

the cold, wet ground. Of these, however, we did not stop to take much notice, as we knew they belonged to a much more intricate branch of the science than we were, at the time, capable of undertaking.

As we advanced into the jungle, work began in earnest. To dig we were *not* ashamed, and the trowels were in constant demand, in spite of an occasional young frog leaping hither and thither in wild terror at our incursion. Many an accident we narrowly escaped, and several times when we thought a foot firmly planted on a clod of earth, it slipped off with a suggestive *glug* which caused a wail of anguish.

Of course, going over a swamp in this way requires more care about one's footing than almost any other ground, but I can truly say that the reward in the end greatly overbalances the trouble. Of all the exquisite wild-flowers I have ever seen, some spring marsh-plants, I think, exhibit the most delicate purity.

Among other Canadian specimens, I may mention the *Star-flower* (*Trientalis Americana*), a fragile little plant, generally growing upon decayed stumps. Its whole height never seems to exceed three inches or thereabouts. A slender stalk rises from the ground for about two inches, where it branches out in a whorl of leaves, very irregular in size and number. From the middle of this cluster is a tiny stem supporting the only blossom. This flower is white, and something like a small wild strawberry-blossom, only that the petals, six in number, are of thinner texture, and slope to a fine point.

Another plant which vies with the *Star-flower* has a hard name—*Menyanthes trifoliata*—from two words meaning *month* and a *flower*, because that is about the length of time which it can spare to make our world beautiful. This herb is perennial, or lasting from year to year, and the flowers are also white, as a great proportion of wild, and particularly spring-flowers, are. The corolla of the *Menyanthes* is cup-shaped, and the inner surface of the cup is bearded, or filled with delicate, curled-up white hairs, giving a misty, foam-like, and withal very beautiful appearance to the blossom.

All about us myriads of *Marsh Marigolds* spangled the surface of the ground, reminding us of Jean Ingelow's quaint, fondling words—

"O brave Marsh Mary buds rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold."

This flower (*Caltha palustris*) belongs to the *Crowfoot Family*—to our family now, said Teddy, securing some of them—and is too common to need much description. It rejoices in two names for every day use—*Marsh Marigold* and *Cowslip*, although it resembles neither in anything but the colour.

All this time, like Persephone of old, we had been straying further and further in among the wild luxuriance of vegetation. Near by the Flag, with which we are all so familiar, lifted its stately head of blue, variegated at the base with green, white, and yellow, and veined with purple. The name is derived from the Greek, signifying nothing less than *rainbow deified*! How they must have admired it—those Greeks—and what a pretty way they had of showing their admiration! Nor are they the only ones who have given it a place in their esteem. Have not the poets spoken much and often of the "royal lilies" of France—although, to be sure, some people say the *fleur de lys* is but a lance-head, and others again, originally a bee—and were not the helmets and shields of the knights of old often decorated with them, when they met in mortal combat, or only playfully whacked and banged each other about in the "gentle sport" for their own satisfaction and the greater enjoyment of the pretty damsels of the period?

But enough of the "Flag" and its knightly memories, for here too was the shrubby *Dog-wood* or *Kinni-kinnik*—surely an Indian word—which trailed its red branches down over the water, and held up for our inspection millions of tiny, apetalous flowers; while the *Willows* (*Salix*, said to come from the Celtic *sal*, near, and *lis*, water) were draped with a soft abundance of tasseled catkins.

I had stooped over a bright-coloured leaf, a tiny red maple tree, thinking I had found something new, and was rising disappointed, when another little flower caught my eye. Pouncing up it, I found that the leader supporting this tiny blossom was by no means the whole of the plant, for a much longer shoot crept out from the root, one of those

— "Vagrant

Vines that wandered
Seeking the sunshine round and round."

Vagrant, indeed, and tangled to such an extent with the things about, that it took a good deal of patience to effect its release. This pretty plant—I say plant, for the flower is very insignificant—belongs to the large and respectable family of the Rose, and is called, in English, *Running Swamp-blackberry*.

Rising red and triumphant from my struggle, my attention was directed to the fence, from which we were now far distant.

"Teddy, old child," I said, shading my eyes from the now hot sun, "look at the ancient Cow-boy! What does he want? He's waving something at us!"

"Yes," said my brother, lazily, "I have been watching him for awhile! It's some sort of shillelagh as far as I can make out—but whether a blackthorn or the more peaceable olive-branch—"

"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridle, young Lord Lochinvar."

quoted Louise gaily, "though if I could see it, I am quite sure it must be the *Lost Will*!"

"Or," put in Theo, in her sunny way, "perhaps a warrant to arrest us for trespassing on *holy ground*!"

This effort was received with applause, whereupon Teddy volunteered to "sarah out" and see what was wanted, and started off in somewhat reckless haste to accomplish that end.

"Ted," I called out rather maliciously, for he had been chaffing us all the morning about our mincing ways, "be careful—remember that

"A true love forsaken,
A new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set!"

Not that there was much danger of his neck in such a remarkably soft place; but that did not alter the beauty of the sentiment.

Teddy answered by a scornful laugh, and a long leap at a mossy tree-root, which would, no doubt, have convinced me forever of the superiority of man, had the treacherous thing not given way, and landed our pride and joy in a frightfully wet and undignified position.

I believe we all rushed to the rescue, but that did not seem to consist of anything but shrieking with laughter, while Teddy picked himself up, and endeavoured to wring out some of the superfluous moisture. Strange to say, he took his immersion like a lamb, merely remarking that "it was all along of you, Eliza," and then took himself away without another word. How is it that one is always so much more sorry for a person when he bears a misfortune with good humour?

After he was gone, Theo picked her way carefully across the swamp, and after a short colloquy with the