

portrait, a man adequate to the work he had to do. Or, Marie Hébert, who declares her intention of remaining in the New World, and becomes a mother of New France—does she not look the part in Jefferys' justly famous picture? And so on one may go, from first days to the present, the artist has contrived to keep the prevailing note one of robust courage and heroism.

Dr. Jefferys not only has a keen eye for the heroic, but a fine sense of drama. He infallibly selects the great moment, and with an unflinching sense of style never falters in recreating the supreme dramatic moment: LaVérendrye in sight of the Shining Mountains, Mackenzie gazing upon the western sea, LaSalle alone and in the rain striding over the height of land, and so on. It is significant that he chose as a title for one of his books *Dramatic Episodes in Canada's History*. A reviewer once spoke of his "natural capacity for direct emotional statement." Whatever the situation—ironical, heroic, humorous, or the commonplace—the moment chosen is the moment above all others that is significant or typical and should be remembered.

C. W. Jefferys belongs in that small and select company which includes Arthur Doughty, C. T. Currelly, William Wood, J. C. Webster and P. G. Roy. No Canadians have done so much to preserve the records of our own past, or have continued so long and with such utter devotion. Jefferys, too, is not only historian but antiquarian and archaeologist, preserving in the drawings which appear in these three books, and in a vast collection of unpublished notes, records and minute details of buildings, tools, household utensils, farm implements, canoes, carriages, dress, weapons and so on, which even today are scarcely a memory. Whatever records we have of many of these are to be found in these pages, and they are correct in every detail. Jefferys would continue the hunt for years to verify a musket lock or a shoe buckle. He insisted on going over battlefields himself, tracing the ruins at Louisbourg or Fort Ste. Marie on the spot, returning to old grist mills to check the machinery again, searching farm house attics for old lanterns, cradles, or carriage lamps. When he draws snowshoes they are correct for time and place and the user, whether Indian or white man. The same is true of canoes, the dove-tailing of log buildings, and even wheels for cart, wagon or carriage, in all their variety. It was right and proper, there-