

hood, who knew the haunts of the frail anemone and the fragrant violet, and welcomed the first bloodroot and hepatica, or later rejoiced in the beauty of the wild rose hedges, and waited for the coming of the brilliant cardinal flower. We love the flowers that our child hands have held. These speak to us as none others can. A wealth of association endears them to us. Because we rejoice in them beyond all others, let us fill the hands of the children with flowers, and bind them together with beautiful thoughts.

But while we encourage the children to seek and find the spring treasures and to know them in their homes, let us guard against any ruthless destruction of their beauty. In the neighborhood of towns and cities many flowers have become extinct, because they have been gathered in so great numbers that no seed has ripened. Can we not learn to "love the woodrose and leave it on its stalk?" We know how instinctive is the desire of possession, and how quickly the little fingers clasp the tender stem, only to throw the flower aside to wither as another becomes more attractive. Left in its place, the flower might have delighted other eyes, or borne fruit which would insure a multitude of blossoms another summer. Wordsworth has immortalized for us the "golden daffodils" which he saw dancing in the sunlight. He speaks of them as seen again and again by "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." Can we not help the children to realize that they are more truly possessors of the beauty in which they delight when they carry away its picture in their thought, than when they ruthlessly destroy the life which is beyond their power to give?

Now a word to the city teachers, whose children are shut away from fields and brooks and woods. What can we do for them? Their need is great. They have so little share in the generous gifts of Mother Earth. They are shut out from their own inheritance. And with this loss comes one greater than we realize. Robbed of the flowers in their child-life, they will miss always the "beautiful pictures which hang on memory's walls" in our richer lives. Poem and story suggest to us brook and field and wood; no answering memory responds, when these children spell out the words so full of meaning to us.

I have seen the grimy hands which pale-faced children reach out, as I have passed "alley or tenement row" in the city, and have heard the "Missis, please give me a flower," until my heart ached for the starved children, whose eyes have never looked upon a meadow rich in daisies and buttercups. Shall we say that nature study is not for these, because the material is not