

*Botrychium ramosum* and *Botrychium lanceolatum*, and on the return trip (for curiosity) *Botrychium Virginianum* and *Botrychium ternatum*. Another day, after gathering plants of *Aspidium fragrans* from a cliff overlooking the lumber slide on the Madawaska, I crossed the railway and explored the woods for shaded cliffs. Here I stumbled on a veritable El Dorado, for on three successive outcrops of rock in the depths of the forest, I found clump after clump of silvery green fronds—the Fragrant Shield Fern in all its aromatic loveliness. Passing out from the woods to the cliff exposed at the lake shore, I found dense masses of *Woodsia ilvensis*, but no more *Aspidium fragrans*.

These two or three trips sent my enthusiasm up to fever heat, and whenever I saw a piece of woodland, the botanist in me etitled to explore it, and as the woods were everywhere, I was forever diving into their recesses and carefully scanning the ground for some lilliputian treasure, or hurrying over to a line of cliffs in the background.

That will-o'-the-wisp of the unknown led me many a dance all to no purpose; but one day, while exploring a piece of cliff near one of the trails, I found a small fern growing in the rock seams that I could not reconcile with any familiar species. It was much like the Brittle Bladder-fern in frond, but the root-stock was different; it was very much like the Rusty Woodsia, but neither "rusty" nor jointed; it grew in loose, detached moss at the base of the cliff, up and down a vertical seam, along a horizontal ledge, and inside a crevice some 20 feet up; it extended over 30 or 40 yards of the cliff, and formed a colony of three or four score plants. It was closely tufted, the stipes were dark brown, and the rhachis and frond covered with white hairs and yellow resinous glands. I had no microscope, nor even a table, in camp, but I made the plant out to be *Woodsia scopulina*. A guest in our camp, who scorns to be initiated into the noble brotherhood of "men of grass" (to use the title given to Douglas by the Indians), went so far as to school his wife to greet me on my return to civilization with the magic password: "*Woodsia Scopulina*." I understand there were dress rehearsals of the scene, but the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley, and when there fell on my ear words that sounded like "*Woodulina Scopsia*," I was only a little less bewildered than the old bishop who, wakened out of slumber at a country vicarage by a thunderous knock at his bedroom door, and asking in quavering tones "Who's there?" heard the appalling response: "The Lord, my boy."

Specimens of the new find were sent to the Asa Gray Herbarium at Harvard, and identified at first sight as *Woodsia obtusa*, but Mr. J. M. Macoun, at the Victoria Museum, Ottawa,