

*Canadian Idyls. Interlude Second. The Harvest Moon.* By WILLIAM KIRBY. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

Mr. Kirby, 'he accomplished author of "The Chien D'Or," the most successful of our Canadian tales, has added another to his charming series of Canadian Idyls. The scene, like that of the others, is the Niagara frontier, which he has done so much to glorify in song and story. The poem opens with a quaint ballad, of which we give a quatrain—

The cowbell tinkled in the grass-grown  
lane—

Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the  
rose,

As I went singing the old refrain,

Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the  
rose.

The following extract will indicate  
the patriotic ring of the poem—

Now Simcoe Lake was of the good old  
stock

Of true Canadians firm as granite rock—  
Brought up and nurtured, as a sacred  
thing,

In fear of God and honour of the King;  
Of purest blood without a single stain  
That darkened by a drop his loyal vein,  
In his forefathers' day when rebels set  
The Continent in flames, and fought to get

By rank secession and the Empire's fall,  
For their own selves, the heritage of all;  
And when the land was rent from Brit-  
ain's side,

A hundred thousand of the pick and  
pride,

Of all the Continent rose up and went,  
New pilgrims exiled into banishment.

A hundred *Mayflowers* sailed, and night  
and day,

The noblest of the country bore away  
To newer Plymouth rocks—more blest  
by God

Than Puritan or Pilgrim ever trod.

Northward and Eastward went they  
bravely on,—

Some laid the deep foundations of St.  
John.

Some planted in New Scotia's vales of  
gold,

A new New England, nobler than the old.  
The broad St. Lawrence and the waters deep

Of blue Ontario welcomed them. While  
leap

For very joy, Niagara's tameless floods,

To greet their coming to his ancient  
woods.

Wisely and well they laboured to create  
The fabric of a vast and loyal state,  
Confederate with the Empire—heart and  
will,

Through years and centuries growing  
grandeur still,

And thus did they restore a hundred fold,  
In their new lands the losses of the old.

We shall not spoil the story by  
attempting to give its outline, but  
refer our readers to the poem for a  
fine literary treat.

*The Caliph Haroun Alraschid,  
and Saracen Civilization.* By  
PROF. E. H. PALMER. New  
Plutarch Series. New York: G.  
P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm.  
Briggs. Price \$1.

A pathetic interest is given to this  
book from the fact that it was almost  
the last literary work of its accom-  
plished author before he was brutally  
murdered last year by the Arabs  
while, in the employ of the British  
Government, he was negotiating for  
the supply of camels for the Egyp-  
tian campaign. He was selected for  
that purpose because he was prob-  
ably the best oriental linguist and  
most familiar with oriental character  
of any man living. The chief mon-  
ument of his learning is "The Desert  
of the Exodus;" but in the above-  
named volume his oriental lore is  
employed to recall from the fable  
land of the Arabian Nights the  
golden prime of that "Good Har-  
oun Alraschid," who wandered *in-*  
*cognito* about the streets of Bagdad  
a thousand years ago. The Haroun  
of history is not so "good" as the  
hero of myth, but the story of the  
Caliphate is at once very curious  
and instructive.

*The Illustrated World*—JAMES  
ELVERSON, Publisher, Philadelphia,  
\$3 a year, 16 pages, 4to—is a new  
candidate for public favour. It is  
devoted especially to Art and Litera-  
ture. Its fine art engravings are  
much superior in delicacy of finish  
to those of any of the illustrated  
weeklies that we know, and the price  
is less than most of them. It ought  
to be a great success.