

Flower Emblems.

The custom of adopting a flower or plant as a national emblem is an old one. In England the rose has long been the national plant, in Scotland the thistle, in Ireland the shamrock. In France it is the fleur-de-lis or Iris (a relative of our blue flag), a very ancient emblem. In America the custom of adopting plant emblems is growing. Many states have their floral or plant emblems. Maine, for instance, is known as the Pine-tree state, because of its choice of that tree for an emblem. In Ontario it is the maple, and by common consent the maple leaf has become the emblem of Canada.

Nova Scotia's emblem is the mayflower or trailing arbutus (*Epigaea repens*), established, if we mistake not, by a recent legal enactment in view of the fact that Massachusetts, on account of her puritan ancestry, was about to lay claim to it as the emblematic flower of that state. But be it known, Massachusetts, that the mayflower of the Puritans was not the *Epigaea* but very probably the hawthorn which is known in England as the may or mayflower.

New Brunswick also had designs on the mayflower, but has relinquished her claim, as unquestionably the emblem, both by tradition and legal enactment, belongs to Nova Scotia. New Brunswick has no plant emblem without it is the spruce tree, which is so abundant that the province has sometimes been called the "Spruce Country." The spruce would do very well for a commercial and industrial emblem, but some flower is needed that will entwine itself about the hearts of children and grown people, which they can gather, and whose delicious fragrance they may enjoy. A few years ago the Review proposed that the Twin-flower (*Linnæa borealis*) be adopted as the floral emblem of New Brunswick. It has a mark of distinction in that it was named after the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus, the "Father of Botany" with whom it was a great favorite, and it is a great favorite with everyone who has seen its vines trailing in the moss by the wayside or in the woods and has enjoyed the spicy fragrance of its pink-bell shaped flowers in the cool woods during July and August.

But we will let the late Dr. T. H. Rand, who for many years spent his summers at Partridge Island, Nova Scotia, speak in exquisite poetry and prose for the flower.

The Twin Flower.

BY THEODORE HARDING RAND.

When a child I saw thee
In the wooded dells,
Saw thy beryl bells
Swinging, swinging to the notes of morning thrush;
Wonder, wonder filled me
As the night that hovers
In thy fir tree covers
Answered, answered quick with hyaline ablush.

Dreamed and dreamed I often
Of the beryl bells
In the wooded dells
Swaying, swaying to the echo of thy name;
Felt life's hardness soften
In the light elysian
Of the youthful vision—
Woodsy darkness all ablush for very shame.

Ah, to-day I saw thee
In the wooded dells,
Saw the beryl bells
Glowing, glowing to the thrush's even song,
Sung from fir spire sweetly;
And I wonder, wonder
That from thee asunder
Yearful, yearful life has holden me so long.

Dawn and sunset flower
By the firs and fells
In the wooded dells
Twinning, twinning by the glow of vested flame,
Lights of morn and even hour,
Know the Night that hovers
'Neath the daisy covers,
Rose of Sharon ever blushes with its fame!

The Twin Flower is a slender, creeping and trailing little evergreen, with round-oval leaves, and forked threadlike uprights, each bearing a delicate and nodding flower that trembles to the slightest airs. These flower-bells are pink in color, as pure as that of the pink beryl gem—as that of a windy dawn or sunset at Minas Basin; and it is no poetic license to say that the atmosphere of the dusky woods where the flower grows in matted plots takes the beautiful hue of the flower—"hyaline ablush." It is to me the most graceful and spiritual of all wild flowers—so delicate in tint and form and motion; and its tangle of small bells seems ready to break at any moment into heavenly chiming. Its fragrance is not less delicate and charming than are its color and form.

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"Tell us the occasion of the poem—how you came to write it, etc. That is what interests." I imagine that is what you are saying, with some impatience. I wonder what the dear flower in its blush of beauty would say, if it heard that it reads itself out, the sweetest of poems, without note or comment. Mine pales beside it, but the occasion and meaning are open to the eye of any sympathetic reader. A man whose