



"The Canadian Florist and Cottage Gardener."

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THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Oh, beautiful Cereus,
How welcome thy bloom—
Thy grand coronation—
How rich in perfume!
How wondrously charming—
So queenly, so chaste!
We mourn thy sweet flowers
Should fade in such haste.

Beholding with rapture
The exquisite sight,
We wonder thy glories
Are kept for the night.
In darkness to lavish
Their beautiful bloom,
And give their rich odors
To midnight's deep gloom!

Some sister plants close up
Their petals at night,
And open them only
To greet morning light
Thy charms are unfolded
When nature's asleep;
As angels night-vigils
So lovingly keep.

So Faith comes in darkness,
And blooms in the night;
To soothe in affliction,
In danger, in blight.
When sources of comfort
All fail and depart,
Faith brings sweetest solace
To cheer the sad heart.

And night-blooming flowers
Bring lessons of Love,
As messages coming
From regions above.
We too have a mission—
In darkness and grief,
To bring the afflicted
And suffering relief.

To be to the feeble
The sinful, the poor,
Sweet love-plants all blooming
With charms that endure.
To shed on the lowly
In earth's deepest gloom,
The fragrance of kindness.—
Most blessed perfume!

The way of salvation
To show to the lost,
Which Jesus provided
At infinite cost;
To help struggling spirits
To gain heaven's bliss;
What service so hallowed,
So Christ-like as this?

ROSES. THEIR CULTIVATION.

BY JAMES PENTLAND.

"Proud be the rose, with rains and dews her
head impearling.

Very few persons know how to cultivate a rose in order to bring forth all the latent beauty contained in the flower. Many are content, when they buy a rose from those who have them to sell, to take it home, dig a small hole in the ground of their garden, put it therein (I cannot call it planting), and leave it to take care of itself; and when they come to look for flowers, find none. And no wonder! It will not stand such treatment, but will wither and die, and then the poor gardener who sold it comes in for the blame.

Now this is all wrong. There is not a flower that grows that requires kinder treatment than the rose, and there is none more deserving, or that will better repay good cultivation, either in a commercial point of view, or for the gratification of two of the five senses, namely the sight and smell.

To grow a rose of perfection, you must, in the first place, find the proper soil in which it delights, which is a stiff, loamy, strong virgin soil—yes, even a clay soil, provided it is well drained, and deep and cool, so that the roots can find their way down into a cool place, in order to get away from the influence of our burning suns. In the next place, you must see to it that the soil is properly enriched, for, depend upon it, you will not see a rose in perfection in a poor soil; for, like the grape-vine, it is a very gross