

the ground wast thou taken, dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." Decay and death become a law in nature, and the indissoluble link is formed that rivets Flora to the human race. Man's days were to be as grass and all his glory as the flowers of the field. How often do we see this verified. Like the flowers of the field youth grows up amiable and beautiful with a thousand charms and opening virtues that cause them to be loved and admired, but as the north wind sometimes sweeps over the fairest flowers of spring, blasting in its course the rich hyacinth and the lovely violet, so the pride of beauty and the glory of youth are often nipped in the bud, and fade ere their opening charms are perfected. The ancients loved Flora as was natural, and deified her. She was to them the goddess of flowers and of the spring, and was latterly identified with the Greek Chloris. Her temple was situated in the vicinity of the Circus Maximus. The worship of Flora was one of the oldest manifestations of the Roman religious feeling and is affirmed to have been introduced by Numa. The Floralia or festivals in honor of the goddess were first instituted 238 B. C., and were celebrated from 28th April to 1st of May, with much licentious merriment. Indeed, to such an extent did they carry their orgies that Cato is said to have stepped in at one time and put a stop to them. On coins Flora is represented with a crown of flowers. In botany the term Flora is a collective name for plants, and is used with regard to the vegetable kingdom. It is common to speak of the Flora of a country or district and a work devoted to the botany of a country or district is often entitled the Flora of that region. It is used in describing all the vegetable productions of a country or geological period, as the Flora of England, the Flora of the coral period. But no matter about the period, the country or the climate, Flora is beautiful even in petrification. Aranjuez in Spain is called the metropolis of Flora on account of its many beautiful gardens, but the true lovers of Flora do not recognize her metropolis in any gardens, they see it on the stupendous mountain craig where the bleak wind