

Where changing seasons never come
 To wither the eternal bloom,
 Nor Autumn's ruddy footsteps stray
 To the land of Immortality!

GRANDMA GOWAN.

SOME PROMINENT CANADIAN HORTICULTURISTS—XII.

MR. CHARLES ARNOLD, PARIS, ONT.

SOME of our readers may be disappointed with another photogravure as a frontispiece instead of a colored plate, but those members of our Association who were with us between the years of 1859 and 1883, will, we feel assured, highly appreciate a photogravure of so prominent a Canadian Horticulturist as the late Charles Arnold. Our aim in these sketches is not to write obituaries of the dead, or eulogies of the living, but simply to give due honor to those who have served their fellow countrymen by advancing the interests of that department of industry which it is our object to foster.

A native of Bedfordshire, England, where he was born in the year 1818, Mr. Arnold removed to Paris, Ontario, in 1833, and twenty years after established the Paris Nurseries. Always busy in the interests of scientific horticulture, he was chosen a director of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association at its very commencement, a position he held to the day of his death. He was an enthusiastic Hybridist, as the many varieties of grapes, apples, raspberries, etc., originated by him, bear witness. In 1872 he obtained a gold medal at the Hamilton Fair, for a new and valuable variety of white wheat; but the most fortunate of his productions in this direction was the American Wonder Pea, for which he received from Messrs. Bliss & Sons, of New York, the handsome sum of \$2,000.

The last meeting of our Association, at which Mr. Arnold was present, was in January, 1883, and he was accompanied by Mrs. Arnold. It was on this occasion that he read to us a poem of his own, entitled "A Seat on the Hill-top beneath the old Tree," of which the second stanza runs thus:

How can I but love thee, thou sacred spot?
 And think of the loved ones who were, but are not,
 When I view thine old trunk draped o'er with the vine,
 The Wood-vine and Pipe-vine thy branches entwine;
 And could but those dear ones who planted them there
 Sit again by my side these blessings to share;
 There's nought in this wide world I'd barter for thee,
 My seat on the hill top beneath the old tree.