
OPINIONS OF MARY

satisfying diet for their enemies; and later on his mignonette is apt to share the same fate. The flower-stalk of his lily will probably be entered in an unobtrusive manner near the ground by a grub whose "excelsior" proceedings end only when it reaches the topmost bud, and the hollowed stalk turns yellow and refuses longer to support the cluster that, to this time, has filled the owner with delusive hope. If his china asters seem coming on in a refreshingly flourishing way, likely some day the baby will elude maternal vigilance and gaily pick the buds off all of them.

And creepers—who ever knew anything more disappointing than creepers? We had one last year that the book intimated would climb up a two-storey house in one season and twine around the chimney, so luxuriant was its promised growth,—and it was to be covered with rich bloom during the whole summer. When winter overtook it it was reaching out in a listless way for the top of the porch, and the few inconspicuous blossoms that adorned it were apparently too ashamed of their meagre proportions to hold their heads up.

Then there is the dry weather that burns things up, and the wet weather that drowns them out; the winds that break them down, and the heavy rains that flatten them. Truly the gardener has much to contend with, and disappointment is often his lot.