

concludes that the phenomenon of heliotropism is due to unequal growth upon unequally lighted sides of the plant.

RELATIONS OF MIND AND BODY.—Whatever that thing, fact, function, or idea which we call mind may be, or whether the brain, as is generally believed, is or is not its sole organ of manifestation, it is universally admitted that varying bodily conditions are accompanied by related variations of mental states. Aphasia, insanity, imbecility, are so often found accompanied by certain definite pathological alterations in the brain-substance that they are generally held to be symptomatic of such local changes. So, also, though in a more general way, melancholia and depression, as well as exaltations and excitements of the mind, are known to depend largely on corresponding general conditions of retarded or accelerated physiological processes. It is also held, though in a less definite manner, that the health of the body may be effected, beneficially or injuriously, by certain states of the mind, as of hope or despondency. Or, more in detail, medical men have observed that certain mental states affect certain functions in certain definite ways. As, for instance, sudden anxiety, as of the non-arrival of a friend when expected, may cause an increase of the peristaltic action, while prolonged anxiety is apt to cause the contrary effect. Joy over good news or at the return of long absent friends diminishes gastric secretion and causes loss of appetite. The feeble hold on life of the suicidal, and the surprising recoveries from serious diseases and after apparently fatal injuries, in persons whose mental characteristics are hopefulness and determination, are often-recurring facts, familiar to all.—From "*Bodily Conditions as related to Mental States*," by DR. CHARLES F. TAYLOR, in *Popular Science Monthly* for May.

Readings and Recitations.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in the study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Bridget told me
Mamma musn't be 'isturbed.

"But I've tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzar fing to do,
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite letter,
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead.

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried
Down to Bridget in his glee.
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I've a letter, Bridget—see!"

No one heard the little prattler,
As, once more, he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
On the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door.
"I've a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?"

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter,
Does 'ou sink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Dess I'll find anozzor office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would hav' detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out in the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverent they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

—*The Pacific Baptist.*

THE ZULU DISASTER.

For THE CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL.—TUNE: "THE DEATH OF NELSON."

O'er heroes Britannia weeps to-day;
She sighs and groans, and turns her face away;
From Zululand comes throbbing o'er the sea
An anguished cry—"England, we died for thee!"

The lion howls with pain;
He shakes his shaggy mane,
And with impatient roar
Rouses himself for war;
His prey he sniffs afar
On Africa's tragic shore.
Zululand's king no more shall tell
He conquered those who fighting fell
For England and for duty!
O'er every grave our flag shall wave
For England and for duty!

Crowd on both steam and sail,
Outrun the swiftest gale.
Fly quickly o'er the sea;
Beside your brothers stand,
Scatter the Zulu band,
Set every captive free;
Justice maintain, defend the right,
Retrieve our honour, bravely fight
For England and for duty!