

somewhat higher latitudes and the colder seasons of temperate climes, yellow predominates, and then in high latitudes and cold climates and seasons the white. The knowledge of many of these simple laws adds much to the interest of the study of nature, and nature is all beautiful and full of life ! Books are lifeless things, dried flowers are only for the musty botanist ; give me flowers, real living flowers full of life and joy. Patience, good brother botanist ! I do value the dried specimen, but only as the Antiquarian values the mummy that tells a tale of the past ; we do not, we cannot love a mummy, but we do love the living human being whose sympathies are ours ; I cannot I will not love your dried musty specimens, but I will love with all my heart those lovely living flowers with which the earth is filled.

In the bogs we may now find the Sundew, a flower I was always seeking but never found in the fens of Cambridgeshire, for they were too well drained to yield it a suitable habitat. I owe no grudge to any one unless it be to the gentleman who tries to drain the Gorn bog, for if he succeeds all my flowers are gone ; I do not wish him any ill, but I often wish in my heart he may be baffled in all his attempts to drain that precious bog. The Sundew is a singular little flower ; the leaves are of a brownish green, hairy and covered with a secretion like dew ; the naked scape bears a one-sided raceme of flowers.

The *Lobelia Cardinalis*, one of our most splendid flowers, is now in full bloom near Lake St. Charles : it grows from two to four feet high ; the leaves are lanceolate oblong, the flowers are of a deep red, very showy. In England I regarded them in the fall as the pride of my garden, having them planted in my centre bed opposite the arbour, where we often spent many pleasant hours.