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SWEET BELLS, I hear thy solemn tone,
Which tells us the Old Year is gone !
Gone with its many hopes and fears !
Gone with the myriad fleeting years,
To the vast unknown !

Like an ice-bound brook, our unseen tears
Flow sadly over our wasted years.
And joys we've known, no more to know,
All feel like pictures made on snow,
In days by-gone

And now we welcome the new born king,
The transient monarch of restless wing ;
Earth's guest is here, young Eighty-eight.
God bless the aerial potentate !

THE IRIS.

"Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God."

—Longfellow.

THE POET who sang so beautifully of the Flower-de-luce has passed away, but the subject of his song still remains, one of the most

interesting of our summer flowers. It was the favorite flower of Louis VII., who, after he had distinguished himself in the Second Crusade, had it engraved upon the arms of his country, emblematic, no doubt, of his belief that he was on a Heaven-sent mission. Hence it was called *Fleur de Louis*, which has