

willow shake down a shower of silver dewdrops as if weeping for his return.

At the lower end of the island the tall grasses and water-weeds grow several yards out into the river, and their long arms catch every stray piece of drift-wood that floats within their reach, and in this way has been formed a barrier of sunken snags and floating blocks, capable of defending the shore against any but the oldest canoests. Here the willows are not so green, and in their branches rest old pieces of bark and clumps of grey grass—the gifts of some spring freshet.

In one of these lone looking bushes sit two crows, perseveringly humming over some new tune and paying no attention to the wishes of a poor heron who is trying to sleep in the grass below.

On rounding this end of the island, we find that the water is shallow, and rising here and there above the surface are small mounds of green grass, and sandbanks, over which the water is not more than a few inches in depth, are scattered profusely about between the island and mainland.

Small brown pipers flit over the sand, and, as we look towards the breakwater which stretches off from the other end of the island, we see a company of swallows and purple martins sitting on its edge and bending their heads together as if in a deep discussion.

The rattling of the tin pans causes us to look towards the camp, and we see the forms of the cooks among the trees. Turning to the shore, we glide in among the tall grasses, to the horror of a small sandpiper who is just enjoying his morning promenade. The bow of the canoe touches the warm grey sand on the shore, and we spring out, each with a paddle, my friend and I.

The dripping canoe is turned up on the warm sand to dry, and, as a heavy swell rolls over the sand and then retreats behind its companions, we look out to the river and see a large tug gliding through the grey morning mist like some grim water-sprite.

Across the sand we trudge and enter the dreamy road that leads to camp. Every plant is glistening with dew. The tall grasses bend their heads under their fair burden, and the shrub willows awake to drink their share of this nature's wine. White morning-glories, and tall plants with pink blossoms which keep their name to themselves, stand in thick groups along either side, like a gay army ready to cross spears before any who intrude into the dreamy peacefulness of Camp Fentroberson.

Just as we come to where the road ends and the grove begins, the voices of the cooks reach us from the fire, and, remembering that it is our day to carry water, we arm ourselves with pails and start for the river by a short path down the bank. As we are about to fill them from a half-sunken log, a startled heron rises from the grasses beside us, and we see him swiftly wing his way to the other end of the island, where he falls among the reeds once more and watches unmolested for his breakfast.

—*Fredericton, N. B.*

NOTABLE CANADIAN BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

ONE of the most useful and fascinating of recent Canadian books is "Stories of New France", in two series, the first series by Miss Agnes Maule Machar, the second, with the exception of one story, by Mr. Thomas G. Marquis. This most delightful volume was published by the D. Lothrop Co., of Boston. It is neatly bound in cloth, 314 pages and 12 full-page illustrations. Miss Machar contributes eleven chapters, of which the titles are as follows:

How New France was Found.

The Story of Jacques Cartier.

The Story of Marguerite de Roberval.

The Marquis de la Roche and his Forty Thieves.

The Story of St. Croix.

The Story of Port Royal.

The Story of Champlain.

The Adventures of Père Le Jeune.

The Martyrs of the Huron Mission.

The Story of Ville Marie de Montreal.

The Story of Robert de la Salle.

The share of Mr. Marquis in the volume is confined to six chapters. These are:

A Canadian Thermopylæ.

The Heroine of Castle Dangerous.

The Three War Parties.

The First Siege of Quebec.

The Acadian Exiles.

The Great Siege of Quebec.

Rev. Principal Grant, D. D., contributes a Preface, in which he says: "The seventeenth century may be called the heroic age of Canada. The infant colony had to struggle for existence against pitiless enemies and forces of nature almost insurmountable. The struggle brought out a race of heroes whose names no one in the Old or New World should willingly let die. Champlain, Maisonneuve, Daulac, La Salle remind us of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Le Jeune, Jogues, Brèbeuf, Lallement consecrated the colony by lives of noblest endeavour and heroic death. Their memories belong to the Church universal. Their names are worthy of a place in any martyrology."

From the many enthusiastic notices of the book at the time of its appearance we have selected three for quotation. Prof. Goldwin Smith said in *The Bystander*:

"This work enables the student to pick up his reading of Canadian history without having to wade through uninteresting and interminable details. The chronological order is preserved in the stories, which cover the period of French dominion in Canada. The subjects chiefly dealt with are French discovery, colonisation and missionary enterprise, with the tragic story of the incessant wars with the Iroquois. The stories are told with spirit, and, on the whole, with a close adherence to facts. Apart from the native histories,