

"The Voyageur and Other Poems." By William Henry Drummond, M.D., author of "The Habitant," etc. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-142. Price, \$1.25.

Canada is certainly coming to her own. In the short space of one week the four best volumes of poems published for many a year came from the pens of Canadian writers. Two of these we reviewed last month—those of Miss Crawford and Wilfred Campbell. Those of Bliss Carman and Dr. Drummond we notice in this number. Dr. Drummond has interpreted with remarkable insight and sympathy the Canadian habitant to the world. He catches his light insouciance; his gaiety, his humor, his simple piety, his love of country, are all presented in these pages. The voyageur, that heroic object in the history of Canada and development of the great North-West, is a vanishing figure. Yet he was the pathfinder of empire, the pioneer of civilization over those vast spaces. The love of wife and child of the habitant is one of his strongest characteristics. This is seen in the pretty little poem which we quote:

"DIEUDONNÉ. (GOD-GIVEN.)

"If I sole ma ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash,

Or win de beeges' prize on lotterie,
If some good frien' die an' lef' me fives' house
on St. Eustache,

You t'ink I feel more happy dan I be?

"No, sir! An' I can tole you, if you never know before,

W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss.
W'y de robin stop hees singin' an' come
peekin' t'roo de door

For learn about de nice t'ing's come to us—

"An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed

Lak leetle Son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—

Wit' de sunshine an' de shadder makin' ring
aroun' hees head,

No wonder M'sieu Robin wissle low.

"An' we can't help feelin' glad too, so we call heem Dieudonné;

An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he's chrissen by de pries';

All de sam' I bet you dollar he'll waken up
some day

An' be as bad as leetle boy Bateosc."

A stirring strain o' patriotism runs

through these verses, which are not all in dialect.

"Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright
And they'll find us like a wall—
For we are Canadian, Canadian for ever,
Canadian for ever—Canadian over all!"

The book is a gem in printing and illustration.

"The Prairie and the Sea." By William A. Quayle. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Small 4to. Price, \$2.00 net.

Dr. Quayle is a poet and a painter, an artist in words, a high priest of the beautiful and the sublime, an interpreter of nature akin to Wordsworth and Ruskin. One must be an impassioned lover of the pathless woods, the boundless prairie, and the sounding shore before he can make another love them. Dr. Quayle wields this spell of power. We felt this years ago as we wandered with him in happy summer days on the shores of mountain-girdled Tahoe, one of the highest lakes in the world, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. He poured from the rich treasures of his soul thoughts that breathe and words that burn; he quoted Browning and his brother bards in illustration of his high philosophy; he looked from nature up to nature's God. We are glad to have in this sumptuous volume the record of his thoughts and impressions of the myriad moods of the prairie, the mountains, the sea. The publishers have made this book a very edition de luxe. It has two hundred half-tones of the most beautiful nature studies we have seen—trees and flowers and grasses, birds and nests, forest paths and lonely meres, the mountains of God, and the awful, pitiless sea.

"The Reconstruction of Religious Belief."
By W. H. Mallock. Harpers. 1905.

In this large and handsome volume Mr. Mallock, with his usual felicity of exposition, presents us with an interesting and valuable contribution to theistic apologetics. He writes for men entangled in the meshes of materialistic science. He writes as one convinced that on their own ground the materialistic scientists are successful as against the theologians (against whom he delights to fling a frequent jibe) and the philosophers. But