

tiny specks, which to the initiated eye meant craft of some kind, either stately sailing vessels or ocean liners.

Along the track, on either side of it, lay fields and low alder woods, into which we frequently plunged to obtain the botanical specimens which we were seeking. Such riches of "green things a-growing," as were to be found when one looked with eyes sufficiently keen. Little, soft, feathery ferns uncoiling their delicate fronds: pure-eyed star-flowers, holding up their white blossoms to be loved, admired and gathered; the bright, happy faces of the dandelion and sweet coltsfoot; the tiny, white flowers of the goldthread, so small and unobtrusive as to be almost passed unnoticed; the lovely wealth of the wild cherry blossoms, scattering a fragrant shower of white blossoms on the ground beneath, like a miniature snow-storm, while

"The sweetness of the violet's deep, blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies."

Though frequently pausing in our fascinating task to listen to the measured beat of the surf on the shore below us, and to enjoy the cool breezes, we nevertheless accumulated treasures galore, and at last turned faces homeward, our botany cans filled with specimens, and our spirits overflowing with satisfaction and the consciousness that we had spent the time both pleasantly and profitably.

ETHEL MAY CROSSLEY

How Roderick Visited Europe.

SEATED around the fireside one cold winter evening, the conversation, gliding from one topic to another, at length turned to the supernatural. Most of the young people openly avowed their disbelief in anything like an apparition; their chief argument being that they had never