

*Poems of the Heart and Home.* By MRS. J. C. YULE. Toronto: Bengough & Co., 1881.

This volume affords another illustration of what Mr. Bourinot has said in his work on 'Canadian Intellectual Development' as to the proof of increasing culture, shewn by the frequent appearance of original works, marked by evident literary taste, from the pens of Canadian authors. The work before us is unambitious; but it bears the impress of a sweet and gentle nature, whose music is mostly in a minor key, and is at its best when simplest. The first lyric 'Yes, the weary earth shall brighten,' is what modern religious poetry rarely is, *unconscious*, and free from the falsetto notes of pietistic affectation. The lyrics treating on domestic subjects are to our mind the most natural and, therefore, the best. There is not much of the offensive adulation of great personages, in this volume, and what there is may be atoned for by a poem of so true a ring as the lines on Abraham Lincoln.

The religious poetry is addressed to a special class and is hardly to be judged by the canons of ordinary literary taste as are also the Prohibitionist verses. Of the former we prefer 'Sabbath Memories,' which has the advantage of a colouring of warm human feeling which gives life to the theology. But why will a lady gifted with true poetic feeling, insist on choosing hopelessly unpoetical subjects? Some of these poems have appeared in our columns, and we are glad to be able to say that this work as a whole entitles Mrs. Yule to a place among those whom Canada may rank as her true poets.

*Three Months among the Moose. A Winter's Tale of the Northern Wilds of Canada.* By A MILITARY CHAPLAIN. Montreal: John Lovell & Son; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Glad to notice every indication of the growth of Canadian literature, we took up this little volume with a prepossession in its favour; but the sparkling descriptions and the dash of the narrative soon showed that the author needed no favour at our hands. He is a delightful *raconteur*, with that spice of interest in himself, and his own thoughts,

adventures and belongings, that is more infectious in print than in real life. It sets the reader at his ease and makes him entertain a kindly fellow-feeling with the narrator. No one who commences the story of this holiday among the piny wildernesses of the Upper Ottawa will stop till he gets to the last page.

The author does not give his name. Having served as a military chaplain, he adopts that title, perhaps to disarm those critics of both sexes who look with suspicion on a clergyman should he be known to shoot, fish, smoke, or carry a flask 'for medicinal purposes.' Denouncing 'hunting parsons' without reservation, they might pardon some irregularities in men connected with the army, navy, or volunteers. Military chaplains could for the nonce be considered only semi-reverend. Not that our Nimrod has escaped scot-free, even on this ground. On his return from hunting the moose, he informs us that some of his clerical friends gave him but lukewarm greetings, and looked at his restored health as if dubious whether it were not a sign of the divine displeasure. 'They were not quite sure as to the orthodoxy of my late proceedings. One, in particular, railed at me in good set terms, for what he was pleased to call "the impropriety and scandalousness of leading such a life as I had been doing for the last three months; that I might have been much better employed than in roaming the forest, sleeping out in the snows, associating with Indians and other wild men," and much more to the same effect.' Having given the one point of view, we must give the other. The chaplain, instead of defending his conduct, simply carries the war into Africa:—'With my usual meekness, I said nothing, but like the Irishman's parrot, I thought all the more, and my thoughts ran somewhat in this wise: "My good brother, if you would only go and do as I have done, you would be a much better preacher than you are; and not only a healthier man but also a truer Christian. It would tend greatly towards cleansing out the atrabilliousness both of your body and mind, and give you broader, kindlier, and sounder views of your fellow-men, and of your duty both to God and the Church."—Between such disputants we do not pretend to interfere, especially as there seems to be a flavour of self-righteousness on both sides.