

moral offence of reading pirated books. Would that the Queens of Canada read, marked and inwardly digested the lecture on "Of Queen's Gardens." The last half-dozen paragraphs of that lecture will bear reading once a month during a lifetime. And "The Mystery of Life" is a better sermon than nine-tenths of the "snowy-banded, dilettante, delicate-handed priests" could preach. Some of these innocent passengers will know more of Ruskin before they reach Port Arthur.

Two of Kingsley's books stuck to the Shelf yesterday. We will renew our youth with "Westward, Ho!" one of the best books for boys. "Hypatia" has its place on the book-shelf of the world.

The next book is a wicked-looking, shilling paper-cover, with a dangerous, heavy villain scowling on the front cover. Tell it not in Gath—it's a French novel. Ugh! you're shocked? Then you have not read "Les Miserables." Read it. But unless you are going on a journey and lack space get a five-volume edition. When you have read a few chapters of the one-volume, with its ruinous minion type and vile paper, you will agree with the author that "so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless," but you will pronounce maledictions on the publishers. But neither type nor paper will keep you away from Victor Hugo, and when you come to make up your list of the ten greatest novels in the world "Les Miserables" will be among the first five.

As a sort of counteractant, beside Victor Hugo is "From Shadow to Sunlight," by the Marquis of Lorne. The covers may rub against each other but the books are separated by the measure of the diameter of the intellectual universe. The one is a publisher's monstrosity, the other is a delicate, parti-colored drawing-room volume. But the one is a work of art and crammed with genius, while the other is utterly commonplace. Lorne's story is pleasant enough, of course. The scene changes from Ross-shire to San Francisco and then to Victoria. The heroine is a brilliant American girl, judging from the adjectives, an old flame of the Marquis'. Think of this: "She, with a wealth of darkened, cloudy locks, shaken back from her straight and splendid brows, would let the starlight of her great blue eyes illumine her perfectly moulded and happy countenance, and then she would sweetly say"—That smacks of juvenility. Once or twice the story becomes interesting, but it turns out all right at last. Miss Wincott marries Walter Chisholm.

The end book on the Shelf is "The Gospel of St. John," by Dr. Marcus Dods. What a splendid volume it is! and how finely written! Among its twenty-four chapters there is not one that is not full and rich