

keep no one back from giving it sympathy and support, for the tragic story which it commemorates is the common possession of every Canadian, of whatever race or creed, and should evoke the interest and secure the coöperation of all who can appreciate self-sacrificing devotion and unflinching heroism in carrying the Cross into the wilderness, and in seeking to humanise a degraded pagan people. To erect a monument worthy of the men to be honoured, and of the events to be commemorated, those who have the matter in charge very properly say, could not, and should not, be a local affair. They have, therefore, appealed to the whole Dominion for the money necessary to carry on and complete the work, and it is hoped that the appeal will be heartily and substantially responded to. We have few national monuments, commemorative of deeds worthy to be treasured in the hearts of the people, and this undertaking of Father Laboureau and of Mayor Keating, of Penetanguishene, should not fail to receive generous recognition from all who claim Canada for their country, and who gratefully acknowledge their debt to the fidelity and valour of its early pioneers and those who sought to Christianise it.

There may be those who think that to the trader, rather than to the French Missions, the credit of opening up the country is most due; but, in the contact of the Church with the native tribes, though religious impressions were often feeble and evanescent, the avowed primary object of French colonization, as we know, was the conversion of the Indians. If this was not accomplished, the cupidity and contaminating influences of adventurers, and not the zeal and devotion of the Recollet and Jesuit Fathers, should bear the blame. To the missionary spirit of these self-sacrificing men, who, heedless of danger and privation, penetrated to every tribe where there was a chance of carrying the story of the Cross, and thus preparing the way of the incoming settler, no thoughtful, right-minded man will withhold his meed of praise. In their honour this memorial at Penetanguishene is to be erected, and few objects could better enlist the sympathies of the Canadian people, and express the common admiration for the faithful and the heroic, than this monument about to be reared in the historic country of the Hurons, now the peaceful scene of Canadian thrift and energy. To this worthy purpose all should contribute, and help to preserve a grand, but, it is to be feared, little known chapter in Canadian history.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A SUMMER IN THE MANITOULINS.—II.

AFTER leaving Manitowaning our next stopping-place was Little Current. This village is prettily situated in a hollow that follows the curve of the shore. We were now on the most northerly point of the Grand Manitoulin Island. The north shore is only six or eight miles distant, the La Cloche mountains lie along the horizon, and the channel is full of green and brown and gray islands.

We had an opportunity of observing the phenomenon from which the village derives its name. There is a clear passage to the south of the islands of about two hundred yards in width. When a strong wind blows from the south or east the waters of the Georgian Bay are massed at the east end of the channel, and so are forced through this narrow passage with great velocity. Sometimes the current continues for hours after the wind has gone down, but at other times, when the wind falls, the water runs back rapidly. A similar result follows a west wind; and owing partly to the peculiar configuration of the coast and the adjacent islands, the curious phenomenon of opposite currents is often presented, the water running west on one side of the passage and east on the other. Equilibrium is rarely attained, the ebb and flow is almost perpetual, and so the current is open water all winter, though all the rest of the north channel is icebound.

We made several fishing excursions among the islands during our stay here. Pike and black bass are quite plentiful enough to furnish good sport, while rock bass, perch, and pickerel are also frequently caught. The bass would not rise to the fly, but were readily taken with the ordinary bait. They are of a fair size, too, running from one pound to three. It was no unusual thing for us to hook a six or eight pound pike with the trolling-line. A Toronto tourist caught a fish of the latter species here this summer, concerning which several respectable citizens assured us of their willingness to appear personally before the village justice of the peace and testify that they saw it weighed, and that it pulled down the scale at twenty-eight pounds.

Sheguiandah and Sucker Creek are two small but fairly prosperous Indian settlements near Little Current. The people do a little farming for themselves, and occasionally hire with their white neighbours to cut wood or help in harvesting, but many of them seem to prefer to get their living by fishing and picking berries.

Petroleum of an excellent quality was discovered a few months ago a few miles from Sheguiandah. Several wells have been sunk, but it is yet doubtful whether the flow of oil will be large enough to make the enterprise a financial success.

From Little Current we took a zigzag course through the channel, calling alternately at ports on the mainland and on the islands. Among these were Kagawong, Spanish River, Algoma Mills, and Thessalon. All these villages, and especially the latter, are picturesquely situated; but for the rest there seems to be for the most part nothing but poor board houses and lumber piles, sawdust, bare rocks, and desolation. There is little or no soil, and consequently no grass, no gardens, and no fruit or shade trees. The inhabitants are nearly all engaged in lumbering operations. They depend on the steamers for provisions and clothing, and, indeed, for almost everything else but fuel. Consequently the arrival and departure of the regular mail boats seem to be the great events in their monotonous lives.

At some distance inland from several of these ports the soil is said to be fertile, especially along the valley of the Spanish River. But there is comparatively little arable soil throughout the whole Laurentian district of this region. The Manitoulin, however, being for the most part of the limestone formation, originally contained much good soil, but owing to the great prevalence of forest fires large tracts on the islands have been denuded of all their vegetable mould and left comparatively sterile. Then in some places the soil, though good, is shallow, and in dry seasons like the present it yields nothing. In the valleys at the foot of the limestone ridges, where the fires have not entered, there are many farms quite equal in fertility to the best in any part of Ontario. We saw some excellent crops of hay, spring wheat, oats, pease, beans, carrots, and potatoes. The smaller garden fruits are also very successfully cultivated, owing to the absence of the currant-worm and the other insect pests that afflict our gardeners. Clover seed is sometimes sown among the boulders and underbrush of partially burnt districts. Enough of the clover ripens to spread and perpetuate itself, and fair pasturage is thus obtained. Consequently the islanders are able to carry on a considerable trade in fat cattle and sheep.

The mills and lumber camps on the north shore afford a good market for all the produce of the islands. Wheat, beans, hay, and oats are always staple, and, on account of the comparative inaccessibility of these places in winter, prices are usually better than in other parts of the Province.

At all the principal points along our route we found that summer mission stations had been established by the Students' Missionary Society of Knox College, Toronto. In some of the villages neat little churches have been built and paid for. We also saw the Church of England mission yacht *Evangeline* several times, and heard Bishop Sullivan preach.

We stayed at the village of Bruce Mines for a few hours. The ore found here was chiefly copper pyrites; but both the vitreous and the variegated sulphurets were met with in small quantities. The mines were first opened in 1847 by a Montreal company, who at once commenced smelting operations, bringing their coal from Cleveland. But smelting was soon given up, and the company shipped their ore for a while to the United States and England. This also was found to be unprofitable, and the mines have been abandoned for several years.

The decayed pier, the great quartz-crushing and smelting mill, and the little shanties of the miners, all deserted and falling to ruin, give the eastern part of the village a most forlorn appearance. The people who still live here look forward hopefully to the completion of the Canadian Pacific branch line to Sault Ste. Marie, for this, they dream, will restore their prosperity. But, at least, nothing can bring back the fortunes that have been sunk in those water-filled shafts.

The beauty of the scenery continued undiminished throughout the remainder of our upward trip. On the northern horizon, in rugged outline, now dim, now distinct, the gray and misty mountains bounded our vision. Island succeeded island with ever-varied charms. Here it was but a bare rock, wet with every wave, where the white sea-gull loves to sit. In the fissures of another a little wild grass had taken root, and perhaps even a blue-bell nodded its fairy blossom over the water. Where the rocks rose still higher, a fine, deep-gray moss grew near the shore; farther up, blueberry bushes flourished, covered with rich purple-blooming clusters, and still higher the deep, sombre green of the red pine harmonised finely with the red and rusty looking rocks.

In the meantime we had become acquainted with many of our fellow-passengers, and we found them a varied and interesting company. There was worthy Canon C——, jolly and genial, an Irish gentleman of the old type, on a visit to the Bishop of Algoma at the Sault. A dark, clear-eyed, intellectual-looking professor of the University of Michigan left us at Killarney, fully equipped for a canoe voyage to the head waters of the