

stone fence, through which hundreds of feet turn on every summer holiday, a cry of dismay bursts from Theo's lips. Is it possible that the detested barbed wire forbids further progress?

No. Investigation relieves our minds. It is a false alarm. Our sylvan retreat is not barred here or elsewhere. Its fifty different paths intersecting each other in every direction, plainly show from how many points it can be reached. How fortunate we are to be able to wander through these silent woods which belong to us,—are ours in the best sense of the word, because we love them so much!

Have you ever read that delicious book of Alphonse Karr's—"The Tour Round my Garden?" If you have not, do, I entreat you. Get it at once, and before long you will come to this passage:—

"I remember an old wood near to the house in which I was born. What days have I passed under its thick shade, in its green alleys; what violets I have gathered in it in the month of March, and what lilies of the valley in the month of May; what strawberries, blackberries and nuts I have eaten in it; what butterflies and lizards I have chased and caught there; what nests I have discovered. How often have I gone there at the close of day, to recline upon a little knoll covered with trees, to see the glorious sun set, his oblique rays colouring with red and gold the white trunks of the birch-trees which surround me! *This wood was not mine: it belonged to an old bed ridden Marquis, who had, perhaps, never been in it in his life—and yet it belonged to him!*"

The narrow path which wound upward among the tress had already been trodden by many feet. We could make no mistake in following it, even had we not known it so well, and we were soon led to the foot of the brae we sought.

Dozens of people must have already carried away armfuls of *Trilliums*, but there seemed to be no room for more than we could see before us. If not the greatest favourites, *Trilliums* are surely the best known of all our Spring flowers. They belong to the Smilax Family, with a sub order devoted to themselves, of which the name means in *threes*. The plant consists of a stout, short stem rising from its tuberous root-stock, and bearing aloft a circle of three broad green leaves. There is a single large flower, of three petals. This flower is a very handsome one, pure white, and lasts a long time. It eventually turns pink before withering.

There are many varieties of the *Trillium*. One is the *Wake-Robin*, spoken of by English poets. Another the *Trillium erectum*, which we found during our ramble, later in the day, and in a sunnier spot. The flower in this case, however, has much narrower petals, and is of a dard red colour. It is also known as the *Purple Trillium* or *Birth-root*, and is more uncommon than the white varieties.

Among this wealth of "lilies" were still to be found a few *Blood-roots*—*Sanguinaria Canadensis*. We had scarcely hoped to get good specimens of this plant, the time for them being somewhat passed. And, of course, we were overjoyed to find them so easily. The wide-open, white-flower, so delicate and yet so hardy, with its great leaves cut into fingers almost like sea-weed, is too well-known to need much description. It belongs to the Poppy Family, and is named after the red, acrid juice which exudes from its broken stems. As one finds to his cost, the red-rust stain of the juice is very hard to get off hands or clothing.

Here also we found, well advanced, the pretty plant so often mistaken for *Maiden-hair* fern, the *Early Meadow Rue*. It is true there is a certain likeness between the two, in their earlier stages, so far as the shape of the leaflets and their delicate colour go, but the sub-division

is entirely different, and the stems are always green. They never, in any case, assume the shining black, which distinguishes the *Maiden-hair* from all others of the Fern tribe. It cost us a great effort at length to turn away from this pretty place. We did not take much besides our boxed specimens, for it was too early in the day to pick all we meant to carry home. Our work lay much farther a-field.

One thing we were quite determined to find, if it were to be got at all, and that was the *Trailing Arbutus* so often spoken of with affection by our neighbours across the Border. It is true, we hardly expected to have much luck in our quest, for others had tried before without success. Curiously enough, this lovely blossom with its varied shading and exquisite perfume, seems to confine itself to but a few places in this province. Three Rivers and certain favoured spots about Lake Memphremagog it honours with its sweet presence. On our mountain, however, or in our neighbourhood, I think we may say with truth, it certainly is not. That, at least, was the conclusion we came to, after some hours of patient search. Having come out to find *Arbutus*, however, we did not, like Hans and Peggy, decline to find anything else. Indeed, I may say, that when the home of the *Hepaticas* burst upon our view, we forgot all our disappointment in less time than it takes to write it. The smooth rising ground before us was literally covered with the little mauve and white blossoms. In a moment we were down on our knees gathering them.

"Oh, oh!" cried Louise, from a short distance off, "look at this! oh, oh! who would have anything but this kind!"

"What is it," we all exclaimed, rushing to her.

"Just look at this—um-m!" she cried, holding out a double blossom—a very rare thing, by the way, of the loveliest pale pink, "and here is another—and another! Oh, go away, you Kathleen, with your trowel! I can't have you digging up these little darlings, and crushing them in your old letter-press—go away!"

"I don't want them," I said, with wavering dignity, "who wants monstrosities like that?"

"What!"

"Monstrosities," I repeated severely. "all double flowers are! You're no botanist!"

"I don't care," she cried, hotly, "I'm glad I'm not! Botanists indeed! They are the monsters themselves!"

Theo tried to remind her of what had been told us at one of the lectures. How the pollen dust of the stamens falls upon the young seeds in the ovary, and how these seeds grow and grow after the pretty blossom has fallen away, until they are ripe. How they are scattered about, and lie in the ground waiting for the coming of Spring, when they will grow, blossom, scatter their seed, and perpetuate their beauty from year to year. At last she reluctantly admitted that she did remember to have heard all this before.

"Oh yes. I know," she said, "the stamens give the pollen, but if they were always changed into petals to make double flowers, it wouldn't do, I suppose. There would be no pollen, and no seeds—'nor nothin'—nor nothin'—nor nothin'!" But you can't deny," she added, laughing, "that it would be a very bad botanist who didn't like these," holding up her newly acquired treasures, "and I don't want to have anything to do with him!"

After all Lou was a good deal in the right. Botanists are useful people "who's a-denying of it" but they must miss a great deal of simple pleasure that the rest of us pick up here and there. They are said to take no account of perfume and but little of color. I scarcely think you would recognize this description from the