



To our readers we would heartily recommend a little treatise on "The Growth of Green Fodders," by Professor Thomas Shaw, of the Agricultural College, Guelph, recently issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, as one of its regular bulletins. In a climate like ours, where permanent pastures on the European plan are impossible, Prof. Shaw urges that the growth of an abundant supply of green food for the stock of the farm, especially in connection with the use of the silo, would effect a material saving in many ways, would tend to increase the production of beef, mutton, milk, butter or cheese on a given acreage and would be a real boon to small farmers; that the extra labour involved is amply repaid, and that the notion of injury to the live stock has been shown to be unfounded. A descriptive list is added of the principal soiling crops best adapted to the conditions of Ontario.

"Mental Evolution in Man," by Prof. G. J. Romanes, is the third volume of a series which has engaged the author's attention for several years. The first of the series, "Animal Intelligence," was published in 1884, and was followed some time after by "Mental Evolution in Animals." Prof. Romanes now carries his studies into the domain of human psychology. The task which he undertakes is to seek for the principles and causes of mental evolution in man, first as regards the origin of human faculty, and next as regards the several main branches into which faculties distinctively human afterwards ramified and developed. Both as to trunk and branches, he has had, from the nature of the subject, to be general in his views and comparatively brief. The labour involved in the investigation, even thus limited, was so great that he deemed it advisable not to delay publication till the whole survey was completed, but to present the results attained in successive instalments. He deals now with the Origin of Human Faculty; in succeeding works he will take up the Intellect, Emotions, Volition, Morals and Religion. In solving the problem suggested by his subsidiary title—Origin of Human Faculty—on the basis implied in his general title, Prof. Romanes has had to cope with some able opponents, both among naturalists and philologists. Of these antagonists Prof. St. George Mivart and Prof. Max Müller are the most formidable, though Wallace, Quatrefages and other men of science have also given him some trouble. The chapters that deal with language are the most interesting, as well as important, in the book. Max Müller's contention that without words (spoken or unspoken) there can be no concepts Prof. Romanes has laboured hard to refute, but those who hold that theory are not likely to be convinced by any argument. Archdeacon Farrar made the case against Prof. Müller almost as strong as it could be made more than twenty years ago. If, however, Prof. Müller and those who agree with him are convinced of the impregnability of their position, Prof. Romanes is no less sure of his. He regards the change from sense to thought in human development as no longer an open question, but as established beyond doubt by testimony preserved in the archives of Language. In the ensuing volume he will deal with the mental condition of savages. The three volumes of the series so far published are from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

The same publishers have just issued "The Primitive Family in its Origin and Development," by Prof. C. W. Starcke, Ph.D., of the University of Copenhagen—the latest volume of the International Scientific Series. It treats of a subject of deep importance which has been discussed more or less fully in recent years by several able writers, such as McLennan, Maine, Morgan, Lubbock, Ploss, Lippert and others. The work is largely and necessarily critical. The author reaches the conclusion that the primitive family has functions distinct from those of the clan, being not a group obeying a leader, but a number of individuals under a common head. The primitive clan and tribe were both associations for mutual protection—the former differing from the latter as the part from the whole. In the course of time both clan and tribe were absorbed in the state organism, while the family became fairer and more attractive as the motives for the clannish and tribal relations passed away. An appendix, with notes and tables, a bibliography and an index add to the value of the book.

### TO A SWALLOW.

Sweet little swallow, with snow-white breast,  
Flitting afar o'er the blue wave's crest,  
Down by the shadowy, shining sea,  
Here am I waiting, wee bird, for thee.

Out where the grey rocks drip with spray,  
Here have I lingered the live-long day—  
Shadows are drifting, the wave is chill,  
Murmurous sounds through my lone heart thrill.

Swept by the silvery light of moon,  
Whisper of stars, and the waves' low croon,  
Sweet be the message thou bringest me  
Over the shadowy, shining sea.

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

### WILD FLOWERS.

Elysian days, when fragrant blossoms blow  
Where'er the birds and zephyrs seed did sow,  
And lift their petal-censers to the breeze,  
With incense laden, to perfume the leas!  
Ye deft embroiderers, in comely hues,  
Of Nature's vernal mantle, tell me whose  
Inimitably, wondrous art you ply  
To conjure from the mellow sward the shy,  
Sweet violet—the myriad-hued display  
Of woodland flowers, each in its own day?  
Their advent bids reluctant foliage shoot,  
And chides to shame the sloth of ripening fruit;  
When fades the last, the clouds weep long and spread  
A shroud of frozen tears upon their bed.  
Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

### A LEGEND OF THE CHILD JESUS.

(WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.)

You ask a story, dearest. Here is one  
Heard oft amid the pleasant homes of France.

It was the time when Jesus was a child,  
And, with the Baptist and his cherished lamb,  
He wandered forth, among the hills and dales,  
In the calm hours that closed a summer eve.  
And they were glad: the lambkin frisked and played,  
Or cropped green herbage with its milk-white teeth,  
While the two cousins gathered wilding flowers,  
Dipped their bare feet in limpid streams, or culled  
Ripe crimson berries from full-laden boughs.  
As thus they rambled peacefully, it chanced  
Two rustic children met them. These were wroth,  
Each with the other, and the stronger held  
Bound by the feet a white and innocent dove,  
That strove to soar, and ever as she strove  
Was balked and baffled by a spiteful cord.

Out spake the weaker lad: "The bird is mine.  
Why hast thou robbed me? It was I that snared  
The silly pigeon, and thou hast no right  
To filch my plaything. Give me back my own."  
Thereat, his comrade stormed a wilful "No!  
Thou shalt not have it; I will keep the bird."  
Then the meek Jesus sorrowfully spake:  
"Lo! with red blood her slender legs are stained,  
Her eyes are dim and she is sick to death:  
How wilt thou find thy pleasure in her pain?  
I cannot think thou hast a cruel heart,  
For thou, like me, art still of tender years;  
Too thoughtless, may be. Wherefore loose, I pray,  
This chafing cord, and let the captive fly  
Home to her callow nestlings that await  
Her coming and are all agape for food."  
Then the boy's heart was softened, and he said:  
"Weil hast thou spoken, and thy pitying tones  
Have moved my pity more than I can tell.  
Thy pleading shames me;—I will loose the dove.  
Would I were like thee; but whate'er I am,  
Thou must not think that I am void of ruth."  
So saying he unloosed the cord that bound  
The victim's feet, and "Pretty sufferer, fly,"  
He cried; "fly homeward to thou downy nest  
In the green woods and feed thy gaping chicks."

But, when the other saw the harmless bird  
Freed from her bonds, she stooped and snatched a stone  
Up from the roadside, and, with deadly aim  
And fury, hurled it at the joyous dove,  
Which dropped to earth, as lifeless as the stone—  
Her slim throat mangled by the ragged flint.  
Then, with keen taunts, he flung her at the feet  
Of Jesus, hissing: "Meddler! take thy prize,  
And grant the darling leave to soar again!"  
But the meek Jesus sadly from the ground  
Raised the dead bird and said: "Alas! poor boy,  
Thou dost not know the evil thou hast wrought  
By thy brief passion. God himself alone  
Can to a lifeless creature life recall."  
Then, kneeling down, he humbly joined his hands  
In prayer, and, looking up to heaven with eyes  
That swam in tears, sighed, "O! that I were God!"  
And once again, "Ah! would that I were God!"  
Scarce had his prayer upfloated, when the dove,  
Kissed by his hallowed lips, unclosed her eyes,  
Oped her light wings, and clove the liquid air.  
Awestruck, the children watched; then, he whose hand  
Had freed the captive whispered: "Art thou God?"  
And Jesus answered him: "I cannot tell."

Then suddenly a rush of nimble wings  
Whirred, and, descending in a golden beam,  
The dove returned, and settled on the brow  
Of the meek Jesus. While it lingered there,  
The spell-bound children heard a solemn voice,  
That fell like music on their ears, and cried:  
"I am the God of Heaven, and He who woke  
Life from death's sleep is my beloved Son."  
Then, first, the Baptist by these tokens knew  
That the meek Jesus was the Son of God;  
And, gazing on the twice-born dove, he saw  
A brown half-circle on her snowy neck,  
Marked newly there, in memory of the wound  
Healed by the kisses of the Holy Child.

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

### OUR SOLDIERS.

Mr. George Carslake intends giving \$500 to purchase a trophy in commemoration of the opening of the new Cote St. Luc rifle ranges.

There is talk, as is only natural, of a return visit of a French-Canadian and English-speaking battalion to Toronto, probably on Dominion Day. These visits are excellent peace-makers.

Lieut. Mackay, R.E., a Kingston College graduate now serving on the west coast of Africa, and who for some time has had the local rank of Captain, has been appointed to the "Distinguished Service Order."

The Sixty-fifth gave a reception and ball at their armoury on Tuesday. Col. Ouimet, on resigning the command, was presented with a pair of handsome bronze statues, supplied by Messrs. Sharpley, representing "The attack and the defence."

The annual church parade of the Royal Scots took place last Sunday afternoon. They mustered in the Drill Shed at half past two and marched to St. Andrew's Church, where the sermon was preached by Rev. J. Edgar Hill, chaplain of the regiment. Their inspection will be held on June 8.

Lieut.-Col. Villiers, D.A.G., accompanied by Major Buchan, inspected the armoury of Portage Co., 95th, under the care of Captain Shepherd. They also opened the Portage Rifle Association range, making a few bull's-eyes, by the way of trying their hand; then proceeded west to Minnedosa on a like mission. *Rat Portage Hustler.*

The Minister of Militia has promised to have the new rifle ranges of Cote St. Luc ready by July 5. The Vics hold their annual meeting on July 27. They have also arranged for half a dozen matches with Snider rifles, the first of which took place last Saturday. The competition will be divided into three classes, and one prize will be given in each class.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards are to be congratulated on the showing they made last week. Now that their Queen's Birthday trip is fairly over, the consensus of opinion is that the battalion all round did excellently. As Ottawa grows, there is little reason why the Guards should not be in every respect the equal or superior of any corps in the country. *Free Press.*

A Canadian was granted a private audience by Queen Victoria a few days ago. The Canadian thus accorded an especial honour was Miss Hermine de Salaberry, a granddaughter of the Hero of Chateauguay, who fought for the British cause so successfully in 1813. Miss de Salaberry was presented to the Queen by the Princess Louise. The Chateauguay conqueror was a friend of the Duke of Kent, the Queen's father.

We have received from Mr. L. Homfray Irving, says the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, the gentleman who so often entertained our readers with his "Linchpin" letters, an explicit declaration that he was not the writer of the *Broad Arrow* letter which Sir Adolphe Caron ascribed to him in his speech in Parliament on Mr. Mulock's want of confidence motion. Mr. Irving says he has neither written nor inspired any letter whatever for any other than a Canadian paper. Such a disavowal is what the *Militia Gazette* expected would be forthcoming from Mr. Irving, to whom no one who knew him would have been apt to ascribe the letter in question.

We notice with pleasure, says the *Halifax Critic*, the promotion to the command of the 66th, P. L. F., of Major (now Lieut.-Col.) W. M. Humphrey, and of Capt. Menger, the late excellent Adjutant, to the junior majority. We are also glad to see Captain Humphrey back in his old corps, and it speaks well for his military spirit that he is not above re-entering in a rank subordinate to that which he previously held. We fancy there are no more popular officers in the force than the Colonel and his brother. A good deal of "new blood" is gazetted at the same time, as well as the retirement of some gentlemen whose names we should have been glad to see remain on the list. It is further satisfactory to note the steady increase of officers who have passed the Infantry School.

The regulations to govern the annual drill for 1889 have been issued. There is but little change from the ordinary routine. Relating to the target practice, a commendable but trifling change is made in the prescription that a man must hit the target at each range before being allowed to fire from a longer distance. Though the usual paragraphs about the importance of rifle shooting appear, the ammunition allowance remains at the absurdly low issue of twenty rounds per man. Again, only one blanket per man is to be served out. For years mild protests have been made against the insufficiency of the night covering allowed the militia, but no change for the better results. In the meantime lives are endangered to save a few dollars in the blanket bill, and what is saved in blankets is lost in the destruction of uniforms by wearing them in sleeping as well as waking hours.

London dressmakers say they never had so many white gowns on as at present.

The frequency of the pulse-beat is increased by drinking hot water or tea, diminished by drinking these cold. Adding a warm covering to the clothing of the body increases the pulse by about ten beats a minute. Mental activity diminishes it more or less.