

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

#### MCILWRAITH'S BIRDS OF ONTARIO.

In 1885, McIlwraith's Birds of Ontario first came out, and was warmly welcomed, although most lovers of birds felt that the author was capable of greater things, and regretted the poor appearance of the book. This has all been changed, and the Birds of Ontario, just issued, (Wm. Briggs, Toronto), leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. McIlwraith did well to secure the services of that gifted artist, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, and as a result the illustrations are, without doubt, among the best that have appeared in America. Mr. Thompson knows his subject so well that his birds are those we meet in grove and field, rather than the dusty counterfeits of the glass case. Mr. McIlwraith has performed his labor of love with rare skill and accuracy, and from a scientific stand-point alone, his book must be regarded as a valuable contribution to literature. Much as we appreciate the scientific part of the work, we delight more in the entertaining sketches and adventures of the naturalist, who is evidently a true lover of nature. The book is beautifully printed on good paper, and should certainly be in the hands of every boy in the country. If such a work as the Birds of Ontario were made a text book in the Public Schools, instead of some of the useless lumber that is made to do tribute to a mawkish public sentiment, girls and boys might easily acquire an intelligent interest in wonders of nature that generally go unobserved. It is a fact that ninety-nine people out of a hundred cannot call half a dozen of the common birds by their proper names, and yet nearly every healthy girl and boy in our schools would find the study of our birds one full of interest and pleasure. Under the circum-

stances, we accord the Birds of Ontario a hearty welcome.

A booklet, small in size, but of great moment, is on our table, and as we pick it up, the thought that "mighty oaks from little acorns grow," instantly flashes across the mind. The booklet, called "Other Verses," is written by Miss Dorothy Knight, of Lancaster, and is a continuation of a series of verses published for private circulation more than a year ago. Miss Knight is a little maid of some twelve or thirteen summers, and we naturally look for work lacking in force of imagination and style, but here we recognize the poetic instinct, and admit the touch of genius. Miss Knight frequently goes to the fields and river side for inspiration, and woos the sweet muse with strange success. Her dainty verse is already free from the slightest hint of crudity, and as this sweet singer develops into womanhood, we feel certain that her name will be written high up among those of the very few poets of high degree that Canada has produced. We sincerely trust that Miss Knight may be blessed with abundant health to enable her to develop the genius with which she is so clearly endowed. The following selections amply illustrate the character of her work:—

#### CRADLE SONG.

Softly shines the little star,  
From the western deep,  
See it twinkles faint and far,  
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Daisy flowers are all at rest,  
Buttercups are too,  
Birdies sleep within the nest,  
Sheltered from the dew.

In the meadows dusky green,  
Lie the snowy sheep,  
And the gentle cows between,  
Sleep, my baby, sleep.