

The rose smiled at them, and asked them if they came from the country, too. They shook their heads. "We are sweet peas," they said.

"I thought you might be country flowers because you wear sunbonnets," explained the wild rose very hurriedly.

"Sunbonnets!" echoed all the sweet peas in chorus. "Whoever heard of such a thing! This new flower says we wear sunbonnets!"

The sweet peas did not seem very friendly, so the wild rose looked about for someone else to talk to. Near her stood a bush with great crimson roses nodding in the breeze. They were so far above her that she felt quite timid; but at length she gained courage and spoke.

"Good-morning," said she. "I have just come to the garden, and, since I am a rose, I think we must belong to the same family."

"You are quite mistaken," said the nearest rose, with a haughty toss of her head. "Or, if we do chance to belong to the same family, you are only a wild rose—a mere country cousin. How you broke in from outside is more than I can tell; but I am sure the gardener will be very displeased when he sees you."

At this speech the poor little wild rose felt her petals growing pinker and pinker with shame and confusion, and in order to hide her feelings she turned to see who was on the other side. She saw a tall and stately white flower, and guessed from what the butterfly had once told her that it must be a lily.

"Perhaps she will not be so rude as my cousins, the roses," thought the wild flower. But whether the lily heard the wild rose or not, she made no reply, and looked more beautiful and stately than ever.

Now, the wild rose had always imagined that the garden was the happiest place in the world; but as none of the flowers would talk to her, she had to content herself with listening to what they said among themselves, and though she was only a country flower, it did not take her long to find that the garden was a very gossiping place. The flowers were always talking about each other, and the things they said were not always kind. They were far too busy to mind the wild rose. The lilies were swaying on their stalks as if they would like to dance; the tiny blue forget-me-nots gazed with wide eyes at the bachelor's buttons who nodded at them from the borders of the garden; while the pansies looked at all that went on around them with grave, serious faces. There were some yellow pansies, and their colour made the wild rose think of her friends, the buttercups. "They may be related to the buttercups," thought the wild rose, but when she timidly asked this question the yellow pansies seemed quite angry. "Related to the buttercups?" they sniffed; "no, indeed! Why, we are pansies, and should be ashamed to be seen growing wild, although there are *some* flowers in this garden who do not seem to mind!"

"Perhaps you mean *me*," said the marigold, raising her yellow head. "You seem to think that because some of my family go to the country that I am a field flower, too. I'm sure I'm not to blame because a wild rose came to our garden."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear," cried the little wild rose, "how I wish I had never come!"

"Well, it can't be helped now," said the marigold more kindly, "but you will find that this is scarcely the place for you. You would be far happier in the field!"

"Yes, indeed," snapped the snapdragon. "But then, weeds are always trying to push their way into garden society. It's all the gardener can do to keep dandelions from springing up in the grass!"

"But I am not a weed," cried the poor little wild flower, "I am a rose!"

"There are a great many roses in this garden," said the snapdragon, "red roses, and white roses, and the tea roses who are always giving teas; but I never heard of you before!"

"Never mind the snapdragon," whispered the marigold, "she is the most ill-natured flower in the garden."

"Hush," said the lily, "here comes Prince Butterfly."

At that every flower in the garden turned its head, and the buds looked especially anxious.

"We never know where he will light," said the marigold.

"He always flits from one flower to another," sighed the mignonette.

"At last I have a friend," thought the wild rose, as she saw the butterfly coming nearer. He paused by the tiger lily, and flitted to and fro among the sweet peas. The heart of the wild rose beat very hard, and she began to wonder if the butterfly would see her. Of course he did not know she was in the garden, and he had nearly passed her when she spoke.

"Oh, Butterfly," she cried, "I'm here in the garden, and I'm so lonely!"

The butterfly poised a moment in the air. "Ah," he said, "it is the little wild rose! What a pity she didn't stay in the field where she belonged!" And with that remark, he flew away.

Tears of dew and vexation wet the pink petals of the country rose. "I haven't a friend in the world," she sobbed.

"Don't cry," mumbled a voice, and there was the kindly, sturdy humble bee, with his bags of honey and pollen. "Don't cry," said he, "for your friends, the daisies and buttercups, still remember you and send you their love."

"How I wish I was back again with them," wept the wild rose. And all day long she dreamed of them, and of the field, and the winding village road—dreamed so hard that when she awoke next morning, and found herself back in the field once more, she could hardly believe it true until she saw the daisies and buttercups, and the long, green meadow grass tossing with the wind. In the distance was the village road with people passing on it. Nearby in the grass a cricket chirped. "Tell us about the garden," he said.

The rose shook her head. "No," she said, "the field is best."—*Constance Mackay, in Popular Educator.*

I am much pleased with the high standard maintained by your paper.

B. P. S.