

Will you permit an allegory? Part of it is true and part allegorical, and I will leave you to pick the truth from the allegory. Where I was born, in Constantinople, there was a certain Turkish physician who had a marvellous garden. In that garden was every form of floral beauty that could be gathered, and from that garden were wafted out odors and perfumes to gladden the heart of the passer-by. In that garden, I well remember, the joy of my boyhood's heart was an island—a real island, with a real bridge leading over from the mainland—and on the island was a table shaded by a willow tree—a marvellous spot, capturing the imagination of every true boy's heart. Once upon a time it was noticed in that garden that there was some commotion among the flowers. The gardener noticed it, visitors occasionally noticed it, but hardly knew how to account for it. One day, however, long before the gardener arose in the morning, the sunflower, by reason of his prominence, called a convention of the flowers in the garden, and bade them meet him on the little island. Had you been there you would have seen the rose totter in quietly and modestly over the little bridge on to the island, and the sunflower in somewhat stately form, and the heart's-ease and all the little flowers gathered from all parts of the garden on to the island. When they had all assembled, the sunflower took the chair by reason of his prominent cheek, and rapping on the table called the meeting to order. Said he, "Will someone state the object of this meeting?" And the rose stood up (and as she stood up she blushed, for she had never addressed the public before,—and thus they say the red roses came,) and said, "Mr. Chairman, we have been in this garden giving, and giving, and giving of our beauty and perfume, and have been receiving nothing. I move you, therefore, that we give out no more perfume, and bestow no more fragrance on passers-by." With that there was a murmur of applause, and the little violet, blushing purple in the face as he spoke, said, "I second the motion." And when the chairman put the motion there was a unanimous "Aye" that they would give no longer any of their perfume to passers-by. They then went back and secured themselves very firmly by the roots, so that the gardener should not discover what had been going on. But the sun rose just as the convention was meeting and peeped down into the garden and said, "Why, the flowers are having a convention; I will listen," and His Royal Highness listened, and he caught every word, and he said, "Oh, that's what they're about. I will block their game;" and he whispered to the breeze, and said, "The flowers are not going to give; blow not upon that garden at all, give nothing of your freshness and power;" and he said to the clouds, "The flowers are not going to give any more; restrain, therefore, your showers; rain not upon that garden. As for me, I will hide my face in the mist, and neither breeze nor rain nor light shall favor these selfish flowers any more." A few days passed, the flowers began to droop and fall—the violet first, and the rose next; even the tiger-lily felt

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