

bearing worthy of the Canadian Institute, Geologic Section, and went to work.

As the water went down, the Savant's spirits and the rank odour of the pot-holes went up. When the water had all been bailed out, there was found beneath a layer a foot deep of decayed and decaying vegetable matter. Then was seen the noble spectacle of the learned and dignified Savant, but recently graced with the B.A., badge of well-earned honour, groping and griming in that putrid mass, bent on the pursuit of science, and wholly oblivious of the rising vapours and of the mosquito hordes that made in vain their multitudinous attacks upon his swelling brow. And when this had been cleared away, then, indeed, did his countenance beam with a great enthusiasm, for beneath there lay a mass of heavy earthy matter, fine of grain, hard of composition, in appearance much resembling common grey clay. And yet deeper did the Savant and the unwilling Dollinger explore, and did cast up, the one to the other, sundry pailfuls of grey sand and gravel, and sundry stones of various shape. And at times would the Savant shout with a great shout, and tear from among the *débris* stones round and smooth and regular, worked by nature with all the skill and more than the patience of man.

And now, at last, is the task complete, and the Pot-Hole is laid bare. The Savant is no dwarf, yet when he stands upon its rocky floor, his crown is four good inches below the level of the rock around. Its walls are smooth and regular, save where at one side is an irregular concavity deep in the solid rock, in which the hole has been in the course of long ages laboriously bored.

For, Dollinger, you who now stand there upon the pot-hole's brink and smile contemptuously upon the Savant below, there, where your unscientific foot now rests upon dry land, has in the long-forgotten past swept a mighty current, resisted here, and whirling round and round in its wrath, frothing and foaming, dashing back and forth with restless rage. And as it whirled it carried with it the stones, heavy and sharp-angled, that fell into its clutches. Round and round, round and round, wearing off the angles one by one, wearing deeper, too, into the solid rock-bed of the whirlpool, dashing with frenzied force against the side of the cavity they have made, and still round and round, deeper and ever deeper.

"And now?" asks Dollinger, showing at last a faint degree of interest.

"And now," the Savant quietly answers, "now we see the pot-holes, worked thus during ages of ages; the clay-like sand, the wearings from their sides; the rounded stones, the worn remains of rude and sharp-cornered masses of rock—all that is left of nature's boring-tools."

UBIQUE.

SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS.

The clever New York Reporter has given us his impressions of the appearance of some of the men whose names are household words:

Mr. Lowell and Mark Twain do not look in the least alike. Mr. Lowell has a dignified air of suppressed intelligence; Mark Twain has an intelligent air of suppressed dignity. In other words, Mr. Lowell endeavours to conceal his authorship, while Mark Twain presents to the public the spectacle of a man saying to himself, "Why don't they label us?"

R. H. Stoddard is described as a venerable gentleman with white hair, a snowy beard, and a ruddy complexion.

H. C. Bunner looks as youthful as Mr. Stoddard looks venerable. His hair and jaunty mutton-chop whiskers are to the hair and whiskers of Mr. Stoddard as a raven's wing to a snow-bank.

James Whitcomb Riley bears an intimate relation in personal appearance to William Nye. His face is as clean shaven as that of a Roman priest and there is not much hair on the top of his head. At first sight of Edward Eggleston the impression was conveyed that he was wearing one of those lofty head-coverings which are known as bear-skin caps, and which are affected by drum-majors. Close examination revealed that it was only his natural hair.

LITERARY NOTES.

Part 1, Book I., of the 5th Edition of Foster's Text-Book of Physiology has just appeared (Williamson & Co.).

The current numbers of the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh Reviews* contain long articles on the poetical works of the late Matthew Arnold.

A largely re-written and improved edition of Calderwood's Handbook of Moral Philosophy has been lately published by MacMillan & Co. It is the 14th edition of that popular though much-maligned work.

"The Ethics of Marriage," by H. S. Pomeroy (Funk & Wagnalls; M'Alinsh), is a work which has caused a good deal of comment. It is written by a physician, who is well able to discuss the question in all its bearings. It is an earnest and vigorous plea for a purer and higher standard in the marriage relation. The author has a strong belief in the doctrine of heredity, and shows very clearly what must be the ultimate result to individuals, communities and the state as a whole if nature and morality are disregarded as much as the writer believes them to be at the present day.

"Essays: Theological and Literary," by R. H. Hutton, has proved so acceptable that MacMillan & Co. have issued a new and enlarged edition in two volumes.

The name of the late Thomas Hill Green has been brought very prominently before the reading public in connection with Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, "Robert Elsmere," in which Mr. Grey is undoubtedly intended to represent the Professor, as he quotes, on three occasions, passages from a volume of lay sermons entitled "The Witness of God," which were delivered by the author of "The Prolegomena to Ethics."

The novel is certainly one of the most powerful that has appeared for some years, and, strange as it may seem, Mrs. Margaret Leland has done for her American readers, in her "John Ward, Preacher," which covers much the same ground or at least appeals to the same class of readers, and is considered to be hardly less inferior in merit—what Mrs. Ward has done for trans-Atlantic readers. Portraits of both these ladies will appear in the *Book-Buyer* for November. Students, however, while they may not be interested in "Robert Elsmere," yet may possibly be glad to know that the third and last volume of Professor Green's miscellaneous works, under the able editorship of Mr. R. L. Melliship, has just been issued in England. The volume will contain a memoir, a portrait, and a complete index to the three volumes, and should be of great interest to those who have studied his works.

The volume of sermons is published by Longmans, Green & Co., and as the price is moderate, many might easily obtain it for themselves.