

wild orange comes next, it is just like a bride's flower, so purely white and delicate. *Spiræa* grows in such abundance I am afraid that we hardly admire it as much as we should do if it was more hard to get. The dog-wood blossoms too are large and handsome, but they grow on trees and look like white stars in the moonlight. The mountain-coral comes later, it grows on a bush and is rather like the *spiræa* only the sprays are heavier and fuller; someone told me it was most like English meadow-sweet.

One day in June I was in a field near the School searching for strawberries, but I had to leave the fruit when I saw the lovely roses around me, such beautiful wild ones, some crimson, others pink or nearly white. The sweet-briar roses are quite different, they are smaller, and of a lighter pink colour, with the sweetest fragrance and the most vicious thorns. Peeping out from the grass I saw tiny blue grass flowers. Our blue violets are scentless but they are so very pretty, white violets are rather scarce.

Our Easter flower is the trillium, a pure white lily-like flower formed of three green spreading sepals, with a corolla of three large white petals, six stamens and long erect anthers.

Our Whitsuntide flower is the flame-coloured columbine, it always grows in mossy places near the maiden-hair fern. One of the latest of our summer flowers is the *Linnea*, you can smell its delicate perfume long before you can find its blossom, because it creeps along the ground, and its stem is very fine, and its bell-like pale pink flower is so tiny. You read about *linnea* in Norwegian stories, I

believe it is the bridal flower in Norway.

The wild-currant or "ribes" are very brilliant, the chacum-blossom is white, and the ki-nick-i-nick is a little wee wax-like white cup tipped with deep pink, in shape rather like the lily-of-the-valley. The syringa grows everywhere, and has a very heavy scent. The larkspur is most common, but I think because it has such a deep sapphire blue it must always be a favourite. The snake-lily is a very curious flower, really most lovely when you examine it, but at a first glance in some subtle way it reminds you of a snake, with its dark brownish-green colouring, and in the way it drops and wriggles about on its stem. The wild honey-suckle is deep orange. The 'prairie-chicken', is a pretty crimson flower, also called "shooting star" and "American cowslip."

Painter's-brush is very remarkable, hardly a flower, and yet more than a leaf: it is like a bunch of leaves, each about an inch long with scalloped edges half green and half red deepening towards the tips to flame-colour, it seems to me to be very rightly named painter's-brush.

I have only mentioned some of the wild flowers that grow round our School giving you their local names. We do not find a great many of these near the coast, but others grow there quite as lovely, and among the higher mountain districts there are beautiful kinds of wild clematis and crocus.

Who does not know the clover and the dandelion and the field daisy? because they are so very common, people may be tempted to pass them by unnoticed, but I love them as well as any of our wild flowers, they always seem to