

sermons I told you how a man who had given his time to the study of plants, had discovered nearly one hundred thousand different kinds of plants." A very loose statement, and more likely the work of a score and more of botanists extending over centuries.

Again: "It was not absolutely necessary for man's existence that God should have created the flowers." . . . . "In the creation of the world, He did not make the abode of His children blank and bleak, but He rendered it very beautiful by planting flowers everywhere." Compare this statement with a previous one, where man gets the credit of the beautiful flowers and God of producing the "weeds." Besides, it is the flowers that produce seeds which feed the world.

"Among the great variety of flowers which God has created, He has left one or two without fragrance, in order to teach us that He might have created them all without fragrance." Is that the lesson we should draw from the "one or two without fragrance?" May it not be that many plants without fragrance to us are fragrant to sensitive insects; and that fragrance in flowers is useful in the economy of plants and insects in helping each other to live, and not merely that we may derive "pleasure from flowers?"

Every intelligent student of nature likes to think of new beauties and utilities being gradually unfolded by plants from age to age in their history, and he will instinctively recoil from a statement like this: "If so much of beauty and fragrance still abides in the flowers, even after this world has been cursed by sin, what must have been the beauty of the world, and the fragrance of its flowers, when God created it and placed man in the Garden of Eden . . . ?"

We hope we have not done an injustice to the author. That has not been our intention; for, as we have stated, there is much to be said in favour of his plan of interesting children, and many of his illustrations from other subjects are to the point. What is objected to in those quoted is the irreverent attitude, the looseness of statement and the lack of sympathy with nature.

Although I have left my native province of Nova Scotia for the sunny plains of Alberta, the REVIEW is welcome every month, and applies as well to the school work here as to that of Nova Scotia.

Holden, Alberta.

E. A. C.

### Voices of Spring.

HEPATICAS.

The trees to their innermost marrow  
Are touched by the sun;  
The robin is here and the sparrow:  
Spring is begun!

The sleep and the silence are over;  
These petals that rise  
Are the eyelids of earth that uncover  
Her numberless eyes.

—Archibald Lampman.

GOOD SPEECH.

Think not, because thine inmost heart means well,  
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech; sweet words  
Are like the voices of returning birds  
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell  
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer.  
Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair.

—Archibald Lampman.

I hear the sparrow's ditty  
A-near my study door—  
A simple song of gladness  
That winter days are o'er;  
My heart is singing with him,  
I love him more and more.

—John Burroughs.

Come, little flowers,  
Springtime is coming,  
'Tis time to rise.  
Flowers, fair flowers, sweet,  
Open your eyes.

—Selected.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH.

Oh, every year hath its winter,  
And every year hath its rain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds go North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,  
And grass springs green on the plain,  
And the alder's buds turn crimson—  
And the birds go North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,  
And every heart hath its pain—  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds go North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember  
If courage be on the wane,  
When the cold, dark days are over—  
Why, the birds go North again.

—Mrs. Ella Higginson.

The above has perhaps appeared in the REVIEW some time within the past few years, but it is written in such a cheery vein that many will be glad to see it again. And the "Rain Song," which follows after, is another good piece for children to commit