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ROSES.

In the very midst of the wealth of bloom with which we are surrounded, the scent of the roses wafted to us on every passing breeze, it seems exceedingly appropriate to enjoy a little talk with our readers about roses. There is no need to tell of their beauty. Acknowledged to be the queen of the flowers, the rose holds a position of pre-eminence that requires no words of praise from us to establish; ours shall be the humbler task to tell her admirers how best to care for their favorite, so that she may be able to put on her royal apparel, and come forth in all her loveliness.

There is required for the growing of roses in their perfection a something that is not to be found in books. "Poets are born, not made" it is said, and there is somewhat of the same truth in this matter of growing roses. The perfection of the art is the outcome of a devotion that ever burns but never consumes. Deep down in the secret chambers of the heart it is continually glowing, and when to other eyes the rose is no longer a thing of beauty, in the days of the "sere and yellow leaf," it waits tenderly and lovingly upon the object of its devotion. To such care she most generously responds, arraying herself in gorgeous beauty, putting on her most lovely tints and beaming with most bewitching smiles.

We have some obstacles to overcome in the cultivation of the rose which are quite unknown to her devotees in England. Our mid-summer suns are so scorchingly hot that our roses soon lose the richness of their fresh tints. To enjoy the full beauty of the rose, to see it in the freshness of its coloring, while the delicacy of the tints is yet unimpaired, one should stroll through the rose grounds at sunrise, before the dew-drops are exhaled, and see the flowers unfolding to the morning light. Could we shade our roses from about ten o'clock of the morning until four in the afternoon, the lustre of their beauty