

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Sir.—The above are the first two stanzas of Colonel M'Crac's famous poem connecting the poppies with our hallowed dead on the battle-fields of Europe.

At the beginning of the year I wrote to you and told you that Miss Ettie Rout (now Mrs. Hornabrook), who was in charge of the New Zealand Red Cross at Villers Bretonneux, had sent me some poppy seeds from the neighbourhood, and I offered to send a small packet to the relatives of fallen soldiers. My offer was promptly taken up, and the supply was exhausted in a few days. I then got into touch with Miss Rout, and through the kindness of the mother superior of an orphanage on the Somme, who does not wish her name or the name of the town to be mentioned, I received last September an additional quantity of poppy seed of the new crop. In the meantime I had received 234 additional applications for this new seed. Every application was satisfied, and the supply was exhausted.

I only kept back for the Botanic Gardens the same amount that had been given to correspondents, and a member of the staff, who had himself lost a son at the war, lovingly sowed these seeds in a pot, and last week they flowered. They turned out to be a mixture of two poppies—the ordinary common red or Cornfield poppy, *Papaver Rhoeas* (there was most of this), and the long, smooth-headed poppy, *Papaver dubium*, which has an orange or orange-red flower.

I expect that a number of my correspondents have also flowered these poppies, and some of them will save the seed in order that they may replant them every year as an affectionate memorial. I am, etc.,

J. H. MAIDEN, Director,
Botanic Gardens, Nov. 14.