

Byron calls ivy "the garland of Eternity;" and wreathed, as it often is, around ancient ruins, and looking as fresh now as it no doubt did centuries ago, there is something grand and sublime in the emblem, which expands while it is dwelt upon, reminding us of some of those inspired sentences of Scripture, which seem "meet utterance of the gods."

The sombre-looking yew is another tree that was used in festive decorations, and had not, in former times, such gloomy associations connected with it as have been woven round it within the last two or three centuries. The bold bowmen, whose limbs were "pastured in English mould," formed their elastic bows out of its tough stem; and there were "most biting laws" made to protect yew-trees in those ancient times, before "vile gunpowder" came into use. It was also a favourite garden-tree, and our simple-minded ancestors delighted in bending it into the form of bowery arcades, under which they sheltered from the Summer sun, knowing nor caring nothing about what is called the "evil influence" of its verdure, which, we believe, is imaginary, although, as food, it is found to be injurious to cattle.

There is something very graceful in the tapering form of the yew; and, as it is but a very slow grower, it retains its beautiful shape for many years, for wherever we see a flat, broad-topped yew, we are in the presence of an aged tree, that has looked down upon more changes than the oldest living man ever witnessed. In Spring, too, its dark green hue stands out grandly amid the pale budding vegetation, as if it were proud of having stood the wear and tear of Winter so well, and in the great windy struggle retaining the green garment which the Borean blast had battled for, while so many other trees had lost all. The wood of the yew