

on the hill sides, a large percentage being summer bloomers ; a botanist would have made quite a decent collection of native plants in bloom. We had no killing frosts until towards the end of the month. About the 1st of November a flower called scarlet cup (*Castilleja miniata*), frequenting marshy lands, was plentiful in bloom. I have this on good authority ; some were picked and brought in. Isn't this a July August species ? I fancy I have seen it from the train, when *en route* west to Brandon."

I could not more appropriately close this paper than by quoting a little poem placed in my hands by the genial president of the Ottawa Field Naturalists Club, Dr. Ami. It was written by Albert Bigelow Paine, and is entitled "To a Violet found blooming in November."

Pretty blossom, little stranger, with your modest eye of blue,
Why in this unusual season are you bravely blossoming ?
Did you think the other flowers all had been deceiving you,
And because the day was sunny that it was return of spring ?

Or perhaps you wished to see how the world looked at this season,
When companions of the springtime, birds and blossoms have all fled,
And the woods are brown and silent—tell me, have I guessed the reason !
And do you lament, sweet blossom, that you find your brothers dead ?

Little violet, pretty stranger, bravely blossoming alone,
Prize you well the fleeting moment, for so brief will be you stay
That I fear it will have ended with the setting of the sun—
For the frosts will gather thickly o'er you ere another day.

You will wither, little blossom, when you feel its icy breath
Fall upon your tender petals that were just unclosed to-day,
As with me, in early youth-time, hope received a blow of death,
By the frosts of winter falling thickly on my head in May

I am sorry, tender floweret, that so bravely you came hither.
When all other flowers have faded and the winter winds are nigh,
I am sorry, but 'tis only that you must so quickly wither—
Sorry that you left the bosom of your mother but to die.