

ter get 'em inter ther ground 'tween ther rocks, and yet they keep on er teachin' school ter sing 'er farmer's life is ther life fer me."

William Briggs, Toronto.

MUSINGS BY CAMPFIRE AND WAYSIDE:
By W. C. Gray.

A MOST noticeable feature of the present-day literature is the number of Nature writers. The catalogue of their works grows apace. A growing study of Nature is everywhere evident, but each writer studies from a different standpoint, for after all, every interpretation of Nature depends upon the medium through which it comes. We *look* physically, but *see* mentally.

And it is no small debt we owe to these students. It is but a minute portion of the universe we can turn into clothes or food, or for the gratification of the body, but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. The universe is the temple of beauty, but most of us are blind in the midst of it, as blind as if we were tenants of a dungeon. We have eyes but see not, and ears but hear not.

William Cunningham Gray, the author of the work before us, was for many years the Editor of *The Interior*. Too often the gall of the ink-pot gets into editorial blood. Indeed, it was said of a certain editor, "He vomits bile and calls it a newspaper." But no such scathing charge can be laid at Mr. Gray's door. His rich intellectuality and fine poetic sensibility are warmed by a broad reach of humanity. His "Musings" have the freshness and wholesomeness of the big woods, and contain every touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin. The reader feels the undulating, whispering music of the forest, the power of the shady silences, the dignity of the beasts who live closest to the heart of the woods. Whether we listen to the lonesome cry of a loon calling to his mate, or watch the swift flight of the

arrowy-winged wild duck, it is always through the medium of one who has a sensitive perception and remarkable insight into Nature's moods. He individualizes each scene and object and studies it as a picture.

His chapters on "What Adam Did in Eden" are perhaps the best, and the thoughts are strikingly original. He compares "Milton's noble absurdities" with the Paradise of Moses, which from the standpoint of art is immeasurably superior to Milton's. The latter's conception of Adam was that of an opulent English gentleman dwelling in a highly artificial English park in fine weather. His Eden was not a very congruous combination of Oriental and English landscape, but the Paradise of Moses was a broad country diversified by mountains and plains, in which great rivers rose and flowed to the sea. It was an Eden that makes us sympathize with Eve as she looked back upon the circling sword of fire and cried in pathetic lament, "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise!"

The author also shows us thirteen points of description with which anthropological science identifies and describes the primitive man, not one of which is omitted by Moses, thus giving Moses a wonderfully specific, particular, and thorough vindication.

THE PRIMITIVE MAN:

1. Wears no clothing, and is unconscious of any physical or moral need of it.
2. Subsists on the spontaneous products of nature, primarily and chiefly, as his dentition shows, upon fruit, seeds, and nuts.
3. The primitive man is devoid of moral perceptions. He does not know the difference between good and evil.
4. His intellectual powers are undeveloped. He has but little knowledge.

THE ADAM OF MOSES:

1. Wore no clothing. "He was naked and not ashamed."
2. Subsisted upon the spontaneous products of the garden. "I give you," said Elohim, "every plant bearing seed and every tree producing fruit. That shall be food for you."
3. Adam did not know the difference between good and evil.
4. Adam had not eaten of the tree of knowledge.