

Christmas. It's very good of you to let me know your opinions; you see, I have been quite a stranger to the ways of thought in this country. Good-night. "Good-night, Alleyne."

"There! And he has gone off without showing me the Drummond crest!" exclaimed Faith, as the hall-door closed behind their guest.

Denzil laughed.

"Do you believe all that nonsense?" he said. "He is no more connected with the Drummonds of Hawthornden than we are. My own private opinion is that his grandfather or grandmother, on one side or the other, has been a Spaniard, and a native."

"Denzil!" exclaimed Faith, "how can you speak such things after what you have heard Mr. Drummond say to-night?"

"Look at his physiognomy," said Denzil, "and listen to his voice. Are either of them 'pure European'?"

"I might not have thought so if he had not said so," admitted Faith. "In fact, it struck me at the very first that he had the sprightly, gentle manners which they always say those natives have. But, Denzil, how can you suspect him of telling a lie—and a gratuitous lie too, of mere paltry vanity?"

"I know Drummond," said Denzil, coolly. "I know he can draw the long bow. These mixed races all do it; they don't regard truth as we do in this country."

"Or as we profess to do," answered Faith, quietly. "There are a good many among ourselves who do not put the profession into practice, so that we need not make lying the stigma of a race. If you think Mr. Drummond could do such things he ought not to be your friend. Remember, I do not believe it of him."

There was silence again.

"And so, Faith," said Denzil, with a short laugh, "you don't believe in money making as an object in life?"

"No," answered his sister, "I do not."

"What ought to be an object in life?" he asked.

"To be good and to do good," she replied.

"It is much easier to be good if you are well off," said Denzil, rather sullenly.

"Oh, no, it is not—not in reality," answered Faith.

"And are these grand things your object in life?" asked her brother, with a mocking sound in his voice.

Faith shrank from seeming didactic. She tried to turn the question by a loving little joke.

"You are my object in life," she said.

Denzil had risen and stood beside her. She looked up at him as she answered.

"Poor old Faithie!" he said, turning away; "you might be better employed. You can't help what I may be. Don't build any hopes on me. Let me alone."

(To be continued.)

## THE PRINCESS LOUISE IN CANADA.



THE presence of an English Princess in an English colony, as the wife of the Governor-General, is so novel an event that it naturally attracts much attention, and on both sides of the Atlantic everyone is

very anxious to hear all that may be related, with propriety, of the life led by Her Royal Highness at home and abroad, without disturbing or prying into that privacy to which all are entitled, be they gentle or simple. Some delicacy is naturally felt in raising even a corner of this veil, for much resentment has been felt by the Canadians at the correspondents of various American newspapers who have been lacking in both good feeling and respect. Perhaps, to begin with, it may be more interesting to describe the city in which Her Royal Highness makes her home, which is situated in the midst of lovely scenery—such scenery, perhaps, as exists nowhere else in Canada, except, perhaps, at Quebec.

The capital city of the Dominion, now called Ottawa, was founded in the year 1827, and is situated on the great river from which it takes its name. It was built in consequence of the determination of the Imperial Government to open an inland water communication with the upper lakes of Canada, in order that if at any future period there should be war with the United States, England would still possess the means of transporting troops, ammunition, and provisions, by a route beyond the power of an enemy to interrupt. The early name of "Bytown" was derived from Colonel By, the officer of the Royal Engineers charged with the construction of the canal necessary to effect this communication, and it was at first a collection of temporary wooden buildings, erected to serve as officers' quarters, barracks, storehouses, and offices. In 1855 the name was changed to Ottawa by Act of Parliament, and the city soon after became the seat of the Government of the Dominion. Long before its settlement by the English the river had been explored by the French, who had made their way up to the Matawan, and from thence by way of Lake Nipissing and French River to Lake Huron. The waters and shores of the Ottawa were the scene of many a fierce and bloody conflict between the Ottawas and the Iroquois, two powerful Indian nations. The former were driven from their hunting-grounds by the French invaders always siding with the latter. The relics of those fights—in the shape of broken swords, bullets, arrow-heads, and rusted firearms, besides those sadder evidences of human quarrels and discords—are constantly found along the peaceful and quiet shores, from which the Indian has almost vanished, leaving only the everlasting impression of his musical and suggestive nomenclature in the name of the City of the Ottawa—the "Great River," he called it, which it truly is. The reason of the name "Ottawa"—meaning, as it does, the "human ear"—has never been explained.

The great feature of Ottawa is its vast trade in lumber, which was commenced in 1805, and exceeds that done by any other community in the world. The city may be said to occupy the summit of two hills separated by the Rideau Canal, and has three natural divisions of Lower, Central, and Upper Town. There are two bridges—that over the Rideau Canal, and the suspension bridge, which spans the great chasm into which the Chaudiere Falls pour their mighty volume of the waters of the Ottawa. The name Chaudiere is a literal translation into French of the Indian word "Kanajo," a "Kettle," and is as suggestive as all other names of their

giving, for the great chasm into which the waters discharge themselves is like a kettle in shape, while the continual seething and frothing of the waters and the constantly ascending vapour complete the resemblance. The river at the falls is 500 yards wide, and the ledge of rocks causing the fall is about 50 or 60 feet in height in places; over this the waters descend with a roar like thunder, audible for many a mile. The rainbows are the most beautiful things imaginable here, and two at once are visible occasionally. When first the lumber trade began on the Ottawa, the timber cut in the forests above the falls was allowed to float over them; within the last few years, however, "slides" have been introduced, two having been made, one on either side of the falls, and what is called a "crib" of timber, 22 feet wide, and containing from 12 to 20 sticks of pine timber from 50 to 90 feet long, descends these slides with ease and safety. If, however, in attempting to guide the crib into the slide, the raftsmen permits it to go too far into the current it inevitably takes the great leap into the seething "Kettle" below. In general, the raftsmen make their escape in a canoe, but sometimes escape is impossible, and the poor men are hurried down to their awful doom.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he shot the rapids above the falls, and enjoyed the exciting fun of shooting the "slides" on a log raft. The Princess Louise, too, likes nothing better than this. When the spring opens, and the rafts begin to come down by hundreds from the Upper Ottawa, the Governor-General and herself are frequently to be seen enjoying the exciting pastime.

But we have not yet finished the list of the natural beauties of Ottawa, for we have made no mention of the Falls of the Rideau River, which is one of the hundred tributaries of the Ottawa, and pours itself over a high rocky bank into that river on the Upper Canada or Ontario side. This fall is a beautifully clear and transparent sheet of water, which falls over a smooth and perpendicular bed of blue limestone from a height of 50 feet. The river derives its name from this fall—the Rideau or curtain—and so does the famous canal which we have already mentioned in the beginning of our article as having been constructed by Colonel By. It also gives the name to the neighbouring Rideau Hall, the abode of the Governor-General and the Princess Louise.

We fear those who expect a palace as a residence for Royalty would be disappointed with Rideau Hall, which was simply a large, comfortable family mansion, which has been added to, in order to furnish sufficient accommodation. The ball-room and the tennis-court are the latest additions, being built during Lord Dufferin's administration in Canada. The former is a very handsome apartment, with walls of a soft neutral tint, crimson curtains, and white-and-gold woodwork. One of the national additions to the household of the Canadian Governor-General is his Highland piper, who pours out the notes so dear to the heart of the Scot, and keeps the memory of his race alive in the heart of the heir of the Campbells.

The general colour of the interior of Rideau Hall is crimson, which is an excellent selection for Canada, as it helps to brighten up the intense and snowy white of the long and weary winter season. Even in the summer, in concert with white draperies, it is a happy choice, and adds much to both the comfort and the comfortable stately grandeur of the Hall.

The suburb in which Rideau Hall is situated is called New Edinburgh, and the nearest English church is the small one dedicated to





St. Bartholomew, at which the Princess Louise is a regular attendant. She has presented to the little church a very sweet and finely-toned chime of bells, and acts the Lady Bountiful in the parish, giving the Sunday-school children a regular Christmas entertainment at the Hall, which includes a heavily-laden Christmas tree. The Marquis of Lorne wends his way with equal regularity to the kirk in the city, and neither of them appears to fear the weather much, either in the summer or winter.

During their sojourn in the Dominion the Governor-General and the Princess have done much to encourage art and artistic work in Canada. Of course, in a new country these aspirations after the luxuries of life come after the necessities have all been supplied; but still, young in years as she was, Canada could boast of some very fair water-colour painters, and much had been done for years, by prizes offered at the provincial and county exhibitions, to foster a taste for art.

The Princess, as we know in England, is a clever artist herself, both with the brush and the sculptor's chisel, and this taste finds abundant scope in her Canadian home, for rarely does any Governor-General find a home in the midst of such scenery and such subjects for pencil and brush. The Princess is usually accompanied by her sketch-book, and she has inaugurated a travelling sketching-box, which can be moved about from place to place, to enable her to make her studies in comfort.

The hospitalities of the Governor-General are usually widely extended, but the inner circle of Rideau Hall is little invaded by Canadian guests, as the Princess's circle is generally composed of English guests—principally artists—who are invited out on lengthy visits. The household consists of two or three ladies-in-waiting and aides-de-camp, one of each always attending Her Royal Highness whenever she goes out. Almost all the large entertainments given have been *al fresco*. In the summer lawn-tennis and croquet; in the winter, skating and toboggan parties.

One of the Canadian institutions is the New Year's reception, on which day everyone who can possibly do so goes to wish the Governor-General a Happy New Year. Of course, I am only speaking of gentlemen, as the ladies on that day stay at home to receive the gentlemen in all parts of the Dominion. On the evening after the opening of the Dominion Parliament the Governor-General holds a Drawing Room in the Senate Chamber, and whoever wishes may attend. This is the principal appearance of the Princess in public during the year, and it is usually taken advantage of to the full, as all other receptions consist of invited guests only.

In addition to her artistic skill, the Princess is an excellent housekeeper, and even compares favourably with the Canadian ladies in this their own special province. She appears to have a practical knowledge of the duties of everyone around her, and can overlook the marketing, as well as visit the laundry, and criticise the doings, or misdoings, of her maids. The same may be said of every department of her household.

The long absence of Her Royal Highness from Canada has been a source of some wonder, but she appears to have suffered much from the sleigh accident which so unfortunately occurred about two years ago. The covered sleighs used in the winter in Canada require very careful management, as they are necessarily top-heavy, from their very style and making; and the Canadians are apt to lay the blame of the accident on the English coachman who was driving. We trust, however, that as Her Royal Highness is about to go out to Canada again, she has recovered completely from its effects, and that her present visit may be as bright and sunny as the Canadian blue sky itself.



### A BOUQUET.

A BOUQUET of cherished flowers  
I gathered one summer's day;  
And some of them still are blooming,  
But others have faded away—  
Have faded for ever and ever—  
Frail flowers that I could not save:  
But my thoughts still linger with them,  
Like flowers upon their grave.  
And I know, as the years fly forward,  
With her changing lights and shades,  
My flowers will sere and wither,  
Till my whole fair bouquet fades.  
And I think—in the world's wide garden  
Of myriad minds and men,

How like are the friends I cherish  
To the bouquet I gathered then.

A few true friends in sunshine—  
A few tried friends in tears—  
A wreath of roses and cypress,  
A bouquet of bygone years.

A few of my flowers have faded,  
But I know they will live again,  
And bloom out of death's dark anguish  
As a rainbow blooms out of rain.

And I know, as the years fly forward,  
And wither the world's bright dells,  
We shall bloom, as of old, together,  
A bouquet of immortelles.

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