

apparatus is most complete, comprising all the freshest and most scholarly books, liberal or advanced as well as conservative, that throw light upon the texts under consideration; and this apparatus they make use of with great intelligence, and, as an old Scotch lady once said, *judition*. The references to history and Oriental antiquities, to topography and matters of natural science, are fairly abreast of the times. The literary quotations betray extensive reading and the exercise of a cultured imagination. And the teacher's helps towards bringing saving knowledge home to his scholars' minds and hearts leave little to be desired. That a microscopical examination of the work might result in the discovery of an occasional flaw is possible, but such an examination would be the work of a carping fool, and an adverse criticism founded upon it would be the outcome of most unchristian malice. I cordially recommend Peloubet's notes to all whom they will not make lazy.

If anyone wants to know all that goes on in the public world in the course of the year, and to have before him for reference all the collected news of the best journals, home and foreign, let him send his address and one dollar to the Evening News Association, Detroit, for the quarterly Register of Current History. The August number is before me, a large magazine-sized paper bound volume of 230 pages, beautifully printed and profusely illustrated. British American affairs occupy five pages, containing wood cuts of Earncliffe, the Hon. J. C. Abbott, Sir William Whiteway, Mr. James Baird of Newfoundland, and of St. John's, Newfoundland. A traveller by rail, wishing to be rid of the newsboy's importunity, told a white lie, saying, "boy, I can't read." The boy disappeared, and soon returned with a lot of picture books. Had he kept the quarterly Register in his trunk in the baggage car, he might have successfully passed it upon the mendacious traveller, for, as the advertisers of subscription books inform their victims, "the pictures alone are worth the money." Here is Rubens' picture of David meeting Abigail, and there, Baron Fava, Mr. Goschen, Sir W. Gordon Cumming, Archbishops Magee and Maclagan, Von Moltke, King Humbert, and Queen Margarita, Baron Hirsch, and a host of notabilities too numerous to mention. The information accompanying these illustrations seems to be as correct as it is clearly and concisely expressed. It is stated in calm, judicial, historical style, entirely free from bias or animus of any kind. Of course Rudyard Kipling is there, looking very like Dr. Wells, formerly of the American Presbyterian Church in this city, and so are Dr. Briggs, *mirabile dictu*, in gown and hood, and Bishop