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and the point a very beautiful pale rose-colored flower, with veins of a darker hue; it has a pair of linear lanceolate leaves which spring from a deep tuber; I found it belonged to the Purslane family, and instinctively fixed upon the "Spring Beauty" (Claytonia Virginica) as the flower, for I was sure that this and this only could deserve the appellation, and never, so long as I am able, shall a spring pass without my going to the island to gather the Spring Beauty.

The Marsh Marygolds, with their bright yellow buttercup looking flowers, are now in the full luxuriance of bloom in wet places near running water; they may not be esteemed beautiful by all, and yet ali God's works, and all his flowers are good and beautiful. Let any one see them as I have seen them, a large flower bed of an acre or more, one mass of the brightest yellow, a crystal stream meandering through their midst, the beautiful falls of Montmorenci across the river rolling their deep strains of Nature's music, the rising tide of the St. Lawrence beating with refreshing waves at his feet, and a cloudless azure sky over head, from which the rosy tints of early more have hardly disappeared, and if his soul be not ready to overflow with gratitude to the Supreme Being who has made everything so beautiful and good, I do not know what to think of him. I would not be such a man, "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon."

When I first gathered the Blood-root, I felt that I ought to know what it was; it was such a beautiful star-like flower, the color such a pearly white, and the orange red juice from the root so singular that I must know its name: neither acquaintance nor friend could tell me, so I hurried down Mountain Hill, purchased a copy of Gray's Flora, and soon found the name of the beautiful stranger. I should strongly recom-