

VII. The Blue-Bird. VIII. The Invitation.

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Speaking about the white trillium reminds me that soon our woods will be beautified by the tall, nodding blossoms of those graceful wild flowers. I believe there is a yellow trillium, but am not sure. At any rate, we shall find large quantities of the red, whose unpleasant odor prevents it from becoming the favorite it should be. The large white trillium, and the small white, sometimes called the "smiling wake-robin," are often found quite near the red. Other spring flowers that can soon be found are the anemone, spring beauty, violets, Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the blood-root. Pleasant and profitable hours can be spent comparing the blossoms and leaves of these wild flowers. To some, the study of the roots is fully as interesting as that of the flower. Those of us who have microscopes ought to squeeze a few drops of the juice obtained from the root of the blood-root upon a small piece of white glass. Then, looking at this juice through the lens, you will see a beautiful and wonderful sight.

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To speak of wild flowers naturally suggests the month of May, when blossoms of many kinds suddenly burst into beauty. Who can think of May, and not let one's thoughts float upwards to Mary, queen of earth and heaven? In the Sunday School Companion for May 19, I find this sweet little poem:

MARY'S FLOWERS.

By Elvira Sydnor Miller.

Now springtime's airy bugles blow,
And music fills the woodland ways,
Arise, dear hearts, and let us go
Where Mary's flowers are all ablaze;
They all unfold their hearts of gold,
Our Lady's darling flowers.

Fair is the cool green afternoon,
The skies are like a rose ablou,
And keeping time to some wind tune

The lilies sway, a glittering row;
They rise, they fall at music's call,
Our Lady's darling flowers.

Behind us is the noisy town,
A dusky shadow on the skies;
But here the bending heavens look down

Fair as some dream of paradise;
And robed in white are lilies slight,
Our Lady's darling flowers.

Dear hearts, each blossom like a star

E'er holds a mystery enshrined.
A message blown back from afar.
Like songs upon the evening wind,
O'er land and sea,
From heaven, may be;
Our Lady's darling flowers.

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Think a little about this poem. Talk it over among yourselves. I know that every boy and girl who reads it will be impressed by the spirit of gladness and real joy that pervades every stanza. Melody rings out in the very first verse, "Now springtime's airy bugles blow." Find the next allusion to music. In the second stanza, there are at least five allusions to music. See if you can find them. Read the third stanza and see how easy it will be to imagine yourself in the woods, picking white trilliums. "Behind us is the noisy town." "And robed in white are lilies slight." Read the fourth stanza. What mystery is enshrined like a star in each blossom? What is blown back from heaven "like songs upon the evening wind?" Reading this little poem, this thought comes to me, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they labor not, neither do they spin." In the New Testament, music, poetry and flowers all find beautiful expression. In the VI. chapter of St. Matthew we

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