

Manual: you who know and love the little flower. "*Hepatica acutiloba*. Involucre simple and three-leaved, very close to the flower, so as to resemble a calyx; otherwise as in *Anemone* . . . Leaves all radical . . . Three ovate obtuse or rounded lobes; those of the involucre also obtuse . . . Achenia several, in a small, loose head . . . &c., &c." I am sure you will agree with me that that is no way of doing justice to our pretty *Hepatica*. If this is a sample of how they go on—well, we shall not be hard upon the botanists—perhaps they are not young like us!

Presently being quite tired out with our scramble, we sat down in a sunny place to eat our lunch and examine our boxes. To the general satisfaction it was found that our ramble had been not only pleasant but profitable. The boxes contained more than twenty distinct varieties of plant life, not counting Teddy's trees.

I am sure you all know many of them. There were two kinds of *Violets*, the purple and the white, the latter sending forth a faint, sweet scent, and the delicate striped *Spring Beauty* or *Claytonia Virginica*, spoken of in Hiawatha by its Iroquois name *Miskodeed*. Our Columbine, although found at that early date, was not used as a specimen. It was not fully developed, having, I suppose, ventured out into the cold world rather too soon. Only one of us was fortunate enough to find the *Dutchman's Breeches*, which resembles, as its name implies, a tiny pair of baggy unmentionables, white, tipped with cream color. It is of the same family as the well-known Bleeding-Heart of our gardens.

Investigation proved the truth of a rumor concerning the *Dog's Tooth Violet* or *Adder's Tongue* as some call it. Stripping the brown skin from its root, the bulb was found to be extremely like the sharp, white eye-tooth of our own skye terrier Tyke, who naturally formed one of the party, although not specially invited. Then came the *Bishop's Cap*, *Chickweed*, *Saxifrage*, *Anemone*, *Blackberry*, *Raspberry*, *Chokecherry*, beloved of boys, *Wild Strawberry*, *Dandelion* (*Dent-de-lion* or *Lion's Tooth*), and *Celandine* as well as the *Wild Grape*, which Theo had found like the poet,

"Trailing o'er the elder branches
Filling all the air with fragrance!"

Teddy's share consisted of the small but precious blossoms of the shade and wild fruit trees. *Oak*, *Elm*, *Maple* (Sugar and red varieties), *Beech*, *Birch*, *Hickory*, *Butternut* and *Balm-of-Gilead*, the latter a near relative of the *Aspen*, whose leaves tremble and flutter in a breeze which trees of stronger mind disdain to notice.

All about us was delightfully quiet, except for the clamorous cawing of the crows in the pines, for we were

"Far from the city's guarded gate."

The sun shone through the budding branches, and made us drowsily happy. The time had not yet come to avoid his searching rays. Luncheon was of the most unpretending kind. There was no dazzling tablecloth spread out upon the short, green turf, in miniature representing the hills and dales of the landscape. The flies did not get into the cream, for the simple reason that neither cream nor flies existed just there and then, and the ants being unaccustomed to polite society were shy, and saved themselves from the atrocity of mustard on their sandwiches. Every crumb being at length consumed, Teddy was ordered to consign the papers in which the feast had been hidden, to hollow graves in the crannies of the rocks strewn about us, to bury them deep from human ken. Soon all traces of our orgy were disposed of. No evidence of human occupation remained.

The afternoon slipped slowly away, and still we lingered until the levelling beams of the sun warned us it was time to go. So we picked up our belongings, and

with many a backward glance, left the charming scene to the lingering sigh of the West wind, the chirp and chatter of the bright-eyed squirrels, and the endless discourse of the crows in the mountain tree-tops.

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A VERY EMINENT AND VERY OLD CANADIAN.

The pleasure we have in introducing to our young readers our Eminent Young Canadians, is equalled by that which we enjoy as we bring to their notice our Eminent Old Canadians, and all the more so when they are specially eminent and specially old. Curious, too, it is that we have again to lay the honour of birth at the feet of Nova Scotia.

The gentleman this time is so old that I had almost commenced to write about him by the "once upon a time" of the fairy stories. For it is almost fairyland to us to think of a gentleman, hale and hearty, busy and active, and one hundred years old. His age alone is an eminence which entitles him to a place in our Series. But he is more than a very old Canadian. He is a Soldier Canadian. He is a Sailor Canadian. He is a Soldier and a Sailor that all the world has heard of, and that everybody has praised. And to think that the dear old gentleman was once a Young Canadian. That "once" so long ago! His name is Sir Provo William Parry Wallis.

Since then he has been in many a sea, and fought in many a battle. I shall only tell you of one. It happened in 1813, when our war-ships were out on this side of the ocean doing duty on the American coast, Sir Provo being on the "*Shannon*." She lay off Boston Harbour keeping guard on two American war-ships that were inside. One of these, the "*Chesapeake*," had achieved some victories that made her officers a little too bold and boasting. Sir Provo, on the "*Shannon*," was burning to cool their boastings. He sent in messages asking the captain of the "*Chesapeake*" to come out. Wearied of waiting, he at length sent a formal challenge to have the fortunes of the two ships tried ship to ship. The "*Chesapeake*" was a larger ship than the "*Shannon*," and had more men and larger guns than the "*Shannon*." But Sir Provo did not mind that. He wanted an opportunity of proving what he could do.

At length the "*Chesapeake*" appeared coming out of the harbour. All the people on shore were beside themselves with excitement. They had great festivities prepared for the conquering hero of the "*Chesapeake*" when he should return to Boston after having thrashed the "*Shannon*." Our British sailors smacked their lips at the prospect of a good fight. Their ship stood in for Boston Light-house, and lay to. Seeing the "*Chesapeake*" come on, she filled her sails and stood out for more sea room. A few hours were spent in manœuvres with each other to get a good position, and at last when the two ships were only fifty yards apart, the "*Shannon*" fired her first gun. The fight was fierce and short. The ships came closer and closer. The "*Shannon*" boarded the "*Chesapeake*," and in twenty minutes from the first gun, the American flag was hauled down on the "*Chesapeake*," and the Union Jack hauled up in its place. We can imagine the feelings of the people on the shore as they saw their ship, with officers and crew, being towed away up to Halifax.

This is one of the battles that Sir Provo fought and won, and let every Young Canadian join with us in wishing him a very happy hundredth birthday.