

paintings attributed to Rembrandt are the work of one of his scholars, Ferdinand Bol. With a new photographic magnifying process, invented by himself, he discovered, he says, on a great number of works bearing the name of Rembrandt the clear traces of the name of Ferdinand Bol scratched in the original fresh paint and under the varnish. Thus in the case of the celebrated picture "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," purchased at a high price by the Berlin Museum, the photographic apparatus has discovered a very clear impression of Bol's name to the left of the raised foot of Potiphar's wife, on the pedestal of the seat on which she reposes.

It is announced that a meeting of Canadian teachers will be held during the International Convention under the auspices of the Minister of Education for Ontario, with the view of forming a Dominion Teachers' Association. If the idea is found practicable, there can be no doubt that much good will result from the periodical interchange of views and experiences between teachers representing the different Provinces of the Dominion. The project will be attended with some difficulty owing to the magnificent distances which separate the Provinces. It may also be well worth considering whether an "International Convention," including the United States and Canada, would not be a still better arrangement. Education, like religion, should overleap and ignore all national boundaries.—*Educational Journal*.

THE Trustees of the British Museum have just received a gift of unusual value and interest. The letters which John Keats addressed to his only sister, from the time of his sojourn with his friend Bailey at Oxford in 1817 until his departure for Italy with Joseph Severn in 1820, were carefully preserved by their recipient during a long life—one of them, however, having been presented to Mr. Locker-Lampson many years ago. The series was entrusted to Mr. Buxton Forman for publication in his collected edition of Keats' writings; and it forms one of the most interesting portions of that book, for these are among the brightest and pleasantest of all Keats' letters. That the holographs should be in national keeping was greatly to be wished; and the children of the late Senora Llanos (Fanny Keats) have merited well of the nation in deciding to present a collection of this priceless character to the British Museum. Two of their uncles' letters are retained as an heirloom in the hands of the family; two have been presented as a memento to Mr. Buxton Forman; and the one already referred to remains in the Locker-Lampson collection. The number given to the Museum is forty-two. The known value of these holograph letters was not by any means a matter of indifference to Senora Llanos' family, who could ill afford the loss of the Civil List pension which died with the poet's sister. But they were determined that, so far as they could provide against it, there should be no traffic in letters which they had been taught to regard as sacred. They have adopted the right means to that excellent end, and their high-spirited rectitude should be held in respectful memory.—*The Athenæum*.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Chamberlain, A. F., M.A. An Ode for the Queen's Birthday. Crane, Newton. Baseball (The All England Series). London: George Bell, 1891. 1s.
Hart, V. C., D.D. The Temple and the Sage. Toronto: William Briggs.
James, Edmund J., Ph.D. Education of Business Men: An Address before the Convention of the American Bankers' Association at Saratoga, Sept. 3rd, 1890. New York: W. B. Greene, Secretary, 1891.
Russell, W. Clark. My Danish Sweetheart. Toronto: William Bryce.
— Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia; Vol. XXIX. New York: Jno. B. Alden Co.
— Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature: Vol. XVIII. New York: Jno. B. Alden Co.
Summer Tours by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Fifth edition. Montreal: D. McNicoll.
Sandys, E. W. Fishing and Shooting by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Third edition. Montreal: D. McNicoll.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ORANGES IN PARAGUAY.

THE orange-tree is generally understood to have been introduced into Paraguay by the Jesuits, and the seeds distributed by the birds. However this may be, the orange has spread all over the country, from the riverbanks to the tops of the hills, and from the cottages even to the deepest solitudes of the virgin forest. Paraguay is the land of orange-trees more truly than the country of Mignon. . . . And what oranges! Juicy, perfumed, and of a delicacy that Spain and Italy have never attained. The chief industry consists in the exportation of the fruit. The great orange season is from May to August, when the ports of the Paraguay River from Humaita to Asuncion despatch enormous quantities by steamers and schooners. Villeta, San Lorenzo, and San Antonio are the principal ports, and their best may be seen the picturesque processions of laughing and screaming girls and women, who carry basket after basket of fruit on their heads from the shore to the ship, like a swarm of busy ants. Up to the present no industrial use has been made of the orange. Some sixty millions are exported annually; the same quantity is consumed by the natives, and perhaps treble that quantity is devoured by monkeys and birds, or left to rot on the ground.—*From "The Republic of Paraguay," by Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

COMPARISONS.

AH! which is sweeter, tell me true—
Spring!—when all earth is clothed anew,
When yellow daffodils uprise
And hyacinths mock the tender skies:—

Or Autumn!—when ripe fields are stirred
By soft warm airs; and, scarcely heard,
The russet leaves fall, fluttering slow,
To join the golden gorse below.

And which is sadder, who can tell?—
Those autumn winds we know too well,
That, wailing, echo every sigh
From hearts who feel their winter nigh—

Or spring-tide breezes!—fanning fire
From dusty ash of dead desire,
Till Memory's flame be quenched by tears,
Shed vainly, for the vanished years.

Ah! both are sad to such as know
Only lost loves of long ago!
And both are glad to us who greet,
Time, with Love's roses round our feet!

—D. E. G., in *London World*.

HIS FIRST BOOK.

MR. VAN VOORST appointed a day for the young author to call on him. Meanwhile the shillings, nursed as they might be, were slipping, slipping away. The practice of going once a day to a small eating-house had to be abandoned, and instead of it a herring was eaten as slowly as possible in the dingy attic in Farringdon Street. Meanwhile, the response about the "aristocracy and gentry of Sherborne" had been discouraging in the extreme. "Nothing to be done in Sherborne," was the answer; "better stay where you are." At last the day broke on which Mr. Van Voorst's answer was to be given, and, with as much of the gentleman about him as he could recover, the proud and starving author presented himself in Paternoster Row. He was ushered in to the cordial and courteous Mr. Van Voorst. He was no longer feeling any hope, but merely the extremity of dejection and disgust. The wish to be out again in the street, with his miserable roll of manuscript in his hands, was the emotion uppermost in his mind. The publisher began slowly: "I like your book; I shall be pleased to publish it. I will give you one hundred guineas for it." One hundred guineas! It was Peru and half the Indies! The reaction was so violent that the demure and ministerial-looking youth, closely buttoned up in his worn broadcloth, broke down utterly into hysterical sob upon sob, while Mr. Van Voorst, murmuring, "My dear young man! My dear young man!" hastened out to fetch wine and minister to wants which it was beyond the power of pride to conceal any longer.—*From the Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. By Edmund Gosse, M.A.*

THE DESTRUCTION OF SONG BIRDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Field* draws attention to the marked absence of the singing thrush in some parts of England this spring, and offers some explanation of the fact. He thinks that many of the birds have been caught in their migration south and perished. Another reason, he says, for the non-return of our favourites is the enormous destruction of all birds by the residents in Southern Europe. "Those of us who winter in the Riviera of France cannot have failed to notice the bunches of dead thrushes and blackbirds exposed for sale in the markets and shops, in company with other species of birds. Few escape this general slaughter, and none seem too mean or small for the sportsman's gun or net. During last winter I had many opportunities of counting the species exposed for sale in the daily market of Toulon, which may be taken as a representative centre for this purpose. Excepting magpies, nearly every other bird which winters in the south of France was on one or other occasion exposed (dead) in that market for food. If we may take extremes, they included from rooks to gold-crested wrens, while bunches of robins and bluetits were at times quite abundant. These smaller birds appear on the bills of fare in hotels and restaurants under the generic title of 'rouge-gorge'; so that our children's friend the robin has to be sponsor for both 'God's cock and hen,' as they call the 'robin and the wren.' On the morning of last Christmas Eve I made a careful estimate of the number of blackbirds and thrushes alone in the market of Toulon, without counting those in the shops in other parts of the city, and that estimate would be low if taken at 5,000 birds of those two species. Now this was in one city only and on one day only. If we could estimate the numbers on that one day, exposed for sale throughout the countries of southern Europe, including Spain, France and Italy, we should then be better able to understand why the thrushes did not come back to England this spring; for it was not solely for that one day they are killed, but during the whole winter that the slaughter goes on."

ENVY feeds only on the living.—*Ovid*.

A MAN'S errors are what make him amiable.—*Goethe*.

THE more enlarged is our own mind the more we discover of man of originality. Your commonplace people see no difference between one man and another.—*Pascal*.

JOHN FISKE'S BOOKS.

The American Revolution.

With Plans of Battles, and a new Steel Portrait of Washington from a miniature never before produced. 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, \$4.00.

Readers of American History are to be congratulated on the opportunity of tracing the causes and course of the Revolution in Mr. Fiske's wonderfully luminous narrative.

MR. FISKE'S OTHER BOOKS.

"Mr. Fiske is a thinker of rare acuteness and depth; his affluent store of knowledge is exhibited on every page; and his mastery of expression is equal to his subtlety of speculation."—*GEORGE RIPLEY, in New York Tribune*.

Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy.

Based on the Doctrine of Evolution. With Criticisms on the Positive Philosophy. *Eleventh Edition*. 2 vols., 8vo, gilt top, \$6.00.

Myth and Myth-Makers.

Old Tales and Superstitions interpreted by Comparative Mythology. *Fourteenth Edition*. 12mo, gilt top, \$2.00.

Darwinism, and Other Essays.

Fifth Edition. 12mo, gilt top, \$2.00.

Excursions of an Evolutionist.

Twelfth Edition. 12mo, gilt top, \$2.00.

The Unseen World, and Other Essays.

Tenth Edition. 12mo, gilt top, \$2.00.

The Destiny of Man, viewed in the Light of his Origin.

Sixteenth Edition. 12mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge.

Ninth Thousand. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00.

The Critical Period in American History, 1783-1789.

With a colored map. *Seventh Edition*. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00.

The War of Independence.

In the *Riverside Library for Young People*. With Maps. *Fifth Edition*. 16mo, 75 cents.

The Beginnings of New England; or, The Puritan Theocracy in its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty.

Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00.

Civil Government in the United States, with some Reference to its origin.

Eleventh Thousand. \$1.00.

"The charms of John Fiske's style are patent. The secrets of its fluency, clearness and beauty are secrets which many a maker of literary stuffs has attempted to unravel, in order to weave like cloth of gold. A model for authors and a delight to readers."—*The Critic*, New York.

*** For sale by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price by the publishers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE FLORENCE,

QUEBEC, CANADA.

BENJ. TRUDEL, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.

THE FLORENCE is the most pleasant, attractive and comfortable house for tourists that can be found on the continent. Its location is unequalled, and the panoramic view to be had from the Balcony is not even surpassed by the world-renowned Dufferin Terrace, as it commands a full view of the River St. Lawrence, the St. Charles Valley, Montmorency Falls, Laurentian Range of Mountains, and overlooks the largest part of the City.

The rooms are large, elegantly furnished and well ventilated, and the table FIRST-CLASS.

Street cars pass the door every ten minutes.

Telephone communications, etc.

Electric Light and Bells throughout.

The means of escape in case of fire are unsurpassed.

Iron balconies at the end of every passage, with straight iron stairs leading to the ground; it is so perfect and safe, that guests, (ladies and gentlemen,) are making daily use of it when wishing to go in and out to the rear streets.

