

must be of books and authors themselves highly esteemed. Their value rests on the fact that, having long been out of print, they are positively unprocurable, except by the rare accident which the book auction occasionally affords. An uncut copy of a first edition or book has extra value, for it bears its own evidence that no book-binder has cut down the margin. It is surprising to see how dingy and apparently worthless some of the rare books are that bring high prices. If you do not know the special charm that is bestowed on the air to the initiated by one of these suspicious volumes, of course you cannot rate it highly. You would give more for a gilt-edged modern book that has just preceded it, and was sold for twenty-five cents. But now the coveted prize is announced, and lo! it goes up to perhaps \$85 or \$100. You must be born a book-fancier to know wherein that value lies. Paper and print and description are powerless to communicate the information.—*Cosmopolitan*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ART OF LIVING. By Samuel Smiles. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is one of the publishers' "Spare Minute Series," and consists of short extracts from the writings of Samuel Smiles, the well-known author of *Self-Help*, *Thrift*, *Character*, and many other popular works. The selections have been very carefully and judiciously made by the editor, Carrie Adelaide Cooke, who has brought within the compass of a handy volume a large collection of maxims, reflections, warnings, suggestions, bits of history, biography, and criticism, choice thoughts on conduct, duty, character, the business of life and how to make life happy and successful. "To live happy," he says, "the exercise of no small degree of art is required. Like poetry and painting the art of living comes chiefly by nature, but all can cultivate and develop it. It can be fostered by parents and teachers, and perfected by self-culture; without intelligence it cannot exist. . . . Happiness consists in little pleasures scattered along the common path of life. It finds delight in the performance of common duties faithfully and honourably fulfilled." It is a book to pick up in spare moments and open at any page.

THE INDIAN'S SIDE OF THE INDIAN QUESTION. By William Barrows, D.D. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

The author of this little book believes that the Indians can be made self-sustaining, self-reliant, useful citizens. The failure of the United States Indian Policy has not been from the want of fair legislation, nor from the qualities of the race which the legislation was intended to benefit, but from the circumstance that "the ends sought by the law have not been desired in those sections of the country where the law must be administered and by the people who must administer it." He favours the Dawes Bill, and hopes for much good from its operation. "It embodies a discovery which has cost the expensive and sad experiments of two centuries, that the Indian must be made and treated as an American citizen." But the law cannot be successful without the watchful and persistent co-operation of the people. "In the regions more intimately affected by the Indian question there is need of introducing a civil, social, and moral constabulary—a picket-line of principles and of sentiments which will constrain a superior neighbour to be a good one to an inferior neighbour." The author's review of the whole history of Indian management shows that the Indian's white neighbour is not a friendly neighbour; that "more people than is generally supposed are willing that the Indian should perish utterly," and that, in the minds of very many who do not give it utterance, the conviction is unshaken that "the good Indian is the dead Indian." Therefore, to make any law for the amelioration of the Indian's condition effective, the frontiersmen must be kept a check. "Whenever a tribe adopts the Dawes Bill and resolves itself into a community of incipient American citizens, Indian friends should be ready at once to surround those Indians with a social police, and to throw over their new homes and hopes a net-work of protective influences fully up to the intent and tone of the bill." We have an Indian question in Canada, and this little book is worthy of perusal by thoughtful Canadians.

A MEMOIR OF FLEEMING JENKIN. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Standard Publishing Company.

This memoir is written with so much of Mr. Stevenson's *verve* and sparkle and clear-cut characterization that it has to a very great extent the peculiar charm which makes this author's novels so attractive. Since great poets are invariably excellent prose writers, it seems quite natural that a good novelist should be a good writer of biography. There is certainly something in this story of Fleeming Jenkin one does not frequently find in biographies. The hero's family history for several generations is briefly and skilfully sketched; and heredity to some extent, but not altogether, accounts for the powers, special aptitudes, and personal peculiarities of character he displayed. His parents were as different from each other in appearance, character, and disposition as could well be conceived. "The Kentish-Welsh family, facile, extravagant, generous to a fault, and far from brilliant, had given the father an extreme example of its humbler virtues. On the other side, the wild, cruel, proud, and somewhat black-guard Scotch Campbell Jacksons had put forth, in the person of the mother, all its force and courage." Charles Jenkin, the father, was a captain in the Navy, and "one of the finest creatures breathing; loyalty, devotion, simple natural piety, boyish cheerfulness, tender and manly sentiment, in the old sailor-fashion, were in him inherent and inextinguishable

either by age, suffering, or injustice." He was not, sailor-like, rough, impetuous, boisterous, but had many of the fine, gentle, chivalric qualities of Colonel Newcombe. The mother was Henrietta Camilla Jackson, the daughter of a West Indian magnate, Robert Jackson, Custos Rotulorum of Kingston, Jamaica, and granddaughter of a Greenock merchant, who had "pride enough himself, and taught enough pride to his family, for any station or descent in Christendom." Mrs. Jenkin was a woman of parts and courage. She was not beautiful, but had the art of seeming so. She drew with unusual skill. Her musical accomplishments were "something beyond the talent of an amateur." "Her talents, however, were not so remarkable as her fortitude and strength of will." She had no aptitude for literature, but when, compelled by necessity she wrote novels with a fair measure of success. She wrote them for money, and they were popular enough to bring her money. When past middle life she lost her voice. She immediately set herself to learn the piano, and soon "attained such proficiency that her collaboration in chamber music was courted by professionals." When quite an old woman she began the study of Hebrew. "Kind as she was to her son, she was scarce the woman to adorn a home; loving as she did to shine; careless as she was of domestic, studious of public graces. She probably rejoiced to see her boy grow up somewhat of the image of herself, generous, excessive, enthusiastic, external; catching at ideas, brandishing them when caught; fiery for the right, but always fiery; ready at fifteen to correct a consul, ready at fifty to explain his own art to any artist." While Fleeming was yet a child the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies reduced the family's income to the mere half-pay of a captain in the navy. Residence on the Continent became necessary from reasons of economy and for the prosecution of the son's education. He studied at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Paris, where he witnessed many scenes in the Revolution of 1848, and in Italy, where he also saw some political disturbances, and where he obtained his degree of Master of Arts from the University of Genoa. Returning to England in 1853 with a good but not a thorough education, and with a strong taste for art and for mechanics, he apprenticed himself to a Manchester house to learn mechanical engineering. To him no work was without interest. He did not feel the drudgery of the shops. Any thing done well delighted and inspired him; and, on the other hand, "a nail ill-driven, a joint ill-fitted, a tracing clumsily done, any thing to which a man had set his hand and not set it aptly, moved him to shame and anger." He felt an inexhaustible interest in the machinery among which he laboured; "in which iron, water, and fire are made to serve as slaves, now with a tread more powerful than an elephant's, and now with a touch more precise and dainty than a pianist's. To him the struggle of the engineer against brute forces and with inert allies was nobly poetic." After, when engaged in what was for a time his chief occupation, marine telegraphy—laying ocean cables—he wrote to his wife, "I do like this bloodless, painless combat with wood and iron, forcing the stubborn rascals to do my will, licking the clumsy cubs into an active shape, seeing the child of to-day's thought working to-morrow in full vigour at his appointed task." Ultimately he was elected to the chair of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh, a position which he held until his death, a few years ago, in the fifty-third year of his age. We have not space to dwell on his intellectual qualities, his scientific attainments, his literary labours, or his personal characteristics. The memoir is his portrait. Every page adds an improving touch to the picture. For ten years Mr. Stevenson was Professor Jenkin's intimate friend. He was a student of his class at Edinburgh, and in reading about the eminent engineer and scientist we incidentally learn much about the popular novelist which gives additional interest to an uncommonly interesting biography.

Queries for February has for frontispiece an engraving of the "Two Great Pyramids at the Time of the Inundation." The opening article is a sketch of Frances E. Willard, by Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew. The number contains many choice selections on a multitude of subjects from authors ancient and modern.

THE *Overland Monthly* for February contains an article by Hon. Mr. Justice Gray, of British Columbia, on *Commercial Union*, which will be of special interest to Canadians. Judge Gray's views are strongly adverse to *Commercial Union*. The poetry, fiction, and descriptive articles are quite up to the usual standard of the magazine.

THE *Presbyterian Year-Book* for the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, edited by Rev. George Simpson, and published by the Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company (C. Blackett Robinson), Toronto, has just appeared. It is neatly printed and contains a large amount of useful information, carefully compiled and conveniently arranged, respecting the Presbyterian Church in Canada and Newfoundland.

THE Trinity College paper has dropped its old name *Rouge et Noir*, and now appears with the title *Trinity University Review*. In no other respect is there any noticeable change. The old name "was for obvious reasons a perpetual obstacle in getting new advertisements." We trust that under the new name the paper will prove as successful from a business point of view as it is excellent in other respects.

Outing for February has *A Bout with Broad Swords*, by Eugene van Schaick; *A Cruise of the Rebie*, by Thomas Dean; *A Wallaby Drive in Australia*, by Allen Irwin; *Big Game Hunting in the West*, by General Marcy; *Around the World on a Bicycle*, by Thomas Stevens; *Yellow Fever on Shipboard*, by Captain Coffin; *Sleeping at Midnight*, by Charles E. Clay; *The Romance of a Dead Letter*, by Frank D. Sherman, and *Buffalo Hunting on the Texas Plains*, by G. O. Shields. Of these, more than half the number are illustrated.