

came—a portly, pompous, florid lady, clad in rustling silk, who surveyed her niece critically through her eye-glass, and then shook her coldly by the tips of her fingers.

"So you're Blanche Trent," she said, still surveying her. "How old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen, aunt!"

"I think perhaps you had better not call me aunt, it would only tend to weaken your authority with the children. Ethel!" to a tall girl of thirteen, who poked her head into the study, "come and show Miss Trent to her room. You will have your meals with the children, and the tea hour is five o'clock, then you will see them all together. Christine—that's my eldest daughter—and Katherine, my step-daughter, usually have a cup of tea at the same time when we're alone, but we see a good many visitors, and we go out a good deal, so you will not have us in the school-room very frequently."

Poor Blanche listened in sheer amazement, and a magnificent castle she had erected began to tumble about her ears. She did not object to teaching her little cousins for an hour every day, but relegated absolutely to the schoolroom, to sink into a mere nursery governess—the idea was absolutely dreadful. Her aunt's husband was a professor, a very clever man, who wrote very curious books, and Blanche had an idea that his house would be full of clever original people, who would appreciate her genius and make much of her. She had hazy ideas of becoming an artist or an author, and felt quite certain her wit, beauty, and accomplishments would secure for her a certain amount of social distinction. Visions of balls, operas, concerts, at-homes had floated before her ever since she had received her aunt's letter, and now they all resolved themselves into her being a nursery governess, and not even acknowledged as a relative. Her thoughts were very bitter as she followed Ethel upstairs to a tiny room at the very top of the house, which she was to share with Florrie and Eva. Her trunks were already there, and she proceeded to unpack one of them while Ethel tried on her hat and gloves and boots, and kept up a running criticism on every article she took out of her trunk.

"I guess your gowns 'll just about fit Chris. Your shoes are too small, and your gloves, I'm afraid, but that black silk is about her style; Chris takes everybody's things, and Kitty and she are always rowing."

Ethel was the *enfant terrible* of the family, and from her before that first evening was at an end Blanche learned quite enough to make her wish she was safe back again at the Dingle, where, in very truth, she had never known a real care, sorrow, or indignity in her life.

"Papa is hardly ever at home," Ethel said, confidentially. "Mamma and Chris and Kitty are always going about, or making up gowns, and the rest of us get along as well as we can."

"Who are the rest of you?" Blanche asked, curiously.

"There's Maude and Beatrice, and Sidney, he's at school, and Florrie and Eva and me. You'll have to teach us and walk in the park with us, mend our frocks, dust the drawing-room, help the girls to dress, and do lots of things. I shouldn't care to be you, Miss Trent. Our last governess was miserable. She wasn't pretty, like you, but I suppose that don't make any difference, does it?"

"Not much, I'm afraid, Ethel," Blanche replied, as she followed her cousin to the schoolroom, where bread-and-butter and tea awaited their appearance. Mrs. Hunter introduced all the children, Christine and Catherine included, who stared somewhat rudely at the new comer, and then took their departure, leaving poor Blanche to get along as best she could with her five charges. They were not

very naughty children, only a little tiresome and noisy, but it seemed to Blanche as if there never were such girls in the world. Her head and her heart ached, and it was as much as ever she could do to keep back her tears till it was time to go to bed.

Mrs. Hunter was not unkind either, but she was out a great deal, and didn't think very much about those she left at home. Blanche would get on all right as soon as she made friends with the children, and as they were with one exception good-tempered, good-natured, and obedient, she would be happy enough. The exception was Maude, who was as near as possible to Blanche what she had been to Miss Lyster. Proud, wilful, obstinate, unruly, able but not willing to learn, she was a daily, hourly torment, and every night when she lay down to sleep after another long, fatiguing day, Blanche couldn't help wondering how Miss Lyster put up with her so long.

"How sorely I must have tried her; how many a weary, wakeful hour I must have caused her," she reflected; and one day, someone having taken all the children to the Zoo, she resolved to write and tell her so, and confess how sorry she was. She had been just a month in London, and it was the first time she had an opportunity of writing a letter undisturbed. Just at first there was a little difficulty in beginning, but the first stiffness over, her pen ran on rapidly, and her letter was one of real feeling, and regret for the past, without touching at all on the reasons that caused her to write it. Just as it was finished there came a tap at the study door, and, in answer to her "come in," her Uncle Derwent entered the room.

Blanche sprung into his arms with a warmth and affection she was hardly conscious of, and, despite all her efforts, burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, Blanche, child, you've been ill! Why on earth didn't you write and tell us?" he cried.

"I'm quite well, Uncle Derwent, I am indeed; only a little tired."

Captain Haughton said nothing; he had his own ideas, and he meant to carry them out.

"Your aunt has come up to town with me, Blanche, and we mean to stay a few weeks, as I have some business to transact, and shall be much occupied. I want you to come and stay with her; I can't leave her all alone. We'll come and fetch you to-morrow at eleven. Of course, you can come back to your Aunt Hunter again if you wish; but we must have you for the present. Now, good-bye, my dear—mind, eleven to-morrow."

Blanche flew to her room with a light heart, and began her packing. Then she suddenly remembered her letter, and went down for it, but it was gone; in fact, her uncle had slipped it slyly into his pocket, as he was very anxious to see what she had said. Both were much pleased with it, and Mrs. Haughton said she always felt Blanche was good at heart.

Next morning there was consternation in the Hunter family. Ethel rushed up to her mother's bedroom and declared that Miss Trent was going away. In consequence Mrs. Hunter appeared in the schoolroom in her wrapper, and Catherine and Christine in various stages of toilet.

"Going away? Impossible! You can't leave the children, Miss Trent," Mrs. Hunter cried, when Blanche had explained. "As for Mrs. Haughton, either Kate or Christine can keep her company and take her about; but we really cannot spare you."

"But I'd rather go, Mrs. Hunter. I see now that I was very foolish and ungrateful ever to leave home, and the wrongs and grievances I had to endure were purely imaginary; but I did not know. I thank you very,

very much, Mrs. Hunter, for the lesson you have taught me, as well as for giving me a home when I fancied I wanted it very much; but I think I prefer going back to my Uncle and Aunt Haughton, and it was entirely my own fault that I ever left there."

At that moment the loud ringing of the bell sent the ladies flying in various directions, and Blanche having said good-bye to the children, departed from Mrs. Hunter's mansion with a thankful heart. She and her Aunt Helen are firm friends now, and she sometimes talks over her month's experience, declaring that the lesson she learned will serve her for the remainder of her life.

H. G. B. H.

## THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By MRS. BREWER.

### DOMINION OF CANADA.



OUR good ship, the *Girls' Own*, waits for us in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, to convey us to Quebec, one of the seaports of the important and thriving colony of Canada.

The Dominion is composed of several provinces,\* which

have from time to time been added to the original colony, and you may imagine something of its size when I tell you that it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; that it is as large as the whole of Europe, that it has a population of about four-and-a-half millions, and that seven thousand miles of railway are at work in it.

The Dominion is governed by means of a Governor-General appointed by our Queen, a Senate, and a House of Commons. You all know that the present Governor is the Marquis of Lorne, and the husband of our Princess Louise. He has lately been paying a visit to the various provinces, to see for himself the country over which he holds rule, much to the delight of the old colonists and emigrants.

We must try to get a peep at all these provinces ourselves, for in most of them we shall find friends—English, Irish, and Scotch—whose faces we have missed in the old home, and who will be delighted to welcome us in the land of their adoption, and show us over their pretty, quaint houses, their orchards, and their dairies.

Our captain is guiding us through the Strait of Belle Isle into the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, following in the track of those explorers sent out by Francis I. under Cartier, who, three centuries and a half ago, made their way slowly and carefully up the river, taking note of all things on the shores and in the waters.

This River St. Lawrence deserves a little paragraph to itself. From its source in the basin of Lake Superior to the ocean it is 3,000 miles long, and in some places 90 miles broad. It received its name from Jacques Cartier, who entered it on the 10th August, St. Lawrence's

\* Upper or West Canada, now called Ontario; Lower or East Canada, now called Quebec (united in 1839); Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island (added in 1867); Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, the North-West Territory, and Manitoba.

Day. If I tell you the quantity of fresh water it discharges into the ocean, I fear it will scarcely be intelligible to some of you; but yet I think you should be told. It pours annually into the ocean about 4,267,000 million tons, one-half of which may be reckoned as melted snow! Before the thaw comes on it discharges daily about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million tons for 240 days, and after the thaw begins  $25\frac{1}{2}$  million tons daily for 125 days (a little sum for the young ones among you). Of course one mouth would not be sufficient for all this work, and if you look you will perceive that it has two, divided the one from the other by the island of Anticoste, which is 120 miles long and 30 miles broad.

In 1534, the year that Cartier and his companions were making acquaintance with the river and its shores, Canada was thickly peopled by a copper-coloured race, whom we call Indians, some of whom commenced an intercourse with the Frenchmen by paddling their canoes to within a short distance of their ship, and offering them skins of the bear and beaver for sale. These were accepted and paid for by a knife, a hatchet, and some beads. Both parties seemed content with their bargain; but you will notice that the civilised had greatly the advantage of the savage.

The trade thus commenced between the Indians and the Europeans was not broken off, although the early attempts at colonisation failed; for the merchants found the traffic in furs and skins so profitable, that they periodically visited the river, and waited until the canoes came down to meet them. Great inconvenience and loss were experienced, as time went on, at having no definite spot at which to meet for the transaction of business.

Quebec was at length founded in 1608 by the merchants of Dieppe and Rouen; it consisted only of a few wooden houses; and Montreal soon grew into importance as the place appointed for the Indians to bring the skins to market.

You will be sorry to hear that the effect of civilisation upon the Indians was marked by drunkenness and disease. The Europeans gave them rum and whiskey to drink, which maddened them, and in their drunken fits they committed many horrible deeds upon the settlers. It was very long before Europeans ventured up the country further than Montreal; the first to do so were the Canadian French, who gradually began to accompany the Indians on their hunting expeditions.

I should like to tell you a little about these Indians, whose origin is enveloped in so much mystery. They were originally the undisputed owners of the soil of Canada, and obtained their title, as they themselves say, from the Great Spirit who created them on it. All the Indian tribes were distinguished hunters and warriors; but they excessively disliked steady, persistent labour—perhaps, because they could obtain all that they required for subsistence without it; for their country gave out its supplies generously and without stint; the woods bestowed wild fruits; the plains produced herbs and vegetables; the bays, creeks, and rivers yielded fish abundantly, and the deer, buffalo, bear, turkey, pigeons, quails, and partridges everywhere abounded. The beaver and other animals supplied them with clothing.

Perhaps you are thinking that you could be happy in such a country and under such conditions, and wonder how it was that the Indians failed, with all these advantages, to maintain their position before the new-comers, and how it was that they did not increase in prosperity and happiness; but if you will think a little, you will come to the conclusion that Progress is the result of difficulties overcome; of struggles to reach a high aim; of steady, persistent industry; and, above all, a practical knowledge of the "old, old

story" so familiar to the young of the nineteenth century.

I could tell you many things that would interest you in these Indians, but our ship is going on steadily while we are talking, and I must content myself with mentioning one or two facts only. Their mode of communication, previous to civilisation entering their borders, consisted of hieroglyphics inscribed on a piece of bark, or on a large tree with the bark taken off. A war party could communicate the success of an expedition in this way, or describe a chase; but these signs failed when new thoughts and actions came into their lives. That they were acute and accurate observers the following story related by an old French writer will show you: "An Indian hunter having discovered some venison, which he had hung up in his hut to dry, had been stolen, set off through the woods in pursuit of the thief. He had not gone far when he met some people and inquired of them if they had seen a little, old, white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a little tail, as a man of that description had stolen his venison. The people answered that certainly they had seen such a person, and were curious to know how the Indian could so minutely describe a man whom he had never seen. The Indian replied, 'I know the thief is a little man because he made a pile of stones to stand on in order to reach the venison; he is an old man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the wood; and that he is a white man I am sure, because he turns his toes out when he walks, which an Indian never does; I am certain that his gun is short by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of a tree against which it leaned; that his dog is small I know by his tracks, and that its tail is short I learned by the mark it made in the dust where it was sitting at the time its master was stealing my venison.'"

Just one little word about the Indian babies and their mothers on their journeys, and then we must leave this interesting people until in the course of our travels we meet them again in their present improved condition. The Indian squaws (who have great love for their children) used to place their young ones in upright baskets and fasten them round their necks by straps of deerskin; and their little babies they swathed to a sort of flat cradle and made fast by flexible hoops to prevent them from falling out. A sling was then passed through this cradle and thrown over the neck of the mother, so that the back of the baby was towards the back of the squaw, and whenever she rested near a tree, or in a wigwam, she would swing off the cradle and stand it upright against the wall or the tree, where the little one looked very like a mummy.

Great difficulties were experienced in successfully colonising Canada; the first step was made in 1627 by the King of France, when he made it over to an Association called the "Company of a Hundred Partners," composed of clergy and laity, and headed by the famous Cardinal Richelieu. The three leading principles of this company you will, I am sure, think good. First and foremost was the conversion of the heathen to Christianity; second, the extension of the fur trade and commerce generally; third, the discovery of a route to the Pacific and to China through the rivers and lakes of Nouvelle France, or Canada. This Association, I do believe, would have succeeded but for want of religious toleration. It utterly refused to allow any but Roman Catholics to settle in the colony, and it therefore failed.

Many were the attempts made to embrace the whole of North America into the British dominion, but without success. During the first half of the eighteenth century it was very nearly equally divided between the English and French; the former had settled along the

sea coast of the Atlantic, and the latter on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The English viewed with jealous eye the possessions of the French in America, and whenever the two countries were at war they struck at each other through their colonies. During the time that the elder Pitt was Premier three divisions were sent out under skilful generals to attack Canada at different points; the most important being that which was to attack Quebec, which was not only the capital of the French dominion, but was almost impregnable by its position and fortifications, as you will see for yourselves when we get there. The officer selected for the command of this detachment was General Wolfe, whose deeds and death are written in history and well known to you.

So much for the Canada of the past, and now for the Canada of to-day—the "Poor Man's Land," as it is called, because that in it a man with health and strength, industry, and good habits may soon become independent. Perhaps you think that with these qualifications a man may do well anywhere—and you are right; the advantage, however, in favour of Canada being that here a man has more room to act, there being only six individuals to the square mile, while at home in the old country there are three hundred and sixty-six to the square mile. Take our colonies altogether, they could with ease sustain an addition of a hundred millions to their present population.

As our ship is bearing us swiftly up this beautiful river of St. Lawrence, I want you to notice the mountains, valleys, forests, cultivated fields, pretty villages and settlements which we pass. The river is a beautiful picture in itself, with its ships, brigs and schooners, under sail or at anchor, and the pilot boats and river craft in active motion. Having arrived between the west point of the Island of Orleans and Point Levi we get our first view of Quebec. Look up and there, three hundred and fifty feet above you, stands the Citadel, the British banner waving from its battlements, and a hundred feet below, the city itself, enclosed with its strong fortifications. Is it not a grand sight?—the cathedrals, churches, and warehouses raising their heads above them; the fleet of ships at Wolfe's Cave, steamers plying in all directions, Indian wigwams and canoes near Point Levi, and rafts of timber floating down the river from the forests of Ottawa—all make up a picture of industry and cheerfulness.

Bordering the shore and close to the shipping stands the Lower Town. The merchants and traders carry on their work mostly connected with the timber, or, as it is called in Canada, the lumber trade. The streets in this lower town are narrow and ill-ventilated. The upper town is very much like an English or French city, with a peculiarity which I see you are all struck with, viz., that most of the houses and public buildings are covered with thin wood or with tin and iron plates, which glitter and dazzle in the sunlight. We do not intend to remain here, otherwise you would find the stores not at all to be despised. You could buy anything from "a needle to an anchor, or a riband to a cable." We will say good-bye to our ship, which will remain anchored here for a week or two, and ferry over to Point Levi in one of the many ferry boats which ply from one shore to the other, and take railway tickets to Montreal, which is one hundred and eighty miles distant from Quebec. You will find railway travelling much more comfortable and convenient than at home. The speed is about thirty-five miles an hour, the carriages are close to each other, and connected at each end by a platform, so that a passenger can walk from one end of the train to the other and enjoy the fresh air outside the carriage door. A dining car is attached to the train, and good meals are also to be had at the various stations on the line at moderate prices.



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

In this journey most of the land we pass through is occupied by French Canadians, and does not look so prosperous as that you will see farther on. The result of close observation is that where the French preponderate there progress is slow, where the English-speaking races prevail progress is rapid.

You must particularly notice the beautiful tubular bridge called the Victoria, by which we cross the St. Lawrence and enter Montreal. This city is one of the first in the province for extent, population, and wealth. It is beautifully situated on an island thirty miles long and nine miles broad, formed by the rivers of St. Lawrence and Ottawa. You see at once that it is a handsome and prosperous city by its public and private buildings, the gay appearance of its shops and markets, the extent of its wharves, which consist of a range of massive masonry of more than a mile. The Roman Catholic cathedral you must specially notice, as it is one of the most magnificent buildings in the whole of Canada. The Canadians are justly very proud of Montreal; the houses are built of stone, which is obtained near the city. It resists the rigour of the climate, and is in appearance like Aberdeen granite. You can hardly imagine that in 1640 this beautiful city was but an Indian village on which the French formed a missionary station.

We have need of rest, and will take up our abode at the Windsor, which, although a magnificent hotel, is at the same time comfortable and moderate in charges. You will notice here, and at all other hotels in Canada, an absence of spirituous liquors at table. The waiters say they know at once that a visitor comes from the old country if he order beer or wine.

While here we will call upon Mr. Daley (whose address is Bonaventure Street), a gentleman who resides here for the very purpose of giving advice and assistance to emigrants. He can tell them where work is to be found, where farms are to be bought, the best place for settling, the routes to the various destinations, the expenses of the routes—in fact, be the kind friend and adviser that emigrants, especially girls, stand so much in need of on their arrival. He will also forward our letters to us while we are moving westward.

I know that most of you are desirous of knowing the method and expense of reaching here had you not made the voyage in the *Girls' Own*. I propose that we order tea and talk the matter over.

It is possible to embark at Liverpool, London, Bristol, Glasgow, Londonderry, or Cork direct for Montreal, and the fare would depend upon the class of passage taken. As first-class or saloon passenger it would vary from £13 to £19; as steerage passenger it would be £6 12s., and as intermediate passenger, £8 14s. Agriculturists and domestic servants have the benefit of a lower rate, and children under twelve years of age are charged half price, except in case of children under one year, who are only charged a guinea. The voyage is not an unpleasant one, and lasts about ten days. Those who have settled to go to Manitoba can obtain through tickets. I do not know if it has struck you that all the inducements to emigrate are offered to men and to domestic servants. There seems almost a fear lest girls of a higher class should venture into the colony, indeed, they are warned against emigrating. Let us look into the reason of this. Does the

fault lay with our girls? Is it that our girls have learnt to look down on domestic duties as undignified, and that they willingly give over to strangers, and often to uneducated strangers, the office of making home bright, clean, and happy for fathers, brothers, and husbands, while they indulge in novel reading, fancy work, or like occupation? Surely where men congregate there the influence of good women is required. Good, vigorous, industrious girls will, I am sure, be highly prized. You will, in your travels, see that many a home has been brightened by their presence, and the fathers, brothers, husbands, or masters made to forget their fatigue by the thoughtful care with which the evening meal has been prepared and the home kept orderly and happy. I would say to all of you who desire to emigrate, get, if possible, before starting, an insight into cooking, management of poultry, making bread, dairy work, dress-making—in fact, everything which can render you helpful and independent. Dignify the homes you go into by bringing honest, cheerful labour and the refinement of education into them, and you will surely be welcomed in the Dominion. I would also say to you be good-tempered and never fret the man wearied with excessive toil by useless pining after the old home and its comforts, and resolutely resolve, with God's blessing, to let woman's work shine and influence for good every home you enter, so that the New World, as well as the Old, may owe a debt of gratitude to woman.

I should advise you before starting to obtain from the clergyman of the parish in which you have lived a letter of introduction to the clergy of the town or province in which you

think of settling. Clergy of every denomination are to be found in Canada. In this way you will not feel so lonely, and will secure to yourselves friends at once in the new country.

You may like to make some purchases before we leave Montreal, and therefore we will change some English gold and silver into dollars and cents. In exchange for 1s. you will get 24 cents, each cent being worth a halfpenny; for £1 you will get 4 dollars 87 cents. In rough reckoning you may state the worth of a sovereign to be 5 dollars.

(To be continued.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

A PRETTY and snug little home was the one in which the Lancaster family found themselves some weeks later. Thanks to the exertions of Margaret, assisted by two of the girls who had come for the purpose, the new house was made habitable before the arrival of the rest of the family, who spent the interval with some friends.

A charwoman had been sent in to thoroughly clean the house (generally very imperfectly done by the workmen). Then the carpets were put down and the furniture principally arranged, and the other members of the family were sent for. When all had come they fell to with a will to put finishing touches and make the rooms look home-like and pretty, though it would not have occurred to them that they could do much in that direction themselves.

Six months before they would have ridiculed the idea of staining and varnishing floors, making and hanging curtains in the hall and over draughty floors, upholstering shabby rep chairs with new cretonne, and improvising mantel-boards out of apparently useless scraps of coloured stuffs. Yet, with the energetic encouragement of their aunt, and the knowledge that what they did not themselves do their new straitened circumstances would prevent being done at all, all this and more was accomplished.

Jack was fond of carpentering, and was the happy possessor of a box of good strong tools; and very useful did he make himself in the hanging of pictures, brackets, and so forth.

When everything was at length fixed in its place, and the little household settled down to the routine of daily life, then it was that the difficulties of managing became apparent.

The trim parlour-maid and cook of former days had been dismissed, whilst the housemaid, a strong, willing girl, consented to stay on and fill, to the best of her ability, the posts of all three. The household in which affairs run least smoothly is that in which there is no acknowledged head. In the Lancasters' case each of the four girls was equally fitted, or rather unfitted, for the post, for all four were quite ignorant of domestic economy. Mrs. Lancaster had been so anxious for her children to be admired and sought after, and, above all, to lead a happy life; but her mistaken idea of attaining this end was to let them have their own way, follow their own favourite pursuits, and not "waste their time" in the house attending to matters which she preferred superintending herself.

Hence, when she was so suddenly taken away from them, they were left truly like sheep without a shepherd; and in the new household, there being no mistress, and but one inexperienced maid, the result was—muddle.

One morning, a sample of all the rest, Winifred sat in the dining-room with the remains of breakfast still upon the table, though it was ten o'clock. She had a piece of mending in

her hands, but her eyes were more often fixed upon a book lying open before her. Evelyn was practising in the undusted drawing-room; her voice was a high, sweet soprano, and she prided herself upon and devoted herself to this her one accomplishment. Madeline has walked off demurely to school more than an hour before, for the irregularities of the family breakfast do not prevent her being punctual at her much-loved seminary.

Jack is in his "den," a combination of workshop, play-room, and general lumber-room. He is busy measuring wood for some kitchen shelves, and he is cheered at his task by the presence of Lulu, who, perched on a packing-case, is reading aloud.

Jane, the servant, is meanwhile rushing about the bedrooms dusting and tidying up in general, persecuted almost beyond endurance by Master Julius, who finds that newly-made beds are excellent grounds for turning somersaults upon.

The poor girl has a most distracted expression as she opens the door to Margaret, and answers dejectedly to her cheery greeting.

"Oh, Aunt Meg, dear, how good of you to come so early!" said Winifred, who, it must be confessed, looked a little ashamed of her surroundings. "I declare, I've let the fire out! Will you come to the drawing-room? Evelyn, depend upon it, has kept up a good one there." And she truly had done so, for the fire was roaring up the chimney.

Margaret felt herself in rather a difficult position. She longed to act to these girls as a mother would have done, but was terribly afraid of appearing to find fault and intrude too much upon their affairs. She fancied they would readily take offence at anything approaching interference or even advice; yet here was the household in an uncomfortable state of confusion which a little judicious help might set right, and she felt she must speak, though it would require much care and tact in the doing.

"It is a fire indeed," she began, timidly. "But do you know I cannot afford a morning fire in the drawing-room? Coals are so dear in London—a very different price, I daresay, from what you have been used to in the country."

"It never struck me that coals had to be paid for," said Winifred, cheerfully, not at all offended so far. "It always seems as if they grow in the cellar, like mushrooms. But Evelyn has to practise every morning, so that the room must be warm."

"Your uncle likes me to keep up my poor apology for singing, so that I make it a rule to practise a little every morning too," rejoined Margaret. "But I slip on an old jacket and loose mittens and do not feel the cold at all. Then I have the fire lighted about half-past two, and the room is nicely warmed before any callers come. Now, you will excuse me speaking, won't you, dears?" she went on, laying a hand gently on the arm of each niece; "but I've been wondering whether your maid (what a nice girl she is, by the way!) manages her work quite as well as she might. You see, the ordinary every-morning work—breakfast, the bedrooms, &c.—ought to be all finished by this time, and Jane at work on the especial day's duties. Then sometimes when I have been in an afternoon, she has not been dressed, and she seems hardly to know which way to turn. Perhaps we could help her rearrange her work on a better plan."

"Oh, she does look very untidy, I know, aunt, and our meals are unpunctual, and things are not as they ought to be; but I do not see what is to be done," said Winifred, helplessly. "I have spoken to her, but she says she cannot help it. There is more than she can possibly do without some one to assist

her, and I suppose that is out of the question now we are so poor, isn't it?"

"Why out of the question, when there are four strong girls with plenty of time and ability to do anything they lay their hands to?" asked Margaret, boldly.

The girls stared. "We never have done any housework at all, aunt!" said Winifred, at length. "We have never been taught, and our time, as it is, seems to be filled up with—other things we are more interested in; and dear mamma always thought it rather a pity for educated girls to spend their days in work which other people can do as well or better."

"That is true, dear, to a certain extent. If there were means for employing sufficient servants to do everything for you, it would be foolish, if not wrong, to devote your own time and energies to those duties, though I believe every girl in every rank of life ought to be able to help in a house if need be. And with you, dears, it is a case of 'need be,' so let us have Lulu up and talk the matter over."

Hearing her aunt's call, Lulu came flying upstairs, and bounded into the room. Her hair was at its roughest, and was decorated with an accidental shaving or two, which plainly told what her last occupation had been.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, darling," she cried, kissing her again and again, and finally settling down on a stool at her feet; "I was planing when you called me, and it is such fun doing a long piece of wood, you have to race along the whole length, just as fast as you can go. Just look at the blisters on my hands, all the fruit of honest, hard work, mind you."

"Ah, we are going to blister your hands with a different sort of hard work in future, and leave the carpentering to Jack."

"Oh, aunt, you are not one of those people who don't approve of girls doing anything jolly, are you?" asked Lulu, in dismay.

"Well, I am not very fond of the word 'jolly' from a girl's pretty lips, to begin with, dear," Margaret said, gently; "but I do highly approve of girls being able to carpenter and turn their hand to anything, in fact; only, with such an able resident joiner, I think you might, perhaps, employ yourself better. Do you know, Miss Lulu, your poor Jane has more work to do than she can possibly get through, and if we do not make a change, we shall be having the anti-slavery people down upon us. So we are trying to arrange things a little better. Madeline, we must suppose, has her time fully taken up with school, excepting that she might, I think, keep her own room always dusted and tidy."

"Oh, she does that," chimed in Lulu, "she is as neat as a new pin. I share her room, you know, and if there is anything left about, it always happens to be mine, somehow. But between us we might manage to keep our room nice, if that will be any help."

"I was going to suggest, Winnie dear, that you should turn your attention to cooking. I shall be pleased to come one or two mornings a week to give you a few lessons, if you like, and then when you have mastered the art by practice, one of the others might take their turn. But, at any rate, Jane ought to be released of all the pasty making, and a knowledge of the other departments will be no disadvantage to you."

"We must be prepared for an occasional grammar or dictionary cooked up with our pies and puddings then, aunt," said Evelyn, "for Winnie never does anything without a book in one hand."

"She will very soon learn that to do one thing at a time, and that thoroughly, is by far the quickest, and to give the mind wholly to the thing in hand is the way to get it speedily and well done, so as to be able to pass on to more agreeable duties. You look frightened already at the cookery lessons, Winnie," Mar-

## NEW MUSIC.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

## RICORDI.

*The Pining Flower.* Words by R. Salustri, translated by C. Searle. Music by Augusto Rotoli.—A most charming and taking song. The change of key from minor to tonic major is exceedingly descriptive of the flower's lament as she droops and dies. We strongly recommend this song for contralto singers. Our young readers will see that at the bottom of page 4 the word "distil" is misspelt.

METHVEN, SIMPSON, AND CO.,  
AND PATEY AND WILLIS.

*Songs of the Bells.* Twelve two-part songs for first and second trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.—The songs in this collection are all without exception charming, they are full of tender feeling, and the master-hand of the musician has fully carried out the intention of the poet. We should be almost puzzled to select any particular one out of the twelve songs before us—they altogether form a perfect and harmonious peal. They will be a pleasing addition to the book of eleven two-part songs we reviewed a short time back by the same eminent composer.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

*Consider the Lilies.* Sacred Song. Words from Holy Writ. Music by G. Adelmann.—We are favoured with another setting of these sacred and beautiful lines. The composer has been most happy in the rendering. The theme is melodious and sympathises with the words. The accompaniment is thoroughly musician-like, and in keeping with the sacred character of the song. We most unhesitatingly recommend it to our girls.

CRAMER AND CO.

*Yet.* Words by W. B. Ryall. Music by P. E. Vanhoorden.—An easily written song in the key of E flat, of moderate compass, not difficult for voice or pianist.

*I Dream'd a Dream.* Words by W. Wilsey Martin. Composed by Edith Cooke.—A very graceful and charming song. There is much musical feeling in the whole composition, and it is thoroughly sympathetic with the words. We conscientiously recommend it, and feel sure it will become a favourite, both in the concert and drawing-room.

*I Cannot Tell You Why.* Song. Written by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Odoardo Barri.—An effective and pretty song. Dedicated to, and sung by, Madame Christine Nilsson, which of itself will be a recommendation to many of our readers.

*My Castle in the Air.* Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—These prettily written verses have been appropriately set to a tuneful melody. The accompaniment is easy, and the song is within the capabilities of moderate performers.

*Told in a Dream.* Song. Words and music by Louisa Gray. Set in two keys: No. 1 in F, compass from B to D; No. 2 in G, compass from C to E.—The verses are

poetical, and have been set to flowing and graceful music. We expect this song will become a favourite with many of our girls. It is not very difficult.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

*Thou Whom My Heart Adoreth.* Words written by Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A. Music by J. Barnby. In two keys: C and E.—A graceful and refined song; must be a great favourite when well sung. We recommend it to our girls as being within the compass of many.



*The Lament of the Border Widow.* An old Scotch song. The music composed by Jacques Blumenthal.—This old Scotch song, with its tale of sorrow, has been most graphically and appropriately set in the best style of this accomplished composer. It requires a deep contralto voice, and should be sung with feeling and expression.

*Solitude.* The words by Henry Kirke White. The music composed by Berthold Tours.—Very refined music set to charming and familiar words. The smooth legato accompaniment is most telling. Should be sung with expression to do the composer and writer the justice they so well merit.

## THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

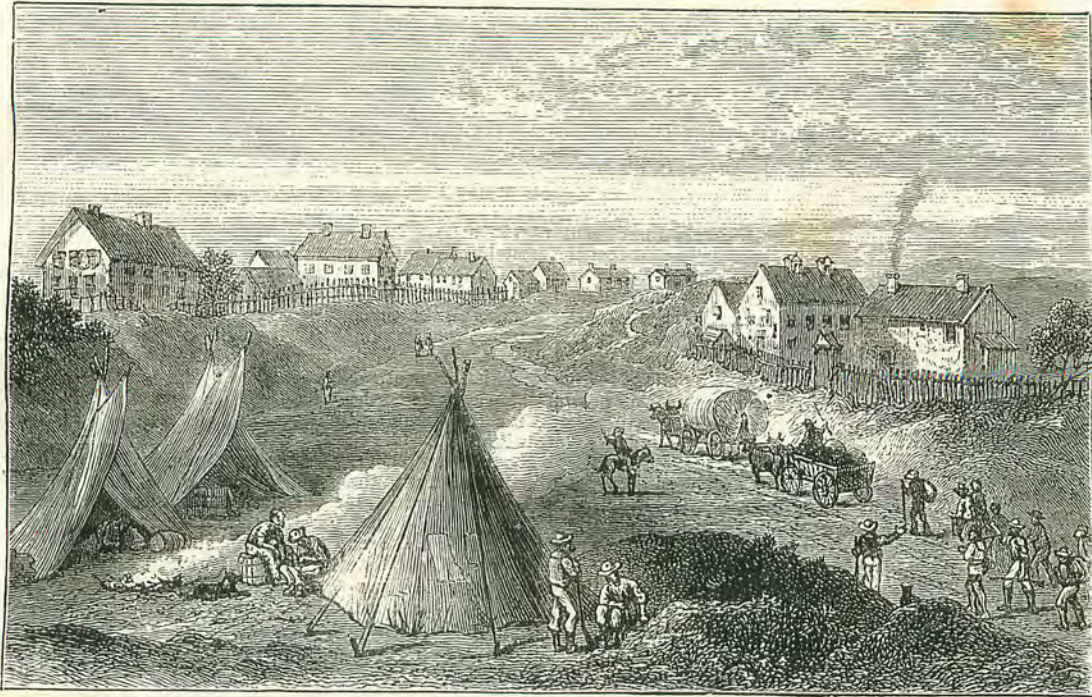
By MRS. BREWER.

## DOMINION OF CANADA.—Continued.

BEFORE leaving the Province of Quebec we will collect a few facts concerning its industries and productions, and see what advantages it offers to settlers. Among the industries carried on successfully is the manufacture of a grey homespun cloth of mixed wool, of which the long coats worn by the Canadian farmers are made. There are 30,000 domestic looms in use; the manufacture of cordage and paper of good quality; the making of soap and candles; the brewing of ale and beer; the manufacture of cider and distilling of whiskey. Phosphate mining is a very important industry, as it is greatly valued both in the old and new world as a fertiliser, and great quantities are exported. Gold, silver, lead, copper, iron and platinum are found in this province. The forests yield a great quantity of timber; there are woods of sugar maple, from which the sap is collected to make sugar; there is the hemlock, the bark of which is used for tanning; the cedar, which is the very best for making fences; and the spruce fir, from which spruce beer is made. Apples and pears are most abundant, and the fisheries are very valuable.

In this province every male colonist above the age of eighteen may obtain a free grant of 100 acres upon eight of the great colonisation roads. Certain conditions must be fulfilled, one being that by the end of the fourth year a dwelling must have been erected on the land, and at least twelve acres must be under cultivation. In Quebec Province 17,701,589 acres are owned by 118,086 occupiers, giving an average of nearly 150 acres to each. The population of the province is 1,358,469.

And now, as we desire to go to Manitoba, we must decide which route we will take. We can go by rail or by water; the first is the quickest, the last the most economical. As time is more valuable than money just now, suppose we decide upon going by the Grand Trunk Railway, which by the bye allows each passenger about 300 lbs. of luggage. Great care is taken of it; each packet is numbered, a like number being given to the passenger, so that there is no confusion or delay in obtaining it at the end of your journey. On our way we pass through the Province of Ontario, which is separated from that of Quebec by the River Ottawa. Its chief town, Toronto, is beautifully situated on the west of the northern shore of the Lake of Ontario. The Canadian wheat is collected here for exportation to Great Britain. The number of acres owned in this province is 19,605,019, and the occupiers number 17,258, giving above 1,000 acres to each; while the population is 1,913,460. There is very much to attract the emigrant here; there are good roads, good schools, the education of the young being regarded as one of the highest duties of civilisation; churches of all denominations; post-office regulations good and ample; plenty of railway communication, and

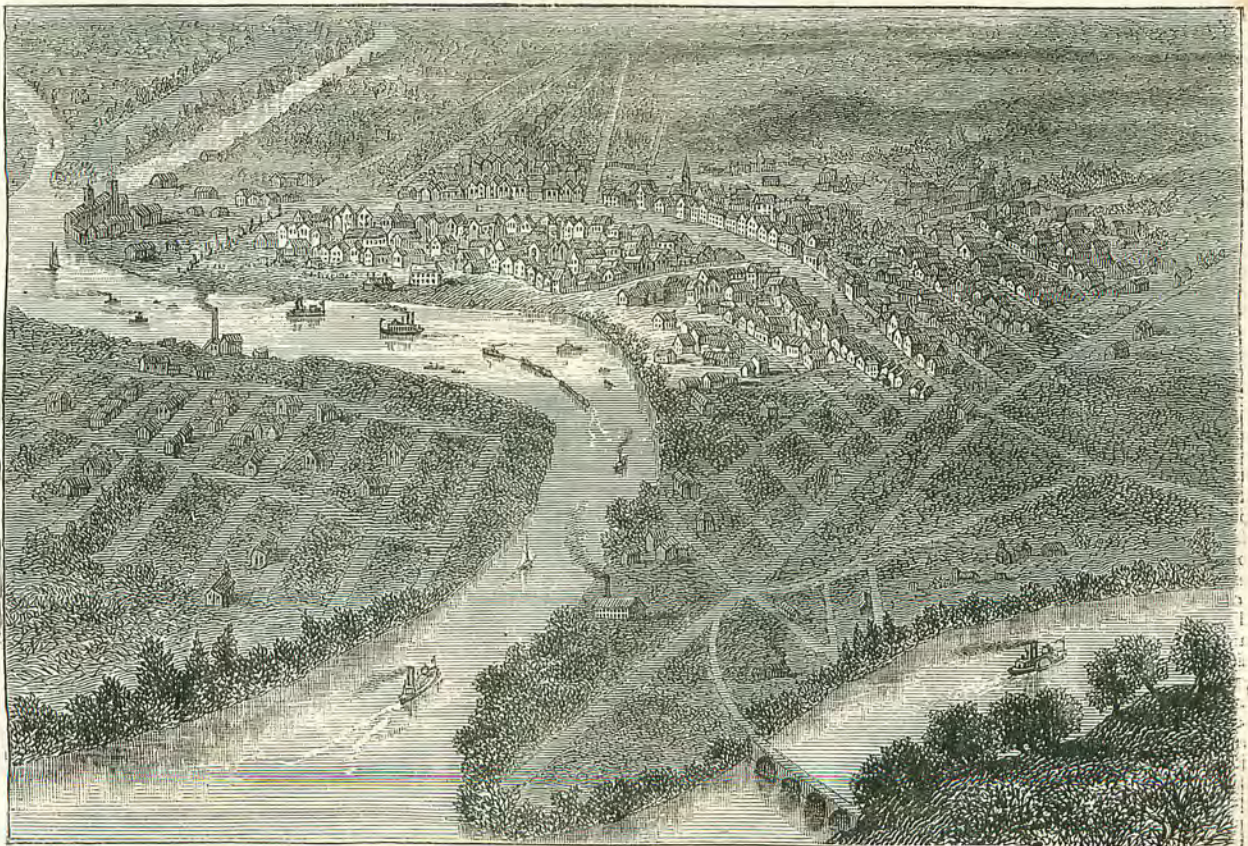


WINNIPEG AS IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.

good markets for the sale of produce. Fruit is cultivated to an enormous extent, and there are cheap and ample means of sending it to collecting centres and seaport towns. Apples have been sold as low as 6d. per bushel;

peaches and grapes grow in the open gardens. Living is cheaper here than in England; beef, veal, and mutton are from 3d. to 6d. per lb.; bacon, 6d. to 8d.; bread,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. for a 4 lb. loaf; fresh butter, 1s. per lb.; salt butter, 7d. to

8d.; milk, 3d. per quart; beer, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. per gallon; tobacco, 1s. to 2s. per lb. One can live better here on £200 a year than at home on £400. Taxation is light, being assessed on the basis of valuation of property



WINNIPEG AS IT IS.

(the fathers will explain this to you); total taxation being rarely more than 25 cents to 30 cents an acre, and no direct imperial taxation is levied. Farms are well laid out, and in many parts of Ontario have beautiful farmhouses attached.

In this province every head of a family, man or woman, can obtain a free grant of two hundred acres of land in the free grant district upon very simple conditions. Uncleared lands can also be purchased from 2s. to 40s. per acre. Cleared and improved farms with buildings can be bought at from £4 to £10 and £20 per acre, according to their position near rail or market. Ontario produces iron, copper, lead, silver, marble, petroleum, and salt. Its forests of pine are immense. You yourselves will notice that the orchards are planted with alternate rows of peach and apple trees, and a clear passage left between each so that the land may be utilised. Its manufactures are cloth, linen, leather, furniture, and agricultural implements. Sawing timber is an important industry, so you see others than agriculturists can obtain employment here. The large towns are Toronto, Ottawa, the capital of the whole of the Dominion, Hamilton, London, and Kingston. The space on which Toronto now stands was in 1793 a dense forest with a solitary wigwam on it; it now contains about 30,000 inhabitants, the streets are wide, and the houses, especially those in the suburbs, are beautiful. The largest distillery in Canada is in Toronto, and gives employment to very many workpeople, and, *strange to say, there are* about three thousand head of cattle fed here on the slops of the distillery and hay. On our way we pass London, which was only surveyed in 1826, where the largest oil refineries in the world are to be seen; the oil being obtained from Petrolia and Bothwell, about fifty miles distant, where, if we had time to go, we should see thousands of pumps being worked by steam power.

The grass being very rich in Ontario, the dairies are very good and scattered all over the province. Eighty tons of cheese can be made from the milk of a thousand cows. Farmers deliver the milk at the manufactory night and morning; the cost of manufacturing 1 lb. of cheese is 10 cents, or 5d. A large quantity of butter is also made, the estimate being that 20 lbs. of milk is required to make 1 lb. of butter. In November, last year, the Allan Royal Mail Steamer "Peruvian," brought over to the Mersey 15,540 boxes of cheese and 1,000 barrels of apples from Ontario.

And now we are fairly off to Manitoba, an Indian name signifying *evil spirit*, the province which above all others is attracting attention as offering surpassing advantages to emigrants. This province was formed out of the north-west territory, and became part of the Dominion in 1870. It is situate at almost equal distance from Pole and Equator, and between the Atlantic and Pacific. It contains about 100,000 inhabitants; of these the Indians number about 4,000, the half-breeds about 13,000, the Menomites, who are Russians, about 7,000; and the French about 18,000.

The Marquis of Lorne, during his visit to Manitoba, spoke of it as "A green sea over which the summer winds pass laden with the scent of rich grasses and flowers," and as "a country the value of which it would be insanity to question." Lord Dufferin also said that it was "here that Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, gazed upon her rolling prairies." Manitoba is being settled by a superior class of people, many of whom have come from the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It is suitable, however, for almost every class of emigrant who will not refuse the hardships inseparable to life on the

prairies. A gentleman residing there declares that *girls, and any number of them*, can get situations at any time, and if they are smart and intelligent, and of pleasing face and figure, they are not likely to remain there without having a husband and home of their own; and that labourers, farm servants, and mechanics need not be idle five minutes after their arrival unless they desire it. In Manitoba any male or female at the head of a family, or any person above the age of eighteen, can obtain a free grant of 160 acres. It has been estimated that the capital necessary for a man with a family to start farming on a free grant of prairie land is about £120, always remembering that success does not so much depend upon the money a man begins farming with, as upon the vigour and persistent industry he brings to bear upon it. Wages are so good in this province that even when the new comers have money it is better to put that by for a time, and take situations in order to gain experience and look about them. There is no consumption in Manitoba among the white people, but many Indians die of this disease. A farmer last year declared he had never heard a person cough since he had been there!

Here we are at the very heart of the province—its capital, Winnipeg, an Indian name, signifying "dirty water," formerly the hunting-ground of the Indian and the pasture-field of the buffalo. We will make our way to the Queen's—an hotel spoken very well of—and after a night's rest we will call upon Mr. Hespeler, the Government agent, who will gladly help us, and put us in the way of seeing a great deal in a little time. The city in which we now find ourselves is built on the confluence of the Red River and Assiniboine, both of which are navigable for many hundred miles. Ten years ago it was a miserable village with about 400 inhabitants; now it has a population of between 14,000 and 15,000, who are, as the Marquis of Lorne said, "rapidly lifting it to the front rank amongst the commercial centres of the world."

Winnipeg still looks in an unfinished state, and it is by no means beautiful; but what do the settlers care about the beauty of their chief town, when the soil itself is so rich and fruitful?

It has four colleges and a University, beside many other schools, and a ladies' college. Its churches are handsome; the spire of one of them is a landmark for many miles.

Many is the tale told of how the rich people here began, but a few years ago, with nothing. One is related of three young men who had formerly lived in comfortable situations in Quebec, but could see no prospect of providing for the future; they, therefore, came to Winnipeg, and set themselves to collect empty sardine boxes, which they polished and sold to emigrants passing westward for drinking-cups. The reward of this ingenuity is that they are now possessed of land to the value of £3,400, beside a store which they have erected and filled. It is a surprise to you, as it is to me, to see on the tables of the hotel several newspapers—three daily and five weekly—which are published here in Winnipeg, and the postal arrangements are so good we get our letters as regularly as if we were travelling in the Old World. I asked this morning if the arrangements were equally good throughout the province, and I was told that there are 118 post-offices scattered over it. How different is this state of things to that which obtained half-a-century ago! Then the poor emigrants, craving for news of the dear ones left behind in the old home, would walk many miles to the post-office, and, on inquiry, would find that there were one, or, perhaps, two letters awaiting them; but, alas! the Postmaster could not give them up

without the postage being paid, which was 3s. 4d. at least, and in some cases 5s. or even 6s.; and, as they had no money to pay for them, they returned without them, almost in despair. Surely the change must strike you as something indeed to be thankful for!

We shall like to see a little of the country, therefore we will divide ourselves into groups of four, and hire spring carts, called "Democrats," which are drawn by two horses and carry four people, and cost 24s. per day. I propose we go as far as Portage-la-Prairie, the distance being sixty-eight miles. This journey will take us quite four days, as the roads are so bad; in fact, they are simple tracks across the prairie. This is the highway to the North-West, and we shall see trains of carts carrying goods hither, and bringing back furs and other produce. The soil throughout the country is, as you see, a rich black loam, from six inches to six feet deep, almost entirely free from stones. How picturesque the Indian encampments are which we pass from time to time on our way to Portage-la-Prairie, which is called the Garden of Manitoba! You would hardly think that a few years ago it was part of an uninhabited waste. It is now a thriving little town, with its hotels and stores. Some of the most successful farms in the province lie around this town.

Those of you or your friends who are thinking of taking farms, must house your cattle and sheep as soon as winter sets in. Those that are intended for food must be killed before they lose their fat. It is not necessary to salt them; but just expose them to the frost for a short time, and they become as hard as ice. You must then pack them in boxes with snow, and keep them from the air, and when you require to cook them throw them into cold water. Fish may be done in the same manner. Should any of you girls come out on your own account, you would like to know what to do about providing yourselves houses. The first is generally a log hut, made of logs of wood laid upon each other, notched at the ends to keep them steady, roughly roofed and daubed with clay; this is quickly put up, and is warm. As soon as possible, however, a house is set up, which consists of a frame of moderate-sized posts and scantlings, lined within and without with thin pine boards, which have between them a layer of tar paper, and plastered inside. They have no open fireplaces, but stoves. These houses, after having been set up, are often moved bodily. A gentleman relates that a friend of his built a store when the city was but in its infancy, in which he commenced the business of a general merchant. As the population increased so did the merchant's business, and he found his store too small; it was therefore placarded "to be sold and taken off the premises," as he required the ground to build a larger one. A purchaser was soon found in a dressmaker, who removed it a hundred yards further down the street, and had part of it fitted up to suit her business, and part she let out in apartments. A gentleman who had lodged with her, going some time after to hire apartments, could not find the dressmaker's store, nor anything like it. On inquiry, he found that the dressmaker had left the town, and before doing so had sold the store to a grocer, who moved it bodily to another street, and there it remained for some years, when it was again sold to a shoemaker, who removed it bodily to another part of the town altogether. And now we find ourselves once again in Winnipeg we must talk over our plans.

(To be continued.)



of clothes. For one thing, they were too large for him by fully a size, and hung in melancholy folds around his square figure, not adapting themselves to curves, and lines, and proportions. His gloves matched the suit of clothes with regard to size, and were not a little soiled, as he had put them on after breakfast, and had been wearing them during his restless migrations from garden to stables.

But he did not trouble himself about these little matters, and, if he was careless with regard to dress and appearance, his bride made up for it by being faultlessly arrayed, perfect in the stately grace of her demeanour.

After the ceremony was over, and most of the party were already proceeding down the long, sombre aisle, Mr. Leigh was seized with sudden excitement. He turned to Laura, and, in an impatient tone of voice, exclaimed—

"You must be married to-day. Where is Eustace Montague? Why does he keep us waiting so long?"

Laura was in an agony. She tried to draw her father away, to soothe him—to keep him from attracting notice, and she clung to his arm, hoping to guide him to the vestry.

He still resisted, and kept on repeating in an excited way—

"Where is Eustace? You must be married as well as Blanche, and then I can tell your mother all the girls are provided for."

One or two of the bridesmaids smiled, and thought it rare fun; but James Danvers, who had witnessed the scene, and partly understood what it meant, frowned reproachfully at the much-amused young ladies, and succeeded in leading the poor dazed man away to his carriage, getting him home without any further misadventure.

The bride had not seen this little incident, and it was thought better to make no allusion to the circumstance in her hearing, lest the knowledge of her father's increasing ailment might mar the festivity of the wedding breakfast.

Laura did not appear amongst the company at the table. She had hurriedly thrown off her wedding finery, and was with her father, soothing him as she might have done a fretful child.

He kept on repeating in a lamenting way—

"They told me both of them were to be married, Blanche and Laura! When their mother asks me about the girls, what shall I say about my poor Laura? I never wanted to spend her fortune, to ruin her prospects. Who accuses me now?"

Sleep came at last to his weary eyes, and calmed his throbbing brain, and thankful indeed was Laura for this quieting panacea.

Blanche found her father still asleep, when, some time afterwards, leaning on her husband's arm, she stepped into the library to say farewell, ere taking her departure.

"Oh! papa is asleep, I see; so I will not disturb him. Look your adieu at him with me, Samuel," said she, with a smile, as they both stood for a minute beside Mr. Leigh's chair.

"Good - bye, Laura," whispered

Blanche, kissing her sister. "When Eustace comes home, Samuel and I will both return the compliment, and be present at your wedding."

Kissing the tips of her fingers at her sleeping parent, and nodding back at her sister, Blanche went smiling out of the room, looking superb in her elegant dark-hued velvet travelling-dress. It was made in the height of fashion, and her hat and parasol matched it in lighter shades. Her bridesmaids had said this costume was far more becoming than her wedding-dress.

"More suited to her age, you know—more in keeping with her homely-looking bridegroom," they had remarked in confidence to each other.

The travelling carriage was at the door with its strapped boxes, everything ready for departure, for the wedded pair were to drive one stage of their journey, then go by train and steamer to the Continent.

Squire Gregory had stopped behind for a moment to speak to Laura.

He held her hand in his, while he said—"You are now in deed and truth my own dear sister, and you must let me take a brother's part should you ever feel the need of one. You will always tell me what you would tell a true friend, will you not?"

"Thank you, I certainly will," replied she, looking up with an earnest appealing look in her tearful eyes. His kind manner had touched her, soothed for a moment the despairing sorrow of her heart, and with a purer insight into human character than she had ever been conscious of before, she began to understand Squire Gregory better, and recognise a loyal heart under his rather crusty manner.

A few minutes afterwards the carriage was heard driving away, the wedding guests had departed, and Laura was seated at her usual post, on a low chair opposite her father, where she could watch every change of his countenance, and attend to his slightest wants.

(To be continued.)

## THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By MRS. BREWER.

### DOMINION OF CANADA.—Continued.



THE province of British Columbia, including Vancouver's Island, lies far west of Winnipeg, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The Canadian Pacific Railway, when finished, will enable us to visit this distant province with comparative ease; at present the difficulties and fatigue would be too great for you girls, and certainly for me; but we will not leave Winnipeg without getting such information concerning it as will be useful to the brothers at home, as it is a province by no

means to be despised for settlement. The agricultural capabilities of British Columbia are not so great as in other parts of Canada, but its mines are rich in gold and in coal, and its forests are of great value. Above two-thirds of the whole province is covered with timber. One tree, the Douglas-fir, grows to the height of between 200 and 300 feet, and measures often 8 feet in diameter. There are many first-class saw mills throughout the province, and Professor Dawson states that the total annual product of these is about 200,000,000 feet, of which 25,000,000 feet is exported to other countries; 25,000,000 used at home, and 150,000,000 sent to California. When the plains of Canada become populated the mines and forests of British Columbia will afford a large and valuable traffic for the Canadian Railway.

It has very fine harbours and valuable fisheries, and is not at all to be despised as a home for settlers. Heads of families, widows, or single men can obtain free grants of land, the fee being about 7 dollars. Anyone can purchase land which has been surveyed for about a dollar an acre, and improved farms from £1 to £8 per acre. Vancouver's Island, which is included in British Columbia, is within a week's sail of California, and within double that distance of the Sandwich Islands.

What do you say now to taking through tickets to Halifax, the chief town of Nova Scotia? In the comfortable cars we shall be able to have some little talk over the provinces we are about to visit, and which lie near together; they are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island. Nova Scotia is surrounded on all sides by the Atlantic, except where it is joined to New Brunswick by an isthmus eight miles wide and twelve miles long. It was probably discovered by the Cabots in their voyage of discovery in 1497. It was first settled by the French in 1598, and called by them Acadie, the Indian name being "Acadia." Port Royal, now called Annapolis, was taken possession of by the English Governor and colonists of Virginia by right of the discovery of Sebastian Cabot. It was ceded to Great Britain in 1713, and erected into a British See in 1787. I hope you will not mind having these little facts put before you; it gives, I think, a greater interest to the places we visit to know something of their early life.

When Nova Scotia was first discovered by Europeans, it was inhabited by Indians of a reddish-brown colour, with high cheek bones, large lips and mouths. The two principal tribes—Mic-macs and Richibuctoos—differed in features and dialect, but were equally savage in their mode of life and manners. To some extent they were civilised, and made nominal Christians by the early French settlers, who trained the Indians to help them in their contests with the English; but war, small-pox, and the extravagant use of spirituous liquors have nearly swept them off the soil where once they were masters. There are still a few hundreds in the province, and they chiefly Mic-macs. The Indians say that the Great Spirit has permitted the pale faces to come into the country and kill the game, catch fish, and cut down the trees, but that they themselves are the lords and rightful owners of the soil, water, and sky. They believe in a resurrection, and bury with their dead the trinkets and tools which were theirs in life, in the belief that they will be required by them in the next world.

The population is composed of various races—French, English, Scotch, Irish, and Anglo-Americans, who have ever been distinguished for loyalty and industry. Many of both sexes are engaged in the Cape Breton fisheries.

Our destination is Halifax, the chief town of the province. It is built on rising ground,



and looks very handsome when approached by the water; the streets are wide, some of them extending completely through the city. Here, as all over Canada, you see a variety in the make of the houses; some are built of stone, but the greater number of wood, plastered or stuccoed. Its harbour, a very noble one, and surrounded on all sides by high lands and protected by strong batteries, is connected with all parts of the continent by railways, of which there are several in the province. The dockyard is one of the largest and best stored in the British colonies. The Nova Scotians are of a very prepossessing appearance, pleasing manners, and, as we must acknowledge, very hospitable. The numerous harbours, extensive coalfields, and lucrative fisheries render this province a very valuable part of the colony; the rivers and lakes are so distributed that there is no point in the province thirty miles from navigable water. There are several soap candle, leather, snuff, and other manufactories, beside distilleries and breweries; the markets are good, and well supplied with excellent meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruits. It has vast resources in minerals, much coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, and gold; ochres are also found in the iron mines. We will get some of the kind people of Halifax to go with us and show us places of interest, and explain to us the habits and industries of the people, all of which will be most useful if we or any part of our families should think of settling in Canada. The occupations of the people are very numerous; we have seen many engaged in mining and in factories, and when we go into the midland counties, where ship-building is carried on, we find the farmers' sons becoming shipwrights, mariners, or masters of coasters, as opportunity offers. Then when we visit the southern seaboard, where the cod and haddock fisheries are actively pursued, we find the coast with its rugged caves and inlets peopled with a hardy race, to whom farming and gardening are but the amusement of an idle hour, whose homes and occupations are on the sea.

The town of Digby is beautifully situated on the basin of the Annapolis, and has, as you know, a wide celebrity for its cured herrings, known by the name of Digby chickens. Annapolis again has good farms and orchards; 150,000 barrels of apples are annually produced here at an average price of 5s. per barrel. The cry we hear again and again here is, "We want good agriculturists and artisans." Labourers get £3 a month, with board, for ordinary work, and girls (servants) 4 dols. a month and keep. There are three descriptions of land in this province—upland, intervale, and marsh, the last being by far the most valuable—in fact, the dyked marshes along the banks of all the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy are the real wealth of the province. These have been cropped for 150 years without manure. The best upland may be bought for £10 per acre, but the dyke land will fetch from £20 to £50 per acre. Woodland and pasturage on the hill sides may be had for £1 per acre.

Being at Annapolis we will cross over in the steamer to St. John's, the capital of New Brunswick. This province was also first settled by the French, who employed themselves chiefly in hunting and fishing. About 1761 settlers from Great Britain and the adjoining colonies began to flow in and lived on friendly terms with the Indians until the American Revolution, when the savages sided with the revolutionists and gave a great deal of trouble.

There is much variety of scenery in New Brunswick; the rich valleys, sheltered plains, and noble forests, with rivers and lakes winding in all directions, offer cheery prospects to intending settlers. A great part of New Brunswick is still uncultivated: it contains abundance of fine timber and extensive prairies

—indeed, it is the chief timber store-house of Great Britain. Although there is so much land waiting to be cultivated, the people are not so much employed in agriculture as in the lumber trade and the fisheries. Many fine rivers flow through this province, but the principal is the St. John's, which empties itself into the Bay of Fundy. The city of St. John is built on a rocky peninsula projecting into the harbour at the mouth of the river. Although you find the streets so inconveniently steep, a great deal of trouble has been taken to level them. St. John's has risen rapidly into opulence; steamboats ply night and day between it and Fredericton. The coast affords valuable fisheries; herrings and mackerel are so abundant as to be employed in manuring the land. There are salt, iron, and sulphur springs, extensive coalfields, limestone and freestone quarries in New Brunswick. In summer the farmer has many hours in which he can work; daylight commences at two o'clock in the morning, and twilight is seen after nine in the evening. You will all agree that the forests of maple must be seen if one desires to know anything of their beauty. We must try to buy of the Indians some of the dishes which they make of the knobs or excrescences of this tree; when finished and polished they are exceedingly beautiful. You did not expect to see such fair and beautiful women here in New Brunswick, and I see you are equally astonished to find many of them so highly educated and accomplished. An instance is given of how great is the success which attends persevering and industrious young men in New Brunswick. A gentleman residing here was asked by a first-rate farmer in the country if he could recommend him an active young man. As it happened, an Irish emigrant had just called upon him with a letter stating that he was of a respectable family in Cork; he therefore sent him to the farmer. He received his maintenance, washing and lodging in the farmhouse, and 25s. per month. With these wages the young man was not content, but proved himself so active and useful that in the second month his wages were advanced. Before the winter set in he had learned the use of the axe so well that he was engaged by a lumbering party in the woods at £5 per month. At the end of a year he brought to the gentleman who had recommended him £30, and asked what he should do with it. He was advised to buy 100 acres of land, which he did for £12; the remainder he put in the savings bank, hired himself out for another year to enable him to establish himself as a farmer, and became one of the largest farmers in the province.

A grant of 100 acres can be had by emigrants upon condition that they pay twenty dollars towards the construction of roads and hedges; that they build a house within two years, and clear and cultivate ten acres within three years.

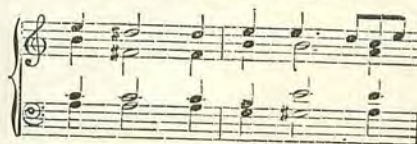
And now there remains a sort of Isle of Wight to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick called Prince Edward's Island, which we must visit. It is so snugly sheltered as to enjoy a finer climate than either. It has a fine harbour in which three rivers meet. I almost agree with you that it is the most beautiful of all the provinces of the Dominion. It has a population of 108,928. It has a most valuable advantage over other provinces in the thick beds of mussel and oyster mud found in its bays and river mouths. This deposit is supposed to consist of the organic remains of countless generations of oysters, mussels, and other bivalves of the ocean imbedded in dense mud. It is a source of great wealth to the island, it being a valuable fertilizer, and is almost inexhaustible in its supply. There is not much Crown land to dispose of, but there are many improved farms. Taxation is very light, and a man can be independent on a smaller sum here than in England,

and you see how happy and content all appear to be. There is plenty of work and good pay for girls of all kinds to be had in this province.

## NEW MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

*Collegiate and School Sight-singing Manual.* Book I.—The author of this book is not named, but from a cursory glance through its pages, we cannot help being rather unfavourably struck with the liberal use of technical terms without sufficient explanations of their various significations. For instance, the terms "diatonic," "tetrachord," "syncopation," and many others occur without being clearly defined; while, in speaking of time, there seems to be no distinction drawn between that and rhythm. We must award a meed of praise to the exercises in two parts; but, on the other hand, we must take exception to the compiler's writing for voices in four parts. In Exercise 8 we find the following extraordinary treatment of discords:—



Again, we cannot understand the omission of the harmonic minor scale in treating of the minor scales. A peculiarity also occurs on page 1 in the spelling of the word usually written "ledger," which means "added." But here it appears as "leger," which means "light," and can have no reasonable reference to the lines added above or below the staff.

*Collegiate School Elements of Music.*—This is chiefly a book of exercises with blank spaces, on which students can write, and up to page 21 it certainly contains much that is useful. After this the work is in many places open to objection. For instance, in paragraph 141 the common chord and the triad are represented as interchangeable terms; while, in reality, the triad, as its name implies, consists of three notes, and the common chord of four, and although exercises on common chords abound, the student will find no directions about the doubling and the omission of notes to form the various parts. In speaking of consecutives, nothing is said of consecutives by contrary motion, and the method employed of writing the three parts in the treble clef would be a serious drawback to any ultimate success in vocal part-writing. The treatment of discords is also incomplete, their preparation is not mentioned, and although the chord of the 9 is used, it is not explained. In the table of composers of different nationalities, Chopin is included amongst the German writers, while, in reality, he was born in Poland in the year 1809, not, as stated, a year later. To France is given only one composer—viz., Rameau, thus ignoring the claims of many other eminent French musicians. The latter half of the book consists of music paper, to be, presumably, filled up with students' exercises.

We think it necessary to give our candid opinion of those musical works sent to us for review which are intended to fill the important mission of manuals of instruction to novices in the art of music—for what is more important than to supply books of instruction free from inaccuracies and uncertain help? All sheet music (separate songs, pianoforte pieces, &c.) which we mention in our column is favourably noticed, as we are unable to afford space to even the bare mention of inferior compositions.