

grow the greater proof they give of the depth of this fondness for country. Rome's proud warriors so loved their haughty mistress that they laid down their lives in order that she might be powerful and glorified, while the heroes of Greece died valorously fighting at Thermopylæ, at Marathon and Leuctra that she might live and triumph over her foes. Nor have the knights of the Middle Ages, or the patriots of the last few centuries shown less affection for their fatherland or less willingness to make sacrifices in its behalf. There have always been men who dared to imperil their lives and fortunes to obtain the freedom of their native land, and there are men in our own country who would as gladly pour forth their hearts' blood in defence of the stars and stripes as their forefathers did at Lexington and Bunker Hill. This tends to show that there is an inherent and paramount feeling which, if it flickers in some like a candle in a draught of wind, burns in others with a bright steady blaze.

It is in exile that this consuming love for a land endeared by the ties of a lifetime makes itself felt the most. There the pangs of banishment are augmented by the memory of a country crushed, perchance, beneath the iron heel of some despotic conqueror. He sees no longer the pleasant faces of his countrymen, no longer those old familiar objects so well known to his boyhood, so dear to his youth. All for him is gloom and misery, save when some pleasing reminiscences will steal amid the dark regrets and bitter feelings of anger against those who drove him forth from the land of his infancy, that cradle of his early hopes, that glory of his fathers. How every faithful son of the Fatherland grows sad and thoughtful when the "Wacht am Rhein" strikes upon his ear, how every warm-hearted child of the Emerald Isle feels his heart beat as the strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" are wafted towards him on the breath of some gale, leagues and leagues away from the fond home of his childhood? A traveller once journeying through the wilds of Siberia chanced upon a vast forest, and halting on the edge hesitated to enter. As he stood there irresolute his ear caught the sound of a flute. He listened for a moment and heard, coming from the depths of that almost trackless wood, and breaking the death-like solitude of the wilderness, the stirring strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." He pushed his way through, and found at a short distance an Irishman, an exile from his native land, striving to ease the load of grief that pressed upon his half-broken heart by welcoming in, as best he could, the Seventeenth of March. How strong in that man must have been the love of country, which made him think of his native home, though separated from it by thousands of miles?

We may roam through this world in quest of pleasure and delight, we may live in a distant land for many years, but there ever burns a subdued glimmering light that tells where once

were home and friends and country; and there will come upon us a wild yearning to tread once more those dear, old fields; to gaze upon the bright canopy of azure that smiled upon our infant years; to rest beneath those shady elms that grow along the way, and time and again sheltered us from the fierce rays of a summer sun. How happy is the exile's heart, how proud he feels to tread once more upon his native soil, to look upon the sparkling river as it flows swiftly past the town, to gaze upon those old familiar streets, to greet old friends and wring their hands with a grasp that reveals more plainly than words the pent-up love of years? And who could refuse to help his fatherland when he sees in the grasp of some despoiler those nestling valleys wherein he romped in childish sport and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, not one care to trouble him? Surely no one; and boldly can we answer *no* when asked,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?"

#### FLOWERS.

D. M. L.

In a fine spring or summer morning, amid the pleasant warbling of the birds, while surveying the beautiful dew-spangled garden, and the rich and fertile landscape, bathed in the golden rays of the morning sun, what affords more pleasure to an ardent lover of nature than to behold the little fairies of the field beautifully arrayed in the most brilliant apparel, baring their countenances to the azure heavens—the peaceful abode of their maker? God, who causes the sun to shine so genially, who sends the dew and rain from heaven, and feeds the birds of the air and the finny produce of the deep, seems to attribute to the tiny plantlet not a little share of His beneficence, and to make all these elements contribute to the maintenance of the weak, slender floweret, which He adorns with the most gorgeous vesture, and causes to breathe forth over the earth a scent more luscious than the most fragrant of perfumes, and more sanitary than the most effectual remedies. From the wild herb of the field to the most tender and graceful plant of the garden, we find something that excites our admiration.

In the plant we find a most striking resemblance to the life of man. Trace it from its first origin, the little embryo, hidden beneath the hard crust of its mother earth, anticipates, as it were, a desire to appear above its rough texture, to behold the light of the sun, and in turn to perform its duty for man. Finally, it expands and sends forth its tiny cotyledons, which are to become the pedestals or foundation of its existence; these in turn enlarge, and in the course of time become the mighty tree, its lowering boughs and verdant foliage affording to man a most grateful shield against the scorching rays of the noon-day sun, and its produce