serious writer on art, though he does full justice to
his power and picturesqueness as a descriptive
writer. Here Ruskin is really great. "I feel con-
fident," says Dr. Waldstein, "that whoever has
read the words of Ruskin will thereafter approach
nature with a new faculty of appreciation, will
have his attention directed to what he before passed
by with indifference, and will discover what before
was hidden; and that even those who possessed this
habit of mind before will have it intensified and en-
larged by the guidance which he will have given
them. And this will not be only with regard to the
beauties of the Alps or the stormy sea, but they will
be able to extract elevating pleasure out of each
flower that blooms before the window in the sum-
mer, and even out of the graceful tracery-work of
the bare branches of the tree, deadened by the cold
winter, that stands in dreary loneliness at the back of
their town-house or in the city square." This is
very true; and among all the volumes of selections
from Ruskin's voluminous works that have been
attempted, it seems a pity that no one has made a
collection of his often wonderfully beautiful descrip-
tive passages.

Dr. Waldstein pays his respects to Ruskin's eco-
nomical crotchets, and altogether has given a very
judicious estimate of a man whom one is tempted
alternately to consider as a very great writer; and
when one is vexed with his absurdities and puerili-
ties, to pronounce a crazy crank.

The Century for February has an interesting
paper on the portraits of that unhappy Queen, Mary
Stuart, about whose life and character more ink has
perhaps been shed than about any other in modern
history. It is illustrated with several of the portraits
which have the greatest claim to authenticity; but of
all the numerous representations of her, no one has made
any clear claim over the rest. "Nearly fifty paint-
ings of all sizes, generally believed to be originals
by their owners, were exhibited at Peterborough, at
the Tricentenary of her death in 1887." She cannot
possibly have looked like them all, and no one
knows now which is the real likeness of the beauti-
ful Queen. A few miles from Peterborough the
curious traveler can see the mound and ditch, which
are all that remain of that famous castle of Fother-
ingay, where she spent the last days of her im-
prisonment, and where the executioner's axe
brought a terrible end to her stormy life.

W. P. A.