

Knowing that the Talker about Books has not lost his interest in botany, Dr. Thorburn of the Geological Survey at Ottawa has kindly sent him the Catalogue of Canadian Acrogens drawn up by Professor MacCoun, M.A., F.L.S., F.R.S.C., and Mr. W. H. Pearson's List of Canadian Hepaticæ. They are admirable catalogues, the work of men who thoroughly know their science, and Mr. Pearson's has the additional merit of possessing very useful illustrations. I think it was Mr. Squeers who used to call up the first form in botany, make them spell bot-tin-ney, *bottinney*, and then send them out to weed the garden or dig potatoes. That is the kind of practical *bottinney* which occupies most of my spare time in summer, but, very often people with enquiring minds disturb the island Cincinnatus with a request for the name of what they are sure is a new orchid. Everything in the flower line that is unknown is an orchid, and the plant presented for inspection sometimes does belong to the orchis family, more frequently it is a *Pyrola*, a *Moneses*, or a *Chimaphila*, and once, this last summer, it was a creeping cranberry. The number of botanists in Canada must now be very large, as compared with thirty years ago when a few of us used to sweep the plains and valleys for miles about Toronto of old, but which are now largely absorbed in the city of to-day.

Messrs. Williamson and Co., of Toronto, have favoured me with a copy, in elegant white and gold, of the Hon. Oliver Mowat's Lecture on Christian Evidences, referred to with respect in last month's Talks about Books. The Editor of the Journal also offered me, in an apologetic sort of way, and with an incredulous smile, a minute tract, which he said was the Rev. Mr. Something's sermon, entitled Lessons from the life of Mr. G. W. Childs. I begged the Editor to keep that tract; not to let me know the name of that minister, lest in my heart I should despise him. I asked if Mr. Childs had died since last month's talk. He answered "No, but ---," and then I fled the corridor. I don't want that man's blood on my hands, but would warn him, as Paul and Silas did the Philippian jailor, "Do thyself no harm!"

It is well to be honest, and confess that the books that follow were not sent to the JOURNAL by their publishers, but were purchased with hard cash for the Library, and ignominiously brought thence to the reviewer's table for a brief space of time, to return again to the shelves from which they were taken. Of course this is humiliating, but it gives the reviewer a great advantage. He can say what he likes about that which the Americans call "a boughten book." The Honorary Librarian, Professor Scribner, as is evident from last month's JOURNAL, would be a far better hand than the writer to review Franz Delitsch's Commentary on Isaiah, with an introduction by Dr. Driver. Franz Delitsch, Philoioudaiou, is dead; the lover of the Jew, who did more than build him a synagogue, for he translated the New Testament into the Hebrew tongue, and thus made himself a monument forever. A man who could do that, knew Hebrew, and thus bespeaks respect for what he has written on matters Hebraic. It does not follow, because a man is a great scholar, an earnest Christian, a loving soul yearning for the restoration of Israel, and a hard worker for that great end, that every word he writes is to be implicitly received; for the work of the Higher Criticism, as Professor Scribner has shown, is one in which imperfect historical knowledge of the ethnical and philological surroundings of Israel in ancient times may give rise to preconceptions affecting the interpretation of the Hebrew records by many and varied hypotheses. But when this preeminently truth