

the full. As the ardent lover of music is charmed by harmonies which escape the ear of one uninterested or uninformed, so the student and friend of flowers finds grand harmony and marvellous beauty where the ignorant or indifferent observer sees nothing of interest.

We should not then rest satisfied with a mere nodding acquaintance with the gems studding our forest, fields and shores.

A knowledge of flowers will bring its own sweet reward. Every glimpse of country brings one among a host of friends; in every drive along the road, hosts of flowers nod a kind greeting. The mosses and ferns, once in bygone ages, giants in the land, inspire us with keener interest, while the humble mare's tail lifting its sharp spear reminds us of its noble ancestry, whose huge bulk swayed in the moist warm air of the carboniferous period, when enormous plants sprang up and died, forest after forest, leaving to man the fossil sunbeams, which to-day as coal drive the loom, the ocean greyhound and the locomotive. The summit of some cloud-piercing mountain, where plants are to be found that bloom nowhere but in the frozen north, speaks to us of an age when the continent was over-run with rivers of ice, and harbored none but boreal flowers. Cut off long since from retreat, by the warmth of the valleys, these remnants of a once glorious army now stand at bay on inaccessible heights, amid the clouds and crags. Many less hardy plants may try to reach up to this distinguished height, only to be flung back again dwarfed and vanquished, while over silent abysses to whose summit the murmur of the rushing torrents below, scarcely ascends, hangs many a dainty yet stubborn plant, to lure on the seeker of the strange and beautiful, into whose wondering ears it could pour a tale more strange than any of fairy land.

The laws of nature are the thoughts of God, and many a person has been

brought to a belief in Nature's God through the study of Nature. Tennyson says:

"Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the cranny.

Hold you there, root and all, in my hand, Little flower! but if I could understand What thou art, root and all and all in all, I should know what God and man is."

An old lady was one day admiring a large and beautiful Calla Lily. She gazed on its snowy whiteness for a few moments fairly drinking in its beauty, and then exclaimed, "And then to think that some people will persist in thinking there is no God."

As Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us," and man is made old before his time by the wear and tear of life, the baffled ambitions, the sorrow of ideals unrealized, and idols proved unworthy of respect, and for this there is no earthly physician's balm. But on every hand the Great Physician offers a cure for the mind diseased in the myriads of beauties and wonders to be met with in the flower world. There is not a flower that grows which has not its lesson of faith and hope to teach. There is not one which does not present to us a view of the Creator and His creatures, that will lead to spiritual exaltation, humility and brotherly love.

And then how often we can make use of flowers to cheer and comfort the sick and lonely. There is a world of comfort and consolation in flowers, and many a dark cheerless room and perhaps darker more cheerless heart has been brightened and cheered by gifts of flowers. We strew blossoms in the pathway of the bride, we scatter garlands over the last resting place of the loved one; we decorate the May-pole with garlands gay to express our joy and gladness; we cheer the sad lonely places of earth with the same flowers, to express our sympathy and love. Thus the messages of the flowers may be varied but are all full of love to God and man.