One other quotation from the *Microcosmus* may be given on the interesting and much-debated subject of the so-called *Innate Ideas.* He remarks: "The inappropriate name of Innate Ideas must not mislead us to consider the principles of our knowledge, or the concepts by which they are commonly, for brevity's sake, referred to—the ideas of space, of time, of thing, of cause, and the others of perhaps equal moment associated with them—as an original conscious possession of the mind. No more than the spark, as spark, is already present in the flint before the steel calls it forth, do these concepts hover complete before consciousness previously to all the impressions of experience. Even in our later life, matured by experience, they seldom claim our attention in this shape; we have only the unconscious habit of acting and proceeding in our learning according to them; deliberate reflection is required to make these ideas the subject of our thought, though they have long unnoticed been the guiding springs of our judgments. Consequently they are innate in no other sense than this, that in the original nature of the mind there is a tendency constraining it at the suggestion of experience to develop these modes of conception, and that, on the other hand, they are not conveyed complete by the matter alone of experience, to be merely passively received, this special nature being required for the mind to be impelled by the impressions of experience to form them of itself. Thus understood, the correctness of this view can scarcely be held to be disproved by the manifold attempts to show that all these principles of thought are derived exclusively from the mechanism of immediate cognition. Language, with its terms *Cause, Origin, Dependence, Connexion of Reason and Consequence*, reminds us, to be sure, of the several facts and forms of experience, on occasion of which we most readily became aware of the inherent relationship that the original nature of our reason presupposes in complex objects. But more accurate reflection will always bring us back to the belief, that all those observations did nothing more than afford the mind an opportunity of recalling an innate truth, and that of themselves they could not have imparted to us universal principles on which to judge all things," (i. 227, 228).

William Clark.

A JULY DAY.

To those who can escape for a time from the heat and dust and noise of the city, a visit to the country at this season is especially refreshing. The soft sward rests the feet from the weariness of stone and wood pavements, the cool woods invite us to their shades, the fields are gay with flowers, and the air is sweet with rich odours.

The wild grasses have now attained their full growth. On dry hills the June grass is already brown and ripe, but in lower pasture lands the purple blossom has just dropped off, and the seeds are hardening at the top of the slender stem. In all the world of Nature it is doubtful if there is anything more graceful than a plant of June grass in its prime. The leaves are long and delicately formed, and the fine elastic stem sways airily with the slightest breeze. The arrangement of the seed cluster at the top is harmonious and beautiful.

From the colour of its bloom the June grass is more generally known farther south as blue grass. The State of Kentucky owes its pre-eminence, as the "horse-pasturing Argos" of the western world, to the nutritive qualities of this plant.

Scarcely less graceful are the various grasses that grow in wet valleys, or on the borders of slow-flowing streams. These also are now in their prime, and cannot fail to draw the admiration of all loving observers of nature.

In the upland meadows the blossoms of the red clover have turned brown, and far away, on this side and that, we hear the rapid mechanical clicking of the mowing machine. But the poetry of hay-making nearly all disappeared with the decadence of the scythe and the hand-rake. Seldom now do we hear the ringing music of the mower whetting his blade, or the soft rhythmic "swish" of the cutting and falling of the grass from the scythe. We have changed all that. Those primitive melodies resound no more from our hay-fields; they are filled with the clatter of mowing machines and horse-rakes.

On the farms nowadays, as well as in the cities, everything is done in a rush and a hurry. There is no time to absorb and enjoy the sweet influences of the seasons. Of course we can raise and cure more hay than our fathers, but we are not therefore better nor happier than they. Perhaps we cannot hear as well as they the blissful harmonies of nature for the clatter of our machines.

The early wild flowers are all gone, but the later ones are not less beautiful. The woods are too dense for most of our summer flowers, but they abound on the outskirts of the forest, in fallows and woodland pastures, and in the corner of rail fences that cross the cultivated fields. Daisies and buttercups are everywhere; they are so common that country people scarcely know that they are beautiful. But those who have spent the working hours of the year with little else in sight than the bare walls of a city office, or the back yards of city boarding-houses, feel quite different towards the daisies.

Now, too, the wild roses are in bloom. The common, low-bush variety is not especially attractive, but the sweet-brier rose is, without doubt, the most delicately beautiful in colour and structure of all our summer flowers. The dewy freshness of the whole flower and the exquisite purity of colouring that suffuses the petals, are surely the subtlest essences of our summer sun and showers. Such simple beauty cannot at all be attained in the city greenhouses.

In July the handsome pendulous flowers of the wild columbine may yet be seen, and fairy blue bells begin to adorn the sandy hills.

Of all the wild flowers of this season the orange lily is the most gorgeously coloured. It is somewhat rare, however, and is not to be found at all in some parts of Ontario. There are still a few left in our suburban parks, in spite of the predacious habits of the visitants of these places.

In damp and shady localities the wood-sorel and the wild geranium put forth their modest flowers, while along the edges of little spring streams the blue stars of the forget-me-not gleam through the wet grass. Farther down, the blue flag hangs out its pennons, and the sweet mint blooms. In a sluggish lagoon, into which the little stream runs, various aquatic plants flourish, and the water lilies, white and yellow, are just unfolding their swollen buds.

The July air is full of all sweet and indescribable odours, distilled by the glowing sun from trees and shrubs and plants. Flowers yield but a part of it; the fresh leaves, the young shoots and stems, and even the bark of trees, exhale a rare fragrance. But most of these wild perfumes are rapidly dissipated by the sun, and it is not until the dew begins to fall that our gross senses can perceive their presence.

A long drive after nightfall along some of our Canadian country roads at this season, is fragrant as a voyage among the Spice Islands. Now it is the resinous odour of young pines that delights us; or, as we descend into the valleys, the cool and balmy breath of spruce and cedar enfolds us. The mild pervasive woodsy odour of wild raspberry bushes is particularly grateful. Then in the more open districts, the darkness is redolent with the rare fragrance of a sweet-brier bush, or a patch of white clover blossoms, or new-mown hay, or the more homely harvest odours of ripening wheat and barley.

Early in July our Canadian foliage has in general reached its fullest expansion and perfection. The leaves still retain the freshness and tenderness of June, but before long they will begin to grow hard and glossy.

The basswood or American linden is one of our finest foliage trees. It does not possess the drooping symmetry of the elm, but in favourable circumstances it has usually a good outline, and it is especially remarkable for its luxurious growth of rich green leaves, which are much larger than those of our other trees. Some of our wild plants, too, now display a luxuriance of foliage almost tropical. Among these the wild parsnip is found in marshes, and the elecampane in old valley pastures; the mullein loves the dusty roadside, and the burdock, unjustly despised, thrives in the barnyards of unthrifty farmers, where it covers up, in a not unbeautiful way, much unsightly rubbish. Perhaps if these had chanced to be rare foreign plants, and hard to cultivate, they would have been granted a place in our greenhouses.

July is not pre-eminent among the months for bird-singing. The best songs of our birds are sung in May and June, in the nest-building and brooding period. But now family cares have sobered the thrushes, and though they still sing a few notes occasionally, they no longer flood the air at dawn or dusk with such rapturous melody as we heard a few weeks since. The catbird mews more and sings less than before, and the robin is chiefly heard in a single soft note of complacency at the prosperity of his brood, or in the quick calls of alarm, when one comes too near the nestlings fluttering through the bushes.

But though the singers are mostly quiet, the other birds are vivacious. The young crows are particularly noisy, and the harsh calls of the high-hole, or golden-winged woodpecker, are frequently heard. The blackbird and the starlings take a humble part in the orchestra of Nature. Where I write I hear the swallows twittering; the little grey birds chant their monotonous ditties, and the goldfinch chirps softly as it passes in undulating flight.

Butterflies are in the air, and various other bright-coloured insects are buzzing around. Sometimes a great, burly bumble-bee comes droning past, resplendent in his new yellow waistcoat. A solitary cricket is chirping melodiously in a little clump of grass near by. A little later in the season,