

the delight in Nature's loveliness, the altruism, that actuated so many of the early botanists. We apprehend something of their gropings in the darkness after truth. And when we find all this adorned, as it so often is, with the poetic touch, or couched in the stately Elizabethan speech of a Lyte or a Gerard, we have a joy indeed. I shall conclude this slight effort with the naive confession of William Coles in the preface to his *Art of Simpling*, in reference to the "Notions" and "Observations" which he was placing before his readers:—"Most of which I am confident are true, and if there be any that are not so, yet they are pleasant."

VIMY MEMORIAL

P. H. MOORE

Beyond the emerald,—pale mist I see;
And, formed to drape the mantles of the field,
The tender breasts of hills are there revealed
In fullness of the peasant husbandry;
And sky as blue as only sky can be
In sunny France. 'Twas here, the sword to wield
In red defence, that brothers stood to shield
From raping Hun both home and family.

And now on distant hill-top seem to sway
Two shining spirits, brooding o'er the fate
Of those who tossed the Torch and broke the lance.

The spirits pass. My lips unbidden pray;
Two Pylons stand, like nuns, to dedicate
The Brotherhood of Canada and France.