



"The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F.G.S.Q., in Eastern Latitudes," to which reference has already been made in our columns, will be welcomed by the large circle of Mr. LeMoine's grateful admirers. It is a worthy addition to his valuable series of works on the annals, traditions, scenery and natural history of our own land. The task which Mr. LeMoine undertook in the prime of his years was one for which he was peculiarly fitted by knowledge, tastes, sympathies and associations. What that task was he tells us himself very simply and modestly in the introduction to the present volume. "Thirty years ago," he writes, "in accordance with a plan conceived at a gathering of friends, I undertook what then was to me, and what has been ever since, a labour of love: placing in a light form, before a candid public, the brightest, as well as the darkest, pages in Canadian annals, with their various accompaniments. Thus originated the four series of volumes known under the emblematic title of 'Maple Leaves.' The favour with which my first effusions were received led me to delve deeper in the mine of Canadian history—musty old letters, illegible manuscripts accumulated on my library shelves. There, indeed, I found ample occupation for many long but pleasant winter evenings, forgetting the hours whilst the northern blast was howling amidst my leafless oaks and old pines. Indulgent readers have followed me through the unfrequented paths of Canadian history, archaeology, legends, varied by short sketches on Canadian scenery, flowers, birds, fishes, etc. I now lay before them, with all its shortcomings, a familiar itinerary of travel by sea and land, covering a score of years, over the most picturesque portion of the province, to complete the chain of works originally projected. May it meet with the same cordial support extended to its predecessors."

We have no hesitation in saying that it will. Whatever Mr. LeMoine chooses to give us from his rich store of knowledge, whether gathered from books or manuscripts or personal experience, is sure to be accepted thankfully.

It is only in a portion of the book that the antiquary of Spencer Grange masquerades in the garb of whimsical, irritable, kindly old Monkbarns—a tribute of reverence to an author from whom he caught a share of his own inspiration, and to whom he was early drawn no less by his Scottish blood than by similarity of tastes—for once we are fairly on the road our familiar mentor of the "Maple Leaves" is himself again, though later on he dons his domino. He takes us by easy stages from point to point of interest from Quebec to Montmorenci, to Jacques Cartier, to Portneuf, to Deschambault, to Megantic, through Beauce, to the Magdalen Islands, to Lake St. John. This is not, indeed, the whole itinerary, but it will suffice to indicate the amplitude of choice that Mr. LeMoine has placed at our disposal. We are at liberty, moreover, to make our starting point where we please, and we may be sure that, whatever place we select, our guide will provide us with pleasant travelling companions. For our own part, we would be quite satisfied to be accompanied by himself alone. But "the more merrier," and certainly there is ample variety to select from. Here we meet with Guillaume Couture, first settler in Point Levis, with sturdy LeMoine and his valiant sons, with Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, with the Premier Seigneur of New France, Surgeon Robert Giffard, with the "brave old Lord de Frontenac," with de Vaudreuil and de la Galissonnière, noble mind in puny frame, with that zealous naturalist, the friend of Linnæus, Swedish Kalm, with that genial prince, the Duke of Kent, memories of whom still linger in stately old Canadian homes, with governors and intendants, ecclesiastics and laymen, men of war and men of peace, men of science and men of letters, with grandes dames and chivalrous gentlemen of a past régime, with the tourist, the sportsman, the journalist, and last but not least important of these *dramatis personæ*, with the habitant, clad in *stoffe du pays*, pious, contented and courteous, and as yet unsophisticated through intercourse with the *Canadien errant*—not Gerin-Lajoie's patriotic exile, but a later and less romantic type.

Apart from its wealth of historical and antiquarian lore, the volume will be found a trustworthy guide-book to some of the most interesting localities on the Lower St. Lawrence and its tributaries. Sportsmen—anglers especially—will find much to satisfy them. The chapter on "Our Salmon and Salmon-Trout Rivers" is a medley of solid facts and pleasant gossip—the former taken mostly from the author's little treatise, "Les Pêcheries du Canada," first published in 1863. Some of the personal adventures described are quite recent. The ascent to the Falls of Mistassini, for instance, was made on the 17th of May last. In the Cruise of the *Hirondelle* (1886), Mr. LeMoine once more dons his disguise, but there Jonathan Oldbuck is not the only masquerader.

We had marked several passages for reproduction, but must take another opportunity of placing them before our readers. Meanwhile, we would advise them to add these "Explorations" to their libraries. Mr. LeMoine dedicates the volume to Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr., of New York, who is soon, we learn, to return for permanent residence to the vicinity of his native Quebec. His portrait, in the costume of the Oritanis, with which our readers are familiar, is one of the attractions of the book. (Quebec: L. J. Demers et Frère.)

Among the Canadian poets represented in Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion" is the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, of New York. Like many of our singers, Mr. Eaton is a native of the Maritime Provinces, and the title of the tasteful little volume, just published by Messrs. White and Allen, of New York and London, shows that, in crossing the border, he has not forgotten the land of his birth. "Acadian Legends and Lyrics" will not lack the praise that is due to poetic gift well used. In the first of his sonnets, Mr. Eaton reveals his consciousness of that high gift and of the purpose for which it was given:—

O restless poet-soul that know'st no bounds,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee;
Thou livest in a land of melody,
For thee earth has no common sights or sounds.

With wool the people bid thee stuff thine ears:
"Be satisfied," they cry, "with what we teach";
Then laugh and say: "What is it that he hears?
Song is but song, truth loves staid forms of speech."

But thou, with music melting thee to tears,
Bring'st nobler strains through their fond, fragile creeds,
Like one who pipes sweet songs on simple reeds;
And thou art deaf to all their frets and fears.

Sing then thy strains, however poor they be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

In the following sonnet the author records his first clear apprehension of the manifold significance of another gift, innate like its companion, but, like it, needing development:

Love, love, sweet love, what gift is thine to show
The longing soul life's inmost depths, what power
To make the hidden currents seen that flow
From root to root, from stem to leaf and flower.

O, I am now more human with my kind,
More reverent; no longer in the sod,
The home of souls, man's final rest I find,
For my dim eyes behold his source, the God,

Of whom no sage on earth, no saint above
Can say a greater thing than He is love.

In "Deepening the Channel," Mr. Eaton couples with love another teacher:

We fret and foam, as if our surface tide
Was fathoms deep and never knew the truth,
Till love's slow srow through the water ride,
And grate its keel upon the sands of youth.

Like Mr. Scott, Mr. Eaton evidently counts himself in the constantly increasing "prophetarum laudabilis numerus" of the Broad Church, with, however, a distinct upward tendency. To this twofold catholicity the sonnets "A Dream of Christ," "If Christ were here," and "The Virgin's Shrine" bear witness. The sonnet to "Matthew Arnold" does justice alike to philosopher and to poet.

But, our readers may ask, where are the "Acadian Legends and Lyrics"? Well, they are not far off. We began with the sonnets to show that Mr. Eaton does not base his claim to the name of poet on mere appeals to our patriotic sympathies. Many of the lyrics, indeed, bear the same unmistakable mark of election, the same thoughtfulness, the same "obstinate questionings," the same conviction that, though any "cheap philosophy" of complacent optimism will satisfy no earnest truth-seeker, still "the true God is not dead," and it is still permissible to "hope for the best and pray and pray." There are many of these "Lyrics" that we would gladly quote for their thought, their sentiment and their music. Just now, however, we have room for one piece only, and we select

NOT IN VAIN.

No matter how relentlessly
The storm sweeps o'er the night,
Life is not lived in vain if we
But anchor to the right.
Life is not lived in vain, although
Our fairest hopes decay,
And ere we die the lichens grow
Over their ruins gray.

Life is not lived in vain if we,
Amidst the winter gloom,
May clothe one barren, leafless tree
With fragrant summer bloom.
If we may call the stars again
Into some darkened sky,
It cannot be that life is vain
Although its dreams go by.

For He whose life was most divine
Had only this success:
To cause a few hope-rays to shine
Amidst earth's hopelessness.

In addition to the two fine poems in Mr. Lighthall's collection, "L'Île Sainte Croix" and "The Resettlement of Acadia," the "Legends" comprise eight pieces bearing on pre-European times, on the French régime and on the modern period. Some of these we hope to give in full in a later issue. Meanwhile our readers, to whom we cordially recommend the book, must be satisfied with a few stanzas from "L'Ordre de Bon Temps":

* * * * *

And as the old French clock rang out,
With echoes musical,
Twelve silvery strokes, the hour of noon,
Through the pine-scented hall,

The Master of the Order came
To serve each hungry guest,
A napkin o'er his shoulder thrown,
And, flashing on his breast,

A collar decked with diamonds,
Fair pearls, turquoises blue;
While close behind, in warrior dress,
Walked old Chief Membertou.

Then wine went round and friends were pledged,
With gracious courtesy,
And ne'er was heard one longing word
For France beyond the sea.

O days of bold adventure past,
O gay adventurous men,
Your "Order of Good Time," I think,
Shall ne'er be seen again.



APPLE PRESERVES.—Make a syrup of three quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of apples, add a sliced lemon, put the apples in and boil until tender; place in a jar; boil the syrup thick and pour over.

A SEASONABLE RECEIPT.—Those living in a locality in which mosquitoes are troublesome may make a trial of the following receipt for expelling these pests from the house:—Take a piece of gum camphor, in size about the third of a hen's egg, and slowly evaporate it by holding it in a shovel or tin vessel over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and it is said that they will not return even though the windows should be left open all night.

FRUIT EATING AND HEALTH.—In cases where a tendency to constipation and torpid digestive action exists, the value of fruit cannot be over-estimated. If persons of such a habit of body would try the plan of eating fruit to breakfast in place of taking the time-honoured but (for them) absurd meal of tea or coffee, bacon and egg, and so forth, and of adding cooked fruit to dinner as a "sweet," we should hear less of the digestive troubles which render many lives miserable. This, indeed, seems to me a dietetic use of fruit which excels in value all its other virtues. The substitution of fruits—apples, oranges, prunes, and so forth—for much of the food usually eaten by persons suffering from digestive torpor, would work a wonderful and satisfying change in respect to their health, and save much useless and pernicious drugging by aperients, which only increase the mischief they are erroneously supposed and trusted to cure.—*Health.*

All good housekeepers are now busy getting ready for the coming of our long winter, which taxes the ingenuity of the Canadian house-wife to provide enough delicacies for her family without having to resort to the tin-canned fruit from the grocery. The old-fashioned way of making preserves pound to pound is fast disappearing, for who does not prefer the delicious bottled fruit? Of course a certain stock of the former must be kept on hand, as it is useful for tarts, sandwiches, etc. When buying your fruit for bottling see that it is of the best quality, and do not be tempted to take any other. Have your jars all ready: rinse them carefully, so as to remove any musty taste that may be in them. The following way of bottling, which no doubt some of our readers will try, is taken from "Good Housekeeping": Fill your jars up to the brim with the fruit, putting in the sugar at intervals, then place an iron kettle over the fire, filling it with warm water (using warm water simply to expedite matters); place the jars in a steamer, set it over the kettle, and let them steam for about twenty minutes. Test them with a broom splint, and, if found soft and the sugar melted, they are done. Steam a small quantity of fruit and sugar in a bowl at the same time and out of it fill up the jars, as there is always a certain amount of shrinking of the fruit in cooking. When each jar is brim full, put a silver fork in around the edges to let out all the little air bubbles. Next cut a round out of white sheet wadding to exactly fit the top of the jar, then the rubber, the usual glass cover and screw the whole down quickly when as hot as possible. The sweetening has nothing to do with the keeping of the fruit; it is the cooking and sealing up with the cotton wadding through which germs of fermentations cannot pass that does that. Too much sugar spoils the fresh flavour of the fruit. For the sweeter fruits three quarters of a tea cup of granulated sugar for a pint jar (or less if you like), but currants, plums and strawberries take fully that or a cupful. Each one has her own way of bottling, but this above seems worthy of a trial. A word in favour of doing peaches whole: they not only look pretty and dainty on the table, but the rich flavour of the stone is quite perceptible.