

and "The Deserted City," the fine idealization of an old barn and Indian summer.

The tragic pathos of the longer poem "The Tide on Tantramar" will touch every heart. In the following, entitled "Severance," the strange, weird spell of the sea is felt in every line :

The tide falls and the night falls,
And the wind blows in from the sea,
And the bell on the bar it calls and calls,
And the wild hawk cries from his tree.

The late crane calls to his fellows gone
In long flight over the sea,
And my heart with the crane flies on
and on,
Seeking its rest and thee.

O love, the tide returns to the strand,
And the crane flies back oversea,
But he brings not my heart from his far-
off land,
For he brings not thee to me.

In lighter vein is the "Wood-Frolic" in which the very ring and swing of the axe are heard in the resounding lines—

So still the air and chill the air the branches
seemed asleep,
But we broke their ancient visions as the
axe bit deep.
*Oh, the frost is on the forest, and the snow
piles high !*

And here and there, with solemn roar,
some hoary tree came down,
And we heard the rolling of the years in
the thunder of its crown.
*Oh, merry swing the axes, and the bright
chips fly !*

The fine characterization of Canadian streams in a patriotic poem on that subject should insure it a frequent reading in our Canadian schools. The gem of the volume, however, is the fine ode for the centenary of Shelley's birth. It seems difficult to associate the tranquil marshes of Tantramar with the fiery heart and restless pulses of the passionate poet, yet this Prof. Roberts has successfully done in the following lines :

And now, O tranquil marshes, in your
vast
Serenity of vision and of dream.
Wherethrough by every intricate vein
have passed
With joy impetuous and pain supreme
The sharp fierce tides that chafe the
shores of earth
In endless and controlless ebb and flow,

Strangely akin ye seem to him whose birth
One hundred years ago
With fiery succour to the ranks of song
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and
wrong.

O heart of fire, that fire might not con-
sume.

Forever glad the world because of thee ;
Because of thee forever eyes illumine
A more enchanted earth, a lovelier sea !
O poignant voice of the desire of life,
Piercing our lethargy, because thy call
Aroused our spirits to a nobler strife
Where base and sordid fall.
Forever past the conflict and the pain,
More clearly beams the goal we shall
attain !

The book is issued in beautiful form by our Publishing House, and we bespeak for it a hearty reception by a widening circle of Canadian readers.

The Prince of India ; or, Why Constantinople Fell. By LEW WALLACE, author of "Ben Hur," "The Boyhood of Christ," etc. Toronto : William Briggs. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Two vols. Pp. 502 and 578. Price \$2.50 in case. Second Canadian edition.

General Wallace's "Ben Hur" is one of the most successful works of imagination of recent times. It has been translated into many modern languages, and has given many thousands of readers a more vivid and definite conception of scenes in the life of our Lord, and of its relations to the secular history of the period than they would ever otherwise have known. The accomplished author has selected for the subject of this story one of the most dramatic episodes in modern history, the capture of Constantinople, and the fall of the Eastern Empire, the greatest, and perhaps the most awful, scene given in the history of mankind, the end of the "world's debate," and the irrepressible conflict between the East and the West, between the Crescent and the Cross, between the fiery Janizaries of Mahomet and the brave, but unfortunate, Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Greek emperors.

The story which Gibbon has told in stately, historic prose, in General Wallace's volumes is instinct with