

Professionalism aside, the chaplain's book may be heartily recommended for a winter evening, or a railway journey, or to sportsmen anywhere. We are taken away from civilization into the unknown land of our great backwoods, the home of lumbermen, Indians, beaver and moose. 'And what a land it is! The land of high mountains and deep valleys, of interminable forests and broad lakes. The mighty pines and hemlocks interlaced their branches over our heads as we followed the winding road. The great stillness, the weird silence, the sombre grandeur were almost oppressive, when suddenly we would burst out into the glad sunshine and the broad, glittering expanse of a beautiful lake.' To a man wearied with the routine of professional life and susceptible to the influences of the woods, the change is delightful. The bracing air is innocent and wholesome intoxication. He delights in every new scene and incident, like a boy out for a long holiday. The least detail becomes important. Where to sleep, how to camp, the condition of the supplies, are all questions of the gravest consideration. Special prominence is of course given to the *cuisine*; for, as on shipboard, there is little else to think about, and the whole environment makes hunger so overpowering a sensation that it demands for its gratification the entire energy of body and mind. There is none of the shame connected with eating that the philosopher feels. 'I can reason down or deny everything except this perpetual Belly; feed he must and will, and I cannot make him respectable,' cries Emerson. To the backwoodsman or hunter this is unintelligible. What so respectable as pork, biscuit, tea, tobacco, and—above all—moose monfile! Our chaplain speaks of this dish, the immense upper lip and nostrils of the moose, with tremulous joy. Eating of it to repletion is not a sin against the body, and is followed by no 'uneasy heaviness.' 'One of the most toothsome and savoury of all the dishes within the range of the gastronomic art,' 'the crowning dish,' 'the grandest of all dishes,' he terms it, with an enthusiasm like that of Burns over the haggis. Who would not hunt and sup with such a Lucullus! It is pleasant to camp out with him, to hunt moose and see something of the trapper's life. In the meantime we must close our brief review with an extract describ-

ing the process of winter camp-making by the Indians, which gives a good idea of the author's lively, realistic style:—

'Old Seymo took the large axe and looked round for the proper trees to fell for fuel.

'Nick, with the small axe, went to a large cedar and cut from its side a slab about five feet long. "What in the world is he going to do with that?" I said to myself. But in a few minutes he had fashioned it into a most serviceable snow-shovel, and coming near to the spot where I was lying he began to dig into the snow, and send it flying in all directions. I soon began to understand what he was at. He was digging an immense grave at the bottom of which we were to sleep that night. It was about ten feet long and six feet wide, and as he dug down to the ground the walls on every side were about five feet high, which was the average depth of the snow at that time.

'The boy, in the meantime, was breaking off the soft tops and boughs of the cedar and young hemlocks, and carrying them in immense armfuls to the side of the excavation.

'The three so timed their work that in about an hour each one had finished his task.

'An immense pile of capital firewood lay ready at hand on the snow; and while Seymo was splitting the larger logs, Nick, by the aid of great rolls of birch bark, was building a grand fire at the bottom and end of our sepulchral-looking sleeping-place; and the boy was strewing the ground over a foot deep with the boughs and tops. The blankets were then thrown in, and spread over these, making a soft and comfortable bed.

'The sun was now long set, and the shadows of the great night were coming down upon us, but we were fairly housed, and cared not for darkness and cold.

'The fire sparkled and roared at our feet. A wall of snow rose more than four feet high on every side, and the boughs beneath exhaled a fragrant and balmy odour."

Let us leave him there, sleeping comfortably, with the thermometer fully twenty degrees below zero. Whoso desires to be assured that he awaked and shot his first moose, let him invest fifty cents in 'Three Months among the Moose.'

G. M. G.