

Perhaps, as Mr. Gladstone appears to think, the schoolmaster is a much worse man than the author supposed him to be, but "Tib" is a new and beautiful and noble addition to the striking characters that live and move in the fiction of our century. It is difficult to convey a true idea of the peculiar flavor of this story. It may not be altogether satisfactory to those who love the sensational novel, but will appeal strongly to those who appreciate Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

*A Merchant Prince: Life of the Hon. Senator John Macdonald.* By REV. HUGH JOHNSON, D.D. Crown Size, 321 pp. Cloth. Toronto: William Briggs.

To become a millionaire through the ordinary ways of commerce, is not very difficult to any man of fair talent, courage, common sense, and perseverance, provided he is determined, above all things, to win wealth, and has the requisite amount of selfishness and carefully exercised unscrupulousness. But to make a million, and to make it in a way that is strictly and scrupulously honest, not merely in the conventional sense that obtains in society, but in the deeper sense approved by a sensitive and enlightened conscience, requires great ability. It is, therefore, with pleasure that the public will receive the biography just issued by the publishing house of William Briggs, of the late Senator Macdonald—a man whose conscientious public career and benevolence were not less well known in Canada than the remarkable success achieved by him in business. The volume is well printed and beautifully bound. The author has had abundant opportunity, from personal acquaintance and otherwise, of forming an accurate opinion of the life of the subject of his memoir. He has used his material well, and presented in a concise yet comprehensive way very much of interest in regard to the personal characteristics, the home and public life, and the business principles and methods which contributed to the remarkable success in the commercial world of the late Mr. Macdonald. The volume will be read with interest and profit by thousands.

*The Prince of India; or, Why Constantinople Fell.*—By LEW WALLACE. Crown 8mo, 1060 pp., 2 vols., cloth. Toronto: William Briggs, publisher; Williamson & Co.

A story of absorbing interest and great power, and fully illustrative of General Wallace's genius in description and in treatment of historical developments, the "Prince of India" is likely to attain a popularity scarcely second to that attained by "Ben Hur." The story at once captures the reader's attention, and holds it to the very end. The leading character of the tale, "The Prince of India," is drawn vividly, and forms a new type of the Wandering Jew, quite as likely to capture the imagination of the world as the best of the presentations of that

character that have hitherto been given. A strange combination of decent pride, ambition and power the old man is after his thirteen transformations from extreme old age back to young manhood,—his fourteen hundred years of accumulating knowledge and disappointments. With equal success the author has portrayed the daring, dashing and faithful Amir Mirza, the chivalrous Sultan Mahommed, the lovely and high-souled Princess Irene. In fact, in portraiture of most of the characters of the story, whether by set description or incidental unfolding of the characters through the incidents of the tale, the author has shown a master hand. And around the characters life moves with a pleasing and constant variety. There are plots within plots, not at all confusing, and, besides their bearing on the main catastrophe, and their value in reflecting many of the conditions of the age, very interesting in themselves. Graphic in the highest degree are many of the scenes depicted. The pilgrimage to Mecca, the wild final rush over the desert sands to within sight of the city, the fanatic devotion of the pilgrims around the black Kaaba, the weird vigils of the priestly multitude under the torchlight on the heights of Blacherné, the gathering storm on the Bosphorus, driving the boats before it to shelter behind the White Castle, the gloom of the Imperial Cistern, the brightness and joy of the fête at the country palace of the Princess Irene, the preaching of a new-old evangel in St. Sophia, the midnight interviews of Mahommed and the star-reading Prince of India regarding the time of Constantinople's doom, the gradual investment of the city, the opening fire of the great terror-inspiring guns of the Turks, the awful struggle in front of the gate St. Romain, and the scenes in St. Sophia and the streets when the Turks finally conquered—are all brilliant pieces of description. The accuracy of General Wallace in his reproductions of the life, architecture, and general conditions of the times of which he writes is well known, and makes some of his stories not only interesting, but valuable, and worthy a permanent place in the library. Whether his comparatively happy disposition of the Princess Irene, after the fall of the city, is a justifiable departure from the actual facts of the case, or his glorifying picture of the conquering Sultan is a warrantable license for a novelist, may well be questioned; nevertheless the value of the story, in at least stimulating a love of history, and helping the reader to an appreciation of the destructive influence of the fanaticism of the clerical factions of the Eastern Empire, can scarcely be denied. Altogether, the "Prince of India" offers room for congratulating the author on adding to his laurels, and the public on having another rich treat in the way of fiction to enjoy.