



EASTER LILIES.

Come near and lay them at the Saviour's feet ;
All that are lovely, filled with fragrance sweet ;
Choose but the purest flowers for that high place,
For naught but what is perfect sees His face.

So speak Earth's creatures : but behold ! on high,
Echoes a voice that fills the earth and sky :
"All these are precious, but to me most dear
"The stained, the torn, the trembling, filled with fear.
"These I would gather closely to my care,
"And make, once more, so spotless, pure and fair,
"Choose not the fairest flowers as offering meet ;
"The bruised blossoms I would make complete."

Sherbrooke.

MAY AUSTIN.

An Ottawa correspondent, who signs himself "Scrutator," writes as follows :

There can hardly be a doubt that many of the Indian names of places are derived from Hebrew. Chicago, *kikargo*, the nation of the plain; Milwaukee, *melek*, a kingdom; Niagara, *nigar*, to flow down; Ontario, *natar*, to flow; Ottawa, *tiwa*, to circumscribe; Toronto, *tara*, moist; *nata*, low; Arizona, *erez*, cedar trees; Illinois, *ilana*, trees; Labrador, *barad*, hailstorms, etc. I may add that names of continents and countries are also of Hebrew origin: Europe, *eripha*, ruins; Africa, *aphar*, sand; America (in *hithpael*), *hith-ameer*, to use or abuse the services of others for gain and advantage; France, *phara*, fruitful; Spain, *shapha*, abundance; Prussia *horus*, fir trees; Russia, *roush*, poor.

These etymologies are certainly ingenious, and, if it were not already fairly well established that most of these names are of Indian origin, might be accepted as something more than examples of homophony. Chicago is said by authorities on the Indian languages to mean "a skunk," from the Cree "chicag" or "sigag." Milwaukee is said to be the Ojibway equivalent to Terrebonne—"good land." Ottawa is traced by some to the Algonquin word for "ear," by others to a word meaning "bulrushes." Illinois is believed to mean simply "men" or "people." According to Abbé Cuq, Toronto means "A tree in the water," the root being "Karonta," a tree. (See *Lexique de la Langue Iroquoise*, pp. 12 and 51.) To account for the euphonious name of Arizona, which one might fancy a contraction of *Arida Zona*, the "arid belt," the Zuni Indians have a poetical legend. Ever so long ago, they say, a race of men sprang out of the earth, as plants rise out of the ground. This race increased until it spread over all the habitable surface of the globe, and then after countless ages it gradually waned and passed away. For many æons after its disappearance, the earth remained without inhabitants, till at length the sun took compassion on its loneliness and sent a celestial maiden to repeople it. This young goddess, called Arizona—the "Maiden Queen," dwelt long in solitude. At last, as she basked one day in the sunbeams, a drop of dew fell from heaven and rested upon her, and in due time she was blessed with twins, a son and a daughter, who became the ancestors of the Zuni people, the only pure and genuine children of the sun existing in the world. As for the other races—black, white or olive-coloured—they are of inferior stock and apostates, not to be compared with the fair descendants of Arizona. "Eretz," (the earth) would suit this legend better than "erez" (a cedar tree.)

"Scrutator's" European etymologies are also, we believe, open to question. The only geographical names in his list for which, with any semblance of reason, Semitic origins have been suggested, are Europe, Spain and Africa. The Hebrew word for "evening," which we find in the first chapter of Genesis, and which, in its softened English transliteration, would be "Ereb," has been suggested as the root-word of Europe. A Phœnician term has by some theorists been assigned as the origin of Africa; but, like the derivation of Europe just given, it is purely conjectural. To the Phœnicians has also been attributed the naming of Spain (the "land of rabbits") from the abundance of those animals seen on the southern shores of the peninsula. These etymologies are fanciful, but they

have at least a certain historical foundation. But we cannot imagine why a Semitic language should be deemed necessary to account for the derivation of American names, especially when aboriginal languages are known to exist.

THE WINTER TREES.

Clean-limbed and grey beneath the glorious blue
Of winter heav'ns—their branches, thin and dry,
That meet with icy rattle, reaching high,
Touched with pale sunlight, stark and frozen through.
And when the sunset glories burn anew,
And warm lights on the snowy reaches lie,
The branching trees, against the red-lit sky,
In countless still black lines are etched to view.

When all the heav'ns are one dull, sunless grey,
And sifted snow flies on the furious blast,
The trees like spectres gaunt their long arms bend,
Before the driving wind they bend and sway,
Tossing and moaning in an anguish vast,
As branch and limb the storm-sprites wildly rend !

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

These who have been happy enough to enjoy the hospitality of the accomplished master of Spencer Grange, or who have made his acquaintance through his charming and instructive books, are not likely to be ignorant of the natural beauties and romantic associations of Belle Borne Brook. Mention is made of it in the earlier "Maple Leaves," in "L'Album du Touriste," in "Monographies et Esquisses," and in "Picturesque Quebec." In the chapter on Spencer Wood (which took its name from the Right Hon. Spencer Percival, a relative of whom occupied it from 1815 till 1833), in this last work Mr. LeMoine writes : "Well can we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfefield, adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne Brook, which glides past the porter's lodge at Woodfield, due west ; the historic stream *Ruisseau Saint Denis*, up which clambered the British hero Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill." And in his sketch of Spencer Grange in "Maple Leaves" we find this attractive picture : "The whole place is girt round by a zone of tall pine, beach, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold and overhanging under a leafy arcade, a walk which zig-zags round the property, following to the south-west the many windings of the Belle Borne streamlet. This sylvan region, most congenial to the tastes of a naturalist, echoes in spring and summer with the ever-varying and wild minstrelsy of the robin, the song-sparrow, the redstart, the thrush, the red-eyed fly-catcher and other feathered choristers, while the golden-winged woodpecker heralds at dawn the coming rain of the morrow, and tame crows, rendered saucy by protection, stray through the sprouting corn, in their sable costume, like worldly clergymen computing their tithes. On the aforesaid walk, once trodden by the prince of American ornithologists, the great Audubon, whilst on a visit to Mr. Atkinson at Spencer Wood, was conferred the name of Audubon Avenue by his Silly disciple, the author of "The Birds of Canada." One of the romances with which, in past generations, Belle Borne Brook was associated is thus hinted at in the sketch of Woodfield in "Picturesque Canada": "Woodfield was occupied as a dwelling during several years (1795-1802) by Bishop Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec. During his occupation he removed a bridge that spanned Belle Borne Brook, with the intention of cutting off communication with Powell Place (Spencer Wood), the neighbouring estate, for reasons which it is not now necessary to enter into."

With these few words of introduction (unnecessary, doubtless, to many of our readers), we have pleasure in making known the following tribute, sent us by Dr. J. M. Harper, to the rare beauties of

BELLE BORNE BROOKLET.

Rippling sings the burnie sweet
As summer comes again :
The songsters meet, its rhyme to greet
Adown the woodland glen.
The Mayflowers blink beside its brink,
The willows shade its breast,
As merrily round the bubbles link
To crown each wavelet's crest.

Though meadow-born it runs as clear
As mountain rill in spring,
And laughs to leap the headlong steep,
And round its foam to fling :
Or heedless glides between the slides
Its flaky foamings stain,
Until at length its prattle hides
Within the river's main.

Long years ago it turned a mill,
But now it only sings,
Or, standing still, above some rill,
It weaves a thousand rings ;
Or yet at dawn, it dew the lawn,
As robins sip its spray,
Or yet at noon, with growing brawn,
It sings its loudest lay.

Its winter's song has lain asleep
Within its downy bed,
But, spring a-peep, its frolic's sweep
With melting mirth is fed ;
And now it sings, and welcome brings
Awakening everywhere,
Round Spencer Grange* whose woodlands range
With nature's springtide prayer.

J. M. HARPER.

*Spencer Grange is the residence of J. M. LeMoine, Esq., the Canadian antiquary and historian.

From a young poet, whose name is brimful of poetic promise, of which his verse is a guarantee of performance, we have received through a most worthy sponsor these lines :

TO A WATER LILY.

(Sicilian Octave.)

Sweet-scented water lily, white and fair,
From the blue rippled bosom of the lake,
So pure thou art, as an embodied prayer
That from the heart of silent love doth break !
Resting on water, breathing sun-steeped air,
So Nature placed thee, for thy beauty's sake,
Lest touch of earth thy whiteness should impair
And from thy body frail thy spirit take.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

The Rectory, Fredericton, N.B.

BROWNING.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED :

SIR,—My esteemed friend, Pastor Felix, has sent you opinions of Canadian men of letters on the characteristics of Robert Browning as a poet,—in my own instance, perhaps, too hastily expressed. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, admirable wife and most competent judge of the genius of her illustrious husband, gives the best criticism :

"There, obedient to her praying, I did read aloud the poems
Made by Tuscan flutes * * *
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep
down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined human-
ity."

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

BROWNING.

In the lines on Browning, from the pen of "W," which appeared in our last issue (April 5), the word "secure" in the line, "His pregnant verse at times secure," ought to have been "obscure."

THE READING OF NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention. And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And, even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You cannot quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quickens search for it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think of.—Emerson.

A MINIATURE WATCH.

At the Paris Exposition a Florentine friar shows a watch only a quarter of an inch in diameter. It has not only the two regular hands, but a third, which marks the seconds, and a microscopic dial which indicates the days, weeks, months and years. It also contains an alarm, and on its front lid or cover an ingeniously cut figure of St. Francis. On the back cover, by aid of a powerful glass, you can distinctly see and read two verses of the "Te Deum."