

memories; but I knew no botany and none of my companions could tell me their name; I well remember about 25 years ago, when I was making a last visit to my old home in Scotland, before coming to Canada, how I tramped alone to Glen Almond for a day among the hills; while crossing a stretch of moss by a tributary of the Almond I was suddenly halted by the sight once more of these old friends, the mysterious white flowers of my childhood; what a flood of memories they overwhelmed me with, you may well imagine, but still I was as helpless as the child of 15 years before to place them in Nature or give them a name.

When I came out to Canada, I found myself indeed a stranger in a strange land; the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the flowers of the wayside, and even the insects, were all different; and I realized for the first time with crushing force what Nature had come to mean in my life: I must re-create for myself a world of nature in which all was familiar, and loved because familiar, or starve in the midst of plenty. At 25 I had to begin life all over again. I set to work at once and got a botanical key, which very soon I found myself able to use. In three years I was on nodding terms with nearly all the flowers of Ontario and could identify any stranger by the use of my key.

More than 15 years ago now, while roaming along the cliffs overlooking Lake Ontario, just west of Port Hope, I came upon a little spring in the grassy bank; and there, among Fringed Gentians and the Large Blue Lobelia, in the spongy turf at the other side of the little runnel, like a band of travellers waiting to drink at a wayside well, stood grouped a little colony of my old friends of the Scotch hills; a score of years seemed to fall from my back like a burden, 3,000 miles of ocean shrank to a little stream of living water; a single