AGRICULTURAL.

Summering on a Farm.

I'm living in the country now, upon a quiet farm.
Where I am free from city noise and safe from urban harm;
And 'stead of horrid cantaloupes and early

summer meats. I feed upon the cool crisp squash and blood-red winter beets.

I have a room with slanting roof; no weari

Upon the wall is there to greet these tired eyes of mme,
But honest, coarse, sand-paper walls are those about my head
'Pon which I rub that fevered spot where mosquitos have fed.

No narrow bath tub have I here to lave No narrow bath tub have I here to lave myself within,
But one large basin on the floor, a dipper made of tim.
Oh, how the cooling watersplash, and o'er my shoulders, flow,
Despite their leaking through the floor, as-

suaging all my woe ! And, as I've said, no city noise doth break

upon the ear.—
Naught save the cooing of the frog, the bleat of chanticleer,
The crowing of the Durham cow, the lowing of the hen;
These are the selections These are the sole disturbances in this my rural den.

And oh, the habits that this life, this coun try life inspires!

The breakfast set at five A. M.—ah! how my soul admires

To rise at four, and ere the sun has started on its way,
To don my duds and enter on the duties of
of the day!

Instead of working at my desk in hot seersucker coat,
To seek the fields and toss the hay, to feed

the bounding goat.

To dine three times a day on pie, washed down by berry wine.

And when the sun has set at last retiring at

This is a noble life to lead; from care and

strife so free; It tans the cheek, the muscles gain, it fills the soul with glee.

But when next summer comes this way, I fear I can't afford To swap the sweat of brow and brawn for rural bed and board.

Milk and Butter Standard.

As a rule the standard for milk is set too high and too often in the interest of some special breed. The true standard for milk, special breed. The true standard for mirk, as between the seller and buyer, should be the average of large herd, of cattle of mixed the average of special breeds. the average of large nerd, of cattle of mixed breeds; not the average of special breeds. The standard, in other words, should be of pure milk of good average quality, combining fat, caseine and other constituents in nor-

mal quantity.
In Great Britain the question is still the In Great Britain the question is still the subject of agitation. In relation to milk and butter there The London Lancet, the leading authority in the medical profession states the case as follows:

"For butter, milk, and many ether articles of food and medicine, there cannot possibly be any absolute standard of purity. No two samples of butter, milk, tea or opium are alike, nor, for the matter of that, are

are alike, nor, for the matter of that, are any two samples of coal. By the present law the public analyst, without any standard law the public analyst, without any standard to guide him, is compelled to certify not only to the fact, but also to the extent of any adulteration he may detect. He must, therefore select for himself a standard, and must select one which, in his opinion, represents the minimum of possible purity. In regard to milk, a standard is pretty well established. It is founded on the milk sometimes yielded by ill-fed, unhealthy, or overmilked cows, and so affords a cover for the skillful watering and skimming of all ordinary milk. Ample advantage of this cover is skillful watering and skillful ordinary milk. Ample advantage of this cover is taken by many a milk vendor, and the public analyst is often compelled to pass milk which has almost certainly been adulterated. Even this low standard is some protection to the public, as is proved by the numerous convictions obtained on milks which fall below it. In regard to butter, the case is different. Standards that seemed satisfactory had been established chiefly through the had been established chiefly through the labors of Messrs. Angell and Hehner, who were the first to devise a satisfactory scheme for analysis. But of late samples of scheme for analysis. But of late samples of genuine butter, which did not conform to these standards, were analyzed by Mr. Allen, of Sheffield, and since then some confusion has prevailed. Even without the new Act of Parliament so urgently required, public analysts will doubtless ere long agree upon a standard which shall be at least as satisfactory as the present milk standard."

Dark Brahma Fowls.

The dark Brahmas are ranked by on authority as next in merit, among Asiastic breeds, to the light Brahmas, Asiastic breeds, to the light Brahmas, and many breeders claim that they are the best of the Brahma variety. It is stated that this breed was perfected by English breeders out of a brood of chickens that were bred by mating a black red Shanghai cock with a grey Shanghai hen. The first importations known as dark Brahmas were made about 1865, and many of them were of the single comb kind. The breeding of pea comb Brahmas to Partridge Cochins were of the single comb kind. The breeding of pea comb Brahmas to Partridge Cochins produced new blood, and later they were bred with less of the Cochin shape. The first dark Brahmas showed more or cess bronze in the wing coloring of the cocks, and the ground coloring of the female was a bronze gray, the steel gray, which is now the standard American color, being secured by an occasional cross with Light Brahma cocks.

cocks.

The pea comb which should surmount the head of the dark Brahma cock resembles three small combs running parallel the length of the head, the centre one the highest; beak strong, well curved, wattles full, ear lobes red, well rounded and falling below wattles; the breast should be full and broad, wings small and well tacked up under the saddle feathers and thick fluff. The markings of the hen, except the neck and tail, are the the hen, except the neck and tail, are the same all over, each feather having a dingy white ground closely penciled with dark steel gray.

up choice specimens of their fruit to exhibit at fairs and elsewhere, we publish a recipe found in a bulletin of the Californi Experiment Station. The preserving proparation is harmless in the diluted form in which it is used, but it imparts a taste that will not be pleasant to all, especially when the fruit is first opened: is first opened :

Sulphurous Acid.—This solution may be Sulphurous Acid.—This solution may be made directly from the gas of burning sulphur—as described below. It is, nowever, more convenient and just as good to use its combination with soda, viz., the "bi-sulphite" of soda (not that of lime, used in bleaching saccharine juices, which vill form deposits upon most fruits). Those vhose digestion is better than necessary, and who do not object to the sulphurous flaver of the fruit so preserved, may choose to so use the not object to the sulphurous flaver of the fruit so preserved, may choose to se use the preparation. Its merits as an antisptic are unquestioned; its bleaching effects are equally so, and as in sulphuring wines, the natural colors will suffer more or less from its use, as well as from that of the acid solution. Use five to eight onness per gallon.

as well as from that of the acid solution. Use five to eight ounces per gallon.

The following mode of preparint a preservative fluid with sulphurous as, communicated by Manager J. Q. Brown, has been very successfully used at the rooms of the State Board of Trade at San Fancisco: "Put 30 gallons of water into a 0-gallon barrel; float on top of the water at in pan, in which put a portion of 25 cents worth of sulphur. Set the sulphur on fire and cover sulphur. Set the sulphur on fire and cover tightly until the fire goes out; renev the sulphur until the whole is consumed, opening the barrel for renewal of air between dose.

Apples as Food for Stock.

As a money crop the apple stands in the front rank among fruits, but there are other properties and merits hidden in this fruit, mmon as it is, which are not yetfully ap preciated.

preciated.

There is a food value in the apple which heretofore has been almost entirely overlooked. Apples may be plentiful and cheap, but don't talk of over-production or unprofitable culture so long as they can be grown at less cost, and with less attendance han any other stock food of same value, and the less cost, and with less attendance han any other stock food of same value, and the whole country full of horses, hogs, cittle and sheep are ready to take and turn o good use all our surplus. In what way can you grow the equivalent of the four or ive hundred bushels of apples in other fodder which will grow on the thirty trees occupying one acre of ground, with less trouble and expense?

know large stock farms, the owners of I know large stock farms, the owners of which do not grow apples enough for their families. This don't look like ever-production. At the same time ther horses, cattle and hogs, have a hard time of it in some years to pick a living off the dried-up, burnt up pastures in mid-summer or fall. What a relief a good, large orchard of heavy-yielding sweet and sour apples, with its What a relief a good, large orchard of heavy-yielding sweet and sour apples, with its gratifying shade, pasture and dropping fruit would be to the dumb brutes. And all this could be had with but little cost and labor besides the first setting of the tree on cheap land. Then if in any year there is a demand for good fruit at paying rates, pick out and sell the good fruit for good money, and let your stock have the culls.

I have fed apples, both sour and sweet, quite largely to horses, cows and hogs almost during the whole year, and have learned to appreciate them for the purpose. A horse worked but moderately will keep in better condition on four quarts of oats and

better condition on four quarts of oats' and one peck of apples and of the period of apples folder, than it would on eight quarts of oats. This puts the money value of apples for horses at least at one half that of oats, bulk for bulk. In other words, if oats are worth thirty courses, hughel apples have worth thirty cents a bushel, apples have a feeding value of not less than fifteen cents per bushel.

Our best authorities concede apples to be Our best authorities concede apples to be equally valuable as carrots for horses, and as turnips for cows, and more valuable than mangolds, pound for pound. If this is the case, why should we always bestow so much labor on the production of carrots and turnips, and mangolds, when we can grow apples almost without labor and expense, and in many instances let the animals gather the crop themselves?

the crop themselves?

Mr. E. H. Hutchinson is quoted as say. ing: "For the general-purpose horse of the farmer, I know from actual experience that apples are valuable food. I have had horses that were in very low condition, from worms, entirely freed from this trouble when running among apple, trees, where they eat all ing among apple trees, where they eat all

they want."

My own experience makes me think highly of apples as food for stock (I even chop up a mess for poultry once or twice a week during the winter), and as an appetizer and tonic. Our apple orchards may safely be doubled, and in some sections trebled, in extent, and if we then feed liberally, and send to market only the very cream of the extent, and if we then feed liberally, and send to market only the very cream of the fruit, we will benefit ourselves in a great many respects, by having cheaper food, better and healthier stock, and better returns for the fruit we sell. Of course where planted with this view, varieties should be selected that will cover as much as possible. planted with this view, varieties should be selected that will cover as much as possible the entire season, beginning with the carliest sorts, both sour and sweet, and ending with

Land of river, lake, and sea; Land of woodlands wild and free; Land of freedom, hail to Thee! Canada.

Rising step by step to fame, Weaving for thyself a name, Thou shalt win the world's acclaim, Canada

And the foremost nations now Yet shall see upon thy brow, Wreaths that arts and arms endow, Canada.

Thronging to thy prairies, come. Thousands from their eastern home, Settling neath thy sunny dome, Canada.

Ea t and west from sea to sea, All thy vast domains are free; Slaves shall never dwell in Thee, Canada.

All the annals of the years With their triumphs and their tears, Fall prophetic on thine ears, Canada.

All the nations of renown That have blunder'd and gone down Teach to better build thine own, Canada.

Build from out the buried past; Build by virtue firm and fest; Build a nation that shall last; (anada.

J. E. POLLOCK, B. D.

Keeping Fruit to Show.

Montreal will shortly be visited by the North American and West India squadron.

SUNDAY READING.

The Sabbath Chime.

Now to the Lord a noble song! Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosanna to the eternal Name, And all His boundless love proclaim!

See where it shines in Jesus' face, The brightest image of His grace; God, in the person of His Son, Has all His mightiest work outdone.

The spacious earth, and spreading flood, Proclaim the wise and powerful God; And Thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in His looks a glory stands, The noblest labor of Thine hands: The pleasing luster of His eyes Outshines the wonders of the skies. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name! Ye angels, dwell upon the sound; Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

O may I live to reach the place Where He unveils His lovely face! Where all His beauties you behold And sing His name to harps of gold!

Cardinal Newman on the Catholic Church.

A deputation from the conference of the A deputation from the conference of the Catholic Truth Society, which is meeting at Birmingham, went to the Oratory on July 18th, and were taken in to Cardinal Newman, who had gone down to the recreation-room of the Fathers. The Bishop of Salford, after a few preliminary, words of congraturoom of the Fathers. The bishop of Salford, after a few preliminary words of congratulation, read a resolution which was passed the day before by the conference, and the Cardinal sitting in his chair, made this resolution.

My dear friends, -I wish, both in thought and language, as far as I can, to thank you, as I do very heartily. I thank you for your affection; it is the affection of great souls. I could say a great deal, but I will only pray I could say a great deal, but I will only pray that God may sustain and put His confirmation upon what you do. I give you every good wish. Your society is one which makes us feel the sadness of the days through which we have passed, when the Church of Christ wanted those assistances of publications which Protestants possessed in such Christ wanted those assistances of publications which Protestants possessed in such abundance. I envied both the matter and the intention of those publications. It is a cruel thing that our faith has been debarred from the possibility of lively activated. cruel thing that our faith has been debarred from the possibility of lively action; but it was no fault of Catholics. They have been so pressed and distracted from the formation of any policy, that the Church has had to depend on only a few heads, and the management of a few. This has been the cause of the absence of interest and of popular publications among Catholics. But now there is no reason why we should not have the power which has before this been in the hands of Protestants, whose zeal, however, I have always admired. But the reward is for us at hand, and we must thank God for giving us such a hope. I may say of myself for us at hand, and we must thank God lot giving us such a hope. I may say of myself that I have had much sorrow that the hopes and the prospects of the Church have shown so little sign of brightening. There has so little sign of brightening. There has been, there is now, a great opposition against the Church; but this time and this day are the beginnings of its revelation. I have had despendency; but the hour has come when we may make good use, and practical near the second despondency; but the hour has come when we may make good use, and practical use, of the privileges which God has given us. We must thank God, and ask for His best blessing and mercy. May He sustain you. God is not wanting, if we are ready to work. I beg you to pardon and to forget the weakness of my words. I am content to pray for you and for your work. God bless you.

The Choice of Companions.

The Rev. Edward A. Lawrence, last Sunday read from the book of Corinthians two passages, from which he took the text for his discourse: "Evil company doth corrupt good morals," and "Walk with wise men and thou shalt be saved."

and thou shalt be saved."

These two passages, said Mr. Lawrence, join hands together. There is no royal road to knowledge: they that walk with wise men walk the right way, and that is the way to knowledge. The great power of our life is companionship; after we have once tasted society solitude is impossible, and without companions a man is a lunto. tasted society solution is impossible, and without companions a man is a brute. It is not good, God says, that man should be alone. The peril of companionship is the sail power to corrupt. The chains of comevil power to corrupt. The choice of com-panions is the greatest mark in our lives, and I wonder that it is not preached upon oftener. Before Jesus chose his companions he tested them, and when he sent his disciples abroad he sent them in two together, believing in companionship. In choosing our companions we should remember that in doing so we are choosing for others. When our companions we should remember that in doing so we are choosing for others. When you ask your children about the schools they attend, the books they learn from, and the teachers that are placed over them, do you ever think to ask then who are their daily companions? Men may be saved, even with the worst of companions; a man is known by the company he keeps; yet there is such a thing as character, and a man may stand in the midst of evil and yet be good. The power of evil companionship is overcome by good companionship. We are not alone in this world. Authority has been deemed essential for centuries, yet the great power of this life world. Authority has been deemed essential for centuries, yet the great power of this life is companionship. The power of companionship shall make us wise, and we shall be joined with God's yeople.

The Coming of Death.

The signs of impending death, says the Medical Journal, are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many

the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there is a gradual dulling of all the bodily senses and of many of the mental faculties; memory fails, judgment wavers, imagination goes out like a candle. The muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice the muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice of the skin, the voice died suddenly, to the grea regret of his recan find no evidence against you."

"None at all, y'r honour."

"You are discharged."

"Thank you, y'r honour."

"By the way, why were you unwilling to stand up?"

"It is refreshing. It the gulping too in the gulping too in the man would see I had his trousers en, y'r honour."

breaks, the cords of the tabernacle are looser ing. Small noises irritate, sight becomes dim, nutrition goes on feebly, digestion is impaired, the secretions are insufficient, or vitiated, or cease, capillary circulation is

that is a more paintal process than birth. It is because in a certain proportion of cases dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that this idea exists, but it is as nearly certhat this mea exists, but it is as hearly cuttain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only paintions of the facial muscles are not only painting. tions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many
instances, too, a comatose or semi-comatose state supervenes, and it is altogether
probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails. We have, too,
abundant evidence of people who have been
nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they
all agree in the statement that, after a few
moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away and a state of tranquility
succeeds. They see visions of green fields,
and in some cases hear pleasing music; and
so far from being miserable, their sensations
are delightful. But where attempts at resuscitation are successful, the resuscitated i
persons almost invariably protest against
being brought back to life, and declare that
resuscitation is accompanied by physical
pain and acute mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must
personally experience, and consequently is
of universal interest, and as fectives. ess, but take place unconsciously. In many

personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest; and as facts are facts, the wisest course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is coal black and death keeps no calendar.

"God Knows."

We had been riding for two long days over the dreary plains—the same monoton-ous scenery always in view—rough, sterile outcroppings of rock-a or brush at long intervals—the ground baked and cracked under the summer sun. The prairies were made to enrich the farmer prairies were made to enrich the farmer— the plains to revenge on man and bird and beast. Only the serpent can live there. Over these barren stretches no bird flies— on them no wolf can find living. The mon-otony is maddening—the sterility appall-

otony is maddening—the school of ing.

The sun was only an hour high as the column obliqued more to the left in search of a camping ground. Those of us in advance were just ascending a swell covered with large bowlders when a trooper suddenly cried out in alarm and pointed to something on the ground at his horse's feet. We gathered around him, and for a minute no one spoke. There, cuddled against the rock, gathered around him, and for a minute no one spoke. There, cuddled against the rock, was a skeleton—a clean-picked, bleaching skeleton, with never a bone missing from its place. It was, as all saw at a glance, the skeleton of a child not over 6 or 7 years of age. The shoes, which had rotted from the feet; the few bits of cloth; the buttons lying about, proved it to be the skeleton of a little girl. It had sought what little shelter the rock afforded, and it had died there—died as if afforded, and it had died there-died as if another, and it had died there—died as if the grim messenger had come in its dreams. It lay on its side, the head resting on the right arm, and the limbs were as composed right arm, and the limbs were as composed as if death had brought no pain.
"Whose child!" asked a sergeant, "whose

"Whose child?" asked a sergeant, "whose child, and when?"

Ah! who could answer? Fifty miles away Ah! who could answer? Fifty miles away was the immigrant trail. Onc—two—three—perhaps five years before, a wagon had left the convey for some reason and became lost on this desolate expanse. A child had wandered away from camp in search of flowers—had fallen from a wagon and been stunned—had been left sieeping in the grass by accident. No one could tell how it happened, but everyone could imagine what followed. A child of seven left alone n this awful region, where the voice of a lird is never heard—Where rattlesnakes sin themselves on every ledge—where the staving wolf filts region, where the voice of a first is never heard—Where rattlesnakes sun themselves on every ledge—where the staving wolf flits by like a shadow as he hastensto other fields. The very terror of it would srike her dumb. She would stare about her with an awful wildness in her eyes—her face would be whiter than snow—her lips vould part, but no word could pass them. Then she would flee, attempt to run away fom the loneliness and desolation. She night live two days—three—four. Then huger and thirst and mental torture would our ome her, and she would-lie down to die.

"Whose child, and wha?" asked the sergeant as others came to bok down on the bleaching skeleton.

This time a captain answeel—a bronzed-faced, gray-haired man whichad seen many found of violets that one of her admirers continued by those of her admirers continued as a bunch of them daily

faced, gray-haired man whichad seen many mysteries of the kind. Renoving his cap e turned his face to Heave and answered

"God only knows!"

Hearts had ached—heartsnay have broken—hearts might be aching then and for long year come.

We sen to the wagon fr spades and a head-board. Af feet from the rock we head-board. At f feet from the rock we dug a little grave and the seleton was tenderly lifted up and deposite therein, and as the earth covered them up a score of men uncovered their heads and the captain said: uncovered their heads and the captain said:
"Earth to earth—ashes: a shes—dust to dust! The mystery is wit thee, Oh, Lord!"
And on the head-boardve curved the legend which men may reacto-day:

SOMEBODY'S CRLD GOD ALONE KNOS.

Medical Journal, are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases.

Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also. In the account of the death of Falstaff, the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the teet, gradually extending upward, the picking at the bed-clothes are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to the extremitics, which consequently become cold, a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there is a gradual dull-

THE VIOLET.

Its Place in Legendary and Mistoric Lore.

dim, nurrition goes on recopy, angested is impaired, the secretions are insufficient, or vitiated, or cease, capillary circulation is clogged. Finally, the central organ of the circulation comes to a stop, a full stop, and this stoppage means a dissolution. This is the death of old age, which few attain to.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is a more painful process than birth. It is because in a certain proportion of cases dissolution is accompanied by a visitation. one. Ianthe, nowever, preferred the analysis ances attendant upon beauty to ugliness. She pined away, and Artemis, full of regret for her mistaken interference changed her

Another legend tells us that Zeus caused, the violets to grow as food for Io while she wandered the world as a heifer. Or they vere white until Venus-

"On a day, wise poets tell, Some time in wrangling spent, Whether the violets should excel, Or she, in sweeter scent.

But Venus, having lost the day, Poor girl, she fell on you. And beat you so, as some dare say Her blows did make you blue."

Violets formed the couch of Zeus and Hera; they carpeted the bower of our first parents in Eden; grew in Calypso's garden, and that goddess "called by men heart-easing mirth," was born in "beds of violets blue." They were popular flavore for the control of the ing mirth," was born in "beds of violets blue." They were popular flowers for festive garlands. The Greeks liked to crown themselves with violets and parsley—a combination which suggests very mixed odors to modern noses. Alcibiades is described as appearing at a feast crowned with violets and ivy, which he may have worn as a preventive against the effect of the revel, garlands of violets being considered to cure headach and dizziness. In those days "violet lids" to the eyes were thought a great beauty in woman; an ideal lingering great beauty in woman; an ideal lingering in Shakespeare's lines:

Violets dim, Yet sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath.

Or Cytherea's breath.

There is a rustic fancy in England that the number of violets first brought home in spring denote the number of chickens and ducklings for that year, less than a handful that the chickens are the controlled that the chickens are the controlled to the chickens and the chickens are the controlled to the chickens and the chickens are the chickens and the chickens are the chi ducklings for that year, less than a handful being very unlucky. Another old English superstition is to the effect that many vio-letsandroses flourising in the autumn portend an epidemic the following year. Strangely enough, the roses and violets last autumn were particularly numerous and fine, the roses lingering till the frosts, the violets coming And the epidemic has certainly followed. Perhaps the "superstitions" of our ancestors are not so foolish as we of the higher educa-

ion generation like to imagine. The modest violet, as we are pleased to call it, has also been a favorite with kings call it, has also been a favorite with kings and emperors, and played no small part in politics. Athens boasted of being the "Violet-crowned City." Mahomet declared that "El Islam excelled all religions as the violet excelled all flowers." The great Napoleon was toasted by his friends as Corporal Violette, who should return in the spring, and the Bourbons, when their turn came again, sarcastically remarked that the season of violet was passed, and hissed Mile. Mars off the stage for wearing them. Recently we have seen violets again appearing with honored yet mournful celebrity as the favorhave seen violets again appearing with have seen violets again appearing with honored yet mournful celebrity as the favor-ite flower of the Emperor Frederick the

ite flower of the Emperor Frederick the Noble.

The floral games of Toulouse, where the prize is a golden violet, are still continued every year. They began in the fourteenth century, when Clemena Isaure, separated from her troubadour lover, sent him a violet to betoken her constancy. For her sake, he fought beside her father, defending Toulouse, and died there. Clemena not long surviving and died there. fought beside her father, defending Toulouse, and died there, Clemena not long surviving him. In memory of these faithful lovers the floral games were instituted, troubadours contending in verse for the golden violet, the emblem of constancy—
Violet is for faithfulness
That in me shall abide
Hoping that likewise from your heart
You will not let it slide.

The classic name of violet was of course

le It is said that Clairon, the actress, was so fond of violets that one of her admirers contrived she should have a bunch of them daily all the year round. After enjoying her flower all day, the actress stripped off their petals in the evening, made them into tea, and drank them; a rather remarkable fashion of disposing of a present.

Violets have a specially mournful significance as funeral flowers. They are reckoned with "every flower that sad embroidery wears," as strewing the grave of Lycidus; and they are associated with the last sad thoughts gathered around the burial of the fair Ophelia:

"Lay her i' the earth:

fair Ophelia:

"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

In some places one violet brought into the
house is thought to portend death. But to
dream of violets signifies an advance in life.
Though a wild flower, indigenous to the
whole of Europe, violets have been cultivated
in gardens from time immemorial. Homer
would never have mentioned them in his
descriptions of gardens, if he had not known
them as flowers of cultivation. Pliny tells
us that they grew at his country villa under-