

Who breaks his brief letters so tremulously,
 And reads them again and again.
 I'd drink to the feeble old mother, who sits
 By the warm fireside of her son ;
 And murmurs and weeps o'er the stocking she knits,
 As she thinks of the wandering one.

And I'd drink a long life, to our Island friends
 Who have met him with smiles and with cheer ;
 To the generous hand which the merchant extends
 To the wayfarer journeying here.
 And when he is done with his earthly abode,
 And has paid the last fare that he can,
 Mine host of the inn at our " Travellers Rest"
 Will welcome the travelling man.

W. S. L.



Lords of The North is emphatically one of the books that should be read. It tells of the old days of the rivalry between the Hudson Bay Company's men and the trappers of the North-West Company—and a thrilling narrative is so woven into the history of that time that double pleasure is realized. In those days men "left the fear of death behind them" when they went on their voyages through the lakes of and rivers of the great North-west, and exciting adventure falls liberally to the lot of the hero of the tale, which is good from beginning to end. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

Winston Churchill has given us another good book in *The Crisis*, in which he has strongly drawn a cast of characters who each retain an individuality that is rarely the case in modern fiction. It is redolent of the grace and tenderness of the love story rendered so famous in *Richard Carvel*, and to say that this later book is worthy of a place beside the former one is sufficient praise. Published by the Copp, Clarke Co., Toronto.



When we read, occasionally, of the curious effects that result from printers' and proofreaders' mistakes we are tempted to think the stories somewhat far-fetched. But to show how simply an error may occur we instance a blunder made in our last issue, in the contribution by E. L. M. on Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago. The writer is made to say that a Judge sentenced a culprit to be hanged and *burned*. The proper rendering is *buried*, and we regret that we should be the means of conveying the idea that such a barbarous sentence was ever pronounced on this Island.