

increasing pile of books on subjects, particularly pleasing to the native Canadian. For eighteen years and more Mr. LeMoine has devoted his time and energy to the study of our early history, and from 1862 he has regularly given his fellow-countrymen the benefit of his labour.

The early days of Canada were marked by a web of romance, as delightful in its way, as the legendary things which obtain in old European countries and some places in the distant Orient. Mr. Le. Moine's soul is full of romance. He naturally loves the picturesque and the beautiful. He has an eye for the poetic and a mind overcharged with the things in which a historian takes delight. He is a liberal Frenchman, confined by no narrow prejudices, and a man disposed to give and take opinions. He does not adopt the sober style of Hallam but rather inclines to the eloquent and highly coloured manner of Macaulay. His books are full of stories of early Canadian life and character, and while his *facts* may be relied on as indisputable, he frequently enlivens a page now and then with some charming Indian tale, which he is careful to tell us in the context, is a purely imaginative sketch, and is only added to his work because it is interesting and likely to prove attractive to some. He reminds us of Thackeray, sometimes, by the half confidential way in which he forgets the *rôle* he is performing, and comes down for a pleasant ten minutes' chat with his reader. It is in these places that he relates some quaint legend of life on the Canadian border during the time of Frontenac, the Intendant Bigot or the great Bishop Laval. His industrious research has brought him in contact with thousands of old books and musty manuscripts, and he has made splendid use of his opportunities. He writes fluently French and English,

and has given us nine books in the latter tongue and six in the former, besides furnishing the magazines and literary papers of Canada with a goodly supply of articles. His English books are tintured by the flavour of his mother tongue, and this rather adds a certain piquancy which makes them all the more delightful reading. Perhaps Mr. LeMoine is better known among literary men by his excellent series of Canadian annals, entitled "*Maple Leaves*," of which three volumes have already appeared, and a fourth, doubtless, would be warmly welcomed.

Chronicles of the St. Lawrence is a rather ambitious work. It is a sequel to "*Maple Leaves*," "*Quebec; Past and Present*," and an English companion to the "*Canadian Album*." It is really a very agreeable guide for the tourist who contemplates making a trip through some of the more striking parts of the Dominion. It is full of gossiping anecdote, traditionary lore, light legends, glimpses of travel and observation, and here and there a bit of historic description and fact. It is written in a happy narrative style, light, sketchy and bright. It is divided into two parts. The first is devoted to the round trip which Mr. Le Moine made a short time ago, and the details of that journey are given with great originality and a certain naturalness of description which are eminently enjoyable.

The traveller-historian in this volume confers a boon on the tourist. He tells us what to see along the journey, how to see it, and where to go. Every stopping place is described with a loving hand, and the amiable character of the inhabitants pointed out and their frugality commended. The voyageur who has a taste for things possessing an ancient smell, will be especially enraptured with the account of the oldest country curé in Canada, and the curious legends which figure in almost every chapter. The visits to the cities, notably those of the