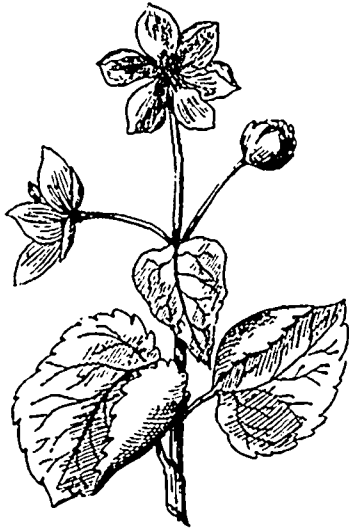


Marsh Marigold. *Caltha palustris*

Trailing Arbutus.

YOUNG CANADIAN WILD FLOWER CLUB.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF VERY YOUNG CANADIANS.

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God." —Longfellow.

PAPER VI.

OUR FIRST OUTING.

Having had a few showers, we know that the flowers must be out, so on Saturday morning we wake up early and the house is all in a bustle preparing for our first outing.

With our tins and old knives we start off to a place where we find all kinds of flowers. We go a little way into the woods, and suddenly before us we see some white specks upon which we pounce, shouting "Here they are!" "Our first Hepaticas!" with their pretty little white or bluish petals on the fuzzy stem, and the new green leaves around the bottom, the old brown ones still lying underneath the new.

It is called the Hepatica Triloba, because its leaf has three blunt lobes. Soon we shall find the other species, called the Hepatica Acutiloba, with its sharp-pointed lobes.

We go on a little farther, and "Here's another!" is shouted. We rush to see what it is. It turns out to be the Blood-root. It has two sepals, that fall off when the flower opens. When you break its black root it bleeds red juice, like blood.

We stroll along looking for others, when some one shouts - "What's this?" It is the little Anemone Memerosa, a small white flower with a few sepals but no petals, and standing about six inches high.

Away up high the Birches are throwing out their pretty tassels, and the Maples are dropping their bunches of red flowers down on our heads. The Willows are also putting out their soft pussy tails. Let us see which kind this is. It is either the Stamenate or the Pistilate. Stamenate means having all the Stamens and Pollen. Pistilate is having all the Pistils. This must be the Stamenate, because if you shake it the Pollen will drop off. Let us look around for the Pistilate. It cannot be far away, as it must be near to catch the Pollen.

As we go down the side of a hill we see a little bunch of pinkish flowers, with a very sweet scent, on a creeping stem, under some rough green leaves. We pull one up and look at it. Some one says it is the Trailing Arbutus. There close by is the first little Chickweed. We go along a little farther to a marshy place, and find large bunches of yellow spots. It is the Marsh Marigold, and it looks as if it was turning the marshy ground into a field of gold.

Here on this sunny bank is a lovely bed of the tender little spray of pink-tinted nodding bells with long slender lance-shaped leaves. We know we have found the Spring Beauty.

So on we go gathering a little of everything new and strange, to plant in our garden at home and watch it grow, until our cans are full. The old skunk cabbage is just sticking his nasty nose up, but we give him the "go-by." Then sprinkling a little water on the specimens to keep them fresh, we close the tins tight and start for home.

Now is the time for boys and girls to form their Wild Flower Clubs. Two Clubs are being formed here this week. One had its first outing on Saturday last. We would be very glad to hear from your readers in any part of Canada, and would help them in any way we could by letter. Pressed specimens or rough drawings of plants you do not know the name of, if sent, will be returned immediately with the correct name.

Our Club is called The Boss Wild Flower Club, because we cleaned out all the Prizes last year at the Horticultural Exhibition, and got a Special Extra Prize for Wild Orchids. We have some nice girls in the Club. One of them was here last night saying her school-mate wanted to join. As she is a nice girl too, we will take her.

One fellow wanted to join, but when we talked of getting up at three in the morning and going about ten miles away, he got scared, and guessed his father would want him on Saturday.

We all go together, cans and baskets too, generally from five to eight of us. We have a rollicking time on the way out, and thoroughly do the ground we started for. We scatter all over; examine every nook; note those just coming up; judge when they will be in full bloom, and take up some entire for home-growing. Of those that appear curious, and when we don't know what they are, we each take a specimen to plant at home, and watch it grow. Great is the one who names it first.