The second first appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1888, and the third,

which has already been incidentally mentioned in our columns, was read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, in April last. Mr. Horatio Hale, to whose pen and kindness we are indebted for these learned and suggestive papers, is, we need scarcely say, one of the most distinguished of living authorities on American philology and linguistics. These fruits of his latest researches in his chosen field are worthy of most careful study. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a work of rare value on a subject not unconnected with that which has so long engaged Mr. Hale's attention, "Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest," with original text (in Esquimaux, or Eskimo, as it is now generally spelled, and other tongues), by the Rev. Father Petitot, for some twenty years a missionary among the extreme northern tribes. The services of Father Petitot to the cause of aboriginal American philology and folk-lore have been recognized by high authorities in his native France and other countries. The task of collecting these traditions from the lips of the Dog-ribs, the Esquimaux-Tchiglit and the Tchippewayans was to him, doubtless, a labour of love. His long sojourn in those frozen regions of the MacKenzie basin and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean gave him opportunities that fall to few and that only the most devoted of evangelists and the most enthusiastic of scientists could desire. The translation is word for word, and it sometimes demands the closest attention to detect the meaning. It is, we think, a pity that Father Petitot did not add a free translation into ordinary French, as he could have discharged that additional task more effectively than any of his readers can be expected to do. We must not complain, however, for the book is really a treasure of rarest knowledge, for which we are duly grateful. Some of our readers may recall that Mr. Douglas Brymner, of Ottawa, translated some of Father Petitot's former publications on the same subject for the *Dominion Monthly*.

Whatever divisions there may be in Christendom, on one point the various branches of Christianity are to a considerable extent agreed. There are certain hymns (not to speak of the Psalms which are common to Christians and Israelites, who have, indeed, the prior claim to them), whose sweet solace is shared alike by the disciples of all schools of theology. They are, indeed, the only possessions as to which Christians continue to practise that community of goods that prevailed in the primitive Church. Nor are they less precious for thus being held in common. In a little volume just published (Toronto: Oxford Press, 23 Adelaide street East) under the name of "St. Basil's Hymn-Book," we have a collection in which we seem to hear the voices that have swelled the anthem of praise through all the centuries. Some of them are as ancient as the Gospels—nay, antedate them, if we include such venerable Temple chants as "I.œtatus sum" and "Lauda, Jerusalem," while others are of yesterday, of today, even. Altogether, there are more than two hundred hymns, culled from many sources (all approved, however, by authority), besides "daily prayers, prayers at Mass, Litanies and Vespers for all the Sundays and festivals of the year, the Office and Rules for sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, preparation for and prayers after confession, etc., etc." One of the objects of the work, which was prepared at St. Michael's College, Toronto, is to promote congregational singing. In the task of compilation, the aid of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, is acknowledged. A complete index facilitates reference. A companion volume, containing the music, will shortly appear.

A bill has been introduced in Pennsylvania to make "treating" a criminal offence, punishable by a fine of from fifty to a hundred dollars. If the man who wants to take a drink could do so without inviting everybody in the vicinity to join him, and then removing the obligation by accepting a similar courtesy at the expense of each individual present, the drinking habit would be enormously reduced of half its terrors.