

messages such as this: "Little Mabel is so pleased with the flowers you send, she watches for them as for the coming of a friend." One evening they were late, and she said, "I'm afraid they have forgotten me to-night;" when at length they arrived, she said, "I'm so glad, now I can keep them for another week." Mabel is one of our Sunday-school scholars; but the reaper will soon garner in this flower for the Lord's garden of light above.

Our society has recently organized a visiting committee, a part of whose work is to discover from the pastor, or class-leaders, or teachers, who are the sick and to report to the flower committee. The demand is ever on the increase, for as we reach out in more systematic and thorough canvass for all who may be sick or sorrowing, our list enlarges. It would surprise many to know with what apparent pleasure some poor men in the hospital receive a single carnation. One said it "reminded him of summer." To one class of our humanity near at hand we have not as yet gone; but our heart prompts us to go

"Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell."

One Sunday in September last was "Flower Sunday." Our pastor requested every one in the congregation to bring a bouquet, the younger members wore theirs, and right royally did young and old respond. The boys of the society received the flowers on trays. These flowers were afterwards distributed among the charitable institutions of our city. Next summer we hope to have a "Lily Sunday" with a sermon on the lilies of the field, with music appropriate.

ONE OTHER PLAN

for next summer: We own more ground than just that where the church stands; so the space around it is to yield us flowers. A rockery is already built in a shady corner; and many are the promises of ferns, creepers, wild flowers, etc., for this in the spring. Also a friend, a gardener, has promised to fill one bed with geraniums. There is a disposition to undervalue common flowers, whose fault is not their lack of beauty, but their generosity.

Through the winter we try to interest as many boys and girls as possible—and children of larger growth as well—in owning at least one plant, not for themselves, but for the Master's use, to care for it, to coax it into blooming, and then to carry the blossoms where they rightfully belong, into God's

service. We think it will prove a double blessing, and especially to the giver; for as flowers are said to be "God's thoughts in bloom," while we tend our flowers, we are watching the unfolding and developing of God's thought.

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines."

Hamilton, Ont.

Life on the Prairies.

By Thos. Morris, Jr.

JUST about this time of the year, the prairie is a paradise to the sportsman. During April and May, sand-hill cranes, immense birds standing six feet high, wavies, geese, and ducks of infinite variety, are passing and repassing in countless flocks. Overhead, life is swarming. The air is filled with sounds dear to the sportsman's heart. The wavy, a peculiar white and black goose, is particularly noticeable. Flocks of these snowy-breasted birds are to be seen almost constantly, flying in companies of from twenty to fifty, shaped in the form of a wedge, with their leader slightly in advance. Prairie chickens abound. They are much like our partridge and about as big as medium sized domestic fowl. They are very good eating. They come back from their winter quarters, among the scrub and bush, and after mating, make their nests in the tall grass. Their sudden, startling whirr is heard on every side as they shoot out from almost under the sportsman's feet. Little trouble is found in providing game for the table. A settler's gun pays for itself many times over during the season. It was quite a common experience to be awakened in the morning by prairie chicken scrambling over the roof of my shanty. I could shoot game without going outside the door. I not only had a good supply of game, but fresh eggs as well. Indeed the wild ducks frequently made their nests in my hay-stack, and I found it very convenient to go to the nest for my breakfast.

To the settler who is not a sportsman, the ducks, geese, cranes and other birds are unwelcome visitors, for they feed in his grain-fields and destroy his crops. Sometimes picking up so much that it becomes necessary to re-sow the fields entirely. The greatest