

ferns may be within the reach of the ordinary collector—by whom I mean the person who does not hunt and seek with the enthusiasm of a Botanist,—in the settled parts of Canada.

In one box which I filled last year I had about fifty specimens, and these included some twenty-three varieties. In a collection I made the previous year I was a little more successful, but then I had had the advantage of a run among the hills of Vermont. Botanists however recognise about 192 genera of ferns, and these include rather more than 2,000 species, of which I doubt not a fair proportion are to be found in Canada, if only they are looked after.

IDYLS OF THE DOMINION.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

NO. V.

THE GIPSY BLOOD.

The spring is here, with her voice of cheer,
For th' winter winds are gone ;
And now with th' birds, and th' antler'd herds,
My roving fit comes on.
I long to be in th' forest glee
From civilization's chains ;
For there's surely a flood of the Gipsy blood
Still running in my veins !

My soul is sick, of this smoke and brick,
I long for a breath that's free ;
The desert air, and the hunter's fare,
The woods, the woods for me !
Where things unbroke by curb, or yoke,
Bound through the green domains ;
For there's surely a flood of th' Gipsy blood,
Still running in my veins !

I'm sick of trade, for its ways have made
These artificial men ;
I long to be with the wild and free,
In the trackless savage glen.
For all my life has been a strife
With their bridles, curbs, and chains ;
For there's a flood of the Gipsy blood,
Still running in my veins !

O why should I moil, and strain and toil
For the lifeless things of art ?
While th' greenwood bowers, and th' wild-
wood flowers

Are springing in my heart—
Yes deep in my heart, devoid of art
A savage spot remains,
For there's a flood of the Gipsy blood,
Still running in my veins.

Let who may dwell, to buy and sell,
I'm off with the roving clan ;
For what are your gains, but curbs and chains
To the freeborn soul of man ?
I'm off and away with the joyous May,
To freedom's glorious fanes ;
For there's a flood of the Gipsy blood,
Still running in my veins !

NO. VI.

THE PINES.

I'm free at last, from the city vast,
Away with the running brooks,
Mong th' savage woods, and th' roaring floods,
And nature's glorious nooks,
The branches spread above my head,
At my feet the woodbine twines ;
All hail again ! in your blue domain,
Great Brotherhood of pines !

Untouch'd by time, ye tower sublime,
Aloft on your rocky steep,
Ye are seated there like lords of air,
In your council chambers deep ;
On your burnish'd breasts and your gleaming
crests,

A quiet halo shines,
While the torrents sweep and roar and leap,
Great Brotherhood of pines !

When morn awakes from out the lakes,
Ye pour your holy hymn,
And when dying day in her mantle gray,
With her phantoms round you swim,
No harp has the ring, and no sounding string
Such a flood of song combines ;
Old Minstrels ye of the greenwood be !
Great Brotherhood of pines !

When storms are high in the midnight sky,
And the wild waves lash the shore ;
Afar up there with your harps of air,
Ye join in the wild uproar
With the groaning woods, and the moaning
floods,
Your awful voice combines,
And the deep refrain of the thunder's strain,
Great Brotherhood of pines !