

all the perfections of the parterre, still prefers the scent of the woods, and the air of freedom about the original blossom, and says,

"Far dearer to me is the wild flower that grows
Unseen by the brook where in shadow it flows."

The Cabbage Rose, that perfect emblem of healthful rural life, is the pride of the cottager; the daily China Rose, which cheats the window of the crowded city of its gloom, is the joy of the daughter of the humblest day laborer; the delicate and odorous Tea Rose, fated to be admired and to languish in the drawing room or the boudoir, wins its place in the affections of those of most cultivated and fastidious tastes; while the moss rose unites the admiration of all classes, coming in as it does with its last added charm to complete the circle of perfection.

Then there is the infinity of associations which float like rich incense about the rose, and that after all bind it most strongly to us, for they represent the accumulated wealth of joys and sorrows which has become so inseparably connected with it in the human heart.

"What were life without a rose?"

seems to many, doubtless, to be a most extravagant apostrophe; yet if this single flower were to be struck out of existence, what a chasm in the language of the heart would be found without it. What would the poets do? They would find their finest emblem of female loveliness stolen away. Listen, for instance, to old Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best;
It is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows and paints the sun [her,
With her chaste blushes. When the north wind comes near
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars."

What would the lovers do? What tender confessions hitherto uttered by fair half-open buds and bouquets, more eloquent of passion than the Nouvelle Heloise, would have to be stammered forth in miserable clumsy words; how many doleful suits would be lost; how many bashful hearts would never venture; how many rash and reckless adventurers would be shipwrecked, if the tender and expressive language of the rose were all suddenly lost and blotted out. What could we place in the hands of childhood to mirror back its innocent expression so truly?