

For simple wants alone are theirs,
The pure and common too—
The beauty of refreshing air,
The gift of liquid dew.

"Nay, 'tis no idle thing, I trust,
To foster beauty's birth—
To lift from out the lowly dust,
One blossom of the earth;
Where barrenness before had been,
A verdure to disclose.
And make the desert rich in sheen,
'To blossom like the rose."

How much flowers resemble the young heart, in its bright morning, before it has stained the foliage of its sinless years. A tradition of them tells us they were once like youth, in this: that they loved, and talked, and had passion like ours. How often and how fondly the poet revels in the field of flowers! Do they not talk to him? Who has ever heard the soft, low whisper of the green leaves and bright flowers on a spring morning, and did not feel gladness in his heart? Like beauty in the human form, flowers hint and foreshew relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, and point to the beautiful and unattainable. From the garden favourite to the dainty wild flower of the mountain, all have an inexpressible charm, an unapproachable beauty. How sweetly and instructively the flower bows its head to the breath of night, or the rude storm. Thus the heart learns to bring a holier offering to the shrine of all good.

"Heart comforts are ye, bright flowers,
and
I love ye for your gentle ministry,
And for the ample harvest of sweet
thoughts:
My soul has garnered in for future
use."

We hope our fair friends will not overlook the delightful employment of the cultivation of flowers. Every one may have a few; and when the taste is once acquired, it will not

readily be relinquished. A woman destitute of the love of flowers seems to us a mistake of nature. The delicate and the beautiful should have sympathy with all in nature that possess the same qualities. The time spent in the cultivation of flowers is not wasted. They contribute to our pleasure; they add to our knowledge of nature; they unfold to us the beautiful, and tend to elevate the mind.

"They in dewy splendor, weep without woe, and blush without crime."

Although every part of a plant offers an interesting subject for study, the beauty of the blossom seems, by association, to heighten the pleasures of scientific research.

Flowers are indeed lovely; yet they are destined for a higher object than a short-lived admiration; for to them is assigned the important office of producing and nourishing the fruit. Like youthful beauty, they are fading and transient; and may our youth so improve the bloom of life, that, when youth and beauty shall have faded away, their minds may exhibit that fruit which it is the important business of the season of youth to nurture and mature.—Cor. Genessee Farmer.

Short Paragraphs.

STATISTICS OF RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.—The American Ecclesiastical Year Book sets down the population of the world at 2,296,000,000.—Of these 180,704,000 are Roman Catholics; and 88,000,000 Protestants; so that after eighteen centuries of preaching, there are 952,645,000 without the pale of even nominal Christianity. Of the Protestant population of the world 23,320,000 are in America; 63,315,000 in Europe; 409,000 in Asia; 712,000 in Africa; and 1,320,000 in Australasia. The Roman Catholics are distributed as follows:—In