

you your joyous life—gurgling over with happiness. And the stream babbles its story to the river,—but let Tennyson's "Brook" or our own Geo. Frederick Scott's "Why Hurry, Little River" tell us that delightful story. And the river moves on with calm and easy motion and gives up—no, it only lends—its waters to the sea. And the sea says: Have I not enough and to spare? I will call up the bright god of day, and this very night when he comes down to bathe and refresh himself in my depths, we will think over a plan to pay back those givers who have poured their tribute without stint into my broad bosom; and the clouds alone shall be let into the secret. And the clouds, blushing all over with joy and pride at the importance of their secret, said: To-morrow morning we will put on our wings and call the winds to help us, and we will fill up the fountains of those streams away off on the mountain side, and we will make fresher the green grass and the leaves of the forest. And the leaves in a flutter of delight will whisper the secret to the mossy ground beneath them. And the moss will hoard up the crystal drops in cool retreats of forest and ravine, and yield them slowly to thirsty streams in the parching drought of summer.

And so the stories might be multiplied, and the "fairy tales of science" with their generous substratum of scientific truth might nourish many a boy and girl and give a joy and perennial freshness to their whole lives. And this, I take it, is one of the great objects of nature-study—to develop a habit of mind which only comes by training—the habit of discerning the beautiful as well as the useful in the world, to distinguish the true from the false, to cultivate a reverence for the God that is behind nature and man.

"I hate botany! I hate the study of animals!" I have heard children say more than once. Perhaps we might find a reason if we step into certain school-rooms and see some of the antiquated methods that still prevail in teaching about plants and animals; to study the structure only and the names, and then fling the wilted remains of the plants into the waste-basket; or to make collection of twenty-five or fifty plants of the neighbourhood, mounted and labelled:—all very well if the study of botany does begin and end here. The study of the life of the plant, its