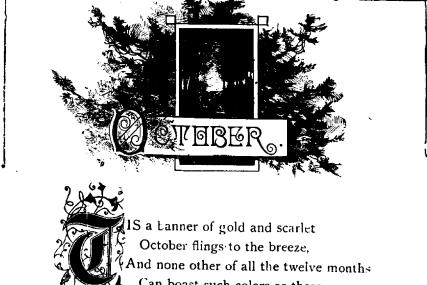
THE Canadian Horticulturist

VOL XVII.



Can boast such colors as these.

For the trees that through all the summer Have been dressed in the darkest green, Now hanging with red and yellow In most gorgeous gowns are seen.

The golden-rod flames by the roadside And over the fences old,

Till each meadow is fast becoming The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And even the sun in his setting, When he slowly sinks from view And looks over the world of color, Has caught the golden hue.

A. S., in Fx.