

## THE AROMATIC WINTERGREEN. 63

The trip to the woods for a handful of wintergreen is one of the most cherished memories of our boyhood days. The cool shade of the pine trees, the nodding wax-like flowers, the background of shining leaves, all remain a picture on "Memory's Wall" which will never be erased. The hot sun had melted the fragrance out of the pines high overhead, but the dim, cool, forest aisles were redolent of the commingled incense from a hundred natural censers. The wintergreen's little waxy bells hung among the glossy leaves that formed an aromatic carpet for our feet. No stone temple of man could equal Nature's grand cathedral. On such a day, in such a resting place, how one thrills with the consciousness that it is good to be alive!

Omnivorous children who are addicted to birch-chewing prefer these tender yellow-green leaves tinged with red, when newly put forth in June—"Youngsters" we used to call them. Later in the year, the glossy bronze carpet of old leaves dotted over with vivid red "berries" invite much trampling by hungry deer and bears, not to mention well-fed humans. Coveys of Bob Whites and packs of grouse will plunge beneath the snow for fare so delicious as this spicy, mealy fruit that hangs on the plant till spring, of course for the benefit of just such colonizing agents as they.

Little baskets of wintergreen berries bring none too high prices in the fancy fruit and grocery shops when we remember how many plants such unnatural use of them sacrifices.