

path which, in June when the marsh-marigolds are out, winds like a brook of gold among the dark fir-trees and larches festooned fantastically with grey-green Spanish moss. Through their interlaced branches and fine network of needles the sunlight threads itself iridescently and incrusts the dew-wet grasses with jewels. Here are found the delicate white flowers of the Gold-thread, *Coptis trifolia* (L.) Salisb., the Star Flower, *Trientalis americana* (Pers.) Pursh., the Smilacinas, *S. trifolia* and *S. stellata* (L.) Desf., the wild Lily-of-the-Valley, *Maianthemum canadense* Desf., the sweet white Violet, *Viola blanda* Willd., the Wood Anemone, *A. quinquefolia* L. and the finely formed little blossoms of *Mitella nuda*. The flowers of the true Mitrewort, *Mitella diphylla* were nearly over when we were there, only an occasional one was left at the top of the stalk, but the lower mitres were bursting with seeds, looking like bits of jet in chalices of jade. The False Mitrewort, *Tiarella cordifolia* L. was still in bloom, in groups under the trees being much more representative of its other name "Foam Flower." Beside these, lay the greenish flowers of the Clintonias and the *Cornus canadensis*, relieved by the shell-pink bells of the *Linnaea borealis*. Just at this point in the path, on a former visit ten days earlier (24th May), I was fortunate enough to find one of the chef d'oeuvres of nature—that incomparable little orchid *Calypso bulbosa* (L.) Oakes. Like the goddess of silence whose name it bears, it makes its home in quiet secluded spots—most unexpected places. I found it quite by accident. As we were then approaching the swamp proper and sinking to the tops of our rubber boots, to gain a firmer footing I pulled aside a cedar bough and so brought to view the little Calypso in a bed of moss, among a tangled mass of boughs and broken branches. Its tapering amethystine sepals and petals outspread, its waxen pouch and transparent overleaf marked with madder and hung from a slender scape, its solitary green leaf springing from a second small corm, its very delicacy in its rough surroundings make it easily recognisable and quite unforgettable.

We proceeded for some distance between this narrow avenue of towering firs silhouetted against the blue sky like cathedral spires, till we came to open spaces in the swamp itself. Nothing could be more beautiful than these natural parterres of brilliant coloured flowers encircled by the sombre conebearers. Thousands of crimsoned Sarracenias in the centre and all around massed against the sheltering trees were the soft white clusters of Labrador Tea, *Ledum groenlandicum* Oeder. and Buckbean, *Menyanthes trifoliata* L. whose white velvety flowers against the bright satin of their leaves deserve a worthier name; this plant is no less interesting in the autumn when we find its many round