

THE GREENHOUSE.

(*William Carpenter.*)

Who loves a garden, loves a green-house too,
Unconscious of a less propitious clime
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and sung,
While the winds whistle and the snows descend,
The spicy myrtle with unwithering leaf
Shines there and flourishes; The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddier orange and the paler lime,
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear,
The anemone there with intermingling flowers
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours, and the spangled bean
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long,
All plants of every leaf that can endure
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,
Live there and prosper

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## HOUSE PLANTS.

A little more thought, and therefore common sense, should be used by those who desire to brighten their rooms during the dull winter months. Many people buy, and intend to care for, plants for this object. Among these, many have no actual love for them but buy them because others do, and think that once they have them their duty in the matter is over. But it has only just commenced.

To grow house plants successfully you must bear in mind that they are alive and have to be kept so and not to be classed with bric-a-brac, etc. Their wants must be studied, and from experience it is found that the best success is gained by giving them personal attention. Do not trust them to the care of those who have no interest in them and will only look after them in a mechanical way, the same as they do with the furniture in the house. At best, the growing of plants in the house is quite a