

the ants, the speedwell, the stonecrop, the mallow, and the pigeon berry.

"The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee,  
A clover any time to him is Aristocracy!"

This morning I gathered a charming spray with grey green leaves and delicate flowers of a clear beautiful vermilion and was rather embarrassed when Ursule laughed and said it was "barbane—une herbe sauvage." I did not understand, but now I see the same leaves grown coarse and tough, rough and ugly, and I find that my fragile treasure (that drooped in water) is going to be a common "burr," in truth a "savage herb!"

How closely does human nature imitate the vegetable! How often we see frail little children, fragrant as flowers, grow up into coarse, rough men and women without a single charm to remind us that they ever were different. The human "burrs" that cling to the skirts of decency, a blot on the scheme of things and a burden to the community. Some day, perhaps, a use will be found even for them—something that comes out of an ability to "hold on." Science will invent something to prove their utility, and heaven will supply some place for those who have proved their right to "hang on" till the end.