

Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast.

BUTTERCUPS.

As our train nears San Francisco we run on the long pier far out in the bay, and as we board one of the fine ferry-boats, a friend directs us to the front and says:

“You get a finer view here.” We have an indistinct remembrance of his continuing to talk, but in our surprise and delight at the view we do not hear him. The magnificent bay is before us. In the distance we see the city of San Francisco, with its hundred of spires tipped with brasses shining out in the sun. The bay is as smooth as a mirror, stately ocean ships and “men-of-war” are coming in or going out. The ferry-boats, so large and fine, they remind us of the Boston steamboats in size and grandeur. Yachts and fishing smacks lie side by side, and the saucy little tug goes flying in and out, peeping here and there in her inquisitive way, as if wishing to know her neighbors’ business.

Flags are flying, and every nation is represented, but with their colors we see a flag that seems to act as host and guardian, and we recognize the Stars and Stripes.

White-winged birds fly abreast our boat and lead the way, as if bidding us a welcome. How beautiful it is, and we seat