

whistles, in the sheltered valley, in the woods and the desserts where the wild flowers spring, and on the hill-tops where the echoes ring, where they can look around on the expanse of nature and see Flora in her glorious impartiality and pristine splendour, where there are no high walls to shut out the open campaign, no placard intimating that you are to keep on the walks and not touch the flowers, no iron gates to exclude God's poor and little children who look in with wistful eyes and go away sighing.

Flora's metropolis is in every country, under every clime, wherever she is her own gardener, and is never weary with labouring, where her seeds and her fruits are exhaustless and her verdure is only interrupted to return with fresher beauty, where she invites the beggar alike with the noble to press her velvety sward and pluck her richest treasures. The Romans worshipped Flora through their passions, we worship Flora with our intellects with all the finer instincts of our nature and her beauty touches the innermost recesses of our hearts. How pure and refreshing plants appear in a room watched and waited on as they generally are by the gentler sex, they are links in many pleasant associations, they are cherished favourites of mothers, wives, sisters and friends not less dear, and connect themselves in our minds, with their feminine delicacy, loveliness, and affectionate habits and sentiments, their indoor beauty yielding greater charms in the winter when Flora's children of the field lie scentless and dead.

The Romans at their feasts crowned their guests with garlands of flowers, herbs or leaves, and when an uncommon dish was brought to the table, it was introduced by the sound of the flute and the servants were crowned with flowers. Brides were laid in their nuptial couch magnificently adorned and covered with flowers, sometimes placed in the hall opposite the door and sometimes in the garden. Flowers were placed in the room when a child was born, and cypress was placed at the doors of their dead. When a General entered Rome in triumph the streets were strewed with flowers,