

APRIL.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Lo! where I come!—shy, dainty April maid!
My lustrous eyes, like Niobe's, all tears;
While on my cheeks the vernal sun appears,
In softest tints of wondrous light and shade,
The fields turn emerald 'neath my genial skies,—
To do me homage, from sequester'd beds
The forest flowers raise their modest heads,
And wood and wold grow pregnant with my sighs.
The poet wooes me with an ardent strain,
The husbandman, impatient to begin
His labors manifold, rejoices in
Prospective dreams of coming golden grain.
And Nature mourns, when ended every spell
I go,—loath to depart e'en with a thrice farewell.
Montreal.

THE ROSE.

I am well aware that it would be sheer presumption on my part were I to attempt to write an eulogy on the Rose. Poets of old, and able writers since, have sung its praise so eloquently that I do not attempt to vie with them. Neither do I intend giving, in so short an article, a treatise on this subject, yet I beg the privilege of your valuable columns to say a few words which may stimulate the cultivation of the Queen of Flowers in and about the firesides of the homes of our beloved Dominion, hoping that more valuable essays will afterward be contributed to enhance the diffusion in our midst of those general favorites most worthy of ardent admiration.

We may pride ourselves on being the children of the two forward races of the world who have achieved the highest perfection in the different classes and varieties of the Rose. England has long ago selected it to grace the blazon of her shield, and it seems to me that France has had to submit to the Fleur de Lys because her rival had chosen the best first. Notwithstanding this fact, France has proven her strong attachment to the Rose and her magnificent productions of it have won, at least, an equal share of glory in the long contest for superiority between them. Their reputation for the great extent and the excellency of their productions of the Rose and especially as prolific originators of new and valuable varieties, greedily attracts constant orders from all quarters of the globe for such novelties, and they are often worth more than their weight in gold.

The United States of late are taking a lively interest in the cultivation of the Rose and the erection of green houses for that purpose is constantly going on to a notable extent, while their rivalry in the prices and immensity of their stock are widely advertised in the press—5, 8 and 12 roses for one dollar, postage paid to address, perfect condition, safe delivery guaranteed. They issue vast quantities of descriptive catalogues in very pleasing and attractive forms, the mails teem with them, to far and near cities and villages in the Union and a great many of them are addressed to persons in our Dominion.

Among the florists who make a speciality in the line as Rose culturists may be mentioned as the most extensive, Dinger, Conard & Co., West Chester, Pa.; Peter Henderson & Co., New York; Greives & Sons, Paterson, N. J.; Tyra Montgomery, Mattoon, Ill.; Storrs, Harrison & Co., Painesville, Ohio, some few others near Rochester, N. Y. The enormous amount of Rose plants produced in that country yearly and for which sales are always readily effected may cause considerable surprise. It is estimated that not less than \$10,000,000 are invested in the wholesale florists' business, in land, greenhouses, and stock in the vicinity of New York. The houses cover over 45 acres.

I regret very much to note that we have not inherited that same ardent admiration of the Rose for which our fore-fathers have won a world's renown. We are yet in the infancy of its knowledge as a nation, beside of those of our countrymen versed in Botany who keep pace with the progress of the science and some well posted amateurs sparsely scattered over our vast Dominion. The general population is ignorant of the many valuable classes and species of modern introduction; they still cling to the old Province or less desirable kinds of annual bloom in June, even those before their flowers are fairly established are allowed to suffer depredation from insects without protecting them from scourge. And again are we so penurious that for the purchase of a few plants at a very moderate cost, we should forfeit the satisfaction of those gems of beauty conducive to so much pleasure and legitimate pride! It has been the custom to plant such old sorts as could be obtained as a gift from some near neighbour. It is to be remarked that the common old class Rose are very profuse bearers of ground shoots and by this means natural self propagators; their diffusion is extensive on that account. I have noticed that the higher the state of perfection a plant has acquired from its primeval state of nature the more difficult it is of propagation and require more tender care in cultivation. On this score the celebrated Dr. Lindley says, that the hybridisation of species produces an unnatural and tender offspring, and short lived. Notwithstanding this high authority, deserving of respect, it is well known that our most choice varieties of fruits and flowers were obtained from the crossing of species and varieties of old date, and by this means are, to-day, the pride of the conquest of scientific attainments, and the gratification of the whole world.

The origin of the Rose was the free gift of nature in the wild state disseminated through the universe, I have seen it growing in wild marshes with its simple corolla and delicious

fragrance; it comprises many classes and varieties. Dr. Lindley arranges them in eleven classes and subdivided into about thirty varieties. Out of those through many changes and crossings effected with the highest skill and care, were achieved the great state of perfection to which they have attained in our age. I would chiefly urge the cultivation of hardy Roses on account of the comparative ease required for their thrifty growth and bloom. At the head of the list stands the Moss in her picturesque beauty; of those are the annual bloomers and the hybrid of divers successively bloom during the season; they are rather limited variety.

The Hybrid Perpetual, Portland Remontants, with an extensive list of varieties of many colors, shades and tints, some of which are variegated, all of them desirable and should be liberally cultivated. Under good care they will give several crops of flowers during the season, a selection of which should be chosen with respect to their free blooming qualities. The Persian Yellow and the Yellow Harrison, a product of the Sweet Briar with exquisite fragrant leaves, are a deserving kind. The Prairie Climbing are a class which attains a great height and displays a great profusion of bloom; they are inodorous. Only one variety named the Gem is fragrant, the Baltimore Belle, while planted aside with the fragrant Honey Suckle, is one of gorgeous aspect.

The long list of ever blooming roses next deserves a special mention; they are of a delicate nature for either in or outdoor culture. Few houses are adapted to their healthy growth as they require a moist atmosphere and rather a low degree to thrive well. Under favorable treatment they will generously repay the care bestowed on them; the profusion of bloom, the delicacy of their tints, habits and delicious perfume, the variety of their colors, are such as to endear them to all lovers of the beautiful.

For outdoor cultivation I would recommend to have them properly potted and the holes at the bottom of the vase which contains them in the border, before the approach of hard frosts. They should be sheltered in a rather dry cellar for wintering. This valuable class are from the Tea, Bourbon, China and Neisette kinds. They are the most constant bloomers among the species of roses, and those having the facilities of proper place for their winter culture may have roses the year around to grace their homes with their wonderful grace, beauty and perfume.

Coaticook.

HILAIRE LACROIX.

HEARTH AND HOME

FLOWERS.—Flowers in all ages have been made the representative of innocence and purity. We decorate the bride, and strew her path with flowers; we present the undehiled blossoms as a similitude of her beauty and untainted mind, trusting that her destiny through life will be like theirs, graceful and pleasing to all. We scatter them over the coffin, the bier, and the earth, when we consign our mortal blossoms to the dust, as emblems of transient joy, fading pleasures, withered hopes; yet rest in sure and certain trust that each in due season will be renewed again.

FRIENDS.—There are three sorts of friends; the first is like a torch we meet in a dark street; the second is like a candle in the lantern that we overtake; the third is like a link that offers itself to the stumbling passenger. The met torch is the sweet-tipped friends, which lends us a flash of compliment for the time, but quickly leaves us to our former darkness. The overtaken lantern is the true friend, which, though it promises but a faint light, yet it goes along with us, as far as it can, to our journey's end. The offered link is the mercenary friend, which, though it be ready enough to do us service, yet that service hath a servile relation to our bounty.

TO EVERY WOMAN.—Think twice before you believe every evil story you hear, and think twenty times before you repeat it, especially if it is about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. People sometimes tell falsehoods, they often make mistakes, and sometimes "hear wrong." There is auricular illusion. Take all these things into consideration before you even believe. As for repeating the story, ask yourself if it is necessary. It sometimes is necessary. Then do it with the fear of God and the remembrance of the golden rule before you. Let us give the helping hand, not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands towards us when we stand in need.

EDUCATION.—Education may modify, soften, direct, and improve the mind; but it cannot change the physical temperament, which always gives a tinge to the thoughts, feelings, and actions of the individuals. The kind and degree of mental power are dependent upon physical constitution. The brain is the servant, the mind is fitted to govern and to direct it, so that man is a free agent. By his will he can control, suspend, or encourage any one of his peculiarities. He is, consequently, responsible for all he does, says, or thinks. Hence the necessity of education, especially when young; the free agency of the man depending upon the education of the child. For if this be not what it ought to be, he will become the slave of his passions and propensities, and he will lose his intellectual and spiritual freedom.

LIVE.—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements.

Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities, and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life that "no man liveth to himself"—lives simply for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion that we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, and the thoughts that lead to the temptations. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, thrice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution just think the matter over and endeavour to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which has been gathering long years.

THE FACULTY OF SEEING.—No great man of action ever existed who had not the full use of his eyes. To a general, to an inventor, to a statesman, to a leader of any kind, the faculty of seeing is as necessary for success as that of breathing for existence. Men stumbling along the high road of life with their heads tied up in bags may make good ideal poets or speculators on abstruse matters needing only concentration and a clear beginning. But those who have to deal face to face with facts and their fellow-creatures need their eyes—eyes that can see before and after—eyes that can catch the earliest indications of small changes as well as of grave perils, and eyes that can look far and near at the same moment, and lose nothing of all that lies between. Quickness and comprehensiveness of vision are the first requisites for promptitude and soundness of decision; and without this no man was ever successful in action or a satisfactory leader of his generation.

EYES AND NO EYES.—It is strange how our eyes get opened by teaching or self-culture to things with which we have lived all our lives side by side, and have never seen until now. The study of any natural science, any branch of natural history, shows us this more perhaps than anything else. Before studying botany, say, we passed by those myriads of small flowers which bloom in hedgerow and meadow—flowers which were practically invisible to us, which we looked at without seeing, and were not able to distinguish from the grass wherein they were embedded. After we have learned them by heart and science, we see them as marked and prominent in their lowly insignificance as if they were tall spears of foxglove or showy blocks of ragwort. Our eyes have been opened for them. But they were always there, just the same as now; and they are not now larger or more evident than they were then. It is only we who have learned to see. So, too, of entomology, of conchology, of ornithology, or any other natural science.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT.—A portrait of grandmother hangs on the wall. It was taken a half century ago, and represents the now venerable lady as a young and blooming girl. She is sitting on an old-fashioned sofa, the hands hold an open book, the eyes look up from it with tranquil sweetness, and through the open window behind we can see a quiet landscape. The costume is quaint, but handsome—a cream-colored dress, ruffled around the neck and over the bosom and shoulders. The waist is short and the sleeves are tight. Around the plump neck and hidden under a lace handkerchief is a necklace of ebony beads. There are two curls upon the forehead, and the rest of the hair flows away in ringlets down the shoulders. Now she stands withered and wan in a plain black silk gown, a close cap and spectacles, and, holding her shrunken and blue-veined hand to shield her eyes, she gazes with a long and longing look upon the blooming beauty that has faded from her form forever. But when she turns away there is the same pensive sweetness in her face that makes it not less lovely than the face of youth.

THE DEBT TO MOTHERS.—Mothers live for their children, make self-sacrifices for them, and manifest their tenderness and love so freely that the name mother is the sweetest in human language. And yet, sons, youthful and aged, know but a little of the anxiety, the nights of sleepless and painful solicitude which their mothers have spent over their thoughtless waywardness. Those loving hearts go down to their graves with those hours of secret agony untold. As the mother watches by night, or prays in the privacy of her closet, she weighs well the words she will address to her son in order to lead him to a manhood of honor and usefulness. She will not tell him all the griefs and deadly fears which beset her soul. She warns him with trembling lest she say overmuch. She tries to charm him

with cheery love while her heart is bleeding. No worthy and successful man ever yet knew the breadth and depth of obligation which he is under to the mother who guided his steps at the time when his character for virtue and purity was so narrowly balanced against a course of vice and ignominy. Let the dutiful son do his utmost to smooth his mother's pathway; let him obey as implicitly as he can her wishes and advice; let him omit nothing that will contribute to her peace, rest and happiness, and yet he will part from her at the tomb with the debt to her not half discharged.

THE MOTHER.—Of all the impressions made upon the youthful mind, none are so lasting as those received from a mother. While the rough finger of time may eradicate almost all others, these become, as it were, a part of our nature, controlling motives, exerting a powerful influence over us in all affairs of life. And this fact is sustained by the evidence of many of the greatest men that ever lived. Perhaps of all whom the world has honored with the appellation of great, more than one-half might, with the strictest propriety, inscribe on their escutcheons as the motto of their success the simple word "Mother." Truly weighty then are the obligations devolving on woman in discharge of her duties in this relation. The formation of character is hers. And may not she be also responsible for the future welfare or misery of her child, just in proportion as she discharges faithfully, or neglects to discharge, her obligation to him? The child is father of the man, and the seed sown in the moulding of youthful character must bring forth good or evil fruit in the harvest of mature age. Ay, its influence will be felt by future generations, and it remains with the mother whether those who in future time may be affected by the acts of her child shall have reason to bless or curse the name of her who gave him being. "Show us a good mother, and we show you a good son." So far does maternal influence affect the character of the child.

BURLESQUE.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A Sacramento man who had heard and read a great deal about the blue-glass cure, concluded that he would try it for his rheumatism. He accordingly procured half a dozen panes, inserted them in the window of his bath-room, and took a "sun bath," according to the prescribed formula, for three successive days. His wife had been away from home, and when she returned she was delighted to hear that the new cure had done her husband a wondrous amount of good. He was eager to have her see the new window, and she felt considerable curiosity on the subject herself, but on entering the bath-room she burst into a fit of laughter, which was explained a moment later by her ejaculation: "That's your mazarine blue glass! Why, goosey, that isn't blue; that's green!" He doesn't feel so well now.

SORROWFUL SCENE IN A STREET CAR.—The elusiveness of a cent when it gets into the straw of a horse car is wonderful to behold. You see the very spot where the coin strikes, but when your hand reaches the place there's no cent there. And the more that straw is poked about, be it with the tenderness of love or the spitefulness of anger, the more the little joker keeps out of sight. It isn't a very high-toned pursuit to be thus chasing a festive bit of copper—alloyed at that—through the labyrinth of straw, and feet, and market baskets, and miscellaneous bundles, which the floor of a street car ordinarily presents, but one can hardly take a trip of any considerable length without witnessing just such a hunt. One of the most dignified passengers on a Highland car had an experience of this kind last evening. The coin glided as it fell, and a sort of glow-worm spark seemed to mark its resting place. The dignified traveller was evidently no novice as to the deceitfulness of these little jinglers, for he approached that cent with the cautious, stooping motion of a boy trying to pick a bumble-bee from a thistle-blow. He made the clutch with a smile of satisfaction which was meant to reprove the incredulity of his fellow-passengers, but a handful of dirty straw was his only reward. Then he parted the litter and clutched again as he saw the little disc diving into mysterious depths, but the unsavory expression of his face showed further lack of success. Then he just "went for" that bedding, and the more the passengers tried to keep from laughing the madder he got; and he shook and coaxed and stamped and bullied the straw, but the cent rather seemed to like it and kept at a safe distance. Then the man made a shovel-plough of his hands and furrowed the very flooring; then he took to rat-terrier tactics and try to worry that penny into a compromise, but it was 8 to 7 against him all the time. At this juncture a glance from the window showed him that he had been carried seven blocks past his stopping place, and his remarks as he got out on the muddy crossing were hardly fitted for the neighborhood of the tabernacle.

CLOUD BANNERS OF THE ALPS.

Among the most exquisite scenes which delight the eye of the European traveler are those wonderful rose-colored cloud-banners, floating from the Alpine cliffs. But it is only in the sunlight that Nature hangs out these beautiful tokens. So it is only in the glow of health—the sunlight of our inner being—that Nature reveals those physical cloud-banners, the "rosy