

"Tiny the stream, yet this broad valley has it carved," p. 87.

"The writing off my mind, squirrels and marmots do I seek," p. 167.

One passage, at least, in *Woodland Idyls*, will be of interest to entomologists. It is that in which the author tells that he saw an ichneumon light upon a spider, *which a wasp was carrying off*, and deposit an egg in it (pp. 206—9). Does not this afford us a glimpse into the life-histories of such insects as Zabriskie's *prædator*, in Ashmead's genus, *Sphecochagus*?

A few brief quotations from the book under consideration will set the author's style and trend of ideas fairly before the readers of the Canadian Entomologist.

*The author's descriptive powers:—*

"I saw a skeedoodlum of a wren, his feathers half gone from moulting, his body not bigger than thirty seconds, yet with his head in air he was rolling forth sound enough for a cardinal or other bird ten times his size. 'Cher-whitty—cher-whitty.'" \* \* \* "A cheery little cuss is he, who would sing were his tail on fire." (p. 42).

"Fuzzy gnats dance in rhythmic mazes before my eyes, while their cousin, a slender reddish-gray mosquito, probes my flesh, I do not feel him until his body is red and gored with my blood. After swatting him the itch begins. Niches they fill in the great scheme of nature. Organs they have for performing all the duties of life. Those duties are but few—to eat, grow and reproduce their kind. Lowly creatures we call them, yet "lowly" only because we esteem ourselves "high." (p. 79).

*The author as a botanist:—*

"The densely flowered spikes of the vervain before me, some of them two feet in length, have but an inch or two in blossom at a time. The seed pods or fruit of the past are below, the unopened buds of the future above. The flowers are now close to the top, the fruiting portion long, the budding part short, for its season is near the close. Life, present work, is now in the flowering part; duty performed, finished work, in the seed part; promises or hopes for the future in the buds. Only the present blooming part, that which is active, is beautiful. That is the part attractive to the human eye, in the plant as well as in the human. What are you doing? Be up and at work. Live not upon a past reputation. Chance not your happiness upon the budding un-lived future, which may be seared by a night's hoar frost into something dull and dead." (pp. 46-7).