

## FLOWERS.

"The ever-loved, the ever-jovous flowers,  
Whose blossomings are laughter."

To the lover of nature nothing strikes the eye with so much beauty as flowers, and in no other production do we see such a pleasing variety. They seem designed by their Creator as his peculiar gift to all, for they bloom not for the few alone, but to all who have a love for the beautiful, they offer their treasures freely; and their voiceless lips speak a language of hope, love and beauty to every heart. They are delicate flowers, that expand their buds amid the common herbs of the pasture, sending up as grateful an incense to their Maker, as if they bloomed in the parterres of the wealthy. Little children gather them with joyful hearts, and even the bosom of the aged glows, as he recognizes the simple flower that blossomed around his childhood's home. It brings back the past like some cherished memento, and he lives again "life's young years," in all their freshness. Even as these little flowers adorn our summer walks, so there are some virtues, that brighten our pathway through life; some hearts that delight only in ministering to the happiness of others. In Eastern Countries, the Rose, for its eloquence and delicious fragrance stands pre-eminent among flowers. In the wilds of North America, the stately Magnolia rears her queenly head, crowned with clusters of pure white blossoms contrasting beautifully with the rich dark foliage that surrounds them.—Thus every clime has its peculiar flowers, and every country boasts its Floral queen or consecrated flower. How beautiful must have been the prospect of our first parents, on entering the garden of Eden, where every variety of flower flourished in their first freshness and beauty. Beautiful indeed, is the scene as it is drawn by the life-giving pen of Milton, yet how far must even this delightful description have fallen short of the original. There bloomed the immortal Amaranth; there bloomed every variety of Roses without thorns; innumerable buds and blossoms formed a living carpet beneath their feet.

To Eve was given the delightful occupation of training the vines and cultivating the flowers, and probably she gave them many of those names that have descended to us. The custom of planting flowers over the graves of our friends is a beautiful and appropriate one. It is a pure and holy feeling that prompts us to place these memorials over loved and departed ones.

Like the flowers they have had their day of sunshine and showers, till the withering hand of death came and swept them from this bright earth.

LUCILLE.

## FRIENDS.

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

LIKE pillars tall and brown  
The old trees stood, and the leaves of June  
Were dark above, as we four, at noon,  
On their mossy roots sat down,  
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free  
As talk in the forest's heart should be,  
Though of different moods and years were we.

Perchance old memories came  
Through the silent shades and the breezeless day  
That glorious thereon the woodlands lay,  
For all our thoughts and theme  
Were friends; but each in that forest dell  
Had a tale of his own heart's to tell,  
And some were there who had loved well.

One said—"I will have friends,  
For my home is rich in kindred now,  
And they call me blithe of heart and brow;  
While favoring fortune lends  
Her sunny smile to my youth's glad cheer,  
And I know that such to men are dear,  
For their love still flows where its course is clear."

"I have had friends," said one,  
"But time tried some, and fortune more,  
And they that stood when the storm was sore,  
Fell off before the sun;  
Yet some on my faith had firmer hold—  
The young, but now they are far and old—  
Brave hearts, their place is low and cold."

Then musingly one said,  
"I had a friend—'twas a strange mistake  
In a poor false world like this to make—  
And how our friendship sped  
It matters not;—but my days are lone,  
And weary the waning years have grown,  
Since the vanity of that trust was known."

And one spake low but clear—  
"I have a friend, though there long hath been  
Much cause for doubt and change between;  
Yet I will not strive or fear—  
For the sower's toils have a time of sheaves,  
And the love that sees not yet believes  
Hath as sure return as the stars and leaves."

So freely spake each heart,  
In its native tongue, the wisdom taught,  
At that wondrous school of life and thought,  
Wherein men learn apart;  
And which came nearest to the way  
Of the strong old truth, let sages say,  
If they e'er take note of a minstrel's lay.