

innumerable in ornaments of all sorts, from simple sea-shells worn by Nubian maidens, to costly diamonds, that heighten the charms of the proudest court beauties; silver, gold, precious stones, all have their season of favor, and then again sink into comparative neglect, but a simple rose has ever been and will ever be the favorite emblem and adornment of beauty.

Now the secret of this perpetual and undying charm about the rose is not to be found in its color; there are bright lilies, and gay tiger flowers, and dazzling air-plants, far more rich and vivid; it is not alone in fragrance, for there are violets and jasmines with "more passionate sighs of sweetness;" it is not in foliage, for there are laurels and magnolias with leaves of richer and more glossy green. Where then does this secret of the world's six thousand years' homage lie? In its being a type of infinity.

Of infinity! says our most innocent maiden reader, who loves roses without caring why, and who does not love infinity, because she does not understand it. Roses a type of infinity! says our theological reader, who has been in the habit of considering all flowers of the field, aye, and of the garden too, as emblems of the short-lived race of man. Yes, we have said it, the secret of the world's devotion to the rose, of her being the queen of flowers by acclamation and forever, is that the rose is a type of infinity.

The rose is a type of infinity because there is no limit to the variety and beauty of the forms and colors which it assumes. From the wild rose, whose sweet, faint odor is wasted in the depths of the silent wood, or the Eglantine, whose wreaths of fresh sweet blossoms embroider even the dusty road sides, to that most perfect, full, rounded, and odorous flower that swells the heart of the florist as he beholds its richness and symmetry; what an innumerable range of shades, and forms, and colors. And indeed, with the hundreds and thousands of roses of modern times, we still know little of all the varied shapes which the plant has taken in by-gone days, and which have perished with the thousand other refinements and luxuries of the nations who cultivated and enjoyed them.

All this variety of form, so far from destroying the admiration of mankind for the rose, actually increases it. This very character of infinity in its beauty makes it the symbol and interpreter of the affections of all ranks, classes, and conditions of men. The poet, amid