

## LIBRARY TABLE.

**THE DEVIL, A GENTLEMAN.** By Ralston Follett. New York: Saalfeld & Fitch. 1893. 50c.

This book should never have been written; it is dull, insipid, absurd, a grievous waste of time to the writer, still more so to the reader. Its influence, if it has any, will be mischievous and in no sense instructive or improving.

**THIRD HAND HIGH.** By W. A. Murdock. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1893. 50c.

One cannot understand what reasonable excuse can be offered for the infliction on the public of this grotesque book. The plot, if plot it may be called, is forced and unnatural, the characters are nonsensical, and money comes and goes in its pages with a lavish touch that recalls the genii of the Arabian Nights Entertainment. The author dedicates it to his wife, "who is largely responsible for the appearance of this story." We trust that the good lady's strength is equal to the burden of this really large responsibility.

**WITHIN COLLEGE WALLS.** By Charles Franklin Thwing. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1893. \$1.00.

Perhaps there is no one in the United States who has given more thought to or taken a keener interest in college life and related topics than the learned President of Adelbert College and of Western Reserve University. It will be remembered that Dr. Thwing's first book published now many years ago was on the subject, "American Colleges," and to the enthusiasm with which our author then entered the field of academic discussion he has added the ripe wisdom of many years' experience, observation and thought. This neat little volume of less than 200 pages should find multitudes of readers both within and without college walls. It will correct many erroneous impressions of college aims, life and work; and its mission is both wise and beneficent. "To the true man of alert intellect, pure heart, and strong will, the college represents a new birth and a new life," are the wise concluding words of the author.

**THE CENTURY WORLD'S FAIR BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** By Tudor Jenks. New York: The Century Company. 1893. \$1.50.

The Century Company having through their famous magazine, by illustration and description, so well laid before its adult readers many of the attractions and wonders of the great Chicago Fair have now most fitly addressed themselves in this beautiful and captivating volume to the juvenile world. Just fancy, boys and girls, being taken in charge by the witty and clever Mr. Tudor Jenks, your old friend of the St. Nicholas, and together with Harry Blake, his country cousin Philip, and their tutor Mr. Douglass, being shown the greater part that was worth seeing of that marvel of the present age. Nearly 250 large pages of beautiful print and still more beautiful pictures seem all too few for the purpose. Those boys and girls who were privileged to see the Fair will with pleasure here see it all again, and to those who saw it not this charming book will prove a most welcome gift from gracious Santa Claus.

**ELEMENTARY COURSE OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY:** From the French of Brother Louis, of Poissy. New York: P. O'Shea. 1893.

This is a very remarkable volume, whether we consider what logicians would call its extension or its intention. As regards the former, it may be said to include the whole compass of philosophy. We have logic, deductive and inductive, here, ranged under the heads of dialectics, science and methodology. Then we have ideology, general and special, criteriology, or the motives of certitude; and after that ontology, cosmology, and psychology. Further come natural theology, ethics, econo-

mics, politics; and finally, a sketch of the history of philosophy. The whole is comprised in a volume of less than 600 pages. Some parts are less adequate than others; for example, the notes on the history are very slight; but we cannot think of any one volume in existence which gives so much and gives it so well. It is, of course, a Roman Catholic book; but only a few pages, and those near the end, have any special bearing upon questions of church doctrine and government. The earlier parts are specially excellent. For example, in the first 48 pages, we have really a quite adequate treatise on dialectics or deductive logic. The book will be of value to teachers or students who may use other text books. Its lucidity is beyond all praise, and its arrangement is clear and logical.

**WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS.** By L. Dougall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

There are 445 good sized pages of reading in this novel, so that brevity is not its fault, yet it does not seem long. Miss Dougall, herself a Canadian, has placed the scene of her story in Canada, and notably in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec. The life she describes for the most part is poor, squalid, unlovely. An unfeminine, pessimistic and morbid tone pervades the whole volume. The settler's daughter who escapes in the coffin, out of which she has taken the remains of her father, from the companionship of her father's chum, who becomes a family help and an hotel housekeeper, and finally, out of pity or something akin to it, goes off and marries the sickly chum, is an inscrutable character, suggestive perhaps more of pig-headed obstinacy than of actual stupidity, although the latter element is not wanting in her character. There are Adventists in the Eastern Townships and Miss Dougall dramatically depicts one of their gatherings, but in this, Samantha or Josiah Allen's wife has long forestalled her. The healthier part of the book tells the struggle of two brothers, sons of a successful English butcher, but college bred, for the hand of a young lady of good birth. The younger one, who expressed his intention of carrying on his father's trade, is the happy choice of the discriminating young woman, while the elder, the head of a large school destined to become a rural university, meets his disappointment just as he is about to haul down his borrowed colours, and calmly sit under the ancestral butcher's flag. The names Rexford and Trenholme applied to the lovers are too well known in Montreal to be bandied about in a Canadian novel. That a woman should marry an infirm old man because he says he cannot live without her, and that a man should stick to butchering and be proud of it because his father was a butcher, may be moral actions from a certain standpoint, but their morality is by no means clear to the ordinary observer from an ordinary point of view. Self denial and truthfulness are doubtless the virtues Miss Dougall seeks to illustrate in her book in a somewhat roundabout way. Nevertheless, "What Necessity Knows" is a striking book, original and full of character, which will repay perusal, and for which, as a Canadian story, we, as Canadians, ought to be thankful. It is a pity that, owing to lack of enterprise on the part of our Canadian publishers, Miss Dougall, like so many of our native writers, has been compelled to publish abroad. A Canadian publishing house, with good London and New York connections, would be an immense boon to our national literature.

**THE PRINCE OF INDIA.** By Lew Wallace. Toronto: William Briggs.

General Wallace writes vigorously, has powers of imagination, his descriptions are vivid even to being florid. Still, we doubt whether in this volume he has succeeded in writing a story. Ben-Hur took the readers of Sunday school romances and of railroad literature by storm, it had a species of inspiration. The Prince of India will fall upon an appetite that has received its stimulus and is satiated with the flavour. There was an easy flow in the earlier story, which in the present appears to jerk along as by pressure. Should this criti-

cism be deemed unjust, let the churist race in Ben-Hur be read before the race of the boats on the Bosphorus with the storm in the Prince, and the difference will be felt. Not that the latter is without merit, far from it, but it lacks the spontaneity of the former, as both fall far behind the vivid yet naturally descriptive character which has placed such poems as Marmion or novels as David Copperfield among the classics of the English tongue. Nor has the old legend of the Wandering Jew gained much by the intricate and wavering character woven around it in the person of the Prince, who begins his course in this work by aiming at an universal religious comprehension, and leaves the scene cursing that of the bastard son of Joseph. Indeed, the method of treating legend and character which marks the Prince of India, destroys largely what might be claimed for the book as a historical romance. There is no connection between the Prince and any of the legends which gather around that mythical creation, the Wandering Jew. The historical romance keeps within the bounds of probability or of legend. This can scarcely be said of the main character here. The mysterious visit to Hiram's tomb for the mere purpose of affording means to the heir is far fetched. Some grotto or hidden treasure would have surely sufficed. In Scott's vision of Don Roderick a grand dream of coming events unfolds its panorama. Charlemagne in solemn state, with his mighty sword, awaits the crisis of the Anti-Christ, so

"—Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,  
Taciturn, sombre, sedate and grave;"

but Hiram sits chiefly to supply treasure trove to the Wandering Jew. True, there is Solomon's sword, which does wondrous work, but the treasure is the great demand. The frequent repetition by the spoiler of "No one has been here since—" with its ultimate completion italicized, "I came a thousand years," is surely a labored effort to create a sense of mystery. We turn instinctively as we read to the Sultana of the Arabian Nights for a more natural relation of mystery. There are snatches of vivid description, the Meccan pilgrimage, for example, and the character of Irene; still, faults of style meet one constantly. Who would look in a romance for the naïve confession that "as the introduction must be in the way of description, our inability to render the subject adequately in advance" must be declared; nor in dialogue does one expect to hear of the "opposite speaker." There is, without doubt, sufficient merit and fascination in the book to secure readers and a reader will be repaid for the perusal. There is need, however, that its shortcomings should be indicated, and that it should not be held as a model either for imitation or for emulation.

**AMERICAN BIG-GAME HUNTING:** The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editors Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

To the ardent sportsman there is no season of the year more eagerly longed for or heartily welcomed than the fall. When the leaves are brown, the trees bare, and perhaps the early snowflakes have been sifted from winter's cold palm through their leafless branches, the time is ripe to match his skill and woodcraft against the instinct of the fleet-footed deer, or the savage strength of Bruin. Times have changed since Robin Hood, in doublet of Lincoln green, with trusty long bow and cloth yard shaft, stalked the swift red deer in Sherwood Forest. These are the days of the repeater and express rifle, but the hunting spirit survives the flight of time, and year by year impels men to wood and wild to seek health, strength, manly recreation and worthy trophies of the chase. Nature in her wilder, grander forms is the open book of that pioneer of civilization, the big-game hunter. The rugged mountain slope, the distant forest, the remote, unvisited lake, whose silence is broken by the hoarse call of moose or cry of loon, ever lure him away from mart, office, even sanctum, to seek his noble quarry. Within the bounds of Canada big-game abounds. In Nova Scotia and the North are moose, bear and deer. Farther north are the wood buffalo and the musk ox. In the