

discovering five or six fine clumps (in full bloom) of the Macrae's or Striped Coral Root orchid.

Just before the month ended I paid a flying visit to my old home, 30 miles south of Peterborough. In the few days available I had to choose which of my ancient cronies to gladden my eyes with, and after a tramp north to the ridges, known locally as the "Rocky Mountains," I determined on one long day near Newtonville, in the tamarack swamp with its surrounding fringe of cedars, where ten years ago I made my first rare find among ferns. In order to give some spice of variety to the coming banquet, I chose the new C.P.R. route, which landed me further west by two miles than I had ever been before. Tramping steadily north for a mile, I found myself in full view of the village, and with a very inviting swamp to the east. Shaking the dust of the road from my feet, I swung myself over to the happier side of the fence, and crossing a couple of pastures soon gained the edge of the swamp; distance often lends enchantment, no doubt, but, fortunately, nearness by no means always brings disillusionment; the stretch of swamp had looked promising even from the road, and when I got a nearer view of it, I felt sure the promise spelled fulfilment. Do you know the delightful sense on a field day of being on the verge of mystery, the edge of some discovery, a sense of expectancy like a hush, that sometimes in the shadow of the woods deepens into awe? That feeling came over me now, and I paused a few moments for it to thrill me through, before advancing into the unknown.

All the details of a long eventful morning are fresh in my memory as I write, but space and time forbid more than a summary. I found, in my very incomplete survey of the swamp, hundreds of plants of the Adder's Tongue, and besides the Virginia and Ternate Grape-ferns, I discovered some six stations for the Little Grape-fern and the Matricary; and also (to my huge delight) two colonies of the Narrew-leaved Beech-Fern. In the autumn I found another station for this last, north of Colborne, but except for these two finds, I have never seen the plant so near Lake Ontario. In the afternoon I hurried on to the tamarack swamp, intending to make a round of calls and hob-nob an hour or so, but while in the heart of a huckleberry marsh, gathering a posy of *Arethus* and *Pogoni*, I was overtaken by drenching rain, which threw a wet blanket on all my plans. To get out of the swamp I had to wade over 100 yards through snrubbery almost waist high, and by the time I gained a corduroy road, flanked with Royal Osmunda, and serving (among other things) to cleave in two a most wonderful colony of *Botrychium simplex*—thousands of plants—I was like a drowned rat. Had it been fine, my plan was to go north to the C.N.R. station of Starkville,