

Legends of Flowers.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness and God.

—Cunningham.

Legendary lore informs us that the rose was consecrated to Venus, and Cupid wore its freshest blooms. The origin of the red rose is variously explained. One accounts for it by saying that Venus was wounded by its thorns and her blood flowed upon the pure white and changed it red. Another affirms that Eve, wandering in the bowers of bliss stooped to kiss the waxen whiteness which blushing retains the vermilion hue. But Herrick says that

As Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung;
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it, forever after, red.

We have heard that the origin of the name "forget-me-not," is ascribed to the following incident: Two lovers had wandered far until they reached a grove, all moss and flowers beneath and leaves above. Within this wood was a deep blue lake with islands gemmed its peaceful breast.

"Those little blue-eyed flowers!" the maiden cried;

"O see them, Ernest, drooping o'er the brink

Of that sweet lake! Now shall thy love be tried,

Thou gallant knight! So swear that swim or sink,

Those flowers around my brow thy hand shall link!"

The lover smiling vowed it o'er and o'er,
And leaped right gaily toward the flowery plot,

But fell, alas! and sunk—yet not before
He grasped the flowers, and threw them toward the spot

Where Mary sat crying, "Forget-me-not."

The passion flower owes its name to the missionaries who discovered it while they were traversing South America. It is said its ten petals were fancied by them to represent the ten apostles, besides Judas, who betrayed, and Peter who denied his Master. The stamens, compare to a radiance of glory issuing from the cup of a flower. The small purple threads at the base of the style, to a crown of thorns. The style to the pillar to which the malefactors were bound when scourged. The clasper to the cord and the palmate leaf to the hand. The three divisions at the top of the style represent the three nails; one of the five stamens being taken for the hammer, the other four remain to form the cross. The time between the opening and closing of flowers, in its native country, being three days completes the representation.

Of one tender flower Shakespeare says: "The more it is trodden under foot the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears."

The following anecdote is told of it: During the Revolution a British officer walking in a garden, eagerly inquired the names of the various plants cultivated. Coming to one bed he asked the mistress of the ground (who attended him with evident reluctance) what was the name of that low plant.

"The rebel's flower," replied she with firmness.

"Why so called?" questioned the officer.

"Because," was the bold reply, "it flourishes the more it is trampled upon."

Wordsworth says:

"As long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story."

So we must not pass them by. In the fourteenth century a golden violet was awarded as a prize to the author of the best poem in the Provencal language. In the festival of the Feriala celebrated by the Romans in honor of their dead, violets were strewed as offerings. But even more do we love our old friends looking up from their bed of green—the pansies; for we remember Ophelia's touching words, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you love remem-

ber; and there's pansies, they're for thoughts." The couch of Eden was formed of

Fansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinths, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Narcissus indicates egotism and self-love. Echo, the nymph loved, the beautiful youth Narcissus. Finding he did not reciprocate her affection, she pined away until at length she was changed to rock and nothing but her voice remained. But Aphrodite avenged the injury to her sex on Narcissus, who in his self-love had scorned the lovely nymph. As he was hunting one day, he bent down to quench his thirst from a spring, clear as a crystal, and he held his own image reflected therein. The Goddess caused him to fall in love with his own shadow, which being unattainable, he too pined away from pure longing; and ever since the flower named after him has continued an emblem of heartless beauty and self-love.

In some climates the cactus forms dense thickets, so empervious as not to be penetrated by man. Since it has been introduced into our green-houses, it has been rapidly growing in favor. 'Tis said that once one raised its tall bare branches amid the blooming flowers of a conservatory, and 'twas deemed so ugly that it was thrown aside; suddenly it put forth a hundred flowers, and its perfume fell with every breeze. Enraptured the gardener exclaimed:

Most gorgeous of the flowers of earth,
Like love, thou waitest want and shame
To call thy beauties into birth.

O, teach me wise and noble flowers,
To train my simple heart to meet
Misfortune's dark and friendless hour,
With smiles like theirs, serene and sweet!

—Christian Statesman.

Select Reading.

—There are 452 miles of the Central Pacific in Nevada.

—A little man observed that he had two negative qualities: he never lay long in bed, and he never wanted a great coat.

—I have seldom seen much ostentation and much learning met together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; and mid-day, when he is highest, none at all.—Bishop Hall.

—Women admire strength without seeking to imitate it; men, gentleness without bestowing it in return.

Hornerus Johannes
In angulo sedet
Mustaceum magnum
In manibus tenet.
Emedio gaudens
Extrahit prunum:
"Paucorum bonorum
En aspice unum!"

—Independent.

—The father who, on writing to his wife, bade her give his love to the dear girls his daughters, wished it to be understood that he used the word in its financial sense.

—Any man who objects to whistling has a worse fault than the whistler. The whistle is the escape valve of devilry, and when you sit down on a boy he at once begins to plan mischief.

—Full many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its fragrance on the desert air; full many a nip is taken behind the screen, and cloves, and coffee, too, are eaten there.

—Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

—A reporter who attended a banquet, concluded his description with the candid statement that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present; who made the last speech."

"Forenoon, and afternoon, and night,—Forenoon,

And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what!

The empty song repeats itself. No more? Yes, that is life: make this forenoon sublime.

This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,—

And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won."

—Believers in metempsychosis have had their faith refreshed by the recent birth of a child who, upon coming into the world, made a searching scrutiny of his surroundings, and, sinking back in the nurse's arms, remarked, "Thank Heaven! at last I have got myself born into a family that is comfortably fixed."—From the French.

—The college graduate is hanging about the outer edges of journalism, waiting for a chance to jump clear into the middle of it and astonish the world, and when he does get the chance he is sent around to the police office to see how many "drunks" have been brought in.—New Haven Register.

—The man who loafs his time away around a one-horse grocery while his wife takes in washing to support him, can always tell you just what this country needs to enhance her prosperity.

—That was a brilliant speech of a young society man who was "making conversation" with a young lady last week. "How fortunate it is," he said, "that before people go to the lunatic asylum they always lose their mind."

—Lord Collingwood said to a young friend, "You must establish a character before you are twenty-five that will serve you all your life." Hence the peril of evil habits. Character is only as strong as the weakest part. A Russian writer says, "Habits are a necklace of pearls; untie the knot and the whole unthreads."

—Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.—Richter.

—A WORD TO FATHERS.—Love is capricious; and the pretty, well-dressed, girl of twenty-one, for whom you, the father, have kept a handsome house and grounds, so that some worthy young gentleman of good means may be attracted toward her for the background of apparent wealth, is no better in the market of marriage than the girl who is not surrounded so. In fact, if you wish that your girl should be married off your hands she will be more attractive and less for sale if she appears as herself in all her own maidenly adornments of prettiness, taste, education, without the help of your house and grounds. If she prides herself upon what you appear to lend to her only during that period when her lover is coming to your fine house and grounds for she may become a hypocrite; while if you bring no lover to her through any aid of yours, and permit her to love some one who has not stepped within your gate, she may marry happily and live, not in your house, but in the cottage which he planned without seeing you.

Bachelor's Hall.

BY A. C. MOYER.

In the forest, silent, dark and lonely—
Where the sunbeams seldom deign to fall—
Stands a cottage; one poor cottage only,
And they call it "grim, old Bachelor's Hall."

There dwelleth one whose name is never spoken
Save with derision, or a tinge of scorn;
Because, perhaps his faithful heart was broken,
By sorrow's pang, in manhood's golden morn.

With him no bright and cheerful visions linger,
Save such as come from half forgotten days;
Where memory points, with ghastly, trembling finger
Upon some picture, clad in beauty's grace.

I saw him once, and silently I listened
The while he dreamed and spoke of by-gone years;
And on his wrinkled cheeks methought there glistened
A tiny flood of sad, regretful tears.

How many of us, who to day are scheming
For wealth and fame, and things divine-ly fair,
May be like him, left sadly, idly dreaming
In future years, of happy days that were!

Without a word of love, or comfort given,
To pierce the gloom, or drive away the care,
Although a heart, as found and true as
Heaven,

May live forsaken and forgotten there.

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