

THE VOYAGEUR. By the author of the "Habitant." *New York & London. J. P. Putman's Sons.*

It is very easy to endorse all that the English and United States reviews are saying about our Dr. Henry Drummond. A new book from him is, indeed, "a literary event" and more, it is an unfeigned delight to thousands; for us here in Canada, who know just which shoulder to shrug, just how high to arch the brows and just how to use both hands as helps to speech, we are more than glad to enter with our clever, sympathetic, good humoured Doctor into these close relations with the genuine French Canadian out of the higher schools as the kindhearted poet has done. This volume named from the initial poem, takes us into the more intimate life of the people, the tragedies and comedies of the quaint little homes that must, alas, in due time give way to the so-called improvements! Meantime, these homely chronicles will live to show what has been lost and gained as the years go by. This particular volume has deep sociological value, and all of us, who are appalled at the blackest evil of our time, must read easily between the lines of these simple pictures of domestic life how great is the disaster awaiting the people, for whom the home has lost its sacred significance. How exquisite, for instance, is the picture of the joy in the humble cottage of the glad father, who knows why—"M'sieu Robin wissle low."

W'en we see de baby lyin dere upon de bed

Lak little son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—

Wit de sunshine and de shadder makin ring aroun' hees head."—

Who that knows ought of the brave Canadian parents can be slow to believe that this father should make a small comparison when he declares that if:—he "sole his ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash, or win de beeg'cs' prize on lotterie," or if some friend should bequeath him "fines house on St. Eustache" he could not be happier than at the advent of his "petit Dieudonné" who, he is sure, "will waken up some day an be as bad as little boy Bateese." Then see in "the family Laramic"—why so many of our sturdy people take to the water.

"Look at ba-bee on de little blue chair, w'at youtink he's tryin' to do?

Wit' pole on de han' lak lumberman, a shovin' along canoe.

Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove, w'ere its passin' de chimley stone,

But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset. So long he was lef' alone."—