

LOVE'S MISSION.

BY MISS M. T. CANBY.

I saw a hillside steep and long,
With two fair children upward going,
Their merry converse overflowing
With laughter and with song.

The way was rough to tread, but they
Danced lightly o'er the rocky ledges;
And, where the stream was hid in sedges,
They leapt like fawns to play.

They hunted out the lowering skies,
But plucked the fragile flow'ers growing
Beside the ledge, the snow-bloom throwing
Above their nuptial eyes.

And with the birds' sweet melody,
Their merry voices mingled clearly,
Singing, "We love each other dearly,"
So sweet they on their way.

Then up the hillside I saw come one,
A youth who led a gentle mule on,
Fair as the lilies, perfume laden,
Which greet the smiling dawn.

And was the pathway rough to them?
Kept rather road for kingly treading,
With cat'rad pave before them spreading,
Believed with many a gent.

The flowers that roses seemed more rare,
Than violets, their perfume dearest,
The bird's song never had been dearer,
For love made all things fair.

With clasped hands and tranquil soul,
Their happy thoughts in silence reading,
Along the pathway smugly proceeding,
They passed beyond my ken.

Again upon that rugged way
Two walked, as night fell calm and holy,
Together walked, but gravely, slowly,
With words more sad than gay.

Heardst thou the robin's vesper song,
Within their hoods the flowers were sleeping,
The chilly night dew o'er them weeping,
The stream was wide and strong.

But wearily went they on their road,
Visiting a golden star uplifting,
In taper through the dark clouds drifting,
Around its blue atole.

With faces calm and accents kind,
They trod the shadowed pathway, blessing
The hill and distance, patient looking
For lighted new beyond.

GIRLS AND ROSES.

A LETTER TO THE FORMER.

BY MISS M. T. CANBY.

They go together so naturally that
Tennyson just expressed it when he
called a certain society a "rosebud garden
of girls." The courtly poet of two
centuries earlier, WALLER, felt the
same truth, when he wrote these ex-
quisite lines:

"O, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows—
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

The poets have always recognized
the likeness, and will continue to, while
they interpret girl-nature and rose-
nature aright. When I was last in
California, that land of roses, and of all
manner of floral beauty and luxuriance,
I lived in a city boarding-house, away
from gardens and flowers, greatly to
my regret. But I had one compensa-
tion in a young girl, a fellow-boarder,
whose face was as sweet as a flower,
and who always came to dinner with
some beautiful bud or blossom care-
lessly and gracefully placed in her hair
and bosom. You see, she attracted
flowers, being such a rare one herself,
and admiring friends sent them daily
to her rooms, though she was hidden
away in a city boarding-house. And
she, with a sweetness that agreed well
with her flower-like face, perceiving
how my famished eyes feasted on her
sister flowers, that made with herself
such a charming bouquet, fell into the
fashion of daily bringing with her to
dinner a little knot of choice things,
rosebuds, heliotrope, lemon-verbena,
geranium, and the like, which she laid
beside my plate. How I loved her for
the pretty action! and for her sweet
self. She was truly one of the fairest
of the "rosebud garden of girls."

When I was a child I used to walk
in the garden of my mother's home
every morning in the rose-season—so
short in the Eastern States—and going
around among the shrubbery, kiss all
the freshly opened roses, with a real
sentiment of fondness for them; and I
have seen a little niece of mine do the
same thing. I suppose she inherited
this trait from me, as she once very
gravely informed me she did another
one. She inherited it, as I did, from
my mother; whom we both have reason
to thank for a large capacity for
enjoyment of an innocent and elevating
pastime.

These remarks are offered as an in-
troduction to an observation on Oregon
farm life. In travelling through this
beautiful and favored country of my
adoption, I have been pained to ob-
serve the little pains taken to beautify
the country homes by the cultivation
of flowers, especially roses, which
really require but little labor to bring
to perfection. I will not charge it
upon the girls of Oregon that they do
not care for flowers, for I do not be-
lieve it would be true. The answers I
should get if I asked for reasons, would
probably be about as follows: "Father,"
or "the boys will not keep the fence in
repair." "Father lets the stock into
the yard to eat the grass." "The boys
keep so many dogs, and they run over
and destroy the beds." "We cannot
keep the chickens out," or "the ground
becomes so dry in summer that nothing
grows well."

These I admit are difficulties. But
I will give you a hint. When I was a
girl I went to visit an uncle who lived
in a frontier state. I found him living
in a large house surrounded by a rough
board fence that enclosed about an acre
of ground. There was not a tree or
shrub in the enclosure, and not much
grass; and as the country was one dead
level, the prospect was not an inviting
one to my eastern eyes. When I had
been there a little while, I asked my
aunt and girl-cousins why they had no
trees, flowers, or shrubbery; and found
that my uncle thought he could not
give his time or labor to things of so
little importance. He had spent the
best strength of his middle life in sub-
duing the wildness of nature to the
positive needs of himself and family.
Those needs still existed in a measure;
at all events, he now wanted to become
rich, and had "no time for nonsense."
As my aunt talked about it, the tears
run over her cheeks—she so loved
these things she was never to enjoy
again. I found, too, that this woman,
who had spent the prime of her life
laboring side by side with this man,
was afraid of him. Not that he was
feared by anybody else, but that he ex-
ercised his manly prerogative of keep-
ing his wife in subjection; and her's
was a gentle, loving, yielding and
long-suffering disposition, that could
not defend its rights. The man was
my relative by blood—good blood it
was, too. The woman was my con-
nection by marriage; and my chivalry
was aroused to see her wrongs righted.

I talked over the subject with my
uncle quite earnestly, once or twice, as
Spring came on, but I could get no en-
couragement in the business of plant-
ing out trees and shrubbery as I pro-
posed. Then I took my resolution,
for I kept thinking of the tears on the
faded cheeks of the kindest woman in
the world, who was married to this
stubborn relative of mine. My uncle
went to town one day, and I went over
to the mill and had an interview with
the men who were hauling logs from
the woods, two miles away. They
hesitated and objected, but I said I
would take the whole responsibility on
myself, and finally they yielded. Two

men went to digging holes around in-
side the before-mentioned inclosure,
and two other men proceeded with the
logging team to the woods, whither
they were accompanied by myself,
aunt, and cousins. Such a load of
woody stuff as we took home with us!
When my uncle returned from town
that evening he found everybody on
the place working for dear life, setting
out trees, shrubs, and vines. When he
drove his handsome matched team up
to the gate, my aunt vanished into the
house in a very cowardly fashion; but
I called out, "Uncle, are n't those two
trees by the gate perfect beauties?"—
to which he responded "you must put a
bucket of water in every hole", as if
he had been superintending the job
himself, which he was, in less than
fifteen minutes; nor did I ever hear a
word of dissatisfaction with the un-
lucky interruption of his business.
When I saw that place again, ten
days afterwards, I was proud of that
day's work. It was a beautiful grove,
sheltering the house in its midst from
the strong prairie winds, and affording
a pleasant shade to young and old, as
well as being an object of beauty in
the landscape, visible for miles around.
I was delighted to find the wild grapes
we had planted forming a fruitful
arbor; and wisteria and other beautiful
vines, and roses, sent from the East
growing in the most luxuriant manner,
while a neat substantial fence enclosed
the whole. My uncle showed twice
the pride in this result of our joint
labors that my aunt did, but I doubt if
he enjoyed it more.

Girls, do you see the point? Go to
work in earnest to do the thing that
ought to be done, and your ideas will
win recognition and support. That
man would be coarser and harder than
many men are likely to be, if, when
he sees you have set your heart on hav-
ing objects of beauty, comfort and e-
legance about you, he should refuse to
lend a helping hand. He will, rather,
enjoy and protect your precious floral
beauties when he sees, as he must, the
excellence of them. But many of the
objections raised, and quoted above, are
substantial ones. The stock and the
chickens should be confined within
boundaries of their own, and within
these flowery reserves of yours noth-
ing should be permitted to come that
destroys or disturbs.

Water, in the heat and draught of
Summer, not being easily obtained on
farms in some parts of the country, is
an objection to floriculture to a great
extent.

That which produces the best general
effect and greatest amount of pleas-
ure, is a smooth green lawn, with a
few ornamental trees not too near the
house, and choice flowering shrubbery
placed at proper intervals not to look
crowded. No trees nor vines should
be allowed to touch the walls of the
house. Porches, on which may be
trained ivy, or wisteria with its elegant
purple clusters of blossoms, or the
honeysuckle, are very pretty and at-
tractive; though nothing should be
permitted to overspread even a porch,
to the exclusion of light. Choice
flowering shrubs, and roses, may be set
in rows up the walk, or what is better,
in groups scattered about the yard and
relieved against the green sward. The
earth should not be broken up for beds
of annuals, because in the dry season
they fade and die, and bare earth is un-
sightly. If you wish to cultivate annu-
als, let a bed be made in the kitchen
garden for these, but do not break the
sod in the front yard except about the
roots of the shrubbery; or sometimes
to cut out a single round sod to put
down some bright-colored verbenas, or

portulacas, in certain places, which
has a very pretty effect. Do not have
trees of a large growth near the house;
but along the front fence some of light
foliage and graceful forms, like the
black locust, with white flowers, the
laburnum, with its drooping clusters of
yellow flowers, the white, and purple
lilac, &c. For large trees, nothing is
handsomer than to have a contrast like
the catalpa, with broad leaves and pink-
ish white flowers, and just beyond it
the small-leaved, slender-stemmed tower-
ing elm. Both of these may be re-
lieved against a stately Norway fir.
Everybody has a favorite tree, and so I
will not attempt to give anything but
general rules. Two or three kinds,
grouped with care have a handsomer
effect than several of the same kind.

I will mention for the benefit of
those not well acquainted with a
variety of shrubs, a few of the best,
mentioning them in the order of their
blooming: Japan Quince, (red); White
Spirea; Wigelia Rosea, (rose color);
Shrub Honeysuckle, (pink); Lauristina,
(white); Althea, double, (deep rose);
besides the better known Almond,
Mock-Orange, Lilac, Snowball and
Flowering Currant. In selecting roses,
it is desirable to obtain free bloomers,
as well as some constant bloomers.
Among the choicest are the Tea-scented
roses—all of which bloom a great deal.
The Saffronia, a buff-yellow with an
orange centre and crimson streaks on
the outer petals, very handsome and de-
liciously fragrant. Cromatella, (yel-
low), very large, very fragrant. Mar-
shall Neil, (pale yellow), very elegant,
and the most deliciously sweet of any.
White Tea, a beautiful and delicate rose.
All these bloom early, and if they have
water, continue to bear some flowers all
summer, and even until December.
The Giant of Battles is a brilliant red
rose and free bloomer; Louis Philippe,
dark crimson; Hermosa, delicate rose
color; Austrian Brier, deep yellow and
single; La Reine, large, pink. Among
the hundreds of varieties, these are
some of the best.

If you wish, as of course you do, for
small and scented flowers to make into
little sweet breast-knots occasionally,
you must have some pots of mignon-
ette, heliotrope, lemon-verbena, rose
geranium, Lady Washington gerani-
ums of one or two colors, double scar-
let geranium, mountain-of-snow gerani-
um, (white), sweet illysium, tree-carni-
onations and pansies. If not all of these,
some of them. The scarlet salvia is a
very brilliant flower for bouquets but not
fragrant; red, and white fuschias, the
same. Blue flowers are very rare. The
forget-me-not is one of the prettiest.
The blue namophela is also very deli-
cate, and the blue lobelia, charming.

There is no difficulty about raising
any of these. Nothing is required but
the proper soil, a little care and enough,
and not too much warmth and moisture.
As to the roses, the yellow ones are the
most delicate and should be protected
about the roots and stalks with a cover-
ing of straw if a "hard winter" is
threatened—especially should the crom-
atella be so guarded. If these beauti-
ful things are not to be had by exchange
with your neighbors, they can be ob-
tained for no great amount of money
of a gardener or nurseryman, and will
add more refinement and happiness to
your lives than half a dozen new dresses
a year. In such a climate as Oregon,
every country home should be embow-
ered in beauty and fragrance, and every
country-girl should be as fresh and
sweet as her own favorite roses. A
good book and a beautiful flower are
full of delights that are as wholesome
as they are refining in their influence.
"Home is not home without them."