

tions, make it easy for even the visitor of a day to identify all the plants he is likely to see. Your choice of English names, when such had not already been given to our alpine flowers, is excellent."

This book is a simple and popular guide, and description of the flowers that bloom above the clouds. In turning its pages we breathe the fresh air of the mountain slopes. We inhale the fragrance of the mountain gorses, green and golden, and note the beauty of the campanulas and the gentians. We are reminded of the sweet saying of the nature lover:

"As if on living creatures,
Where'er my eyes do fall,
On bluebells and on daisies,
I say, 'God bless you all.'"

The specimen pages which we present are not by any means the best contained in this book, because a number of more beautiful flower groups which we had selected had to be forwarded to Boston for the American edition.

It adds immensely to one's enjoyment of a holiday, especially among the mountains, to know the wild flowers that bestud the ground and cling to every coign of vantage among the rocks. Many of us are like the little girl whom Newell, in one of his cartoons, represents, who, turned loose in a poppied field, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, the flowers, they are so wild." We rejoice in the nature study prevalent in our schools, which will do so much to add to one's appreciation of the beautiful and to the joy of life.

Ruskin has done much to interpret for us the beauties of mountain and muir, of forest and field. This is what he says about the flowers:

"Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them

as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace.

"Yet few people really care about flowers. Many, indeed, are fond of finding a new shape of blossom, caring for it as a child cares about a kaleidoscope. Many, also, like a fair service of flowers in the greenhouse, as a fair service of plate on the table. Many are scientifically interested in them, though even these in the nomenclature, rather than the flowers; and a few enjoy their gardens.

But, the blossoming time of year being principally spring, I perceive it to be the mind of most people, during that period, to stay in towns. Some time ago a keen-sighted and eccentrically-minded friend of mine, having taken it into his head to violate this national custom, and go to the Tyrol in spring, was passing through a valley near Landeck with several similarly headstrong companions.

"A strange mountain appeared in the distance, belted about its breast with a zone of blue, like our English Queen. Was it a blue cloud, a blue horizontal bar of the air that Titian breathed in youth, seen now far away, which mortal might never breathe again? Was it a mirage—a meteor? Would it stay to be approached?—(ten miles of winding road yet between them and the foot of this mountain)—such questioning had they concerning it. My keen-sighted friend, alone, maintained it to be substantial;—whatever it might be it was not air, and would not vanish. The ten miles of road were overpassed, the carriage left, the mountain climbed. It stayed patiently, expanding still into richer breadth and heavenlier glow—a belt of gentians.

"It has been well shown by Dr. Herbert, that many plants are found alone on a certain soil or sub-soil in a wild state, not because such soil is favorable to them, but because they alone are capable of existing on it, and because all dangerous rivals are by its inhospitality removed.

"The first time I saw the *Soldanella Alpina*, it was growing of magnificent size on a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of *Geum Montanum*, and *Ranunculus Pyramæus*. I noticed it only because new to me—nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after, I found it alone, among the rack of the higher clouds, and howling of glacier winds;