

THE FLORAL
BIRTHDAY BOOK



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The
Floral Birthday
Book

Compiled and Edited
By
MARGARET M. BROWN
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To my Mother
this Book is affectionately inscribed
by the compiler.

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1914



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By
MARGARET M. BROWN

JANUARY 7

Chestnut tree.

Aesculus.

Do me justice.

I have breathed on the south and the chestnut flowers,
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers. *Mrs. Hemans.*

A woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire. *Shakespeare.*

The squirrel, he springs from his covet now
To prank it away on the chestnut bough. *Chas. Fenno Hoffman.*

To be perfectly just is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be
so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man. *Addison.*

JANUARY 8

Guelder roses.

viburnum alnifolis.

Winter.

When, by their own rich beauty downward bent,
Soft guelder roses hang their tufts of snow.
Mrs. Norton.

And the guelder rose
In great stillness dropped and ever dropped
Her wealth about her feet.
Jean Ingelow.

Beware, the January month beware
Those hurtful days, that keenly piercing air
Which flays the hurds; when icicles are cast
O'er frozen earth, and sheathe the nipping blast.
Hesiod.

JANUARY 9

Laurel.

laurus nobilis.

Glory.

His crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves. *Scott.*

Oh who can love the laurel leaf
Plucked from the gory field of death?
Eliza Cook.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage. *Spencer.*

Glory is like a circle in the water which never ceases to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught. *Shakespeare.*

JANUARY 10

Gorse.

Endearing affection.

Mountain gorse ever golden
Cankered not the whole year long. *E. B. Browning.*

Through the gorse covet bound the deer;
The gorse whose latest splendor won
Make all the fulgent wolds appear
Bright as the pastures of the sun. *Aubrey de Vere.*

With her me thinks life's little hour
Passed like the fragrance of a flower
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again can find. *James Montgomery.*

JANUARY 11

Cockscomb.

celosia cristata

Affectation.

Where the daffodil wore her lace,
And the prince's feather blushed in the face
And the cockscomb looked as vain as his race.

Phebe Cary.

Of all the fools that pride can boast
A cockscomb claims distinction most. *Gay.*

Affectation is an awkward and forced imitation of what should be genuine and easy, wanting the beauty that accompanies what is natural.
Locke.

JANUARY 12

Darnel.

lolium perenne.

Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. *Shakespeare.*

The crimson darnel flower, the blue bottle and gold,
which though esteemed for weeds, yet for their dainty lines
and for their scent not ill they for their purpose choose.
Drayton.

Life's briars and roses, its gladness and gloom
Do they vanish together? Oh no!
The flowerets we pluck and condense their perfume
The weeds to the desert we throw.
Browning.

JANUARY 13

Columbine.

aquilegia Canadensis.

Folly.

There's fennel for you and columbine. *Shakespeare.*

We'll gather rich stores from the flowering vine,
And the golden horns of the columbine. *Frances H. Green.*

'Tis folly's flower that homely one
That universal guest makes every garden but a type
Of every human breast
For though you tend both mind and bower
There's still a nook for folly's flower. *Twamley.*

Columbines in purple dressed
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest. *W. C. Bryant.*

Since love is blind from folly's blow
Let folly be the guide of love
Where'er the boy may choose to go. *W. C. Bryant.*

JANUARY 14

Ash.

flaximus Americana.

Grandeur.

The fair smooth ash, with leaves of graceful gold. *Geo. Lunt.*

The ash, her purple drops forgivingly
And sadly; breaking not the general hush;
And maple swamps glow like a sunset sea.
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush,
All round the wood's edge creeps the skirting blaze
Of blushes low, as when on cloudy days
Ere rain falls the cautious farmer burns his brush. *Lowell.*

When, thunder struck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
When royal favor as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur—naked on the sand. *Young.*

The towering ash is fairest in the woods. *Virgil.*

JANUARY 15

Gourd.

lagenaria vulgaris.

Extent. Bulk.

The gourd and the bean beside his door
Bloomed where their flowers ne'er opened before. *Bryant.*

The gourd embraced the rose bush in its ramble
The thistle and the stock together grew,
The hooiyhock and bramble. *Hood.*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke doth make man better be. *Ben Johnson.*

JANUARY 16

Eringo.

eryngium amethystium.

Lusty.

Here's chaste vervain and lustful eringe
Health`preserving sage
And rue that cures old age
With a world of others.

Markham and Sampson.

Beside the sea-holme here that spreaderth all our shore
The sick consuming man so powerful to restore
Whose root the erynge is.

Drayton.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquers in my blood.

Shakespeare.

JANUARY 17

Strawberry.

fragaria virginiana.

Excellence.

Come, come ere the season is over
To the fields where the strawberries grow.

Chas. G. Eastman.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
neighbored by fruits of baser quality

Shakespeare.

Content with food which nature freely bred
On wildings and strawberries they fed.

Dryden.

The growth of what is excellent, so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.

Cowper.

JANUARY 18

Samphire.

crithmum maritimum.

Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade.
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head;
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight.

Shakespeare.

Over the trackless past somewhere
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint;
Each lost day has its patron saint.

Bret Harte.

JANUARY 19

Manchineel.

Hippomane Mancinella.

Falsehood.

And some most false
False and fair foliaged as the manchineel
Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
E'en mid the storm.

S. T. Coleridge.

Half truths are falsehood's bait—too near
They roam to error's maze of doubt,
And, like some scared, out lying deer
O'er leap the limit, in and out.

Aubrey de Vere.

JANUARY 20

Night shade.

atropa belladonna.

Uncertainty.

Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
By nightshade.

John Keats.

And the gathering clouds that strew the heavens
Like floating purple wreaths of mournful nightshade.

Frances Kemble Butler.

Through dreary beds of tangled fern
Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn.

J. R. Drake.

Where a white lily now and then
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade.

Longfellow.

Heaven makes sport of human affairs
And the present hour gives no promise of the next. *Ovid.*

JANUARY 21

Agnus-Castus.

Agnus-Castus.

Coldness.

Of laurel some, of woodbine many more,
And wreathes of agnus-castus others bore.

Dryden.

Some of lauer and some full pleasantly
Had chaplets of woodbine and saddely
Some of agnus-castus ware also
Chapelets freshe.

Chaucer.

Love is not love when it is mingled with respects. *Shakespeare.*

JANUARY 22

Rhododendron.

Rhododendron ponticum.

Danger.

Pleased with their toil the healers sought the cell
Where rhododendron, like some drooping maid,
Timid and beauteous hides its golden locks.

O'er pine clad hills and dusky plains
In silent state rhododendron reigns
And spreads in beauty's softest blooms
Her purple glories through the glooms.

Shaw.

I will go, a stranger to peril and danger
My heart is so loyal in every degree;
For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind,
Good luck to my blackbird, where ever he be. *Sir Chas. G. Duffy.*

JANUARY 23

Endive.

Cichorium.

Frugality.

Let olives endives mallows light
Be all my fare.

Horace.

A precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won
by work and economy. *Ruskin.*

Knowledge is gold to him who can discern
That he who loves to know must love to learn.

J. B. O'Reilly.

On upland slopes the shepherd's mark
The hour when, as the dial true
Cichorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eye serenely blue.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

JANUARY 24

Grass.

anthoxanthum odoratum.

Submission.

We trample grass and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

Robt. Southwell, S. J.

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light
Climb to a soul in grass and flower.

Lowell.

It grieves me to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control:
How overpower'd and shackled minds are led
In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred.

Crabbe.

JANUARY 25

Pine.

pinus strobus.

Pity.

Ancient pines
Ye bear no record of the years of man
Spring is your sole historian.

Bayard Taylor.

And still the pine flat topped and dark and tall
In lordly right predominant o'er all.

L. Hunt.

If every man's internal care,
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

Bonaventure Metastasio.

JANUARY 26

Furze.

ulex europaeus.

Love for all seasons.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze.

S. T. Coleridge.

Love,—the brightest part of our lot,
Love,—the only charm of living;
Love,—the only gift worth giving.

Cristoval de Castilleja.

I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit everywhere.

Tennyson.

JANUARY 27

Balm.

melissa officinalis.

Sympathy.

O'er each wound the balm he drew.

J. R. Drake.

Let the balm flower sleep where the small brooks twine.

Edith May.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet agamite.

Thos. Campbell.

O, ask not, hope thou too much for sympathy below
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bide the sweet fountains flow.

Felicia Hemans.

JANUARY 28

✓ *Meadowsweet.*

spiraea ulmaria.

Uselessness.

Willow herbs are seen
To nod from banks from whence depend
Rich cymes of fragrant meadowsweet.

Calder Campbell.

And near the unfrequented road
By way sides scorched with barren heat
In clouded pink or softer white
She holds the summer's generous light
Our native meadowsweet.

Dora Goodale.

Nothing useless is or low
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

Longfellow.

JANUARY 29

Venus looking glass.

specularia perfoliata

Flattery.

Straunge adventure did from Britayne feet
To seeke her lover (love far sought alas,)
Whose image she had seen in Venus looking glass.

Spencer.

Beware of flattery; 'tis a flow'ry weed,
Which oft offends the very idol vice
Whose shrine it would perfume.

Fenton.

The eye see's not itself
But by reflection from other things.

Shakespeare.

JANUARY 30

Immortells.

Gnaphalium.

Immortality.

In vain the lances of the frost,
Seek for some tender things to kill
They cannot hurt the immortelles.

Laura C. Redden.

Immortality, o'ersweeps time
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears and peals.
Like the eternal thunder of the deep
Into my ears this truth
Thou liv'st forever.

Byron.

JANUARY 31

Anemone.

anemone nemorosa.

Frailty.

The frail leaf'd white anemone.

Matthew Arnold.

Coy anemone that ne'er uncloses
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.

Horace Smith.

Gay circle of anemones danced on their stalks.

W. C. Bryant.

On the wild waste where never blossom came
Save the wild wind-flower in the billows' cap

J. R. Lowell.

Bide thou where the poppy blows
With wind-flower frail and fair.

Bryant.

By wind unshaken hang in dream
The wind-flowers o'er their dark green lair;
And those ensanguined cups that seem
Not bodied forms but woven of air.

Aubrey de Vere.

Fie on't Oh fie. 'Tis an unweeded garden
That's gone to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Posses it merely.....Frailty thy name is woman.

Shakespeare.

Love did his reason blind
And love's the noblest frailty of the mind.

Dryden.

FEBRUARY 1

Willow.

Salix.

Forsaken.

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moss and reedy grass.

J. Keble.

There is a willow aslant the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream. *Shakespeare.*

With ripe clusters of the purple vine
The violet of the fig, the scarlet flush
Of granates peeping from the parted rind
The downy willow catkins speckled with gold. *Percival.*

Do not forsake yourself; for they that do
Offend and teach the world to leave them too. *Pope.*

FEBRUARY 2

Snowdrop.

galanthus nivalis.

Consolation.

Many, many welcomes,
February fair maid. *Tennyson.*

Pretty firstling of the year
Herald of the host of flowers.
Hast thou left thy cavern drear
In the hope of summer hours? *Barry Cornwall.*

The snowdrop's tender white and green. *Henry Timrod*

O, there is never sorrow of heart,
That shall lack a timely end
If but to God we turn and ask,
Of Him to be our friend. *Wordsworth.*

FEBRUARY 3

Foxglove.

digitalis purpurea.

Insincerity.

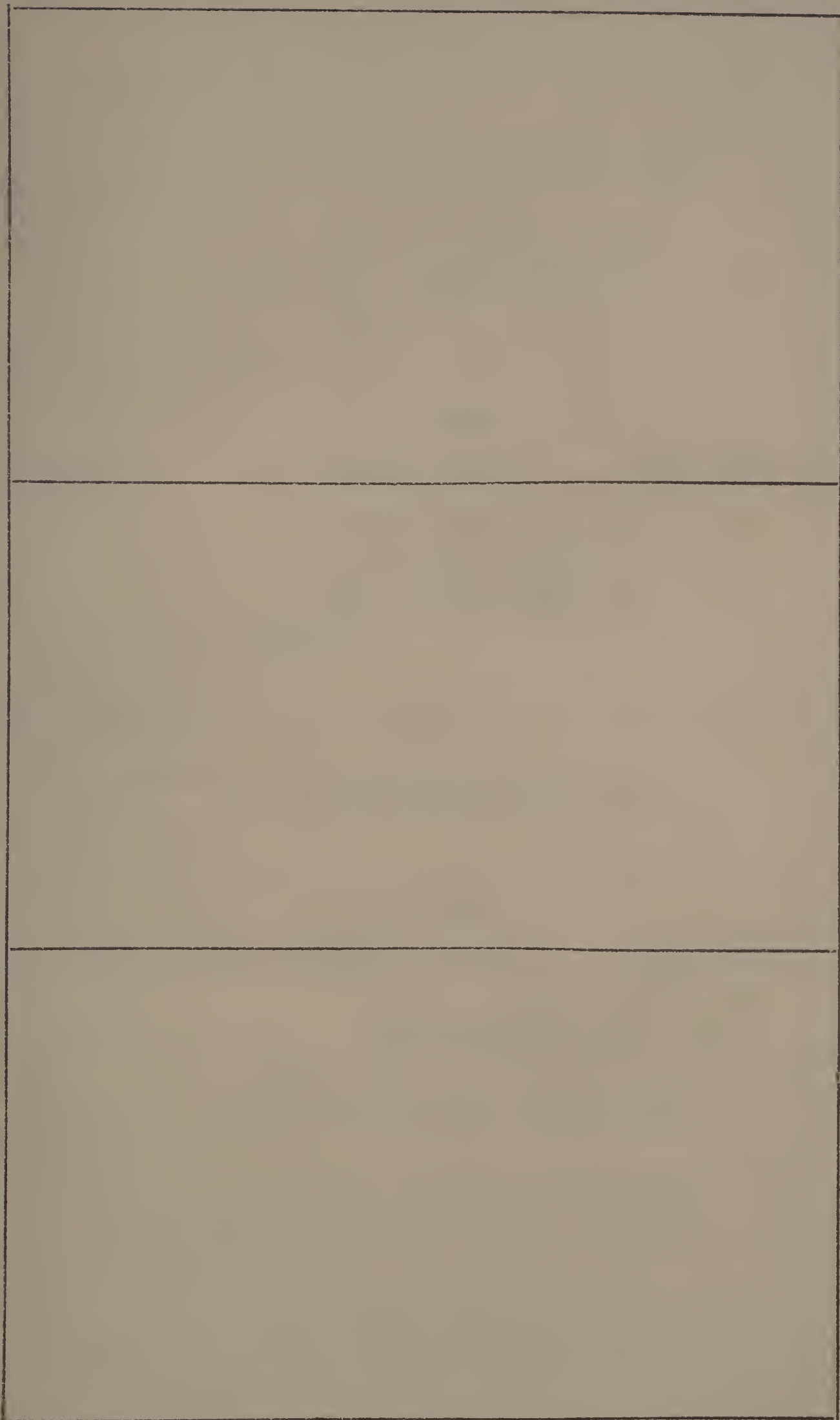
Foxglove and nightshade side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride. *W. Scott.*

The foxglove's dappled bell. *Tennyson.*

I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell
And the long fern leaves by the sparkling well. *Mrs. Hemans.*

The foxglove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark
Or mountain finch alighting. *S. T. Coleridge.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.
One foot in sea and one on shore
To one thing constant never. *Shakespeare.*



FEBRUARY 4

Asclepias. *ascelpia syriaca.* *Cure for the heartache.*

While eyebright and asclepias reared
Their untrained stalks between.

Lydia Sigourney.

Love is a sickness full of woes
All remedies refusing,
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.

Sam'l. Danyell.

FEBRUARY 5

Bitter-sweet. *solanum Dulcamara.* *Truth.*

Equal foes, equipped complete
This so bitter, that so sweet
In eternal warfare met
Then in sorest pain and fret
Did my heart thy name repeat

Bitter-sweet.

Elizabeth W. Dennison.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.
Milton.

Know then this truth [enough for man to know]
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Pope.

FEBRUARY 6

Blue Hyacinth. *campanula rotundeflora.* *Constancy.*

The hyacinth's for constancy
With its unchanging blue.

Burns.

The hyacinths purple and white and blue
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music.

Shelly.

What flowers are these?
In Dioclesian's gardens the most beauteous
Compared with these are weeds, Is it not February?

Phillip Messenger.

Such love's a cowslip ball to fling,
A moment's pretty pastime;
I give—all me, if anything
The first time and the last time.

E. B. Browning.

FEBRUARY 7

Jack in the Pulpit.

arisoema triphyllum.

Jack-in-the-pulpit preaches to-day;
Under the green tree just over the way.
Squirrel and song sparrow high on their perch
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to church.

Edited by *J. G. Whittier.*

Your voiceless lips, Oh flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Horace Smith.

FEBRUARY 8

Goat's rue.

Tragopogon pratensis.

Reason.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,
But shuts its cautious petals up
Retreating from the noon time blaze.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

Reason's progressive instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps: slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In age they
No more could know, do, covet, or enjoy.
Were men to live coeval with the sun
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.

Shakespeare.

FEBRUARY 9

Narcissus.

Narcissus.

Self Love.

The narcissus, fairest among them all.

P. B. Shelly.

Foolish narcissus, that likes the watery shore.

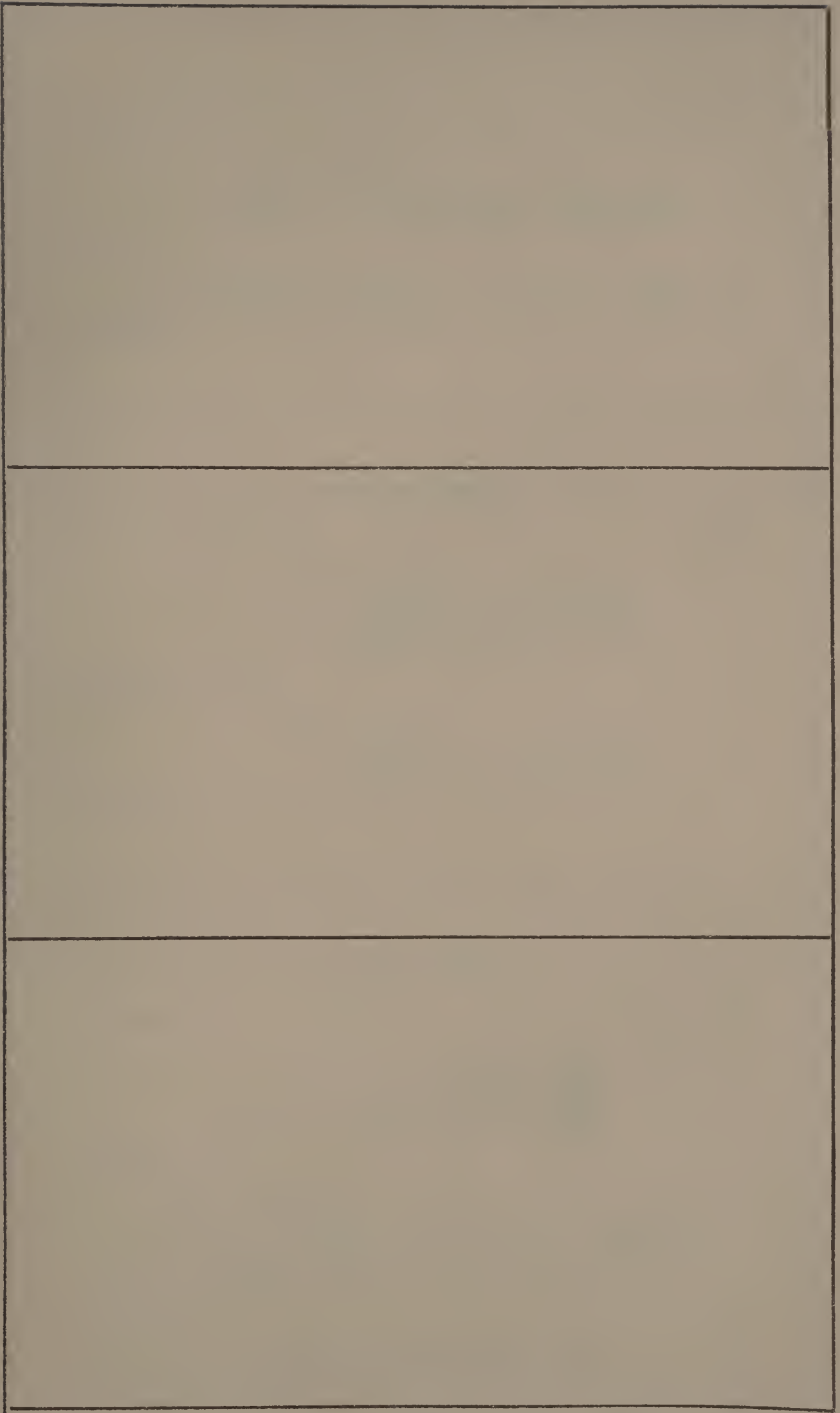
Spencer.

The pale narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.

Pope.

Self love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The center moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace,
Its country next—next the whole human race.

Pope.



FEBRUARY 10

Mezereons. *daphne mezereons.* *Desire to please,*

Mezereons too,
Though leafless, well altered and thick beset
With blushing wreaths investing every spray.

Cowper.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak to you always.
Longfellow.

FEBRUARY 11

Fuchsia. *Fuchsia coccinia.* *The ambition of my love.*

"The garden is in bloom" he said
With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias purple splendor."

Mrs. M. E. Bradley.

No lance have I, in joust or fight
To splinter in my lady's sight;
But at her feet how blest were I
For any need of hers to die.

J. G. Whittier.

FEBRUARY 12

Willow-herb. *epilobium hireuyum.* *Pretention.*

Purple willow-herb bent over
To her shadow fair
Meadowsweet in feathery clusters
Perfumed all the air.

A. A. Proctor.

For see, Ah see,
The sportive tyrant with her left plucks
The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow
Lychins, and willow-herb and foxglove bells.

S. T. Coleridge.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

Gay.

FEBRUARY 13

Primroses.

Primula vulgaris.

Early youth.

With fairest flowers whilst summer lasts and I live here
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose.

Shakespeare.

The pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Proebus in his strength.

Shakespeare.

The primrose pale and the violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow bower.

Scott.

The primrose I will put the firstling of the year. *Burns.*

O fairest season in the life of man. *James MacDonald.*

FEBRUARY 14

Crocus.

Crocus.

Cheerfulness.

The crocus was hailed as a happy flower.
And the holy saint that day
Poured out on the earth their golden shower
To light his votarie's way.

Lucy Hooper.

What pious hand shall bring
The first found crocus from reluctant spring? *Walter Savage Landon.*

And half by nature, half by reason
Can still the pliant heart prepare,
The mind allumed to every season
The merry heart that laughs at care. *Henry Hart Millman.*

"The crocus hastens to the shrine
Of primrose love on St. Valentine."

FEBRUARY 15

Polyanthus.

primula polyantha.

Confidence.

"The hyacinth and the polyanthus render
From their deep hearts an offering of love."

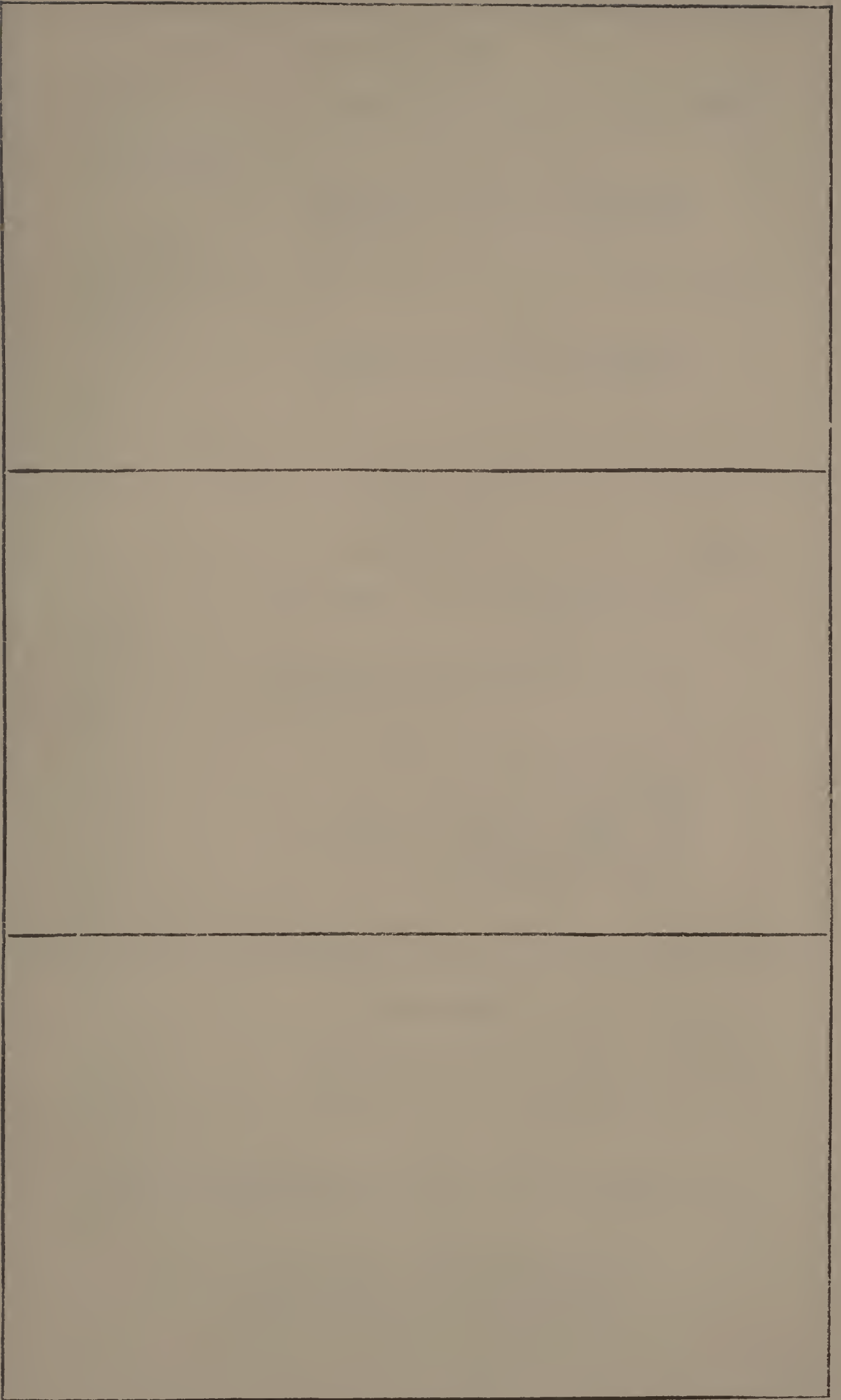
Julia H. Scott.

The daisy, primrose, violet blue
And polyanthus of unnumbered days.

Thomson.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.

Chatham.



FEBRUARY 16

Sumac.

Rhus Typina.

Splendour.

The tips of the sumach have darkened their down.
Alfred H. Street.

Bitting storter the short green grass
And hedge of sumach and sassafras.

Alice Cary.

Around it still the sumac grows and blackberry vines are running.
J. G. Whittier.

The splendour of our rank and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.

Young.

FEBRUARY 17

Dittany.

Cunila Mariana.

There blossomed suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred dittany. *Keats.*

A branch of healing dittany she brought
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought. *Virgil.*

O, woman in our hour of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A minstering angel thou.

Scott.

FEBRUARY 18

Pennyroyal

Hedeoma pulegioides.

Flee away.

Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.
Longfellow.

But the tailor's front garden grows two cabbages,
a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions and a thistle.
Hood.

Then quick we have but a second
Fill round, fill round while you may:
For time the churl, hath beckoned,
And we must away, away.

Moore.

FEBRUARY 19

Marvel of Peru.

Mirabilis Dichotoma.

Timidity.

Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom
When the stars give quiet light
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrines of night.

Mrs. Hemans.

Solitaire amante des nuits
Pourquoi ces timides alarmes
Quand ma muse au jour que tu fuis
S'apprête à révéler les charmes.

FEBRUARY 20

Yellow Jassamine.

Gelsinium Sempervirens.

Elegance.

Where the jasmine's golden stars
Glimmer soft through emerald bars.

Mrs. J. C. Dorr.

What odors scatter from jasmine bowers.

R. Southy.

At my silent window sill
The jassamine peeps in.

Bryant.

Elegance floats about thee like a dress,
Melting the airy motion of thy form
Into one swaying grace.

N. P. Willis.

FEBRUARY 21

Starwort.

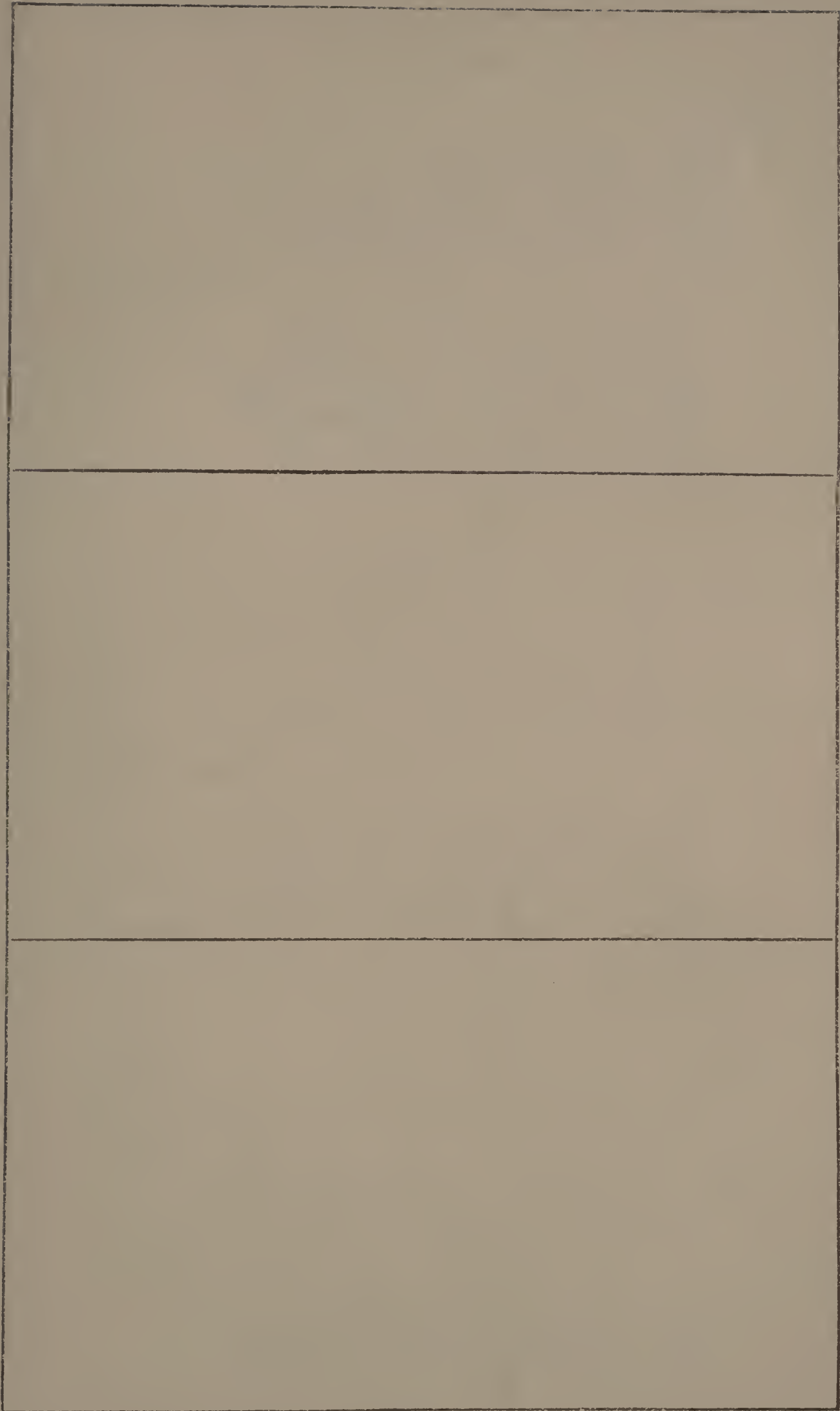
Arenaria.

Aversion.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble arenarie creeps;
Slowly the purple star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps. *Mrs. Charlotte Smith.*

And the sea lavender, whose lilac blooms
Drew from the saline soil a richer hue
Than when they grew on yonder towering cliff
Quivers in flowerless greenness to the wind
No sound is heard, save where the sea bird screams
Its lonely presage of the coming storm.....
And the sole blossom which can glad the eye
Is yon pale Starwort nodding to the wind.

Anon.



FEBRUARY 22

Amaracus.

Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies; and a wind arose
And over head the wandering ivy and vine
This way and that in many a wild festoon
Ran riot garlanding the gnarled boughs
With branch and berry, and flower thro' and thro'. *Tennyson.*

Things base and vile, holding no quality
Love can transpose to form and dignity;
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd cupid painted blind;
Nor have love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child. *Shakespeare.*

FEBRUARY 23

Century Plant.

Agave Americana.

Grief.

By humble growth of a hundred years
It reached its blooming time
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice
For it blooms but once and dies.

Thos. C. Harbaugh.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows
Which show like grief itself, but are not so
For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears
Divides one thing entire to many objects like perspectives,
which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion. *Shakespeare.*

FEBRUARY 24

Mimosa.

Mimosa Sensitiva.

Sensitiveness.

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa.
Weak with nice sense, the chaste mimosa stands;
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands.

Longfellow.

Darwin.

Which she would shrink from as the gentle plant,
Fern-leafed mimosa folds itself away.

Mrs. Norton.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

Shelley

FEBRUARY 25

Saffron crocus.

crocus sativus.

Mirth.

And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright,
A cool libation hoarded for the moon
Is kept.

T. Hood.

Hail many colored messenger that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffused honey-drops refreshing showers.

Shakespeare.

Jog on, jog on, the foot pathway,
And merily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakespeare.

FEBRUARY 26

Galingale.

Alpinia Galangr.

Happiness.

Meadows set with slender galingale.

Tennyson.

Cheerful galingale.

Spencer.

Happiness is a road side flower, growing in the highways of usefulness
Plucked, it shall wither in thy hand, passed by it fragrance to thy
spirit.

Tupper.

Go wing thy flight from star to star.
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
And multiply each through endless years
One minute of Heaven is worth them all

Moore.

FEBRUARY 27

Bramble flower.

Rubus.

Envy.

Thy fruit full well the school boy knows
Wild bramble of the brake
So put thou forth thy small white rose
I love it for his sake.

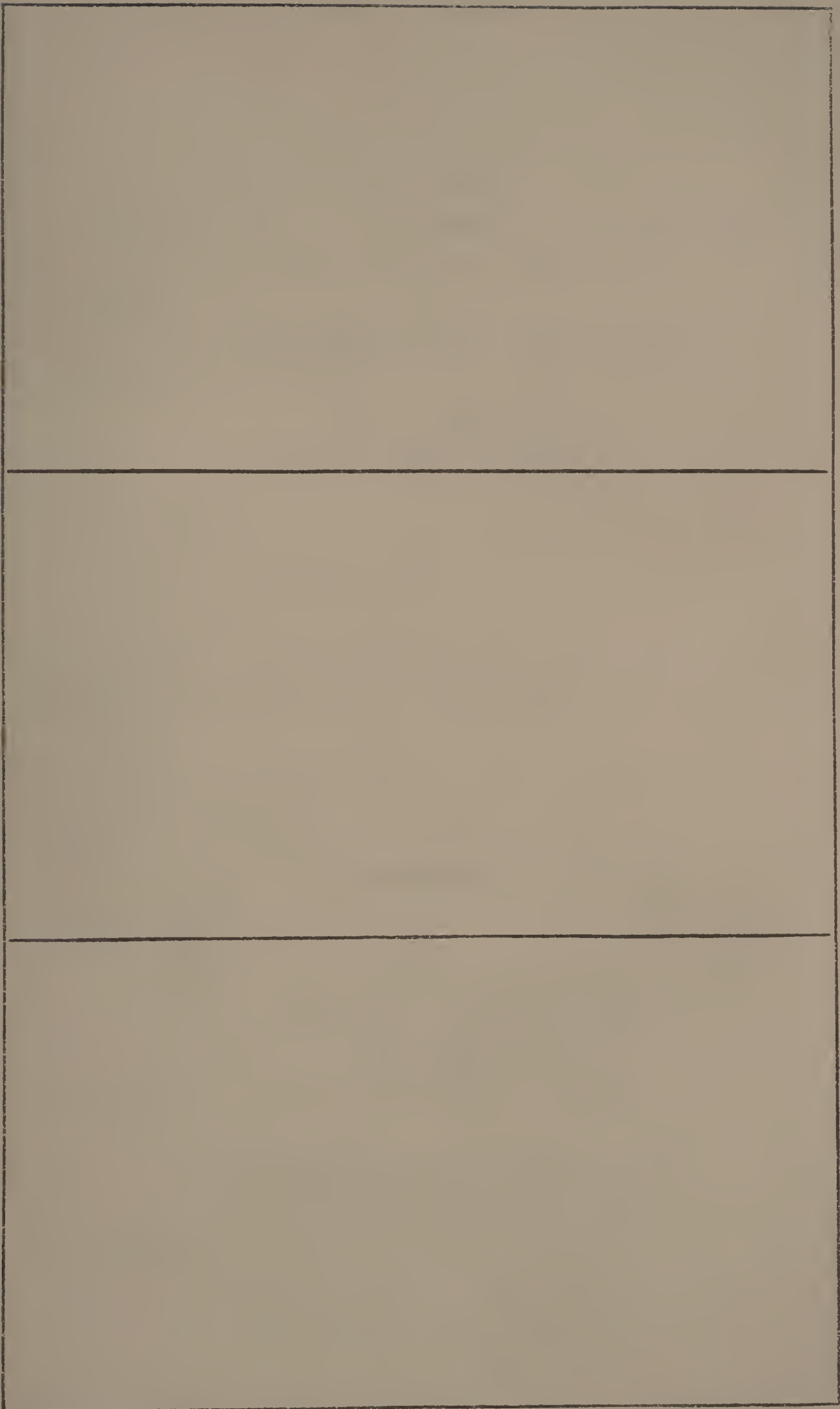
Ebenezer Elliott.

He skips along in lightsome mood:
And now he treads the bramble bush.

J. R. Drake.

'Tis much when scepters are in children's hands,
But more when envy breeds unkind division.
Then comes the ruin, then begins confusion.

Shakespeare.



FEBRUARY 28

Purple clover.

trifolium pratense.

Industry.

Rare 'broidery of the purple clover.

Tennyson.

The wild bees hum about the beds of thyme,
And bend the clover bells and eglantine.

R. H. Stoddard.

In every rank great or small
'Tis industry supports us all.

Gray.

FEBRUARY 29

Four leaf clover.

Be mine.

A little four leaf clover grew
As robes that grace the fairy queen
And fresh as hopes of early youth
When life is love and love is truth
A talisman of constant love,
This humble clover sure shall prove.

Sarah Hale.

If all the world and love were young
And truth on every shepherd's tongue
These pleasures might my passion move
To live with thee and be my love.

Sir W. Raleigh.

MARCH 1

Leek.

allium porrum.

Domestic economy.

Why on St. David's day do Welshmen seek
To beautify their hats with verdant leek?

I'll knock his leek
About his pate upon St. David's day.

Shakespeare.

A penny saved is two pence clear
A pin a day's a groat a year.

Benjamin Franklin.

To balance fortune by a just expense
Join with economy, magnificence.

Pope.

MARCH 2

Osier.

Dianthera.

Frankness.

But where the lake slept deep and still
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill.

Scott.

If love makes me forsworn how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed.
Though to my self, to thee I'll faithful prove
These thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Shakespeare.

A king may make a belted knight,
A marquise, duke or a 'that;
But an honest man's aboon his might
Guid faith he manna fa' that.

Burns.

MARCH 3

Mint.

mentha viridis.

Virtue.

Before my door the box-edged border lies
Where flowers of mint and thyme and tansy rise.

Scott.

All
Enriched along their borders with wild mint
And pink and gillyflowers both large and small

Alice Cary.

Virtue is beauty and vice the deformity of the soul.

Socrates.

MARCH 4

Chickweed.

stellaria media.

Simplicity.

Up fairy, quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour. *Jos. R. Drake.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
That strikes my eyes but not my heart. *Ben Johnson.*

Oh I do love thee sweet simplicity
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart and smooths each small distress
Distress tho' small yet happ'ly great to me. *Sam'l. T. Coleridge.*

MARCH 5

Red Columbine.

aquilegia vulgaris.

Anxious.

The morning's blush she made it thine,
The morn's sweet breath she gave to thee;
And in thy look my columbine
Each fond remembered spot she bade me see. *Jones Very.*

A woodland walk
A quest of river grapes, a mocking thrush
A wild rose and rock loving columbine
Salve my worst wound. *Emerson.*

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks
A scarlet rain *Bayard Taylor.*

Where love is great the littlest doubts are fears
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. *Shakespeare.*

MARCH 6

Lemon Blossom.

Citrus Limonum.

Discretion.

Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom.

Whittier.

The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon flowers.

P. B. Shelly.

Scatter from the scented trees
The lemon blossoms on the grass.

T. B. Aldrich.

But care in poetry must still be had
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad.

Pope.

MARCH 7

Adonis Flos.

adonis autumnalis.

Sad memories.

In which the cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of Venus and her paramoure,
The fair Adonis was turned to a flower.

Spencer.

On the discolour'd grass Adonis lay
The monster tramping o'er his beauteous prey
Yet dares not Venus with a change surprise
And in a flower bid her fall'n hero rise.

Anon.

Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart.

Eliza Cook.

MARCH 8

Sloe.

Prunus Spinosa

Impression.

Before thy leaves thou comest once more white blossoms of the sloe.

Ebenezer Elliott.

Where clustering sloes in glossy order rise.

Robt. Bloomfield.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Burns.

MARCH 9

Calamus.

Acorus Calamus

Victory.

And he felt new life in his sinews shoot
As he drank the juice of the calamus root.

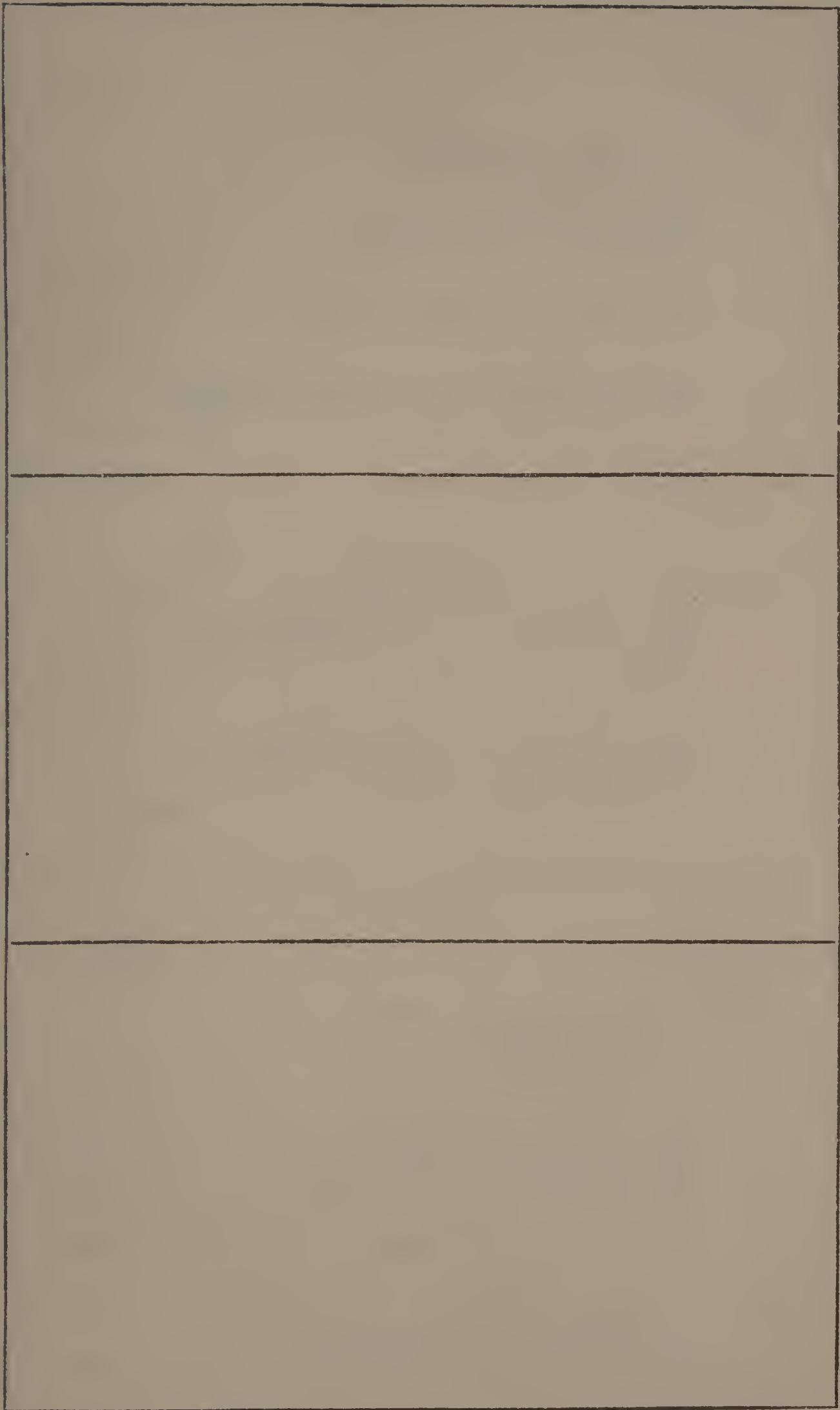
J. R. Drake.

And the maple grove across the road
And the hollow where the cool spring flowed.
And the greenly mint and the calamus showed.

P. Cary.

The perfect victory is to triumph over one's self.

Thomas A. Kempis.



MARCH 10

Lark-heels.

ranunculaciae.

Fickleness.

Primroses, first born child of ver
Merry spring time harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradels growing
Marigolds in death beds growing
Lark-heels trim.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

The larkspur listens—I hear, I hear,
The lily whispers I wait.

Tennyson.

Read it sweet maid though it be done but slightly;
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

Sam'l. Danyell.

MARCH 11

Burdock.

Aracium Lappa.

Importunity.

The bean vine with the lilac interlaced,
The sturdy burdock choked its slender neighbor
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced
Of human care and labor.

T. Hood.

Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Shakespeare.

MARCH 12

White violet.

viola blanda.

Modesty.

Where its long rings uncurts the form
The violet nestling low,
Casts back the white lid of its urn
Its purple streaks to show.

Alfred B. Street.

So modest worth in humble guise
Retiring shuns the gazing eye:
While round the hallowed spot arise
A thousand sweets that never die.

H. I. Johns.

St. Fina's flowers.

Italian.

The violet is for modesty.

Burns.

True modesty is a discerning grace
And only blushes at the proper place.

Pope.

MARCH 13

Eyebright.

euphrasia officinalis.

Delight.

Yet euphrasy may not be unsung
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around.

Wm. Shenstone.

Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve for he had much to see.

Milton.

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirits inner deeps
When one that loves and knows not reaps
A truth from one who loves and knows.

Tennyson.

MARCH 14

Blue bottle centaury.

erythraea centaurium.

Hope in love.

Of fumatory, centaury, and spurge:
And of ground ivy add a leaf or two
All which within our yard or garden grew.

Dryden.

This flower my darling cherished
Honored and crowned shall be
Hence forth 'tis the Kaiserblumen
The flower of Germany.

Celia Thaxter.

No happiness but holds a taste
Of something sweeter after all;
No depth of agony but feels
Some fragrance of abiding trust
Whatever death unlocks the seal
The mute beyond is just.

J. W. Riley.

MARCH 15

Myrtle.

Myrtus Communis.

Love.

Young love is in the myrtle found.

Chazet.

A chamber, myrtle-walled embower'd high.

J. Keats.

Would that thou wert more strong, at least less fair
Land of the orange grove and myrtle bower.

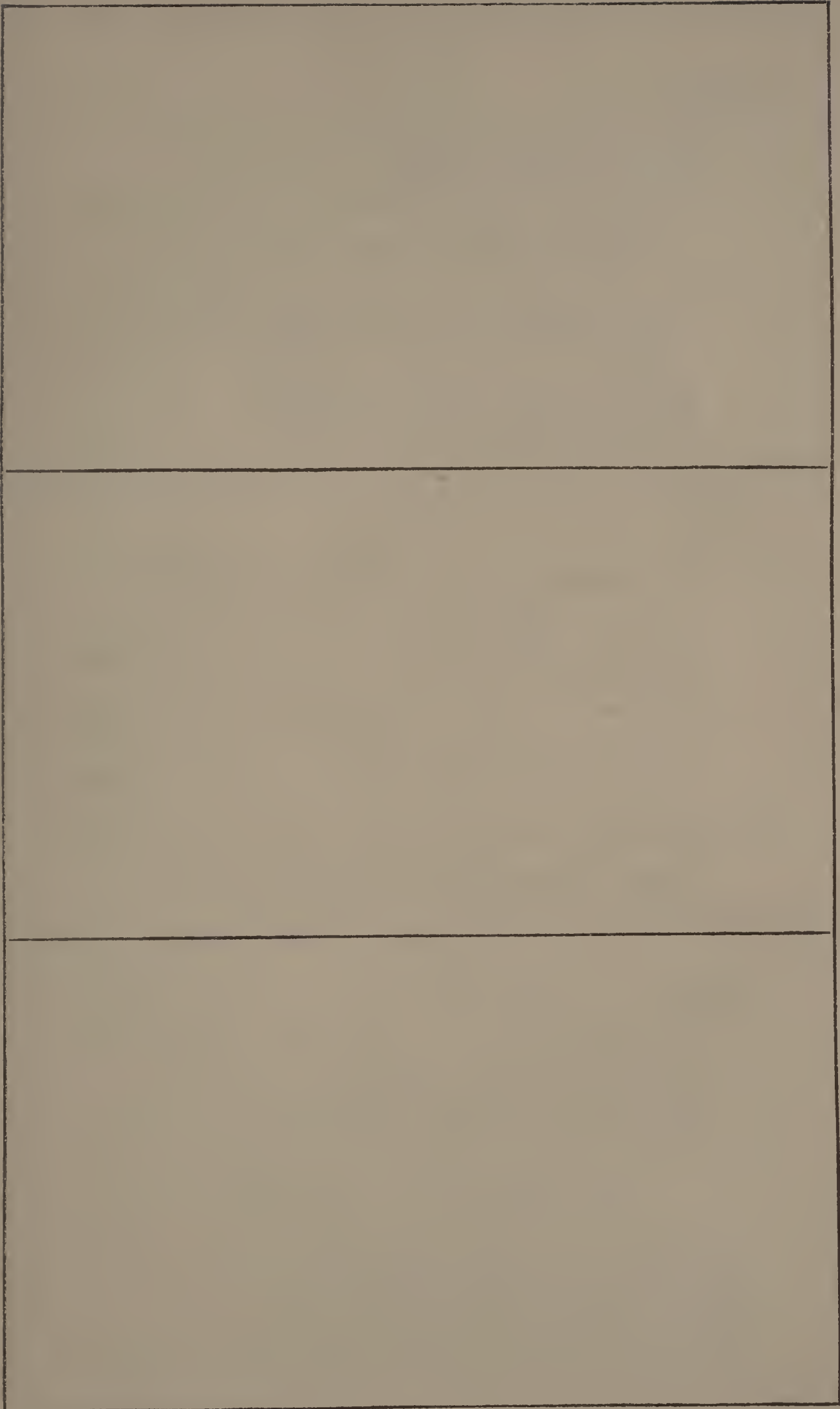
Edmund D. Griffin.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead
of the briar shall come up the myrtle.

Bible.

It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain
And he who followeth love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest.

Longfellow.



MARCH 16

Daffodil.

Narcissus.

Chivalry.

For the flower now that frightened thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon: daffodils
That come before the swallows dare, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Shakespeare.

Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodils and starling.

A. G. Swinburne.

What far fetched influence all my fancy frills,
With singing birds and dancing daffodils.

J. R. Lowell.

Naught is more honourable to a knight,
Nor better doth beseem brave chivalry,
Than to defend the feeble in their right
And wrong redress in such as wend awry.

Spencer.

MARCH 17

Shamrock.

trifolium repens.

Light-heartedness.

Oh, the shamrock, the green immortal shamrock
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief

Old Erin's native shamrock.

Moore.

On favored Erin's crest be seen,
The flower she loves of emerald green.

W. Scott.

The shamrock with its holy leaf
Is spared by Irish sickles.

Geo. Thornbury.

He seemed, like birds created to be glad;
And naught but love could make him taste distress. *Sir W. Davenport.*

"There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it."

MARCH 18

Heliotrope.

heliotropium Peruvianum.

I Love you.

Dim, sweet scented heliotrope for hope.

C. G. Rosetti.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love
Who breathes her softest sweetest sigh
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Anon.

The faint fair heliotrope, who hangs
Like bashful maid her head.

P. Cary.

I love thee so that, maugre all my pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause;
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good but given unsought is better. *Shakespeare.*

MARCH 19

Star of Bethlehem.

ornethogalum luten

Let us follow Jesus.

Pale as a pensive nun
The Bethlehem star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales. *Mrs. Charlotte Smith.*

Now safely moored my perils o'er
I'll sing first in night's diadem
Forever and forever more
The star—the star of Bethlehem. *H. K. White.*

But let one cloud the prospect dim
The wind its quiet stillness mar
At once we raise our prayers to Him
Whose light is life's best guiding star. *Wm. Leggett.*

MARCH 20

Wolfsbane.

Aconitum.

Misanthropy.

No, no, go not to Lethe neither twist
Wolfsbane tight rooted, for its poisonous wine. *J. Keats.*

The wolfsbane I should dread. *T. Hood.*

Misanthropy, with visage sour, that sat
And looked askance upon the ways of men,
As might a wounded bear from out his den;
Longing to eat those he was looking at. *Anon.*

MARCH 21

St. Benedict's thistle.

Carduus Benedictus.

Get you some of the distilled carduus Benedictus and lay to your heart.
It is the only thing for a qualm.....
I meant plain holy thistle.

Shakespeare.

The Moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a Word of it. *Omar Khayyam.*

There's wit in every flower, if you can gather it. *Shirley.*

MARCH 22

Broome.

cytiscus scoparius.

Humility.

The broome's tough roots his ladder made
And hazel sapplings lent their aid:
And thus an airy point he won.

W. Scott.

Land of broome, heath and shaggy wood.

W. Scott.

O the broom, the yellow broom
The ancient poet sung it
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

Mary Hewitt.

Humility that low sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

T. Moore.

MARCH 23

Cuckoopint.

arum maculatum.

Zeal.

O columbine open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtles dwell.
O cuckoopint tell me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

Jean Ingelow.

And by the meadow touches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers.

Tennyson.

Who lent you love your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flowers.

Tennyson.

The lords and ladies of the wood
With shaking spear and riding hood.

Walter Crane.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had
The worst of mad men is a saint run mad.

Pope.

MARCH 24

Periwinkle.

vinca major.

Tender recollection.

There lacked no floure to my dome
Ne not so much as floure of broome
Ne violet, ne eke pervink
Ne floure none that men can on think.

Chaucer.

When March just ready to depart begins
To soften into April.....

The periwinkle then
In an hour's sunshine lifts her azure blooms
Beside the cottage door.

W. C. Bryant.

When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas, recollection at hand
Soon hurries us back to despair.

Cowper.

MARCH 25

Lily.

lilium candidum.

Purity.

Holy Mary at thy shrine
Another pure flower blooms
Welcome to thee with news divine
The lily's faint perfume.

Lucy Hooper.

The lilies say "Behold how we
Preach without words, of purity."

C. D. Rosetti.

We are lilies fair
The flowers of Virgin light
Nature held us forth and said
Lo! my thoughts of white.

Leigh Hunt.

I love the lily as the first of flowers.

Montgomery.

Let us always remember, that holiness does not consist in doing un-
common things but in doing everything with purity of heart.

Cardinal Manning.

MARCH 26

Dogwood.

cornus sanguinea.

Am I indifferent to you?

Upon the thick green grass
The dogwood sheds its clusters white.

A. B. Street.

Now the poplar rears his yellow spire
The maple lights his funeral pyre
And the dogwood burns like a bush of fire.

P. Cary.

Further I will not flatter you my love,
That all I see in you is worthy love.

Shakespeare.

MARCH 27

Jonquil.

narcissus.

I desire a return of affection.

From the moss, violet and jonquil peep.

P. B. Shelly.

There gay jonquils in foppish pride
Stood by the painted lily's side.

Pringle.

To be loved is all I need.
And whom I love, I love indeed.

Sam'l. T. Coleridge.

MARCH 28

Jinson iron and silver weeds

Above the arching jinson weeds flare twos
And twos of fallow yellow butterflies
Like blooms of lorn primroses blowing loose
When Autumn arise.

J. W. Riley.

The iron weed so straight and fine
Above my head may rise,
And all in glossy purple shine.

A. Cary.

Silver weed was there
And in one calm grassy spot
Starry blue forget-me-not.

A. A. Proctor.

Now 'tis spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
Suffer them now and they'll o'er grow the garden,
And check the herbs for want of husbandry. *Shakespeare.*

MARCH 29

Yellow violet.

viola pubescens.

Rural happiness.

When beechen buds begin to swell
And woods the blue bird's warble knows
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Bryant.

God made the country, man the town
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?

Cowper.

MARCH 30

Indian Cress.

cardamine rhomboidea.

resignation.

And put the cress flower around the spring.

Jas. Hogg.

To make my hermit home complete
I brought clear water from the spring
Praised in its own low murmuring
And cresses glossy white.

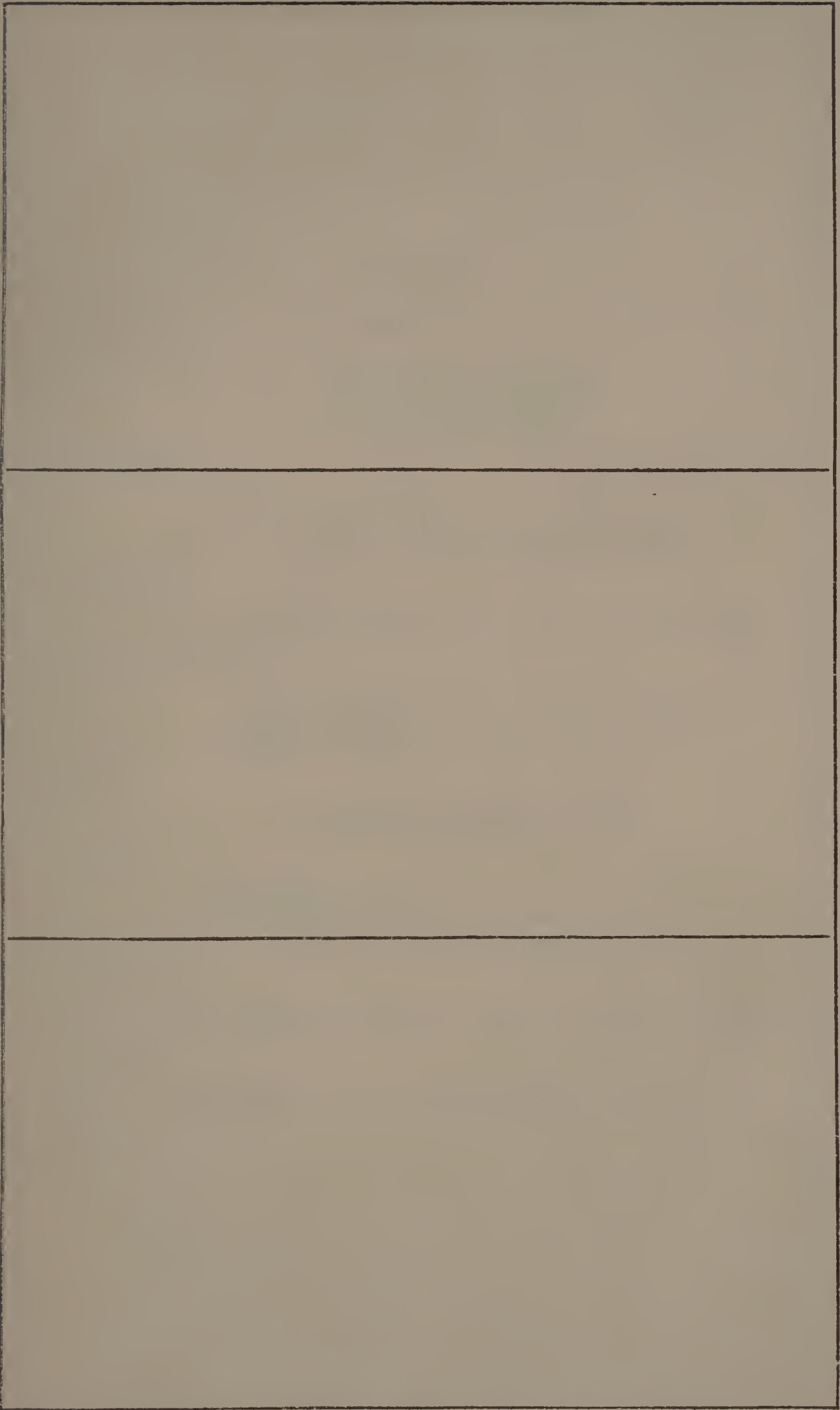
E. B. Browning.

As green amid thy current's stress
Floats the scarce rooted water cress.

Bryant.

Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Shakespeare.



MARCH 31

Purple violet.

viola cuculata.

Faithfulness.

A violet by mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye
Fair as a star when only one
Is smiling in the sky.

Wordsworth.

Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour.

Shakespeare.

Violets that pour from every purple cup the glad perfume.

John H. Merivale.

Here the bright crocus and blue violet grow
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.

Pope.

The violet there in soft May dew
Came up as modest and as blue.

Bryant.

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

Shakespeare.

Mary is the violet of humility, the lily of chastity, and the rose of charity.

St. Bernard.

Faithfulness in little things, fits one for heroism when the great trials come.

L. M. Alcott.

APRIL 1

Wild heliotrope.

phacelia grandiflora.

Devotion.

Leaves ungathered on the slope
This passion breathing heliotrope.

Mrs. M. E. Bradley.

In the hushes of the midnight when the heliotrope grow strong
With the dampness, I hear the music—hear a quiet plaintive song.

T. B. Aldrich.

Heliotropes with meekly lifted brow
Say to me, "Go not yet."

Julia C. R. Dorr.

Devotion when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows its heat is struck to heaven.

Young.

APRIL 2

Red daisy.

Beauty unknown to possessor.

Wee modest crimson-tipped flower
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem
To spare thee now is past my power
Thou bonnie gem.

Burns.

The roses are a regal troop
And humble folks the daisies.

T. B. Aldrich.

Beauty is virtue's image, truth's best light,-
Virtue and truth its representatives;
'Tis the grand girdle, that with radiance bright,
To both—in all that are,—their luster give.

Jan Kinker.

APRIL 3

Liverwort.

hepatica triloba.

Confidence.

The liverleaf puts forth her sister blooms
Of fairest blue

Bryant.

When April awakens the blossom folk
And blue birds are on the wing
Hepatica muffled in downy cloak
Hastens to greet the spring.

Anna Pratt.

Hepaticas in their furry coats.

Lowell.

Be thou as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee

Shakespeare.

APRIL 7

Azalea. *rhododendron syndiflorum.* *Romance.*

Azaleas—whitest of white
White as the drifted snow
Fresh fallen out of the night. *Harriet Kimball.*

And in the woods a fragrance rare
Of which azaleas filled the air
And richly tangled overhead
We see their blossoms sweet and red. *Dora R. Goodale.*

The gorgeous pageantry of times gone by,—
The tilt, the tournament and the vaulted hall
Fades in its glory on the spirit's eye
And fancy's bright and gay creation—all
Sink into dust, when reason's searching glance
Unmarks the age of knighthood and romance.
S. L. Fairfield.

APRIL 8

Almond. *amrydalus pumlia.* *Hope.*

The almond blossoms. dance
In the smile of southern France. *J. R. Lowell.*

Blossom of the almond trees
April's gift to April's bees
Birthday ornament of spring
Flora's fairest daughterling. *Edwin Arnold.*

Hope is a lovers staff, walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts. *Shakespeare.*

Hope the befriending points ever more upward to Heaven.
Longfellow.

APRIL 9

Variegated tulip. *Tulipa.* *Beautiful eyes.*

Ladies, like variegated tulip show
'Tis to their change half their charms we owe. *Pope.*

The varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day. *Pope.*

Fair charmer cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resigned the conquest of your eyes. *Pope.*

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? *Shakespeare.*

APRIL 10

Mignonette. *reseda odorata.* *Moral and intellectual beauty.*

And plucked at last some mignonette
A simple thing that had no bloom
And but a faint and far perfume.

Mrs. M. E. Bradley.

But tell her when I'm gone to train the rose bush that I set
About the parlor window the box of mignonette.

Tennyson.

But a smooth and steadfast mind
Gentle thoughts and calm desires
Hearts with equal love combined
Kindle never dying fires:
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

Thos. Carew.

APRIL 11

Dandelion. *taraxacum dens-leonis.* *Coquetry.*

Dear common flower that grows beside the way
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold
First pledge of blithsome May.

J. R. Lowell.

'Twas no maiden that you sighed for
'Twas the prairie dandelion.

Longfellow.

Their passing away is more spiritual than their bloom.

H. W. Beecher.

I cannot think love thrives by artifice
Or can disguise its word or show its face
I would not hide one portion of my heart
Where I did give it and did feel 'twas right
Nor fain a wish to make a wish that was
Howe'er to keep it.

J. S. Knowles.

APRIL 12

Hieracium. *hieracium aurantiacum.* *Quick-sightedness.*

See hieracium's various tribe
Of plummy seal and radiant flowers
That course of time their bloom describe
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Mrs. C. Smith.

Your hawkeys are keen and bright
Keen with triumph watching still
To pierce me through with pointed light
But often times they flash and glitter
Like sunshine on a dancing rill.

Tennyson.

APRIL 13

Venus' Car.

Fly with me.

Gay zephyr bore to my feet last night
This curved and carved barouche of blue;
I thought it at first a flower in flight;
And so it will seem perhaps to you.
But press on the foremost petal sweet,
That rose tinted finger soft and light
And two young doves will meet
And spring from their couch to your startled sight.
F. S. Osgood.

"Unheeded flew the hours—
For softly falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers."

APRIL 14

Night blooming cereus.

Then a power divine mysterious
Opes the sweet night blooming cereus
To perfume the dewy night;
In its exquisite perfection
Seeming like some glad reflection
From the land of perfect light.
Emma B. French.

Flower of the night mysteriously awake
When earth's green tribes repose
Why stealthful thus
Comest thou to meet the stars unfolding soft
Beneath their tranquil ray, thy peerless form.
H. I. Johns.

When darkness brings its weeping glories out
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about
Moore.

APRIL 15

Auricula.

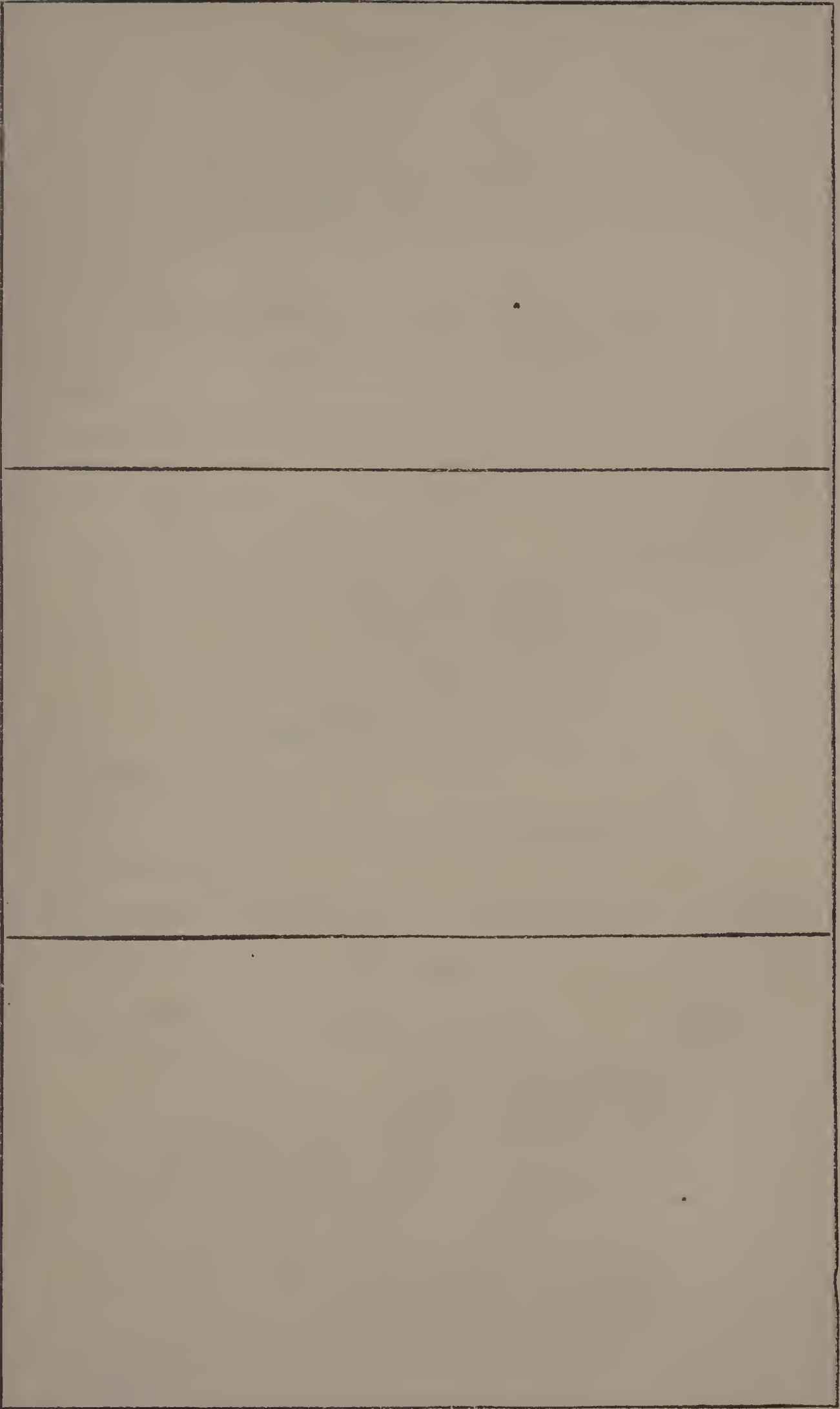
Primula.

Avarice.

Auriculas enriched
With shining meal o'er their velvet leaves.
Thomson.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object.
Shakespeare.

Pale avarice in vulgar minds
Ambition's place doth hold.
C. C. Colton.



APRIL 16

Poinsettia.

poinsettia pulcherrima.

Brilliancy.

The gay and glorious creatures, they neither "toil or spin"
Yet lo! what goodly raiment they're all appareled in:
No tears are on their beauty—but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiadem'd with light.

Miss Bowles.

His earnest and undazzled eye he keeps
Fixed on the sun of truth and breathes his words
As easily as eagles cleave the air;
And never pauses till the height is won.

Mrs. Hale.

APRIL 17

Spring beauty.

Claytonia Virginica

So bashful when I spied her
So pretty, so ashamed!
So hidden in her leaflets
Lest anybody find
So breathless till I passed her
So helpless when I turned
And bore her struggling, blushing
Her simple haunts beyond.

Miss Dickinson.

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Wm. Wordsworth.

APRIL 18

Edelweiss.

Alpinum leontopodium.

High courage.

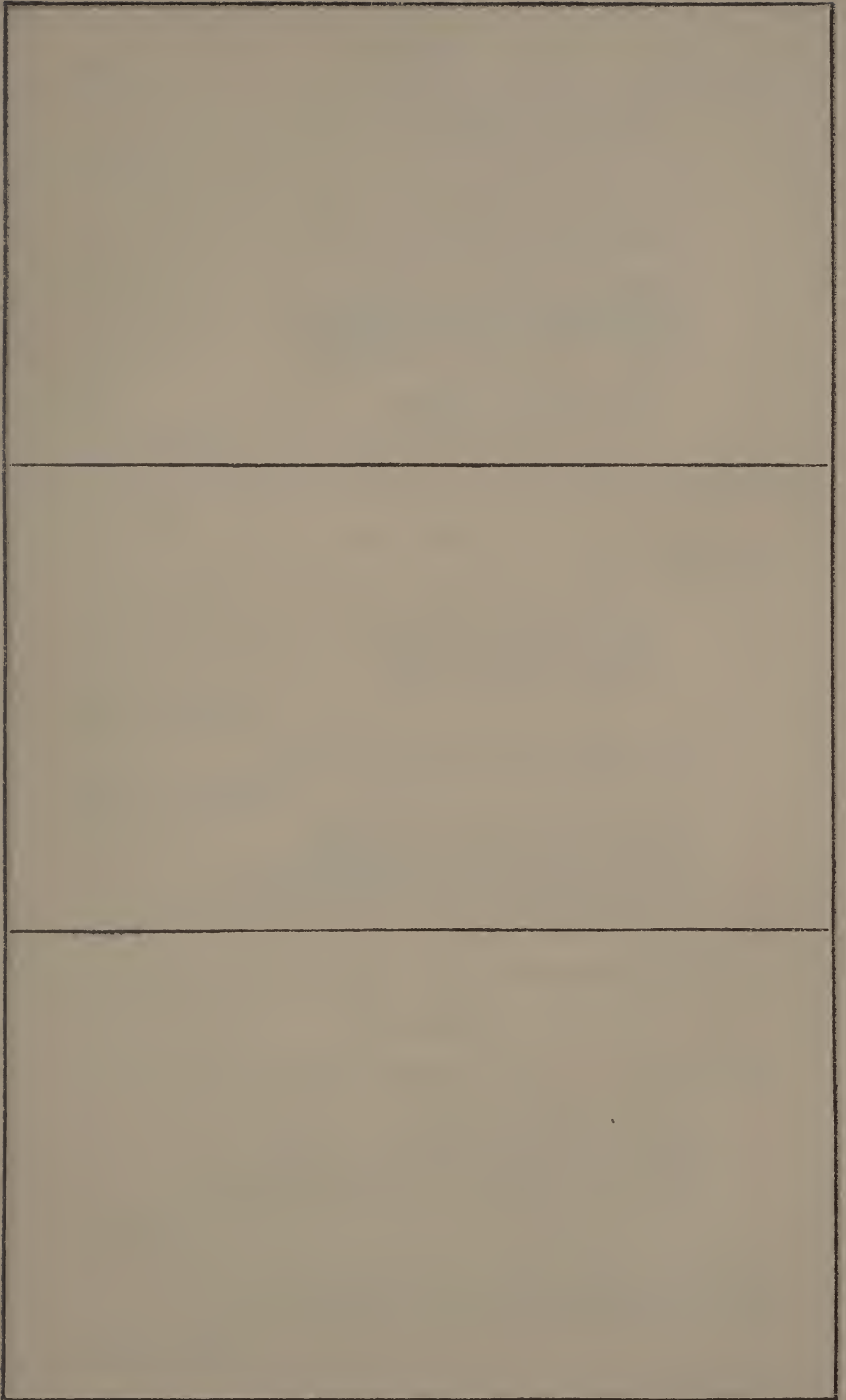
Breath of the mountain air
Fresh from its fields of ice
Breathes round thy form so fair
Seems still to kiss thy hair, O dainty edelweiss.

Lee S. Pratt.

"The starlike flower that high in cloudland dwells."

May never was the month of love
For May is full of flowers
But rather April, wet by kind
For love is full of showers.

Robt. Southwell, S. J



APRIL 19

Pimpernal. *anagallis arvensis.*

Change.

Beneath the furrows lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernal.

E. Elliott.

Closed is the pink eyed pimpernal
'T will surely rain I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Jenner.

For the south wind tosses into my room
A hint of summer—a vague perfume
It has pilfered somewhere (I cannot tell
Whether from pansy or pimpernel.)

E. E. Rexford.

More bitter far than all
It was to know that love could change and die.

A. A. Proctor.

APRIL 20

Johnnie-jump-up.

Spring is here, summer's near
Spry is Johnnie-jump-up
Twisting curl in a quirl—
Dandy Johnnie-jump-up.

M. Francis Brown

And my lips still frame a bit of a sonnet
For the blue Johnnie jump-ups in Grandmother's bonnet.

Maud M. Huey.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous efforts and an honest aim
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature and her paths are peace.

Young.

APRIL 21

Red anomene.

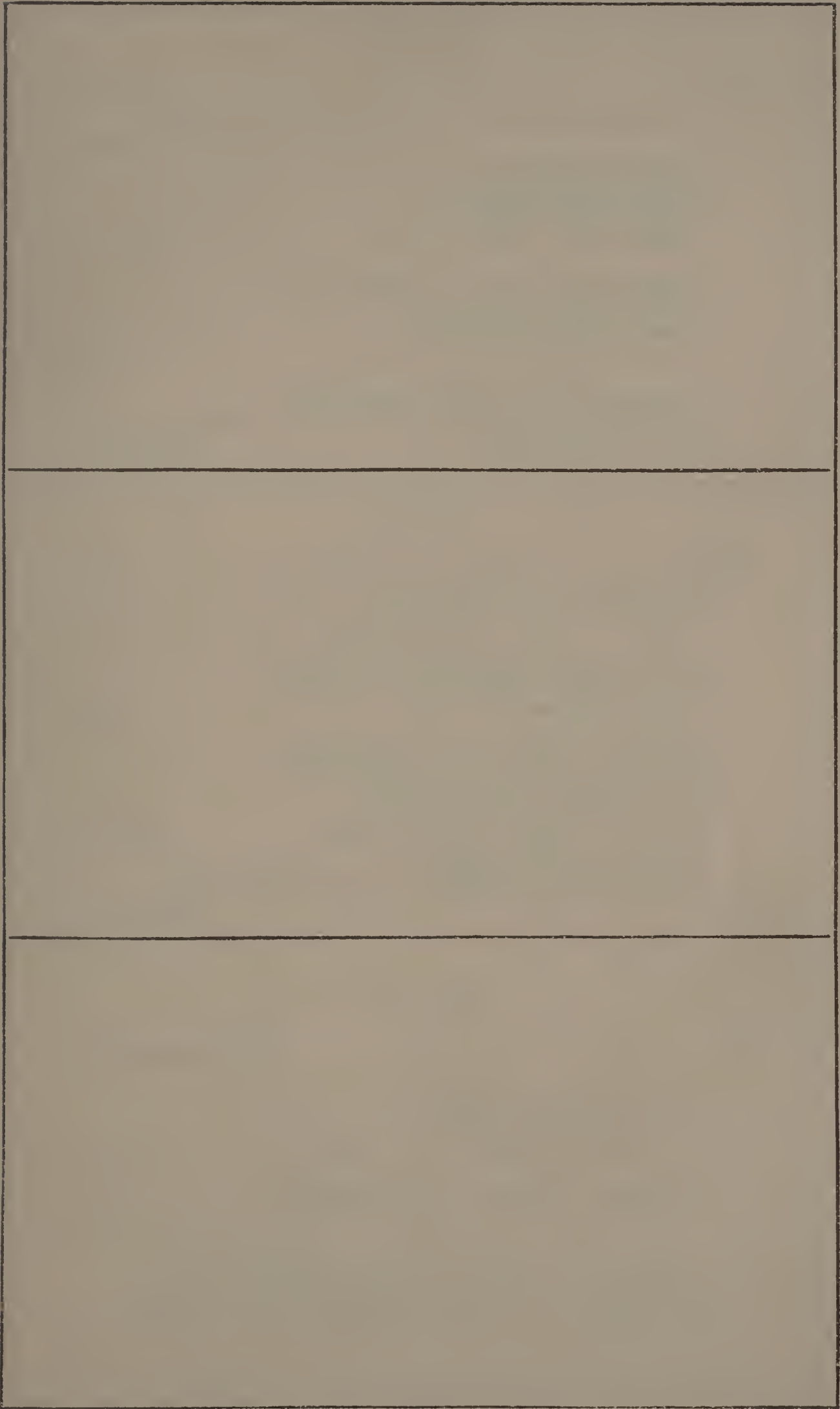
anemone fulgens.

Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree
And at their roots thro' his green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

Tennyson.

Love is the swiftest thing; it of itself can fly
Up to the highest Heaven in the twinkling of an eye.

Angelus Silelius.



APRIL 22

Crowfoot.

ranunculus.

Ingratitude.

The cowslips and the crowfoot are over all the hill.

Tennyson.

Call the crowfoot and the crocus

Call the pale anemone

Call the violet and the daisy

Clothed with careful modesty.

P. Cary.

Mullein stocks with grey braids set

Full of yellow; thistles spread;

Violets purple near to jet;

Crowfoot and the old man's beard.

A. Cary.

Ingratitude, thou marble hearted fiend

More hideous when thou showest thee in a child,

Than in the monster.

Shakespeare.

APRIL 23

Harebell.

campanula rotundi flora.

Grief.

Let Albin bind her bonnet blue

With heath and harebell dipped in dew .

Scott.

A foot more light, a step more true

Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew

E'en the slight harebell raised its head

Elastic from her airy tread.

Scott.

Be still sad heart, and cease repining;

Behind the clouds is the sun still shining

Thy fate is the common fate of all

Into each life some rain must fall

Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow.

Grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er fraught heart and bides it break.

Shakespeare.

APRIL 24

Pea.

Pisum.

Everlasting pleasure.

The pea is but a wanton witch,

In too much haste to wed

And clasps her rings on every hand.

T. Hood.

The gaudy butterfly in wanton round.

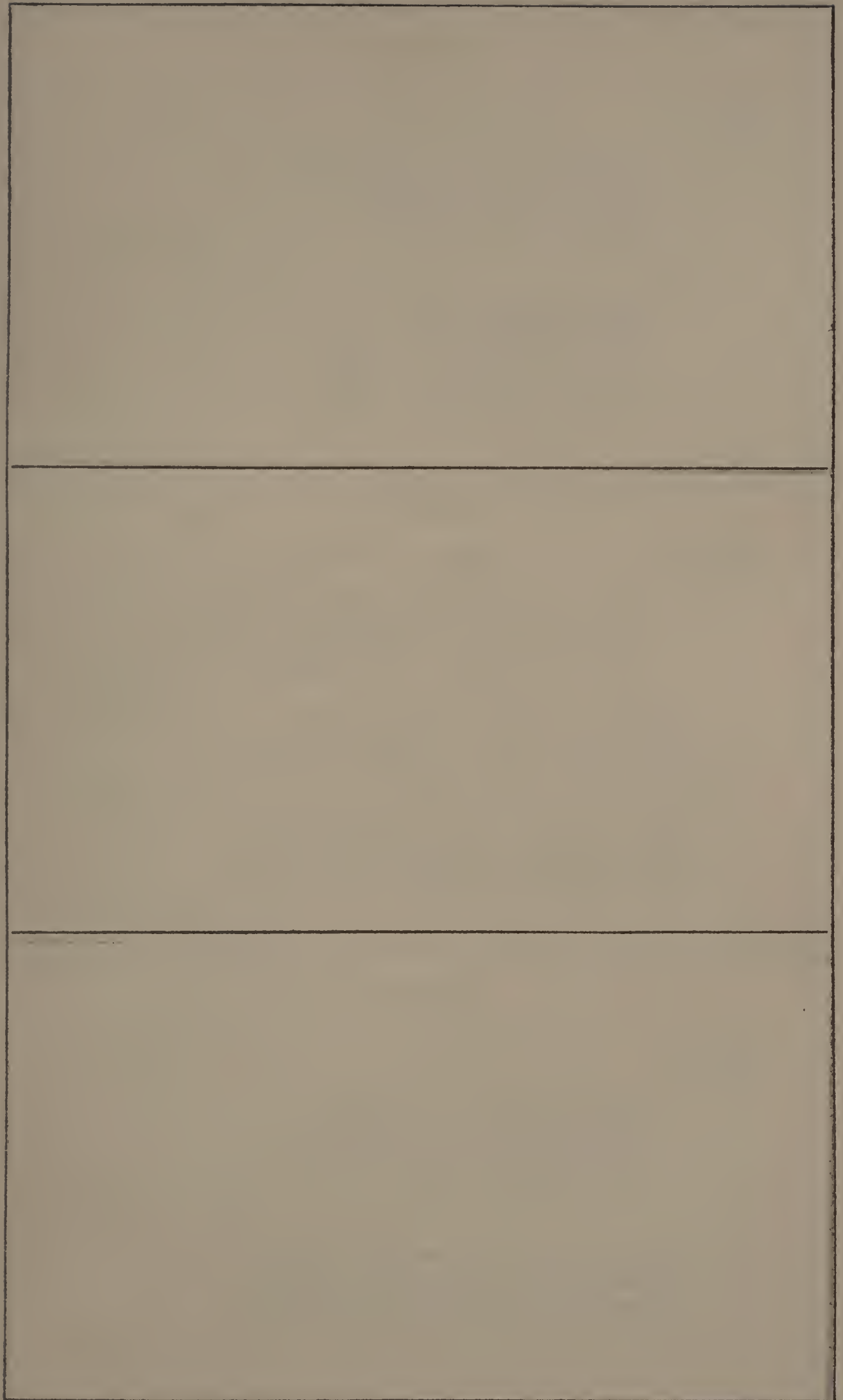
Like a living pea flower skimm'd the ground. *John Leyden.*

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled;

Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled:

You may break you may shatter the vase if you will

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still. *T. Moore.*



APRIL 25

Tulip.

tulipa Gesneriana.

Hopeless love.

The cedar and the mountain pine
The willow on the fountain's brim
The tulip and the eglantine
In reverence bow to Him.

David Vedder.

Whether that by youth or kind
Will the faithful take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny
And then I'll study how to die.

Shakespeare.

APRIL 26

Ladysmock.

cardamine pratensis.

Daisies pied and violets blue
And ladysmocks all silver white
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

Shakespeare.

Brightly to them did thy snowy leaves
For the Sainted Mary shine
As they twisted for her forehead vestal wreaths.
Of the white buds cardamine.

Lucy Hooper.

Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Shakespeare.

APRIL 27

Candytuft.

Iberis amara.

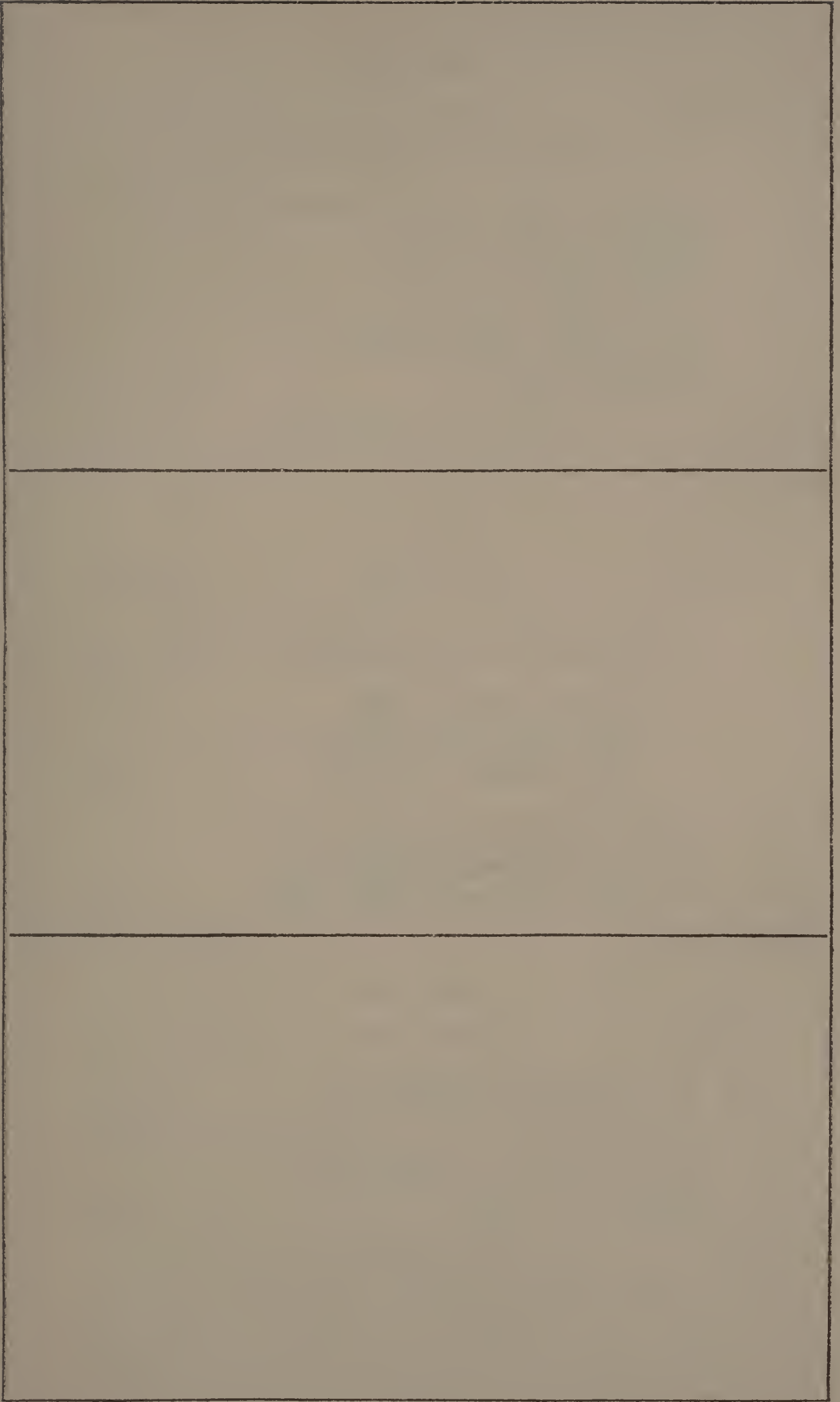
Indifference.

Blue lavender and candytuft
And pink and white sweet peas
Your loyal subjects wave their heads
In every passing breeze.

Marian Douglass.

His blade is bared; in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquill for despaire
A something of indifference, more than then
Become the bravest, if they feel for men.

Bryon.



APRIL 28

White rose.

Rosa alba.

I am worthy of you.

Her hair wound with white roses slept St. Cecily.

Tennyson.

A white rose delicate, on a tall bough and straight,—
Early comer, April comer,
Never waiting for the summer.
“For if I wait” said she
“Till the time of roses be
For the musk rose and the moss rose
Royal red and maiden blush rose
What glory then for me
In such a company.”

E. B. Browning.

The lady is very well worthy.

Shakespeare.

APRIL 29

Paw-paw.

Carica Papaya.

Impression.

And brown is the pawpaw's shade blooming cup
In the wood near the sun loving maize.

Wm. Fosdick.

The daisy dressed in white
The paw-paw flower in bloom
And the violet sat by her lover the brook
With her golden eyelids down.

A. Cary.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streames their channels deeper wear.

Burns.

APRIL 30

Cowslips.

Primula veris.

Youthful beauty.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be
In their gold coats spotted we see.

Shakespeare.

In the dark wet meadows the cowslip lies. *Sarah H. Whitman.*

But Oh, to smell the woodbine sweet
I think of cowslips cups, but meet
With very vile rebuffs.

T. Hood.

On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted like the crimson drop
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

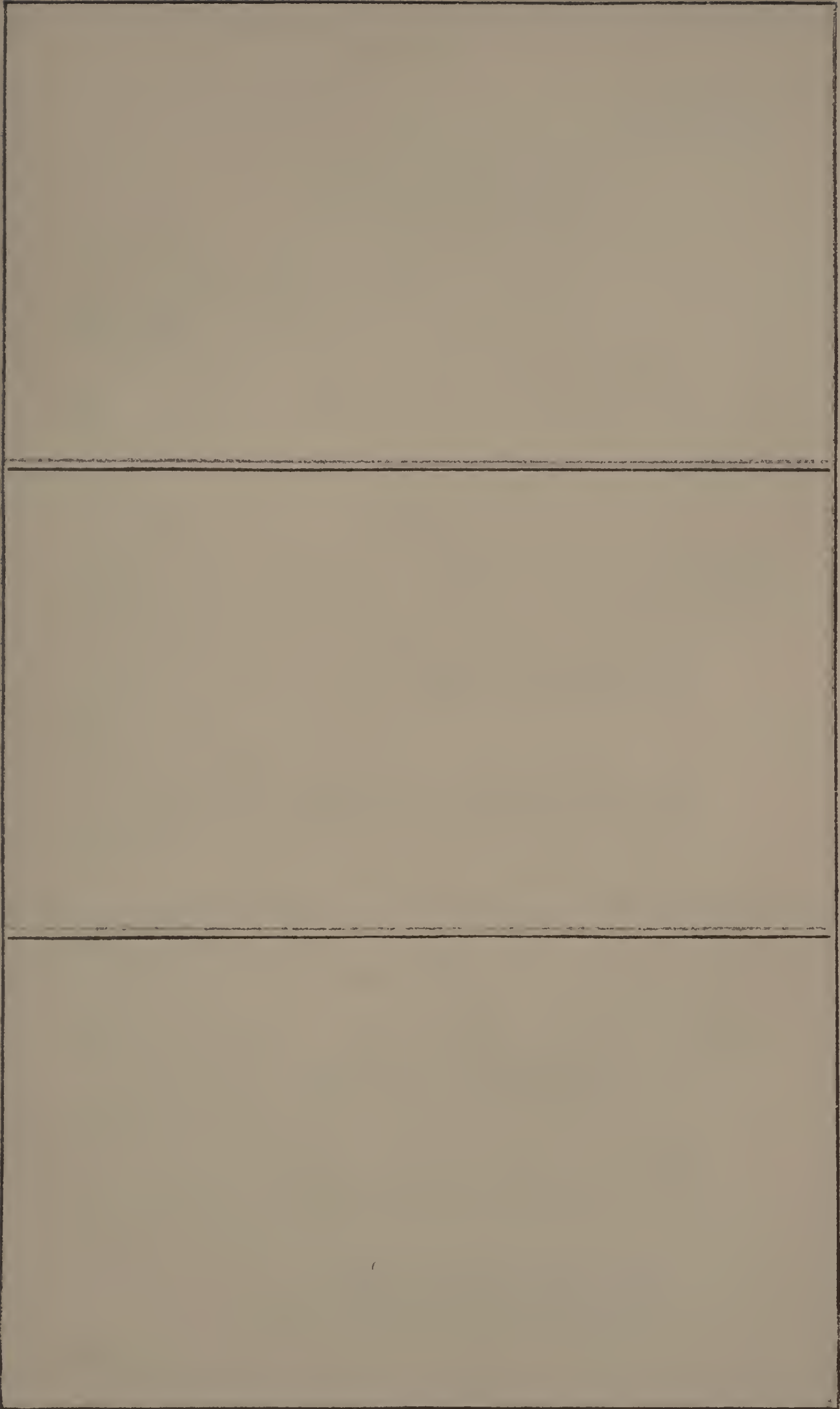
Shakespeare.

Her beauty guarded kept her beautiful.

Bayard Taylor.

Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile

Campbell.



MAY 7

Love-in-a-mist.

Nigella.

You kiss me and vow
That you hate to be kissed
Ah, truly I'm nothing
But Love-in-a-mist.

F. S. Osgood.

Doth he not scatter abroad the "fitches" and scatter the cummin?
Isiah xxviii

Charm strikes the sight but merit wins the soul.

Pope.

MAY 8

Climbing fumitory.

adlumia cirrhosa.

Bluntness.

The hidden rock where nature set
The wind flower and the violet
And the Mountain Fringe in hallows set.

P. Cary.

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Nor action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.

Shakespeare.

MAY 9

Phlox.

phloxdiadem.

Our souls are united.

Tall hollyhocks and purple phlox
And time observing four o'clocks.

Marian Douglass.

There in the summer breezes wave
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

W. C. Bryant.

Be thine the more refin'd delights
Of love, that banishes control,
When the fond heart with heart unites
And soul's in unison with soul.

Cartwright.

MAY 10

Peony.

paeonia officinalis.

Ostentation.

At the roots
Of peony bushes lay in rose-red heaps
Or snowy fallen bloom. *Jean Ingelow.*
On the wealth of globed peonies *J. Keats.*
Great peonies in crimson pride
And budding ones in green that hide. *Walter Crane.*
There might ye see the piony spread wide. *Cowper*
I envy none their pageantry and show. *Young.*
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed. *Pope.*

MAY 11

Asphodel narthecium ossifragam. My regrets follow you to the grave.

All paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels. *P. B. Shelly.*
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meade of asphodel or amaranthine bower. *Pope.*
The meads of milk white asphodel
They knew the poets tread. *Bayard Taylor.*
Life is a waste of wearisome hours
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns. *Moore.*

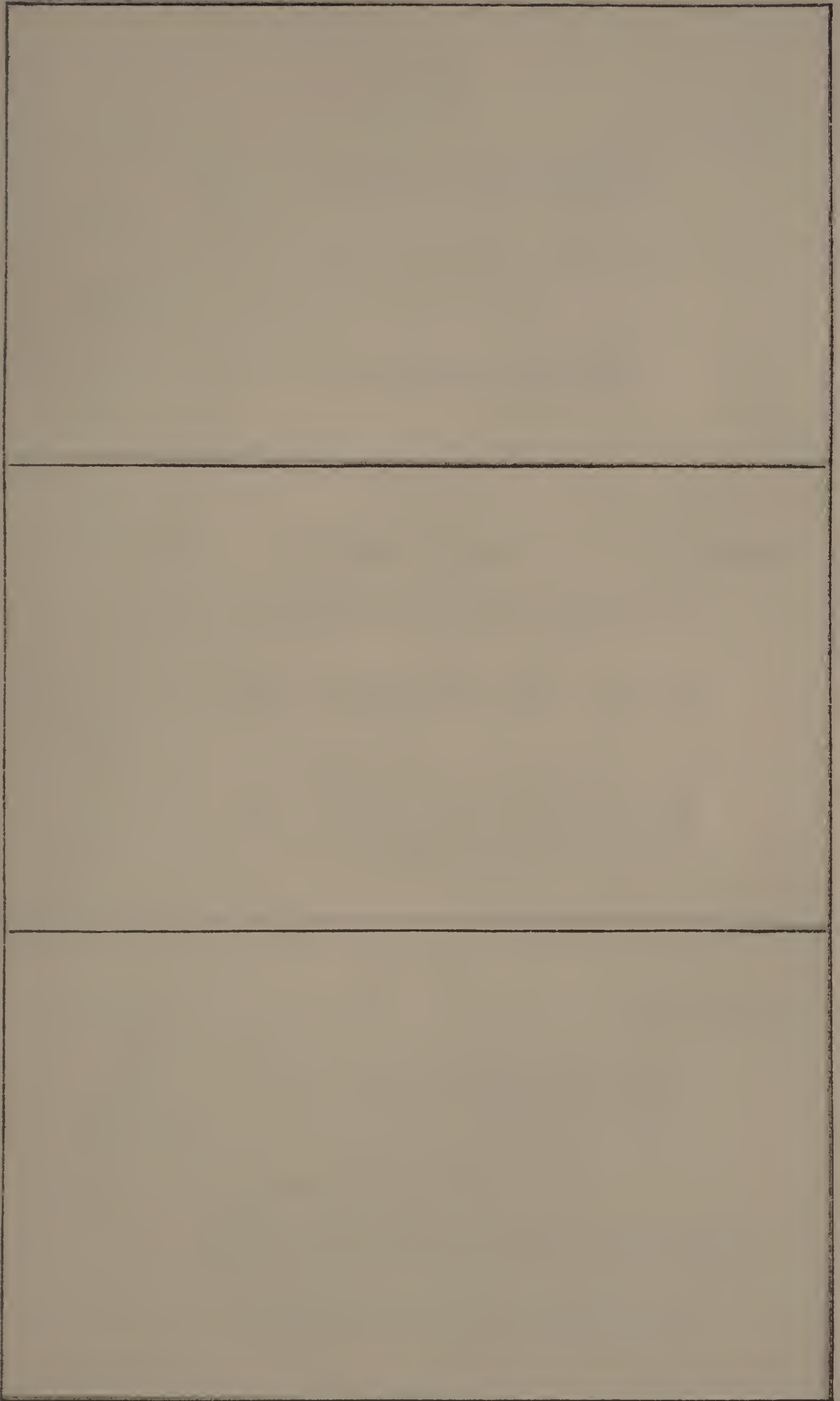
MAY 12

Trailing arbutus.

epigaea repens.

Thee only do I love.

Pure and perfect sweet arbutus
Twines her rosy tinted wreath. *Elaine Goodale.*
'Puritan flower,' he said, 'and the type of the puritan maiden
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla.'
Longfellow.
The shy little Mayflower weaves her nest. *Sarah H. Whitman.*
Along the spicy sea coast, over the desolate down
You will find the dainty Mayflower
When you come to Plymouth town. *Mrs. L. C. Moulton.*
I know not but whatever thou art
Who'er thou art, were mine the spell
To call Fate's joys or blunt his dart
There should not be one hand or heart
But served or wished thee well. *Fitz Greene Halleck.*



MAY 13

White jessamine

Jasminum.

Amiability.

And brides as delicate and fair
As the white jessamined flowers they wear.

Moore.

But to see her was to love her
Love but her and love for ever.

Burns.

A little bud of loveliness
That never should grow old.

R. H. Stoddard.

MAY 14

Agrimony.

agrimonia eupatoria.

Thankfulness.

Only the herbs and simples of the wood
Rue, cinquefoil gill vervain and agrimony.

Emerson.

Women are made as they themselves would choose
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse.

Garth.

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees collected treasure sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

Gray.

MAY 15

Purple hyacinth.

Hyacinthus Orientalis.

Sorrow.

Lovely and prized was their purple light
And 'twas said in ancient story
That their fairy bells rung out at night
A peal to old England's glory.

Lucy Hooper.

Shaded hyacinth always
Sapphire queen of the mid-May.

Keats.

Thank God there is always a light whence to borrow
When darkness is darkest and sorrow most sorrow.

A. Cary.

Gnarling sorrow has less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Shakespeare.

MAY 16

Musk rose.

Charming.

And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk rose full of dewy wine
And murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Keats.

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields
A fresh blown musk rose: 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer.

Keats.

"And each inconstant breeze that blows
Steals essence from the musky rose."

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear
The gentle look that rage disarms,
Those are all immortal charms.

Burns.

MAY 17

Rhodora.

rhododendron rhodora.

Majesty.

In May when sea winds pierce our solitudes
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a deep nook
To please the desert and the sluggish brook
The purple petals, falling in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay. *R. W. Emerson.*

Whom I crown with love is royal
Matters not her blood or birth;
She is the queen and I am loyal
To the noblest of the earth.
Neither place nor wealth nor title
Lacks the many friendship owns;
His distinction true and vital,
Shines supreme o'er crowns and thrones. *J. G. Holland.*

MAY 18

Wistaria.

Wistaria chinesis.

Welcome to stranger.

Quaint little maiden in far distant land,
Where the white cherry tree blows;
Languishing maiden by spicy breeze fanned
Where the wistaria grows. *Elizabeth Minot.*

Near the porch grows the broad catalpa tree
And o'er it the grand wistaria
Born to the purple of royalty. *P. Cary.*

When friend like friend do friendly show
Unto each other high or low
What cheer increase of love doth grow
What better cheer than they to know
This is welcome. *John Heywood.*

MAY 19

Monkshood.

aconitum uncinatum

Knighterrantry..

The monks that wear the hood of blue.

Walter Crane.

Using such cunning as they did dispose

The ruddy peony with the lighter rose

The monkshood with the buglos and entwine,

The white and blue and fleshlike columbine. *Wm. Browne.*

A heart that worshiped in romance

The spirit of the buried time

And dreams of knight and spear and lance

And ladye-love and minstrel rhyme;

These had been: and I dreamed would be

My joy whate'er my destiny.

Fitz Greene Halleck.

MAY 20

Vervain.

Verbena officinalis.

Enchantment.

A wreath of vervain heralds wear

Amongst our garlands named.

Drayton.

Bring your garland and with reverence place

The vervain on the altar.

Ben Johnson.

Veyne-healing vervain.

Spencer.

'Tis a note of enchantment, what ails her, she sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;

A single small cottage, a nest like a dove's

The only one dwelling on earth that she loves;

She looks and her heart is in Heaven.

Wordsworth.

MAY 21

Bindweed.

Convolvulus sepium.

Humility.

And climbing bindweed hangs on high

His bells of beaten gold.

Thos. Campbell.

The cumbrous bindweed with its wreath and bells.

Wordsworth.

The fragile bindweed bells and byony rings.

Tennyson.

Behold

How the blue bindweed doth itself enfold

With honeysuckle and both these entwine

Themselves with briony and jessamine. *Ben Johnson.*

The first great test of a truly great man is his humility. *Ruskin.*

MAY 22

Lilac.

Syringia Vulgaris.

First emotion of love.

Where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire,
Fast by its snowy sister's side.

L. H. Sigourney.

Lilac robed
In snow white innocence or purple pride.

Thomson.

The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze
And seem to warm the air.

Longfellow.

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Moore.

First love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by
As frail rose blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die.

John Clarke.

MAY 23

Balm of Gilead.

Amyris Gileadensis.

I am cured.

While mystic winds from Gilead's groves of balm,
Wafted its sweet hosannas through the world.

Sarah H. Whitman.

Health is the vital principle of bliss.

Thomson.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance where they grow:
But crushed and trodden to the ground
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

Goldsmith.

MAY 24

Rosemary.

Rosamarinus.

Remembrance.

There's rosemary that's for remembrance.

Shakespeare.

And threw into the well sweet rosemarys,
And fragrant violets and paunces trim.

Spencer.

For you there's rosamery and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be with you both.

Shakespeare.

The humble rosemary
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead.

Moore.

Rise to transports past expressing
Sweeter by remembrance made.

Goldsmith.

MAY 25

Herb Bennet.

Geum Urbanum.

Lowliness.

The groundwort gay and the lady of May,
In her petticoat pink and white.

A. Cary.

The crisp Ground flower
Lifts its blue cup to catch the passing shower.

T. B. Aldrich.

The flower of sweetest smell
Is shy and lowly.

Wordsworth.

MAY 26

Heart's ease.

Viola tricolor.

Think of me.

Along the wayside where we pass bloom free
Gay plants of heart's ease, more of saddening rue
So is life mingled.

J. R. Lowell.

Every flower is sweet to me
The pink, the daisy and sweet pea
Heart's ease and mignonette.

Caroline May.

If life's a flower, I choose my own
'Tis Love-in-idleness.

Laman Blanchard.

The bolt of Cupid fell:-

... Upon a little western flower
Before milk white, now purple with love's wound
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

Shakespeare.

To the sessions of sweet silent thoughts
Summon up remembrance of things past

Shakespeare.

MAY 27

Buttercup.

ranunculus repens.

Riches.

The buttercups across the fields
Made sunshine rifts of splendor.

D. M. Mulock.

And one [*ranunculus fluitans*] whose feathery stem, and starry bloom
Of glossy yellow, wafted in the flow,
Floats, like a sleeping naiad on the wave.

Percival.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings
Make pinions for themselves to fly;
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

Swift.

To whom can riches give repute or trust
Content or pleasure, but the good or just?

Pope.

MAY 28

Night blooming jessamine.

Transient joy.

Many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep
From timid jasmine buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day
But when the sunlight dies away
Let the delicious secrets out
To every breeze that roams about.

T. Moore.

Oh, my sad heart long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did I dote on a fast fading pleasure?
Tears like the rain drops may fall without measure
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall. *T. Campbell.*

MAY 29

Locust trees.

Ceralonia Silequa.

Affection beyond the grave.

Hedges of wild blackberries
Pears, and honey-locusts tall,
Spicewood, and good apple trees,
Well enough we know them all.

A. Cary.

Honey and locusts were the food,
Where on the Baptist in the wilderness
Fed.

Dante.

We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood's affections fill our lives.

Ovid.

MAY 30

Shadbush.

Amelanchier oblongifolia.

The shad bush white with flowers
Brightened the glens.

Bryant.

Trees and flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure
Roaming among them at the cool of day
Shall find like him who Eden's garden dressed
His Maker there to teach his listening heart.

Mrs. Sigourney.

MAY 31

Hawthorne.

Crataegus Oxyacantha.

Hope.

Here eglantine embalm'd the air
Hawthorne and hazel mingled there.

Scott.

Every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.

T. Campbell.

From the forced fissures of the naked rock
The yew tree bursts
Beneath its dark green boughs
'Mid which the Maythorne blends its blossoms white.
S. T. Coleridge.

Auspicious hope, in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

T. Campbell.

JUNE 1

Wild rose.

Simplicity.

Does not remembrance darken on the brow
When the wild rose a richer fragrance flings? *Mrs. Norton.*

The five leaved wild rose dead within the hour. *T. B. Aldrich.*

The wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red. *Longfellow.*

A wild rose born within a modest glen
And sheltered by the leaves of thorny bushes
Drooped being commended to the eye of man
And died of blushes. *A. Cary.*

Simplicity must be in the intention. Simplicity aims at God.
Thomas a Kempis.

JUNE 2

Daily Rose.

That smile I would aspire to.

The queenly rose that blossoms for a day.
Caroline M. Sayer.

Oh, nature though blessed and bright are thy rays
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown
Yet faint are they all to the luster that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own. *Moore.*

These smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joys impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart. *Lord Byron.*

JUNE 3

Hundred leaves rose.

Rose centifolia.

Pride.

That joyous time when pleasures pour
Profusely round and in their shower
Hearts open like the season's rose—
The floweret of a hundred leaves
Expanding while the dew-fall flows
And every leaf its balm receives. *Moore.*

Petal on petal opening wide
My being into beauty flows
Hundred leaved and damasked dyed
Yet nothing, nothing but a rose. *Mrs. H. P. Spofford.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind
What weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride the never failing vice of fools. *Pope.*

JUNE 4

Rose of Paestum.

Call me not beautiful.

The lovely rose
That on the mountain of Pieria, blows. *Sappho.*

The Paestan rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the foetid leek,
[Crest of stout Britons] and enchances thence
The price of her celestial scent. *Philips.*

Ah, fair as the sea flower close to her growing
How light was the heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing
And hushed all its music and withered its frame. *Moore.*

JUNE 5

China rose.

Grace.

'I've a call to make' said the rich moss rose
At the house of a lady fair;
Cousin China-rose, if you'll go with me
I'll introduce you there'. *L. H. Sigourney.*

The gently budding rose, quoth she, behold
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams
Half ope, half shut her beauties doth unfold
In their clear leaves and less seen, fairer seems. *Tasso.*

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow
A heavenly paradise is that place
Whercin all pleasant fruits do grow. *Richard Allison.*

JUNE 6

Yellow rose.

Rose lutea.

Decrease of love.

The yellow rose leaves falling down
Pay golden toll to passing June.
Ben'j. F. Taylor.

Thou would'st be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not
Being everything which thou art:
Be nothing which thou art not.
Edgar A. Poe.

Love is love forever more.
Tennyson.

JUNE 7

Herb Robert.

Geranium Robertinum. I expect a meeting.

There, wild geranium with its woolly stem,
And aromatic breath perfumes the glade. *Mrs. Norton.*

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones and their true qualities. *Shakespeare.*

I swear
By the simplicity of Venus' doves
By which knitteth souls, and prospers loves
In the same place thou hast appointed me
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. *Shakespeare.*

JUNE 8

Rose Champion.

Only deserve my love.

Let the dainty rose a while
Her bashful fragrance hide
Rend not her silken veil too soon
But leave her in her own sweet noon
To flourish and abide. *Keble.*

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdainng,
Still entertaining
Engaging and new;
Neat, but not finical;
Sage but not cynical
Never tyranical
But ever true. *Henry Fielding.*

JUNE 9

Dog Rose.

Rose Canina.

Pleasure and pain.

'Twas kin' kingdom-come to look
On such a blessed creature
A dog rose blushing to a brook
Ain't modester or sweeter. *J. R. Lowell.*

The dog rose glistening with the dew of morn. *Mrs. Norton.*

Ah, how sweet it is to love
Ah, how gay is young desire;
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When we first approach love's fire:
Pains of love are sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. *John Dryden.*

JUNE 10

White Daisy.

Bellis perennis.

Innocence.

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air. *Burns.*
And Chaucer's daisy small and sweet
Si douce est la Margarete.

Walter Crane.

A daisy? Ah, bring childhood's flower, the half blown daisy bring.
E. Elliott.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dew-drops from the sun.
Wordsworth.

Innocence shall make false accusation blush.
Shakespeare.

JUNE 11

Garland of Roses.

Reward of virtue.

"For Rose garland is on St. Barnebes Day."

When the sweet clouds of even
Are wreathing in Heaven
Their garland of roses. *Robert C. Sands.*

And home they hasten the postes to dight
And all the Kirk pillours eare daylight,
With hawthorne buds and sweet eglantine
And girlends of Roses and soppes in wine. *Spencer.*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heart felt joy is virtue's prize.
Pope.

JUNE 12

Rose of Sharon.

Hibiscus Syriacus

No wreath is bright, no garland fair,
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there. *Anon.*

The Rose of Sharon flings
Her fragrance on the gale. *Jessie McCartee.*

And Sharon's roses still as sweetly bloom
As when the apostles in the days gone by
Rolled back the shadows from the dreary tomb
And brought to light, Life's immortality. *A. Cary.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal shame
All are but ministers of love
And feed his sacred flame. *S. T. Coleridge.*

JUNE 13

Cinnamon Rose.

Neighbor Cinnamon prated of household and care
How she seldom went out e'en to breathe the fresh air;
There were so many young ones and servants to stray
And the thorns grew so fast if her eye was away.

From Flora's Party.

Just when the red June roses blow
She gave me one a year ago;
A rose whose crimson breath revealed
The secret that its heart concealed.

A. A. Proctor.

How sweet is love itself possessed
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy. *Shake speare.*

JUNE 14

Basil.

Ocimum Basilicum.

Hatred.

Madonna, wherefore hast thou sent to me,
Sweet Basil and mignonette?

Shelly

Off to the bank where the wild thyme blows
And the fragrant basil is growing.

Frances H. Greene.

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow
Life is checkered shade and sunshine.

Longfellow.

JUNE 15

Multiflora Rose.

Grace.

Beauty.

Around the door the honeysuckle climbs
And multa-flora spreads her countless roses.

Rufus Dawes.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

Scott.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first summer month that brings the rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away. *Omar Khayyam.*

JUNE 16

Moss Rose.

Superior merit.

Her seymar was the lily flower
And her cheek a moss rose in a shower.

Jas. Hogg.

In this cold world I never found
But one to whom my heart was dear
But thousand chords of love had bound
Her being to this changeful sphere.

P. Cary.

Yes I love my moss rose for it ne'er had a thorn
'Tis the type of life's pleasures unmixed with its woes;
'Tis more gay and more bright than the opening morn-
Yes all things must yield to my pretty moss rose.

Anon.

Without thorn, the rose.

Milton.

JUNE 17

Rosebud.

Young girl.

For what the rosebud seeks tell not the rose
The meaning foretold by the boy the man cannot disclose.

Margaret Fuller.

O, that the rosebud that graces yon island
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine. *Scott.*

It was a mere wild rose bud
Quite sallow now and dry
Yet there's something wondrous in it
Some gleams of days gone by.

J. R. Lowell.

I know a little damsel as light of foot as the air
And with smiles as gay as the sun of May
And clouds of golden hair.

A. Cary.

JUNE 18

Japan Rose. Camellia Japonica. Beauty is your only attraction.

Of colour changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violets dejected hue.

Akensidi.

Camellia, with its lustrous white
And glossy leaves of emerald hue.

S. B. Parsons.

Amoret, my lovely foe
Tell me where thy strength doth lie
Where the power that charms us so
In thy soul or in thy eye.

Waller.

JUNE 19

Bridal Rose.

Happy love.

Thou virgin rose, whose opening leaves so fair
The dawn has nourished with her balmy dews;
While softest whispers of the morning air
Call'd forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues.
That cautious hand which croft thy youthful pride
Transplants thy honors, where from hurt secure
Strip'd of each thorn offensive to thy side
Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature.

Metastasio.

They were gathered for a bridal
I knew it by their hue
Fair as the summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.

S. and P. Smith.

JUNE 20

Sweetbrier Rose.

Rosa rubiginosa.

Sympathy.

The wild brier rose of pale and bashful hue.

J. Leyden.

The sweet brier rose, the wayside rose
Still spreads its fragrant arms.

Caroline Gilman.

The brier rose fell in streamers green.

Scott.

And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose
Our wild sweet brier would be the one to choose.

A. Cary.

Kindness by secret sympathy is tried
For noble souls in nature are allied.

Dryden.

JUNE 21

York and Lancaster Roses.

War.

Let Merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses bought so dear.

Scott.

Between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night. *Shakespeare.*

If this fair rose offend thy sight
Placed in thy bosom bare
'Twill blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there.
But if thy ruby lips it spy
As kiss thou may'st deign
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye
And Yorkish turn again.

Anon.

JUNE 22

White rose withered.

Transient impressions.

The bonny white rose it is withering and 'a'.

Allen Cunningham.

Her robe ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service meekly worn.

Dante. G. Rosetti.

Ever let thy fancy roam
Pleasure never is at home
At a wind sweet pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

Keats.

JUNE 23

St. John's wort.

Hypericum perforatum.

Superstition.

I must gather the mystic St. John's wort tonight
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide
If the coming year will make me a bride.

From the German.

Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flowers like flies clothing its slender rods
That scarce a leaf appear.

Cowper.

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted.

Shakespeare.

The master of superstition is the people and in all superstition
wise men follow fools.

Bacon.

JUNE 24

Lychins.

Lychinis vesperina.

Religious enthusiasm.

And thou of faithful memory
St. John, thou shining light,
Beams not a burning torch for thee
The scarlet lychins bright?

Lucy Hooper.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest
Till half mankind were like himself possessed.

Cowper.

JUNE 25

Sweet William.

Dianthus barbatus.

Gallantry.

With pinks, sweet williams that far off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixture spy.

Wm. Browne.

Sweet william small, has form and aspect bright
Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight.

Cowley.

He had that grace so rare in every clime
Or being without alloy of fop or beau
A finished gentleman from top to toe.

Byron.

JUNE 26

Moss rose bud.

Confession of love.

Mossy rose on mossy stone
Flowering 'mid the ruins lone
I have learnt beholding thee
Youth and age may well agree.

John Sterling.

The vow should bind with maiden's sighs
That maiden's lips have spoken—
But that which looks from maiden's eyes
Should last of all be broken.

Gerald Griffen.

JUNE 27

Woodbine.

Lonicera caprifolium.

Fraternal love.

Quite over canopied with lush woodbine
With sweet musk rose and with eglantine.

Shakespeare.

The woodbine, of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine. *Keats.*

The pleached bower
Where honeysuckles ripen'd by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter like favorites
Made proud by princes that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

Shakespeare.

Plead it to her
With all the strength and hints of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Addison.

JUNE 28

Damask Rose.

Bashful love.

To a faint damask mouth,
To slumb'ry port: just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose

Keats.

A perfume
Of damask roses in full bloom
Making a garden of the room.

Longfellow.

Unto the ground she cast her modest eye
And, ever and anon, with rosy red,
The bashful blush her snowy cheeks did dye.

Spencer.

JUNE 29

Cherokee Rose.

Love is dangerous.

Thy one white leaf is open to the sky
And o'er thy heart swift lights and shadows pass—
The wooing winds seem loath to wander by
Jealous of the sunshine and the summer grass
Thy sylvan loveliness is pure and strong
For thou art bright and yet not over bold—
Like a young maid apart from fashion's throng
A virgin dowered with a heart of gold.

Anon.

Yes, love is but a dangerous guest
For hearts as young as thine
Where youth's unshadow'd joys should rest
Life's spring time fancies shine.

F. S. Osgood.

JUNE 30

Roses

Beauty.

How wide the leaves
Extended to the utmost of this rose
.....which in bright expansiveness
Lays forth its gradual blooming redolent
of praise to the never wintering sun.

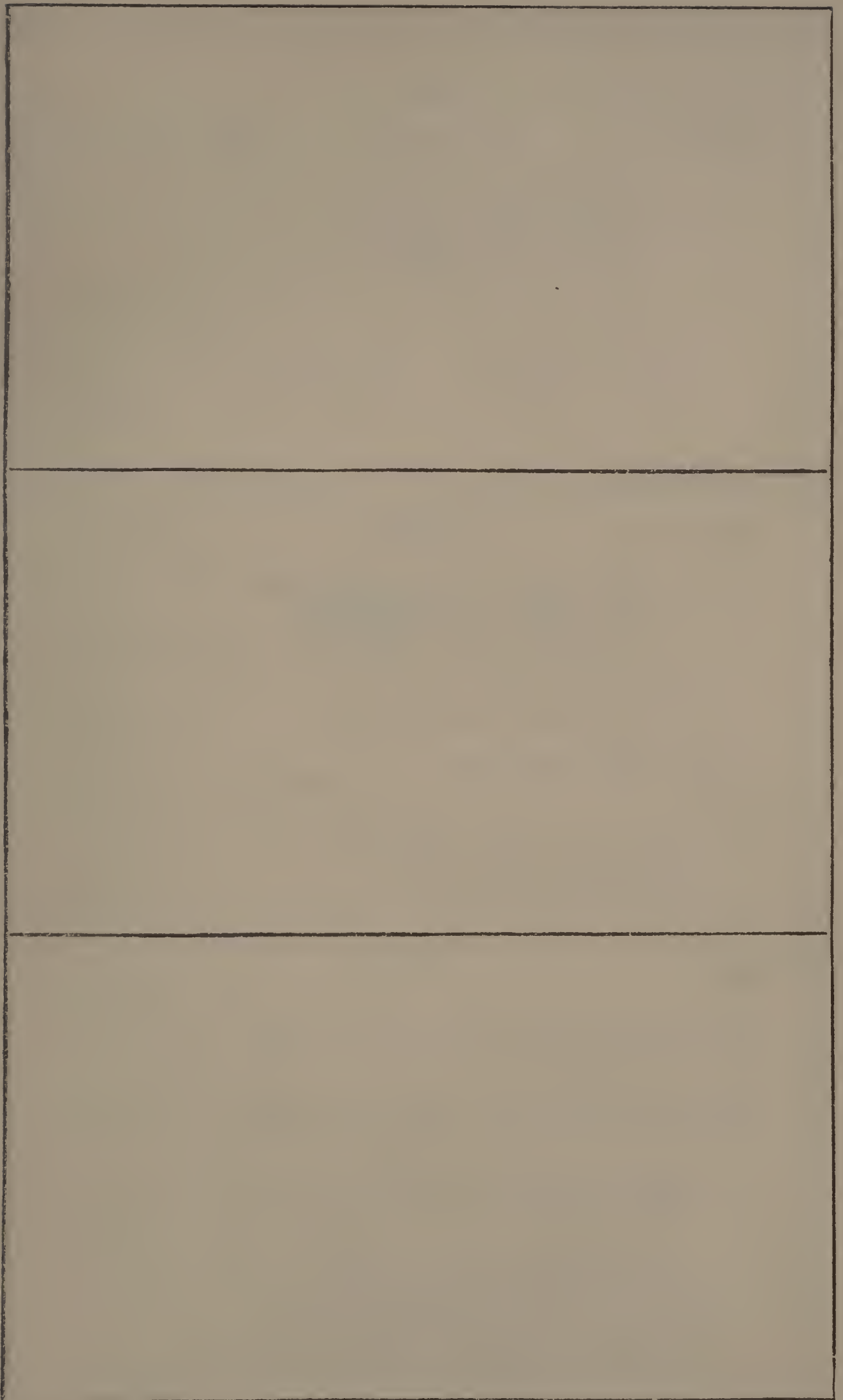
Dante.

Ah, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give:
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

Shakespeare.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their worlds of flowers
The rose would be the choice of Jove
And blush the queen of every grove.

Moore.



JULY 1

Gelsemium

False jasmine.

Grace. Eloquence.

Here the bands of ivy twine
Here the bells of yellow shine
On the flowering gelsemine
Round the woven trellise growing.

Percival.

Who hath not own'd with rapture smitten frame
The power of grace, the magic of a name.

Campbell.

JULY 2

White water lily.

Nymphaea alba.

Eloquence.

Mark where transparent waters glide
Soft flowing o'er the tranquil bed;
There cradled on the dimpling tide,
Nymphaea rests her lovely head.

Charlotte Smith.

Eloquence that charms and burns
Startles, soothes and wins by turns.

J. H. Clinch.

Every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. *Shakespeare.*

Fairest of Flora's lovely daughters
That bloom by stilly running waters
Fair lily thou a type must be
Of virgin love and purity

Faber.

JULY 3

Mallow.

Malva moschata.

Sweetness.

Through reedy ferns its sluggish current flows
Where lilacs grew and purple blossomed mallows. *Geo. Arnold.*

Emblem of meekness, Oh who doth not hallow
The bright green leaf of the musk scented mallow. *J. S. Henslow.*

Alas, alas, when in a garden fair
Mallows crisp, dill or parsley yields to fate
These with another year regerminate.

Moschus.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet
Though to itself it only live or die
But if that flower with base infection meet
The basest weed out braves its dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds. *Shakespeare.*

JULY 4

American Elm.

Ulmus Americana.

Patriotism.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky bushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches fledged with clearest green
New from its silken sheath.

Tennyson.

Through the sheltering elms
The hawthorne hedge row and the laughing wood
Beneath whose boughs their humble cottage stood.

John Leydon.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.

Scott.

JULY 5

Bleeding Heart.

The woodbine at the cottage door
Sweet memories may impart
But for a spirit crushed and sore
Oh, bring the bleeding heart.

Helen W. Clark

The very flowers that bend and meet
In sweeting others grow more sweet.

O. W. Holmes.

Friendship with the flowers some noble thoughts beget.

Edward Youl.

JULY 6

Morning glories.

Convolvulus.

Affection.

The morning glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground,

Maria White Lowell.

Around green roots the yellow stalks I see
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep.

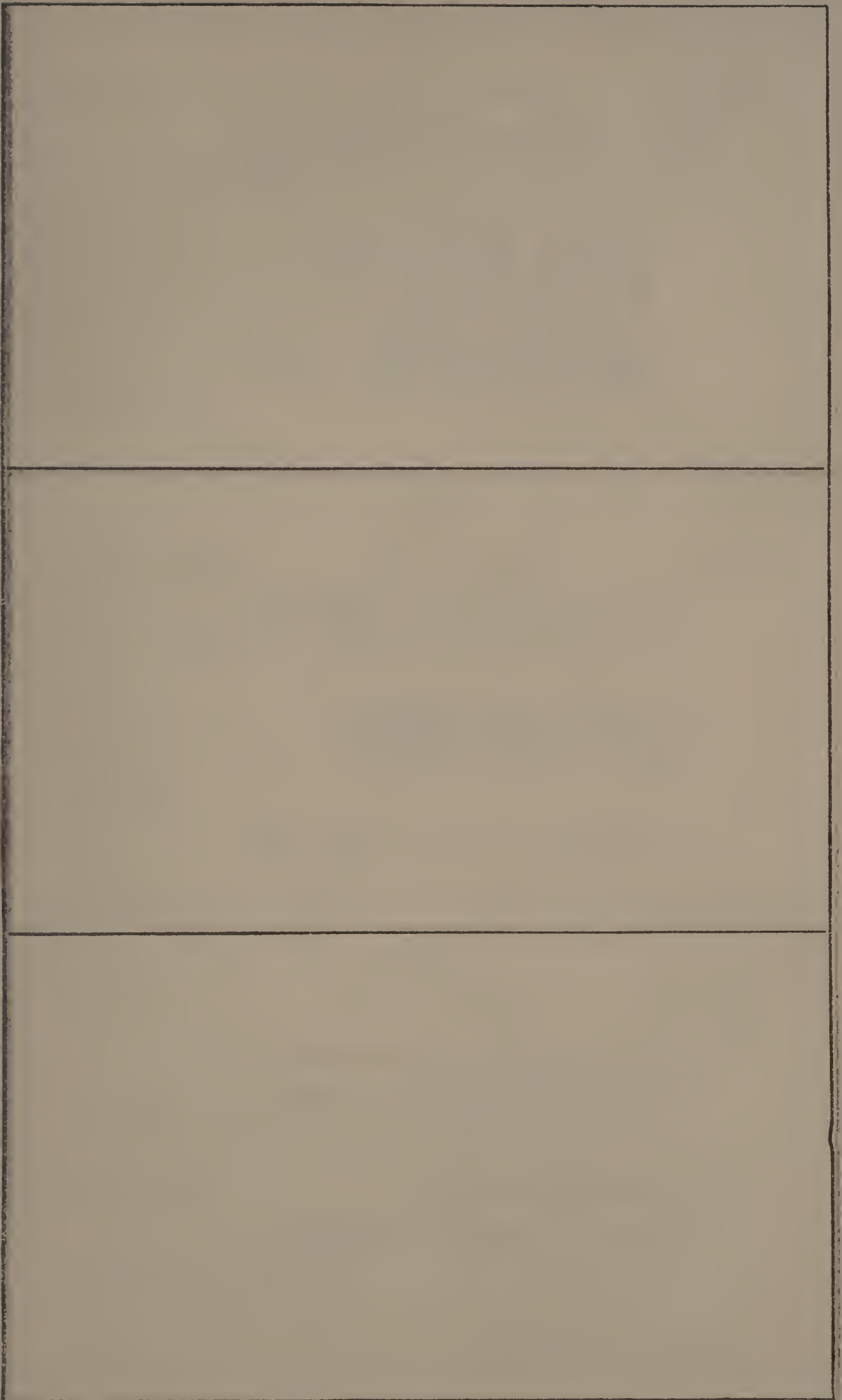
Matthew Arnold.

Convolvulus in streaked vases flush
The creeper mellowing for an autumn blush.

J. Keats.

Lets its pure flame
From virtue flow
And love can never fail
To warm another's bosom.

Dante.



JULY 7

Nasturtiums.

Tropaelum majus.

Ostentation.

Quaint blossom with the old fantastic name
By jester christened at some ancient feast

Helen Hunt Jackson.

When Flora had finished her labors
And all the flowers were made
She still had left on her palette
Many a brilliant shade
So she gathered them all together
And added a drop of dew
And a breeze from the sunny spiceland
Then the nasturtium grew.

Bessie Bellman.

JULY 8

Speedwell.

Veronica chamaedrys.

Feminine fidelity.

And fairy speedwell, like some sapphire gem
Lighted with purple sparks the hedge-rows made.

Mrs. Norton.

Bring orchids, bring the foxglove spire
The little speedwell's darling blue
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew
Laburnums drooping wells of fire.

Tennyson.

No woman's head so keen to work its will
But that the woman's heart is mistress still.

E. C. Steadman.

JULY 9

German Iris.

Iris Pseud a corus.

Message.

Thou art the iris fair among the fairest
Who armed with golden rod
And winged with celestial azure bearest
The message of some god.

Longfellow.

The yellow flags would stand
Up to their chins in water.

Jean Ingelow.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag flowers purple pranked with white.

Shelley.

This is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we
should love one another.

Bible.

JULY 10

Day lily.

Coquetry.

O sweet day lily
You seem so silly
To bloom for just one day

Alice M. Douglass.

Not for the milk white lilies
That lead from the fragrant hedge
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge.

A. Cary.

The vain coquette each suit disdains
And glories in her lover's pains
With age she fades—each lover flies
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

Gay.

JULY 11

Garden Daisy.

I partake your sentiment.

And nature's love of thee partake
Her much loved daisy.

Wordsworth.

The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight.

Spencer.

The daisy is so sweet, the daisy is so sweet.

Dryden.

Such love's a cowslip ball to fling
A moment's pretty pastime
I give all me if anything
The first time and the last time.

E. B. Browning.

JULY 12

Scarlet Geranium.

Pelargonium.

Deceit.

Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours.

Cowper.

Geranium, geranium, with brave and steadfast eyes
Ye face the darkest day that comes
And bluest summer skies
For shade and shine are one to thee
For come what may your blooms are free.

Dart Fairthorne.

Geranium in the cultured round
Than thee no flower more prized is found. *J. S. Henslow.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears. *Wordsworth.*

JULY 13

Bugloss.

Aschusa.

Falsehood.

Here nature's hues all harmonize—fields white
With alarum or blue with buglos, banks
Of glossy fennel, blent tulip with wild
And sunflowers, like a garment pranked with gold.

Campbell.

Briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.

Shakespeare.

JULY 14

Fleur de lys.

Iris.

Flame.

I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way
Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams
Or plucked the fleur de lys by Jesse's streams.

Thos. Campbell.

The fleur de luce with its triple bell smiles
Till the days of the springtime are ended:
'Tis sacred to friendship and sacred to love
The emblem of union in heaven above.

Sam'l. F. Smith.

Love knows no measure, but is inflamed above all measure.
When frightened is not disturbed, but like a lively flame and a torch
on fire it mounts upward and securely passes through all opposition.

Thomas Kempis.

JULY 15

Kalmia.

Treachery.

And clings to fern and corpsewood set
Along the grass and dewy steeps;
Clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings,
To precipices fringed with grass.

Bryant.

Desire in rapture gazed awhile
And saw the treacherous goddess smile.

Swift.

Thou hast come not to cherish
To win but my heart
It is thine till it perish;
Now trifler depart.

F. S. Osgood.

JULY 16

Marigold.

Calendula.

Grief.

They said her cheek of youth was beautiful
Till withering sorrow blanched the white rose there *Maturin.*

Or like October's faded marigolds
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds. *Keats.*

Corn marigold of golden hue. *Walter Crane.*
Open fresh your round of starry folds
Ye ardent marigolds
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids
For great Apollo bids. *Keats.*

Some grief shows much of love
But much of grief still some want of wit. *Shakespeare.*

JULY 17

Sweet Pea.

Lathyrus.

Departure.

Here are sweet peas on tip toe for a flight
With wings of gentle flushe 'er delicate white
And taper fingers catching at all things
To bind them all about with tiny rings. *Keats.*

Beatiful bright winged pea
Ah, how I envied thee. *Edwin Arnold.*

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love
By day shut up in their own still recess
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above
Then to break out their soul of tenderness
Leave me not yet. *Mrs. Hemans.*

JULY 18

Rushes.

Vilva.

Docility.

In the clear brook are springing water cresses
And pale green rushes and fair nameless flowers. *Julia H. Scott.*

An accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress
Right to the heart and brain though undescried
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride. *Tennyson.*

JULY 19

Yellow water lily.

Nuphar luteum.

Eloquence.

I heard the raptured nightingale
Tell from yon ebony grove his tale
Of jealousy and love
It stayed the night wind in his blowing
And lulled the lily to her rest
Upon the Cherwell's heaving breast.

Faber.

Like a yellow leaf in autumn, like a yellow water lily.

Longfellow.

And this our life exempt from public haunts
Finds tongues in trees.

Shakespeare.

JULY 20

Lady slippers.

Impatiens balsam.

Capricious beauty.

I like not lady slippers,
Nor yet the sweet pea blossom
Nor yet the flaky roses
Red or white as snow.

T. B. Aldrich.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall.

Tennyson.

Or light or dark or short or tall
She sets a spring to snare them all;
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

T. B. Aldrich.

JULY 21

Peach blossom.

Amygdalus Persica.

I am your captive.

The violet stars the meadows
The rose buds fringe the door
And over the grassy orchard
The pink white blossoms pour

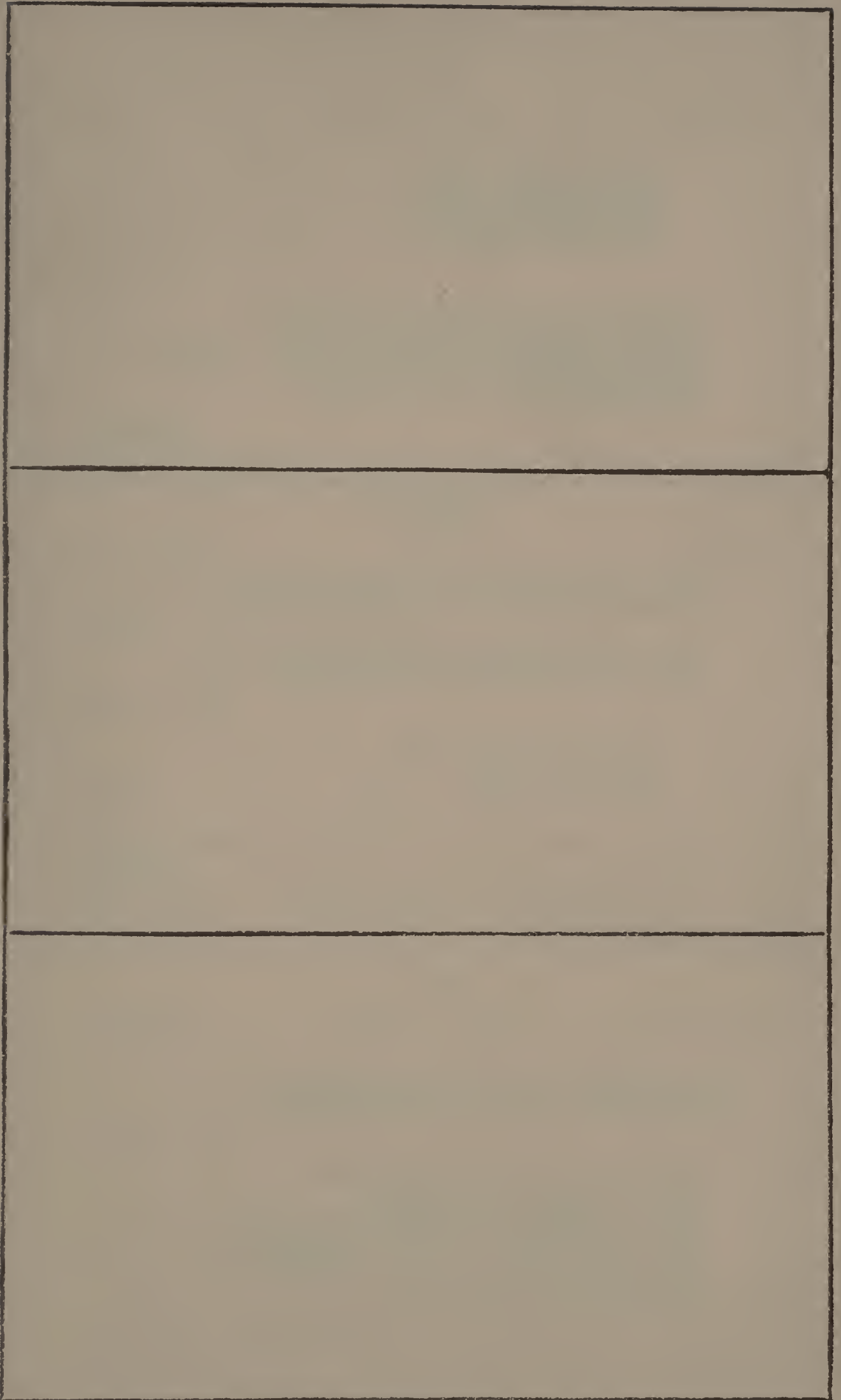
Wm. Winter.

The peach is the emblem of beauty.

Longfellow.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

Joshua Sylvester.



JULY 22

Tiger lily.

Lilium tigrinum.

Pride.

I like the chaliced lilies
The heavy Easter lilies
The gorgous tiger lilies
That in our garden grew.

T. B. Aldrich.

If thou be one whose heart the holy form
Of young imagination hath kept pure,
Stranger, henceforth be warned, and know that pride
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty
Is littleness.

Wordsworth.

JULY 23

Red Pink.

Dianthus.

Woman's love.

And I will put the pink the emblem of my dear
For she's the pink o' womankind and blooms without a peer.
Burns.

The fresh May pinks and half blown lilacs tender
Their grateful homage to the skies above.

Julia H. Street.

And the beauteous pink
I would not slight
Pride of the gardener's leisure.

Goethe.

Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.
Longfellow.

Love bides longest in a woman's heart.

J. R. Lowell.

JULY 24

Wild Lupine.

Lupinus perennis.

Imagination.

Thou shall gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
From the saffron orchis and the lupin blue.

C. F. Hoffman.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye in frenzy rolling
Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

Shakespeare.

JULY 25

Birch.

Betula alba.

Meekness.

Where got you that joup of the lily sheen
That bonny snood of the birk so green?

James Hogg.

A taunt in friendship
Meekness's happiest condensation.

Leigh Hunt.

Fond Fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch
Only to strike it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mocked than feared.

Shakespeare.

JULY 26

Camomile.

Matrioria Chamomilla.

Energy in adversity.

For though the camomile the more it is trodden on, the faster it
grows, yet youth more it is wasted the sooner it wears.

Shakespeare.

Fresh costmarie, and breathful camomile.

Spencer.

'Gainst greater force grows greater victory
As camomile the more you tread it down
The more it springs.

Du Bartas.

Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like a toad ugly and venomous
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Shakespeare.

JULY 27

Sweet Alyssum.

Koniga Maritima.

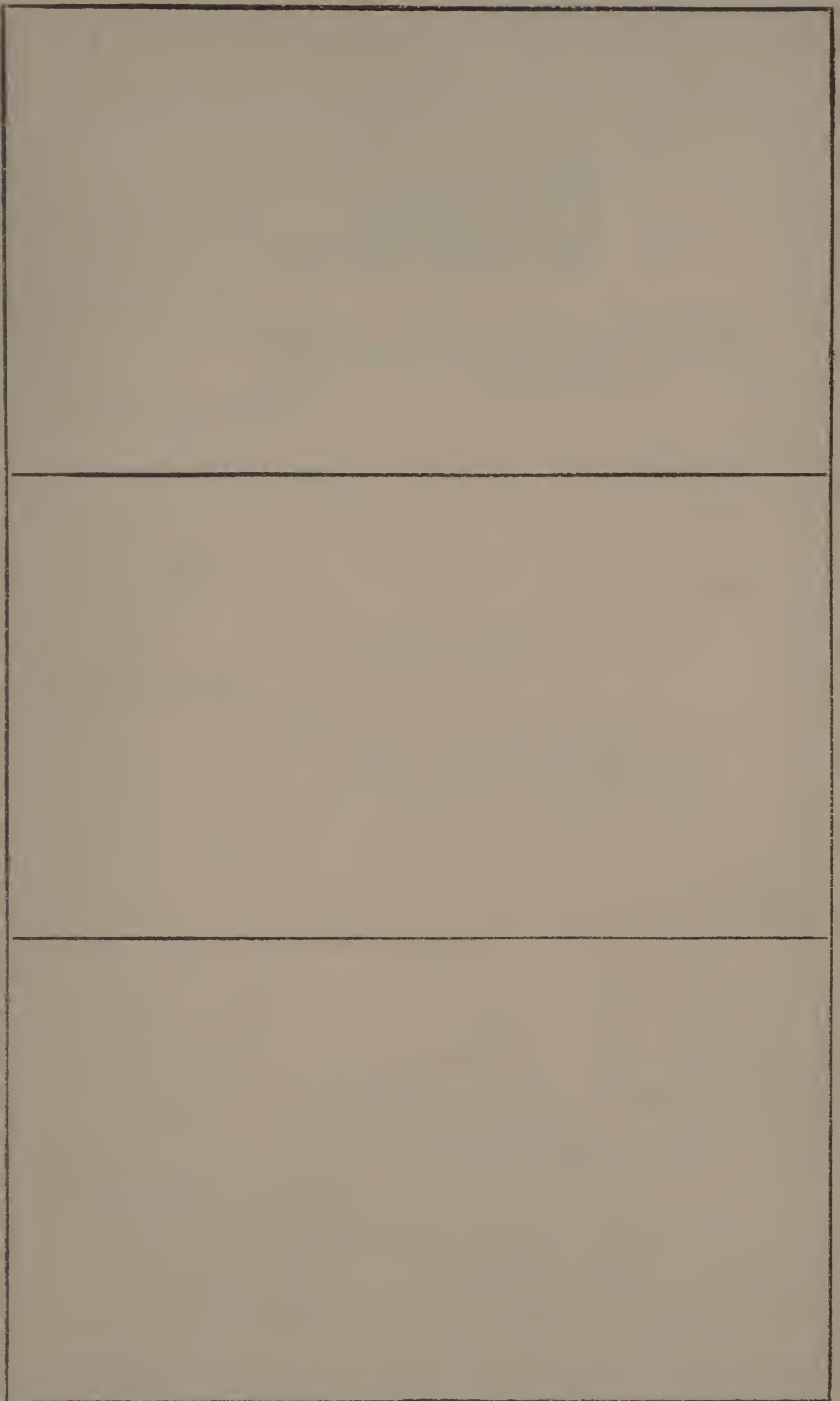
Worth beyond beauty.

In front of the door
A modest flowerbed thickly sown
With sweet alyssum and columbine.

Longfellow.

Who could blame that I loved that face
Ere my eye could twice explore her
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there
And her warm, warm heart that I adore her.

Charles Wolfe.



JULY 28

Red Catchfly.

Silene Cucubalus.

Youthful love.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberries
Maple sap and daffodils
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue
And brier roses dwelt among.

R. W. Emerson.

Then wise men pull your roses yet unblown,
Loves hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

JULY 29

Moss.

Maternal love.

And Europe's violets faintly sweet
Purpled the moss bed at its feet.

Felicia Hemans.

Lips that have lulled me with your strain
Eyes that have watched my sleep
Will earth give love like yours again
Sweet mother let me weep.

Felicia Hemans.

JULY 30

Bridewort.

Of thoughts of flames forget-me-nots
Bridewort—in short the whole blest lot
Of vouchers for a life long kiss
And literally breathing bliss.

Leigh Hunt.

The flowers that grace this shaded spot
Low lovely and obscure
Are like the joys your friendship brought
Unboasted sweet and pure.

Gerald Griffen.

JULY 31

Mullein.

Verbascum Thapsus.

Good nature.

The braids of the mullein is yellow with gems.

Alfred B. Street.

Mullein stocks, with gray braids set full of yellow.

A. Cary.

As genial as sunshine
Like warmth to impart,
Is a good natured word
From a good natured heart.

Anon.

AUGUST 1

Saffron.

Crocus.

Excess is dangerous

And the saffron flower
Clear as the flame of sacrifice breaks out. *Jean Ingelow.*

The busy hive
On Bela's hills is less alive
When saffron buds are full in flower
Than looked the valley in that hour. *Moor.*

Can Timolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? *Philips.*

And round about he taught sweet flowers to grow
The purple hyacinth and the costmarie,
And saffron saught for in Cilicias soyle. *Spencer.*

Love moderately long love doth so
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. *Shakespeare.*

AUGUST 2

Cactus.

Cactus.

Warmth.

And cactuses, a queen might don
If weary of a golden crown
And still appear as royal. *E. B. Browning.*

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design. *Thomson.*

AUGUST 3

Hollyhock.

Althaea

Female ambition.

Queen hollyhocks, with butterflies for crowns. *Jean Ingelow.*

And from the nectaries of holyhocks
The humble bee, e'en till he faints will sip. *Horace Smith.*

Just holly hawks, but seems to me, seen through my risin' tears,
They're smiles of the old fashioned folks, still livin' through the years. *Will T. Hale.*

A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light. *Wordsworth.*

AUGUST 4

Creeping Jenny.

Lysimachia nummularia.

Yellow lysimachia to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd; killing where it comes
All busy gnats and every fly that hums.

From the Faithful Shepherdess

I see a lot of your green but your blossoms are turned to the light.

Your blossoms so many and bonny
Your blossoms so yellow and bright

And you little Jenny there in your lovely ditch all day
Have nothing on earth to do except to be green and gay.

E. H. Hickey.

AUGUST 5

Ice Plant.

Mesembryanthemum crystallinum.

Till the shivering ice-plant best might mark
The glades of its chill decay.

Mrs. Sigourney.

With pellucid studs the ice flower gems
His rising foliage and his candied stems.

Darwin.

The cold in clime are cold in blood
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.

Byron.

AUGUST 6

Wild bean flower.

Apios tuberosa.

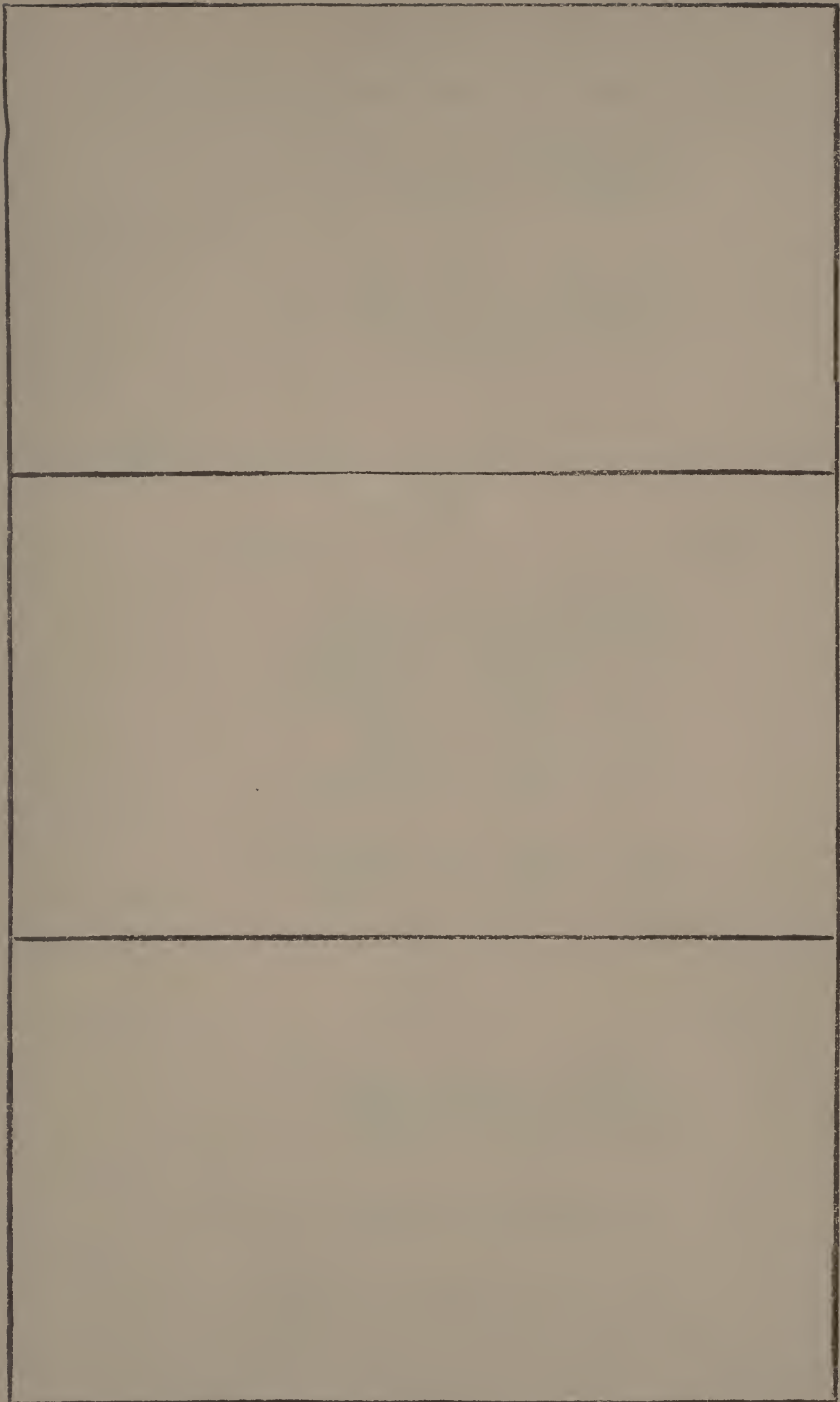
There the next produce of a genial shower,
The bean's fresh blossoms in a speckled flower. *Richard Savage.*

The bean flower in her white attire
Displayed in vain her modest charms.

A. Cary.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye
The kindling lustre of an eye,
Who but owns their magic sway
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

Burns.



AUGUST 7

Love lies bleeding. Arumanthus Candatus. Hopeless not heartless.

And still my home this mansion make
Of all unheeded and unheeding
And cherish for my warrior's sake,
The flower of 'Love lies bleeding'

Thos. Campbell.

A hero's bride this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call my love lies bleeding.

Moore.

Hope the befriending points ever more upward to Heaven.

Longfellow.

AUGUST 8

Sun-dew.

Drosera rotundifolia.

A little marsh plant yellow green
And tipped at lip with tender red
Tread close and either way you tread
Some faint black water jets between
Lest you should bruise the curious head.
You call it sun-dew; how it grows
If with its color it have breath
If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain its soft petal, no man knows;
Man hath no sight or sense that saith.

Swinburne.

The weary sun hath made a golden set
And by the bright tract of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to come.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 9

Sage.

Salvia splendens.

Esteem.

I could paint the garden with its paths
Cut smooth and running straight
The grey sage bed, and poppies red
And the lady grass at the gate.

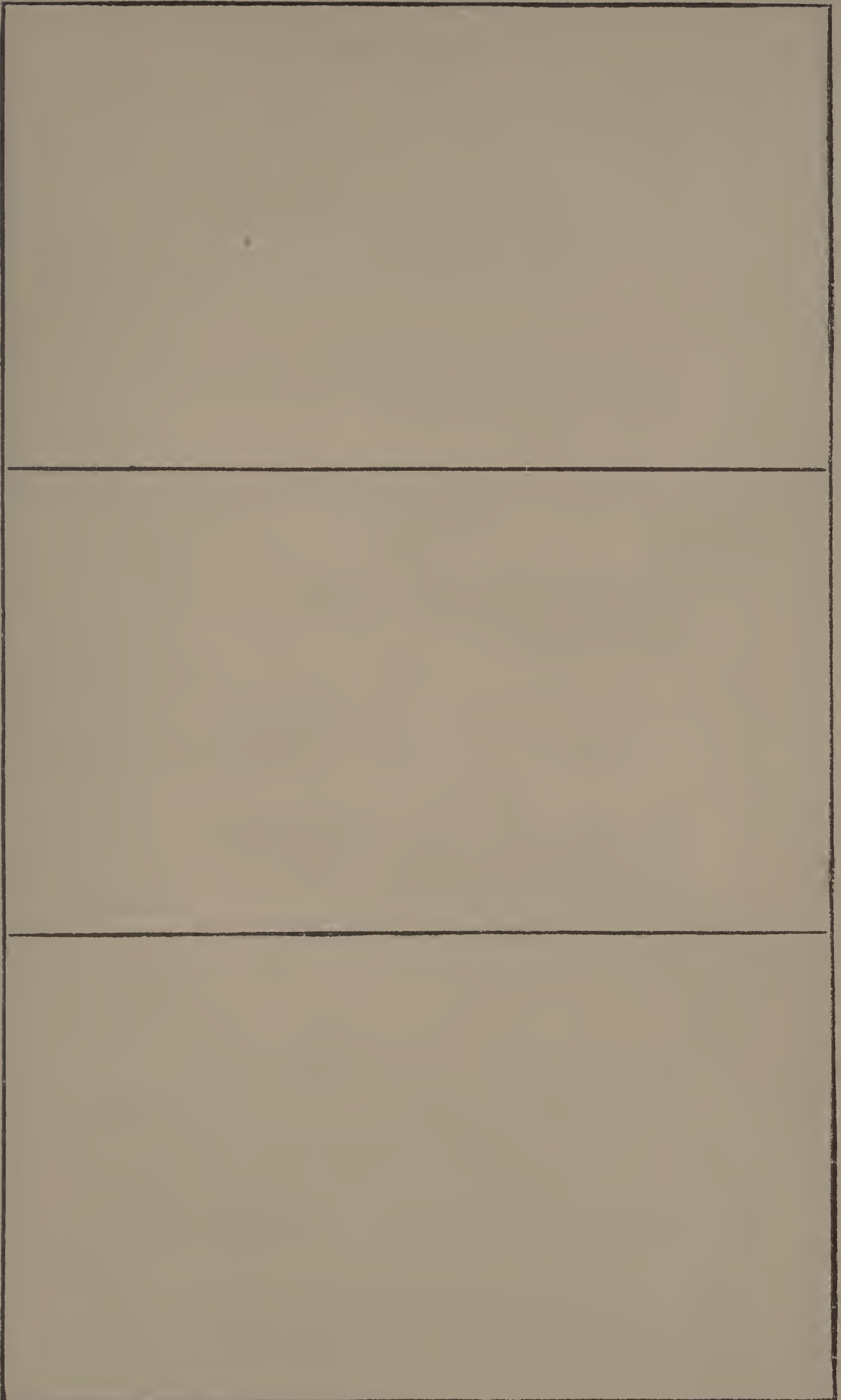
A. Cary.

Then take what gold could never buy
An honest bard's esteem.

Burns.

Judges and senators have been bought for gold
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

Pope.



AUGUST 10

Acacia Tree.

Acacia.

Concealed love.

Thy Arab maid will be thy loved and lone acacia tree.
Moore.

They only heard the murmuring song
Of summer breeze
That gently played among
The acacia trees.

A. A. Proctor.

Our rocks are rough but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair
Lonely and sweet nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Moore.

AUGUST 11

Amaranth.

Amaranthus.

Immortality.

Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
Began to bloom.

Milton.

The spirit culls,
Unfaded amaranth when wild it strays,
Through the old garden ground of boyish days. *Keats.*

I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expand
But immortality attends the former
Making a man a god.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 12

Fennel.

Foeniculum officinale. Worthy of all praise.

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay
Ranged o'er the chimney. *Goldsmith.*

Fennel—I grasped it atremble with dew—whatever it bode.

* * * * *
Fight I shall with the foremost, wherever this fennel may grow
Proud, Pan helping us Persia to the dust and under the deep
Whelm her away forever. *Browning.*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth. *Shakespeare.*

AUGUST 13

Magnolia.

Magnolia grandiflora.

Love of nature.

Soft waves the magnolia, its groves of perfume.

Robert C. Sands.

There lowering with imperial pride
The rich magnolia stands.

Caroline Gilman.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms.

Longfellow.

To him who in the love of nature holds communion
She speaks a various language.

Bryant.

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art
But nature's works far lovelier.

Cowper.

AUGUST 14

Forget-me-not.

Myosotis laxa.

True love.

The star of lover's hope, forget me-not.

Edwin Arnold.

The sweet forget me-not that grows for happy lovers.

Tennyson.

That blue and bright eyed flower of the brook
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not.

Coleridge.

Love is its own great loveliness always
And takes new luster from the touch of time
Its bough owns no December and no May
But bears its blossoms into winter's clime.

T. Hood.

AUGUST 15

Clematis.

Clematis.

Artifice.

The virgin's bower trailing airily with others of the sisterhood.

Keats.

The Clematis, the favor'd flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin bower.

Scott.

Still is my love behind the mask.
It is a hypocrite, looks every way
But that where lies its thought.
Will openly frown on the thing it smiles in secret on.
Shows most like hate e'en when it most is love.

James Sheridan Knowles.

AUGUST 16

Chicory.

Chicorium Intybus.

Prudent economy.

O not in ladies' gardens,
My peasant posy.
Smile thy dear blue eyes,
Nor only—nearer to the skies—
In upland pastures dim and sweet—
But by the dusty road
Where tired feet
Toil to and fro;
Where flaunting sin
May see thy heavenly hue
Or weary sorrow look from thee
Towards a more tender blue. *Margaret Deland.*

The succory to match the sky. *Emerson.*

AUGUST 17

Marsh Marigold.

Caltha palustris.

Vulgar minded.

The wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hallows gray.
Tennyson.

Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings
And Phoebus 'gins to arise
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
When everything that pretty is—
My lady sweet arise,
Arise, arise.

Shakespeare.

Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 18

Orchises.

Orchis mascula.

A Belle.

The purple orchises with spotted leaves.

Matthew Arnold.

There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow flowers, nettles, daisies and "Long Purples"
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name.

Shakespeare.

The crimson orchis scarce sustains
Upon its drenched and drooping spire
The burden of the warm soft rain.

Aubrey de Vere.

Thou art beautiful young lady
But I need not tell you this
For few have borne unconsciously
The spell of loveliness.

J. G. Whittier.

AUGUST 19

Moon flower.

Lunaria blennis.

Forgetfulness.

And the white moon flower as it shows
On Serendib's crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail.

Moore.

Enchanting lunarie here lies,
In secrecies excelling.

Drayton.

We bury love
Forgetfulness grows over it like grass.
That is the thing to weep for not the dead.

Alex Smith.

God forgive when the fair forget us:
The worth of a smile, the weight of a tear
Why, who can measure? The fates beset us.
We laugh a moment, we mourn a year.

Joaquin Miller.

AUGUST 20

Aster.

Aster. Alpinus.

Beauty in retirement.

Chide me not laborious hand
For the idle flower I brought
Every aster in my hand
Goes home leaded with a thought.

Emerson.

The bleak hill's rocky side
Where nodding asters wave in purple pride. *Sarah H. Whitman*
It stooped to the asters all blooming around
And kissed the buds as they slept on the ground.

Sam'l. Goodrich.

Like the violet which alone
Prosperes in some happy shade
My Castara lives unknown
To no looser eye betrayed.
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights in the public view.

Wm. Habington.

AUGUST 21

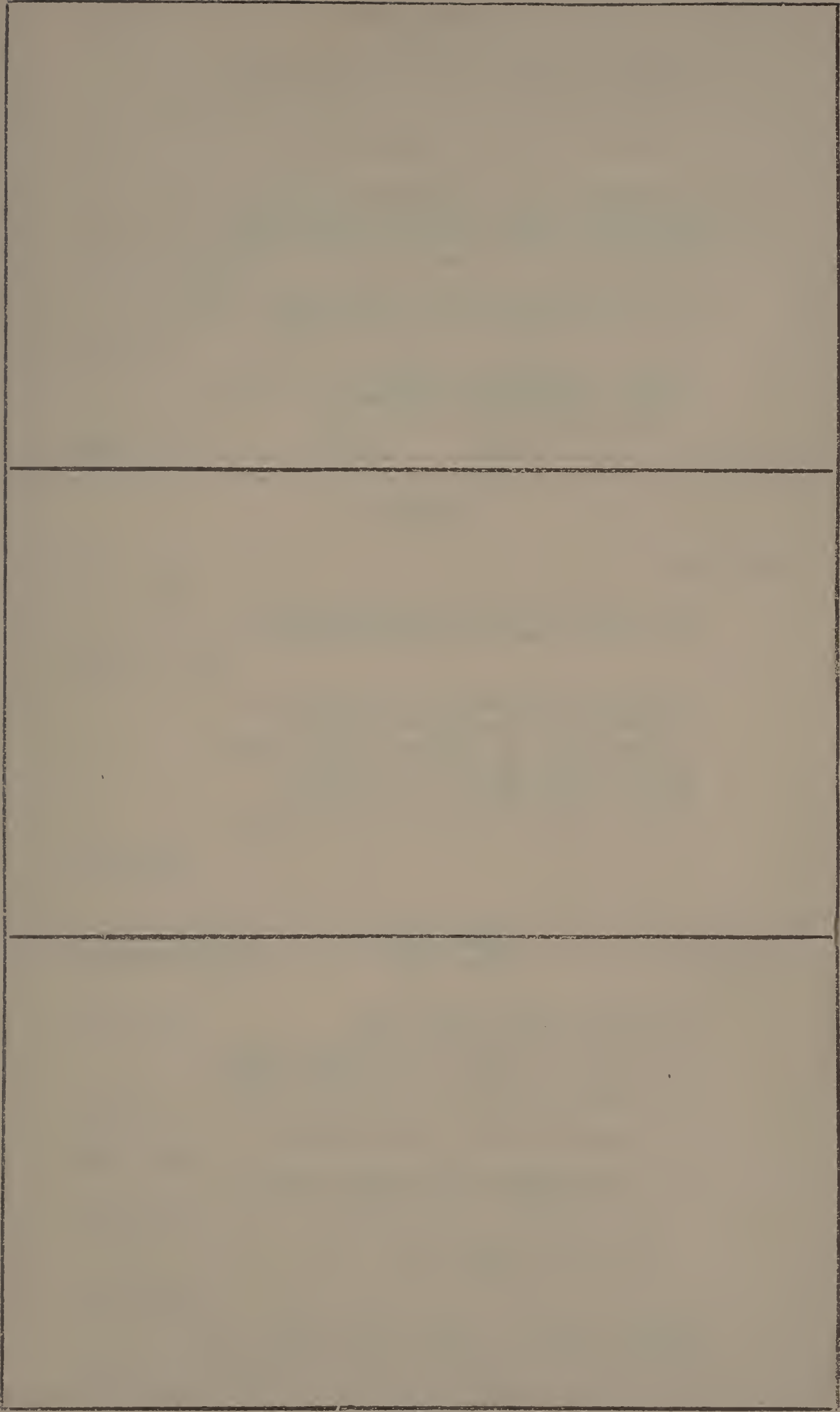
Moly.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly
How sweet [while warm airs lull us blowing lowly
With half dropt eyelids still
Beneath a heaven dark and holy
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill.

Tennyson.

For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds
Importing health and graveness.

Shakespeare.



AUGUST 22

Dahlia.

Compositae.

Dignity.

Clustering dahlia, with its scentless flowers
Cheating the heart through autumn's faded hours.

Mrs. Norton.

The garden grew with dahlias large and new.

E. Elliott.

I have no stately dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers to weep—
But I passed the rich man's garden and the mourning there was deep,
For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid the wasted sod
Like Boadicea bent with shame beneath the Roman rod.

Mrs. Segourney.

Faster than spring time flowers, comes thought on thought
And not a thought but thinks of dignity.

Shakespeare.

She has a natural wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the center.

J. R. Lowell.

AUGUST 23

Melon flower.

The buttercups the little children's dower
Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower.

Robt. Browning.

And as goods lost are sold or never found
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh
As flowers dead lie withered on the ground;
As broken glass no cement can redress
So beauty blemish'd once's for ever lost
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 24

King cup.

Ranunculus.

I wish I was rich.

Pansies, lilies, king cups, daisies
Let them live upon their praises.

Wordsworth.

Strove me the grounde with daffodowndillies
And cowslips and kingcups and loved lilies.

Spencer.

Is the king cup crowned in the meadow?

Sidney Dobell.

The yellow kingcup, Flora them assigned.
To be the badges of a jealous mind.

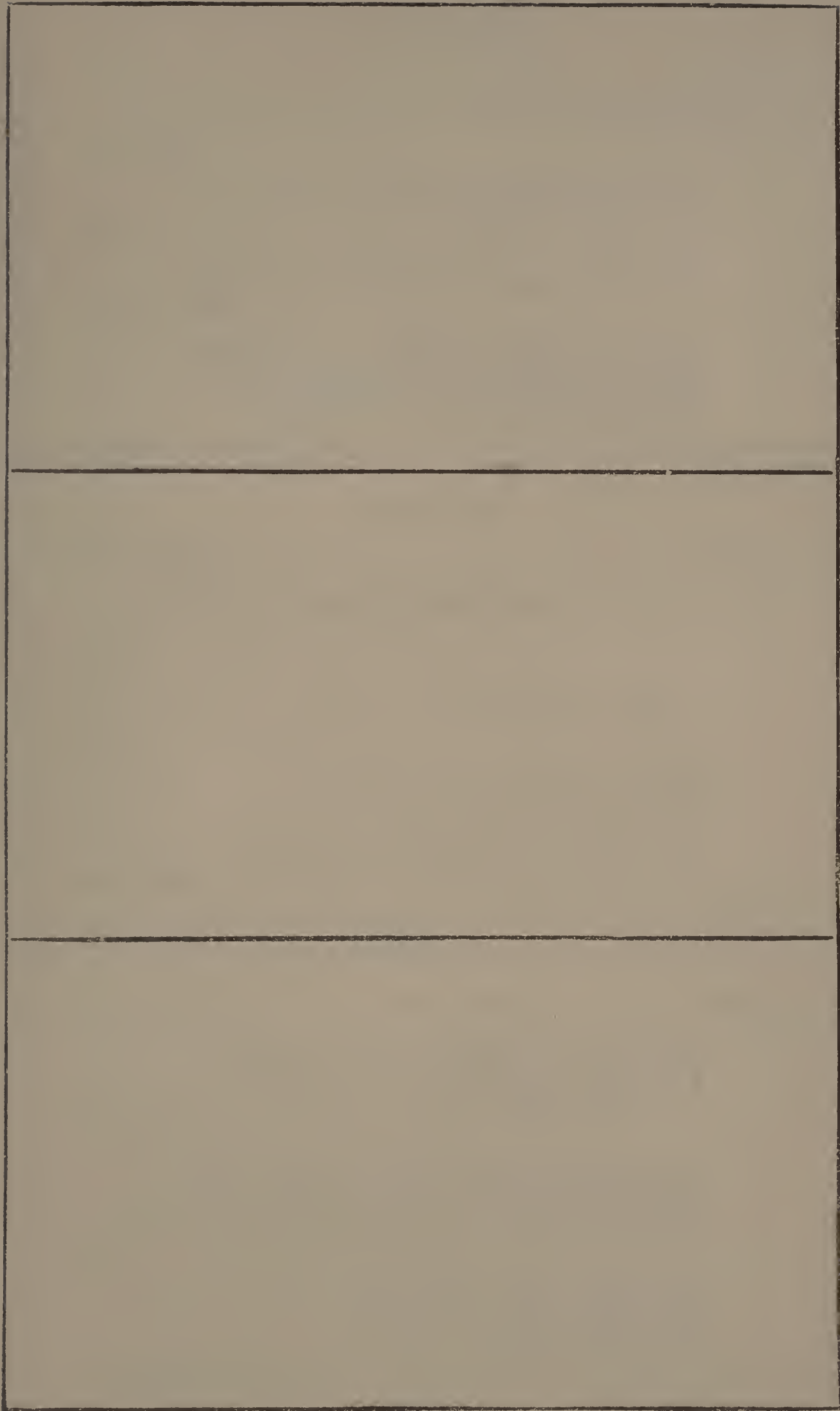
Wm. Browne.

The royal kingcup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold.

Edwin Arnold.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flowers, dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

Cowper.



AUGUST 25

Marjoram.

Origanum Marjorana.

Blushes.

Indeed she was the sweetest marjoram of the sallet, or rather
the herb of grace.

Shakespeare.

The thyme strong scented 'neath our feet
And marjoram so doubly sweet.

Clare.

The marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found.

Wm. Shenstone.

Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek
Telling us in blushes what you would not speak,
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future just to keep you so.

Mrs. L. C. Moulton.

AUGUST 26

Amaryllis.

Splendid beauty.

She wondered why I would not choose that dreamy amaryllis.

Mrs. M. E. Bradley.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

J. Keats.

The life is dear: for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 27

Eglantine.

Rosa Rubiginosa.

I wound to heal.

The grass, the thicket, the fruit tree wild:
White hawthorne and the pastoral eglantine:
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves.

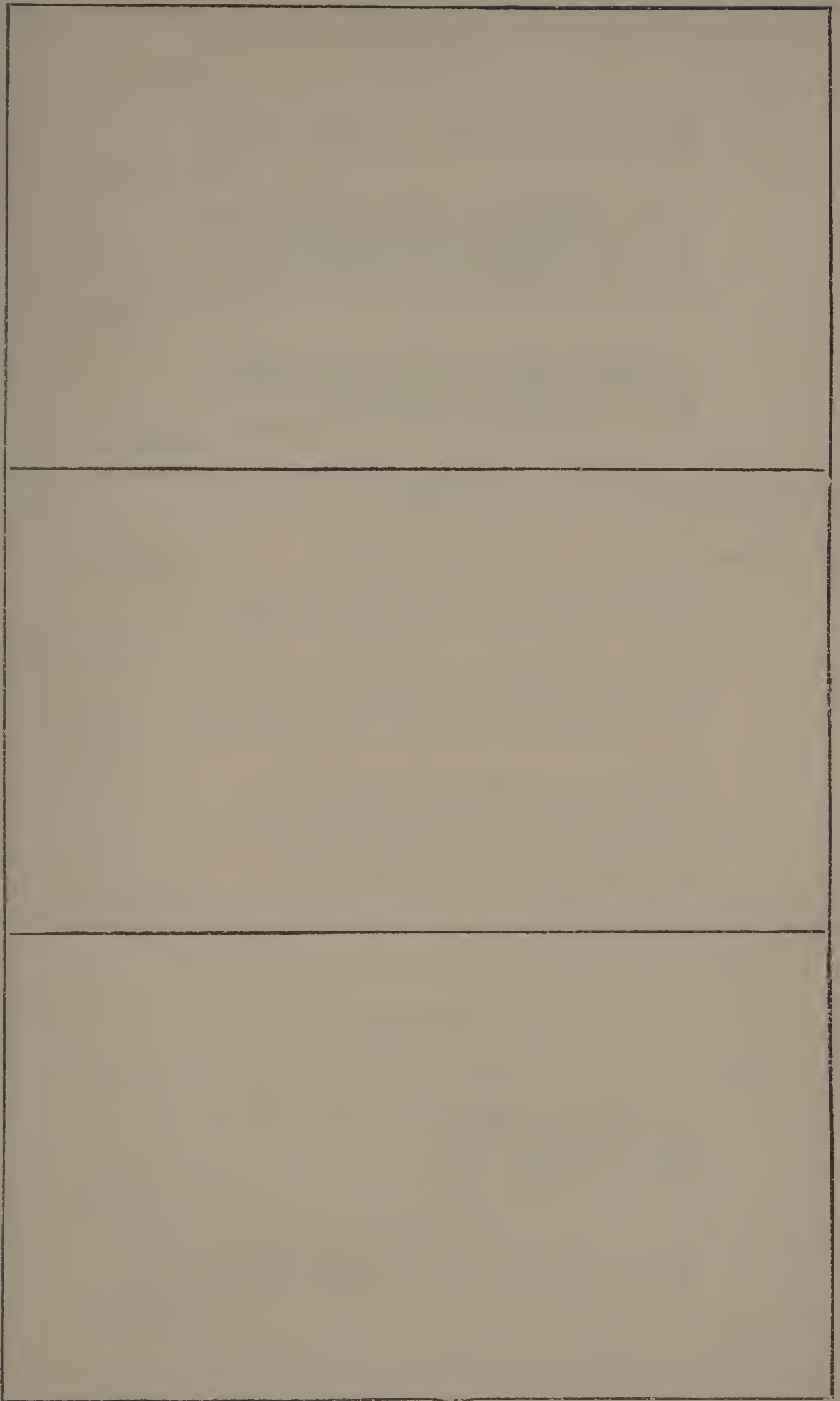
John Keats.

And in the warm hedges grew the warm eglantine
Green cowbind and the moon light colored May:
And the cherry blossoms, and the white caps whose wine
Was the bright dew, yet drained not by the day.

Shelly.

[Love] like a tyrant, cruel wounds she gives,
Like surgeon, salves she lends;
But salve or sore have equal force
For death is both their ends.

Robert Southwell, S. J.



AUGUST 28

Laburnum.

Cytisus.

Pensive Beauty.

Where the laburnum droop'd: or haply binding
The jasmine up the door's low pillars winding.

Felicia Hemans.

A bush of Mayflowers with the bees about them
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them
And let a lush laburnum over sweep them
And let long grasses grow round the roots to keep them.

J. Keats.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright,
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 29

Cardinal flower.

Lobelia Cardinalis.

Distinction.

And the red pennons of the cardinal flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright stems.

Whittier.

The violet always so white and so saintly
The cardinal warming the frost with her blaze.

A. Cary.

In the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all winnows the light away:
And what has mass or matter of itself,
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 30

Cranberry.

Oxycoccus palustris.

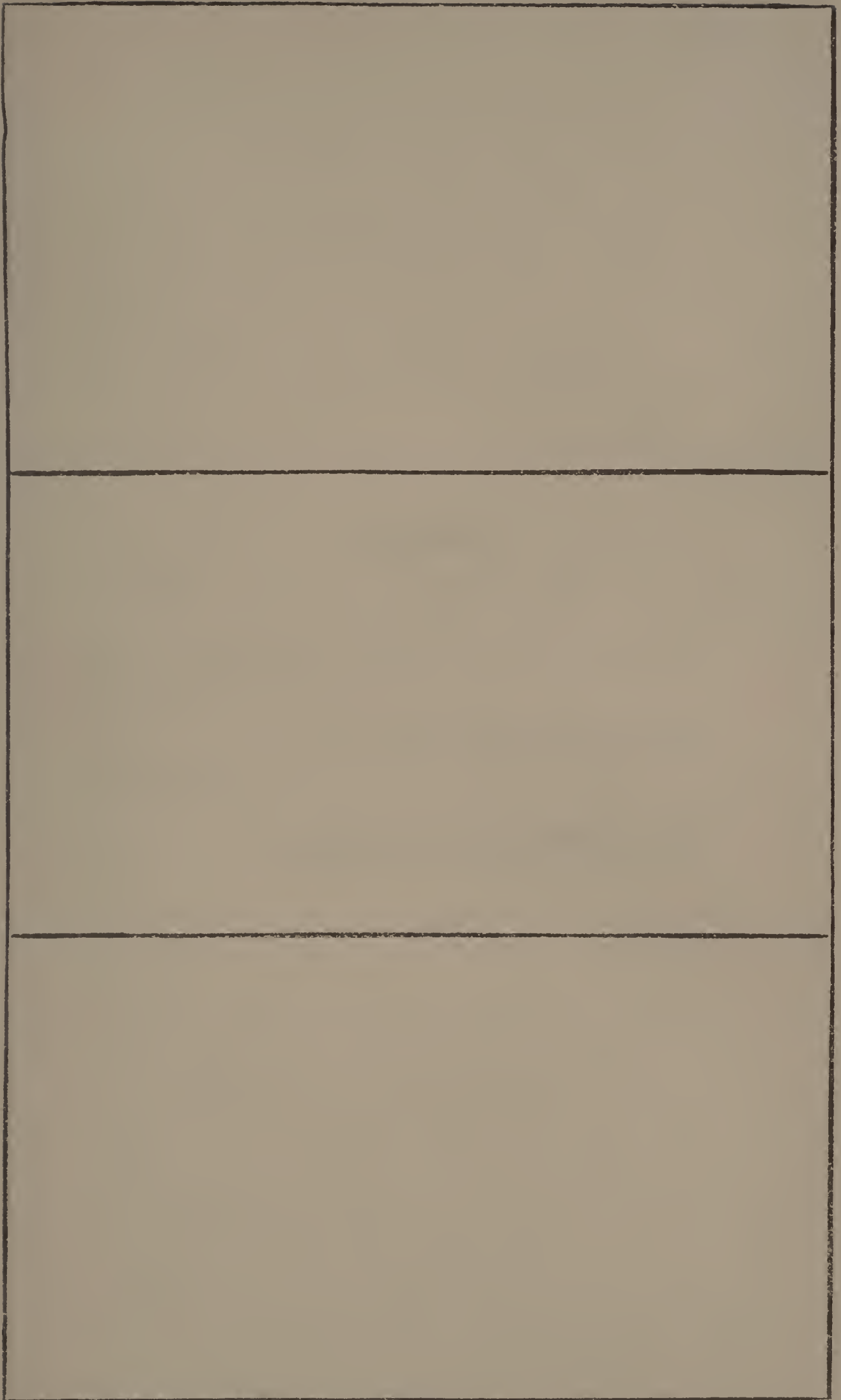
Hardihood.

The cranberry blossom dweleth there
Amid the mountain cold
Seeming like a fairy gift
Left on the dreary wold.

Twamly.

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Shakespeare.



AUGUST 31

Poppy.

Papaver rhoeas.

Forgetfulness.

How the wind blows the poppies scarlet capes.

Chas. Turner.

And far and wide in a scarlet tide
The poppy's bonfire spread.

Bayard Taylor.

Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

Pope.

SEPTEMBER 1*Carnation.**Dianthus.**Alas for my poor heart.*

Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews. *Pope.*

Bring carnations and sops-in-wine
Worne of paramours. *Spencer.*

Carnations, once
Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
For the peculiar pains they had required
Declined their languid heads, wanting support. *Wordsworth.*

And many a rose carnation fed
With summer spice the humming air. *Tennyson.*

Love he comes and love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries,
Longest stays, when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden. *Thos. Campbell.*

SEPTEMBER 2*Wild daisy.**Bellis.**I will think of it.*

That will by reason men may call it
The daisie or els the "eye of the day"
Chaucer.

Then claim for thy emblem the flower God given
Alike to both hovel and hall—
The common wild daisy—the humble field daisy
The daisy that blossoms for all. *Minnie Gilmore.*

The rose has but a summer reign
The daisy never dies. *Montgomery.*

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers
Where the blue bells and "gowans" lurk lowly unseen. *Burns.*

Daisies in their beds secure
Gazing out so meek and pure. *Sarah C. Mayo.*

SEPTEMBER 3*Indian Pipe.**Monotropa uniflora.**Peace.*

The white brittle Indian Pipe lifts up its bowl.
Alfred B. Street.

Where the long slant rays are beaming
Where the shadows cool lie dreaming
Pale the Indian Pipes are gleaming
Laugh O murmuring spring. *Sarah F. Davis.*

In shining groups, each stem a pearly ray
Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood
They dwelt aloft, a spotless sisterhood
No Angelus except the wild bird's lay
Awakes these forest nuns. *Mary F. Higginson.*

Peace thy olive wand extend
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as brother kindly greet. *Burns.*

SEPTEMBER 4

Rose acacia.

Acacia

Friendship.

And peeping through my lattice bars
The rose acacia blooms.

Sarah A. Whitman.

Acacias having drunk the lees
Of the night dew.

E. B. Browning.

Let us then be what we are and speak what we think
And in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred pro-
fession of friendship.

The name of friendship is sacred.

Longfellow.

SEPTEMBER 5

Mushroom.

Fungi.

Suspicion.

He that the growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

Robt. Southwell, S. J.

The humble mushroom scarcely known
The lowly native of a country town.

Dryden.

The earth to Thee her incense yields
The lark Thy welcome sings
When, glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

Thos. Campbell.

Suspicious, amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds—they ever
fly by twilight.

Bacon.

SEPTEMBER 6

Bee Orchis.

Oncidium papilio majus.

The bee orchis
Nor might its fairy wings unfold,
Enchain'd in aromatic gold
Think not to set the captive free
'Tis but the picture of a bee.

R. Snow.

See on the floweret's velvet breast
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin wrought plume, his downy breast
The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs
Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs; we'll set the captive free—
I sought the living bee to find
And found the picture of a bee.

Langhorne.

The orchis race with varied beauty charm
And mocks the exploring bee or fly's aerial form.

Mrs. C. Smith.

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things thou art not?

Shakespeare.

SEPTEMBER 7

Heal all.

Brunella vulgaris.

Alone and forgotten, absolutely free,
His happy time he spends, the works of God to see,
In whose wonderful herbs which here in plenty grow
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know
And choicely sorts his simples got abroad
And dreams of the "All heal" that is still on the road.
Drayton.

No one wants a surgeon who keeps prunelle.
French Proverb.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power.
Shakespeare.

SEPTEMBER 8

Rose of Jericho.

Rosa Hyrica.

Life Everlasting.

I was exalted like a palm tree in Engaddi and as a rose plant in
Jericho. *Ecclesiasticus.*

Here is the Rose
Where in the Word Divine
Was made incarnate
And here the lilies by whose order know
The way of life was followed. *Dante.*

Rosa mystica, ora pro nobis
Hevins distill your balmy shouris
For now is risen the bright day-stir
For the Rose Mary flour of flowers. *Wm. Dunbar.*

Thou art the myrtle and the blooming rose of Paradise
Thou art the fairness of Heaven and the feast day of our hearts.
St. Peter Damien.

SEPTEMBER 9

Golden Rod.

Arguta solidago.

Encouragement.

Heavy with sunshine droops the golden rod.
J. G. Whittier.

Who would be poor when to the hand
Such filigrees in splendor nod?
Gold arabesques all o'er the land
The golden plumes of the golden rod.
M. Hancock.

Unloved the sunflower, shining fair
Ray round with flames her disk of seed.
Tennyson.

Desire with small encouragement grows bold
And hope of every little thing takes hold.
Drayton.

SEPTEMBER 10

Fringed Gentian.

Gentiana Crinita.

Virgin Pride.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew
And colored with the heaven's own hue
Thou openest when thy quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Bryant.

And the blue gentian flower that, in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

Bryant.

Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God. Let torrents, like a shout of nations
Answer: and let this ice plains echo, God.

Coleridge.

With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.

Sarah H. Whitman.

SEPTEMBER 11

Swamp Magnolia.

Magnolia.

Perseverance.

When roaming o'er the marshy field
Through tangled brake and treacherous slough
We start that spot so foul should yield
Chaste blossom, such a balm as thou.

Thos. Ward.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway
of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.

Carlyle.

SEPTEMBER 12

Passion Flower.

Passiflora Caerulea.

Religious fervor.

And thou whose opening buds were shone
A Savior's cross beside
We hail thee passion flower alone
Sacred to Christ Who died

Lucy Hooper.

And the faint passion flower, the sad and holy
Tell of diviner hopes.

Hemans.

The starry passion still
Upon the green trellis climbs
The tendrils waving seem to keep
The sadness of the rhyme.

A. A. Proctor.

And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
And one perchance, will plant the passion flower.

Frances Osgood.

Religion that doth make vows kept.

Shakespeare.

SEPTEMBER 13

Ragged Robin.

Lychins.

Dandy.

I've ragwort, ragged robin too,
Cheap flowers for those of low condition;
For batchelors I've buttons blue,
And crown imperials for ambition.

Mrs. Corbold.

A man of taste is Robinet
A dandy spruce and trim
Whoe'er would dainty fashion set
Should go and look at him.

How civilly he beckons in
The busy Mrs. Bee;
And she tells her store of gossiping
O'er his honey and his glee.

Twamley.

SEPTEMBER 14

Twin flower.

Luinoea borealis.

Beneath dim aisles in odorous beds
The slight luinaea hangs its twin heads.

R. W. Emerson.

All who joy would win must share it.
Happiness was born a twin.

Byron.

SEPTEMBER 15

Lady fingers.

Anthyllis vulner aria.

Insincerity.

Go down to the end of the orchard and bring
The fair 'Lady fingers' that grew by the spring;
Pale bell flowers and pippins all burnished with gold.

P. Cary.

Often times to win us to our harms,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us in deepest consequence.

Shakespeare.

Hateful to me as are the gates of hell
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart
Utters another.

Anon.

SEPTEMBER 16

White Mulberry.

Morus alba.

Wisdom.

When did wisdom covet length of days?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth or praise?
No:—wisdom views with an indifferent eye
All finite things, as blessings born to die.

Hannah More.

The red breasts singing where the fruit trees wave
Its silken canopy of mulb'ry leaves.

Rufus Dawes.

“The green leaf which feeds the spinning worm.”

And that old mulberry that shades the court
Has been my joy from childhood up.

Kirke White.

SEPTEMBER 17

Maple.

Acer.

Reserve.

The maple puts her corals on in May
While loitering frosts about the lowlands cling.

J. R. Lowell.

Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned
The silver beech and maple yellow leaved.

Longfellow.

Look deeper still; if thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole
Let no false pity spare the blow
But in true mercy tell me so.

A. A. Proctor.

SEPTEMBER 18

Yarrow.

Achillaea millefolium.

Cure for the heart ache.

The wholesome yarrow's clusters fine
Like frosted silver dimly shine

Celia Thaxter.

Thou pretty herb of Venus tree
Thy true name it is yarrow
Now who my dearest friend shall be
Pray tell thou me tomorrow.

Old English rhyme.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell?

Bulwer Lytton.

SEPTEMBER 19

Wild lettuce.

Lactuca Canadensis.

Coldhearted.

Fat colworts and comforting purseline
Cold lettuce and refreshing rosemarine.

Spencer.

Then shall wee sporten in delight
And learn with lettuce to wax light
That scornfully looks askaunce.

Spencer.

Whence comes my love? O heart disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise
Whence comes my woe, as freely own;
Ah me 'twas from a heart like stone.

John Harrington.

SEPTEMBER 20

Orange Blossoms.

Citrus aurantium.

Chastity.

I saw her but a moment
Yet me thinks I see her now
With the wreath of orange blossoms
Upon her snowy brow. *Thos. H. Bayly.*

Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear
They were born to blush in her shining hair. *Mrs. Hemans.*

Let a bride of old
In triumph led
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers
Unto the dwelling she must sway. *Tennyson.*

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liv'ried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt. *Milton.*

SEPTEMBER 21

Mangroves

Rhizophora

And mangroves bent their limits to taste
The wave that calmly floated by
And showed beneath as purely glassed
A softer image of the sky.

Percival.

Each tender mango shoot
That folds and drops so bashful down;
It lives, it sucks some hidden root
It rears at last a broad green crown.

Charles Kingsley.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Pope.

SEPTEMBER 22

Medler.

Mespilus.

And now he will sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids called medlars when they laugh alone.

Shakespeare.

And as I stood and cast my eie
I was ware of the fairest medlar tree
That ever yet, in all my life I sie
As full of blossoms as it might be.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her,
Never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after love the more.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone" she doth not mean "away"
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Shakespeare.

SEPTEMBER 23

Dead rose.

Sweet memories.

The heart doth recognize thee
Alone, alone, the heart doth smell thee sweet
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete
Perceiving all these changes that disguise thee,
Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love than all the roses bold
Which Julia wears at dances smiling cold
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee.

E. B. Browning.

SEPTEMBER 24

Cinquefoil.

Potentilla Canadensis.

Beloved Child.

When the last glow of departed day
Is gleaming upon the ocean's spray
And gentle breezes of evening sweep
Their vesper music o'er the deep
Go seek in the shady home where they dwell
The creeping cinquefoil and lovely blue bell.

Anon.

Her peerless feature
Approves her fit for none but for a king.

Shakespeare.

SEPTEMBER 25

Coreopsis.

coreopsis tinctoria.

Happy at all times.

To wake the world from soft September dreams
The hills in dazzling limes are prodigal
Bright *Coreopsis* stately cardinal
Blaze out like beacons light from clefts and streams.

Simeon T. Clark.

And against her sweet cheerfulness was placed
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear
Were deck't with smyles, that all sad humors chased
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

Spencer.

SEPTEMBER 26

Cyprian Roses.

Love.

The rose that o'er the Cyprian plains
With flowers enamell'd blooming reigns
With undisputed power.

Shenstone.

Lilies on the river's side
And fair Cyprian flowers newly blown
Ask no beauty but their own
Ornament is the nurse of pride.

England.

Love, free as the air at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

Pope.

SEPTEMBER 27

Celandine.

Chelidinium majus.

Future joy.

Buttercups that will be seen
Whether we will see or no;
Others too of lofty mein;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine
Little humble celandine.

Wordsworth.

For the sun these days had been so fine
Must have touched it over with celandine.

Sidney Dobell.

Joy is the tender shadow which sorrow casts.

Jeremy Taylor.

SEPTEMBER 28

Hairy Hawk-bit

Leontodon hirtus.

Coquetry.

How sweetly on the autumn scene
When haws are red amid the green
The hawk-bit shines with face of cheer
The favorite of the faltering year.

Chas. G. D. Roberts.

In the school of coquettes
Madame Rose is a scholar
O they fish with all nets
In the school of coquettes
When her brooch she forgets
'Tis to show her new collar
In the school of coquettes
Madame Rose is a scholar.

Austin Dobson.

SEPTEMBER 29

Michaelmas daisy.

Aster tripolium.

Farewell.

Within my little garden is a flower—
A tuft of flowers, most like a sheaf of corn
The lilac blossom'd daisy that is born
At Michaelmas, wrought by the gentle power
Of this sweet autumn unto one bright shower
Of blooming beauty.

Miss Mitford.

Last smile of the departing year
Thy sister sweets are flown.
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear
From blooming thus alone.

Anon.

When eyes are beaming what never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming from their crystal cell,
When hands are linked that dread to part
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
O bitter, bitter is the smart of those who bid farewell.

Anon.

SEPTEMBER 30

Aspen.

Populus tremula.

Lamentation.

With every change his features played
As aspens show the light and shade.

Scott.

With boughs that quaked at every breath
Gay birch and aspen wept beneath.

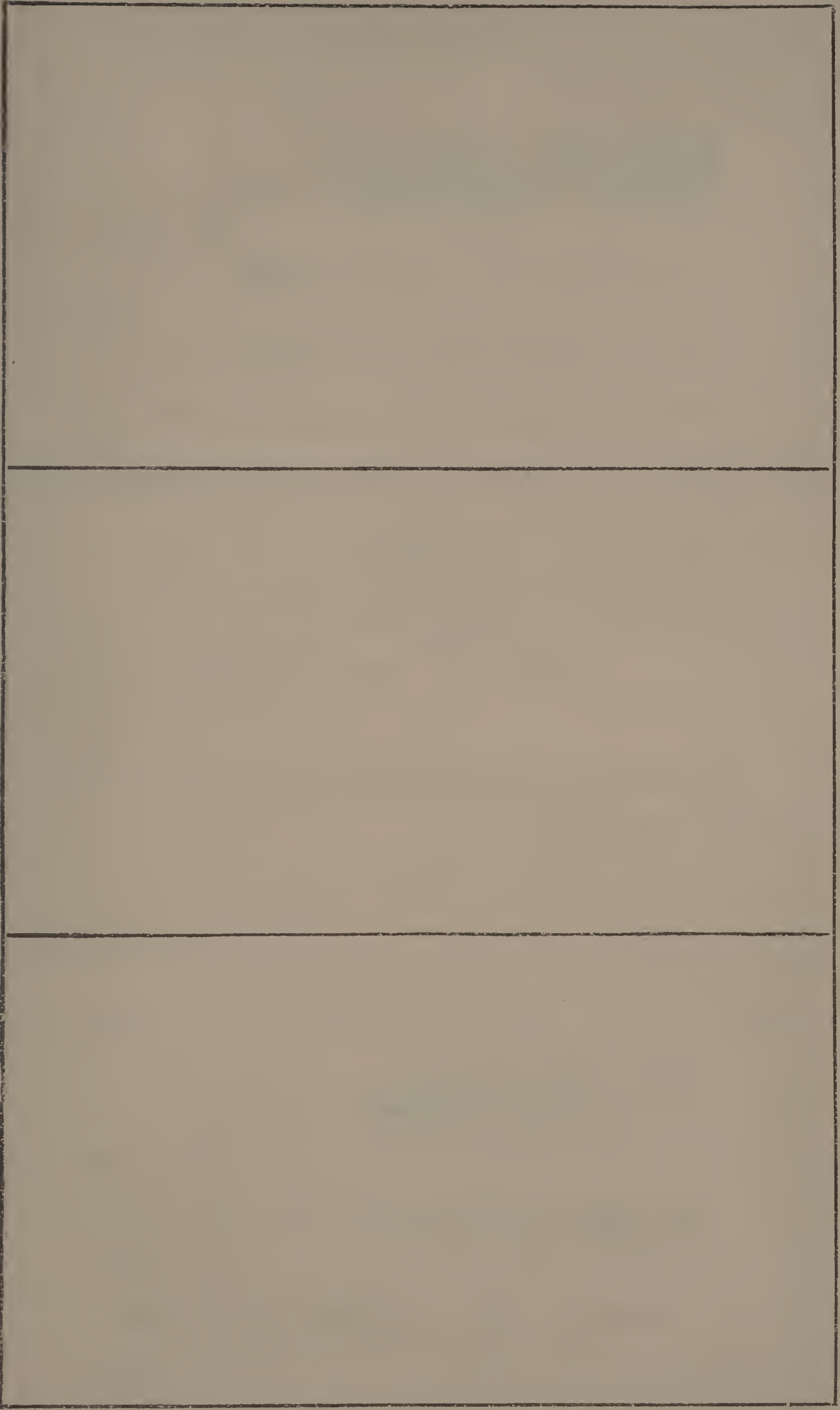
Scott.

Some weep because they parted
And others—Oh my heart,
Because they never parted.

T. B. Aldrich.

Why tremble so, broad aspen tree?
Why shake thy leaves ne'er ceasing?
At rest thou never seems to be
For when the air is still and clear
Or when the nipping gale increasing,
Shakes from thy bough soft twilight's tear
Thou tremblest still, broad aspen tree
And never tranquil seem'st to be.

Anon.



OCTOBER 1

Our Lady's fringed eye.

Tears.

The asters in pomp and variety stand
Where the golden rods scepter appears
While low in the meadow Our Lady's fringed eye
Is still lifted in beauty and tears.

Eliza Allen Starr.

For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.

Campbell.

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Shakespeare.

This is my birthday and a happier one was never mine.

Dante.

OCTOBER 2

Yellow Archangel.

Lamium Galeocdolon.

Les fleurs sont le langage des anges.

Anon.

As smoke drives away bees so does our sinfulness cause our Angel
Guardians to forsake us.

OCTOBER 3

Hops.

Trifolium hybridum.

Injustice.

And ivy veined and glossy
Was enwrought with eglantine
And the wild hop fibred closely
And a large leaved columbine.

E. B. Browning.

The hop vines twisting through the pales
The crimson cups of hollyhocks
The lilies in white veils.

A. Cary.

Man is unjust, but God is just and finally justice triumphs.

Longfellow.

OCTOBER 4

Walnuts.

Juglans.

Stratagem.

A little to the right one sees,
Some black and sturdy walnut trees,

P. Cary.

They gathered the spicewood and the ginsing roots
And the boy could fashion whistles and flutes
Out of the pawpaw and walnut shoots.

P. Cary.

Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis heaven directs, and stratagem inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought.

Somerville.

OCTOBER 5

Wild Sun flower.

Helianthus giganteus.

Pride.

But on the hill the golden rod
And the aster in the wood
And the yellow sunflower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood.

W. C. Bryant.

I was proud Chaldean's monarch's child.

Mary E. Stebbins.

Eagle of flowers I see thee stand
And on the sun's noon glory gaze;
Will eye like his thy lips expand
And fringe their disk with golden rays.

Jas. Montgomery.

Pride goeth forth on horse back grand and gay
But cometh back on foot and begs the way.

Longfellow.

OCTOBER 6

Flora's bell.

You're without pretension.

Flora then from her bosom of fragrance, shook
With roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

C. F. Hoffman.

Warn all creation from thee
Henceforth: lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood snare thee.

Milton.

OCTOBER 7

Catalpa.

National Hospitality.

Ye winds, ye unseen currents of the air
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee: ye tossed the hair
O'er the maiden cheeks that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the white round clouds thro' depths of blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew
Before yon Catalpa's blossoms flew
Light blossoms, drooping on the grass like snow.

Bryant.

But the kind hosts their entertainments grace
With hearty welcome and an open face;
In all they did you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please.

Dryden.

OCTOBER 8

Viburnum.

Viburnum.

The viburnum there
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries.

Bryant.

The heart has tendrils like the vine
Which round another's bosom twine
Out springing from the parent tree
Of deeply planted sympathy
Where flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss
Beneficence its harvest is.

J. Bowring.

OCTOBER 9

Crab tree.

Malus coronaria.

I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow
And I with my long nails will dig the pig nuts.

Shakespeare.

What torment equal to the grief of mind,
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That only feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourishes its own consuming smart?

Spencer.

OCTOBER 10

Dragon Plant.

Physostegia Virginiana.

Danger.

Oh, wander not where dragonarum shower
Her baleful dews and twine her purple flowers,
Lest round thy neck she throw her snaring arms
Sap thy life's blood and riot on thy charms.

Mrs. F. A. Rowden.

The spreading for all mankind is laid
And lovers all betray or are betrayed.

Dryden.

Thou little know'st
What he can brave, who born and nurst
In danger's paths, has dared her worst.

Moore.

OCTOBER 11

Coronilla.

Coronilla.

Crown.

Who can prize the coronal
That's formed to dazzle, wither and fall.

Eliza Cook.

And crown your head with heavenly coronall
Such as the angels wear before God's tribunall.

Spencer.

Untimely my flower forced to fall
That bene the honour of your coronall.

Spencer.

Fearless minds climbs soonest into crowns.

Shakespeare.

OCTOBER 12

Oleander.

Beware.

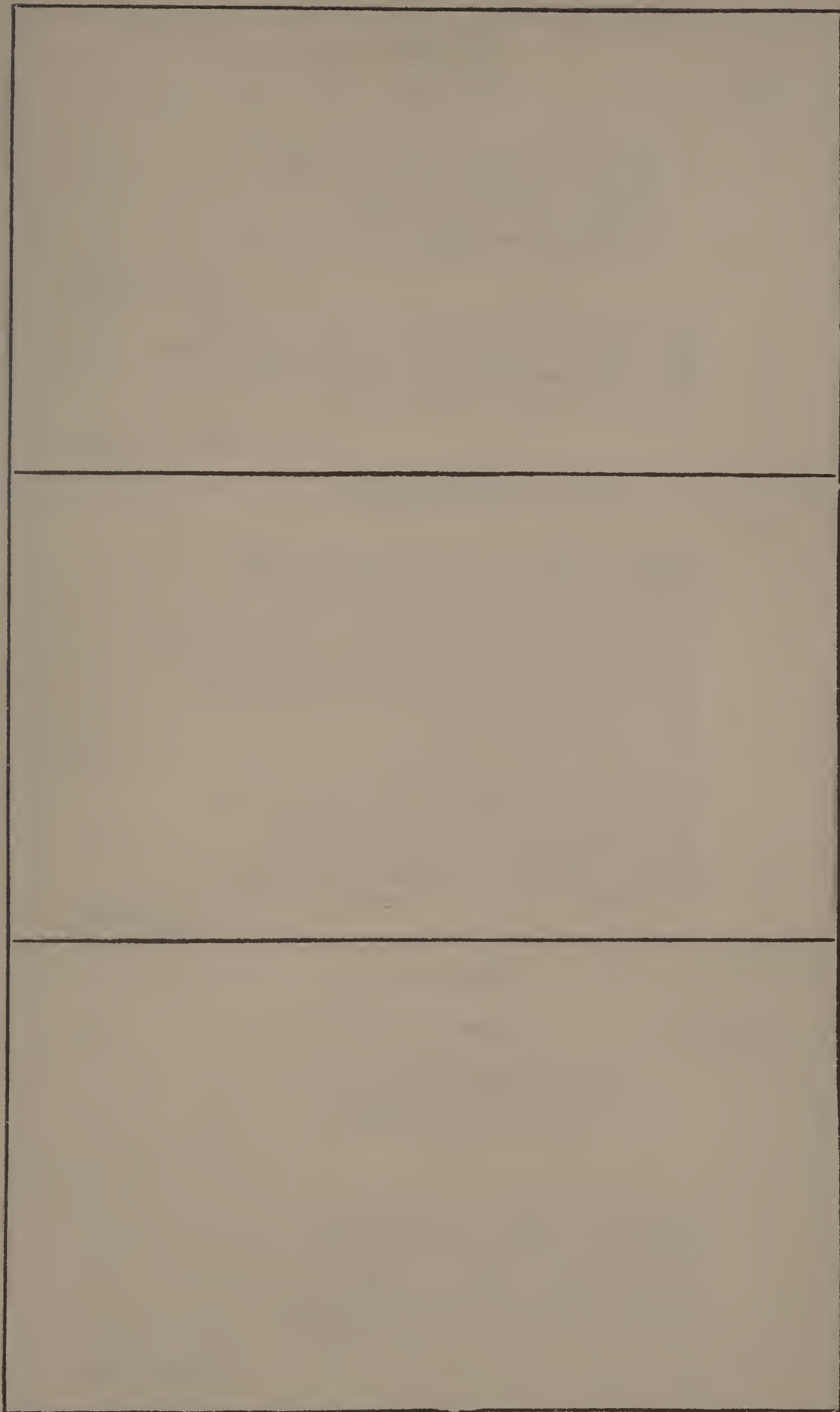
And through her dear feasts of October
The roses bloomed still
Our baskets were laden with flowers
Her vases to fill;
Oleanders, geraniums and myrtles
We choose at our will.

A. A. Proctor.

"There the oleander telleth thee—beware."

While you here do snoring lie
Open eyed conspiracy
His time doth take;
If of life you keep a care
Shake off slumber and beware.

Shakespeare.



OCTOBER 13

Anise.

Pimpinella.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small
And he whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm and mint
I welcome ye once more.

Pierre Rostand.

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn woods,
Where grew the ragged ferns and roughened moss
The naked silent trees have taught me this
The loss of beauty is not always loss.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard.

OCTOBER 14

Tanne.

But from their nature will the tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks
Rooted in barrenness where naught below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpin shocks
Of edding storms; yet springs the trunk and mocks
The howling tempest till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak gray granite into life it came
And grew a giant tree;
The mind may grow the same.

Byron.

Boldness and firmness, these are virtue's each;
Noble in action; excellent in speech
But who is bold without considerate skill
Rashly rebels and has no law but will;
While he called firm, illiterate, and crass
With mulish stubbornness obstructs the pass.

J. B. O' Reilly.

OCTOBER 15

Solomon's seal.

Polygonatum multiflorum.

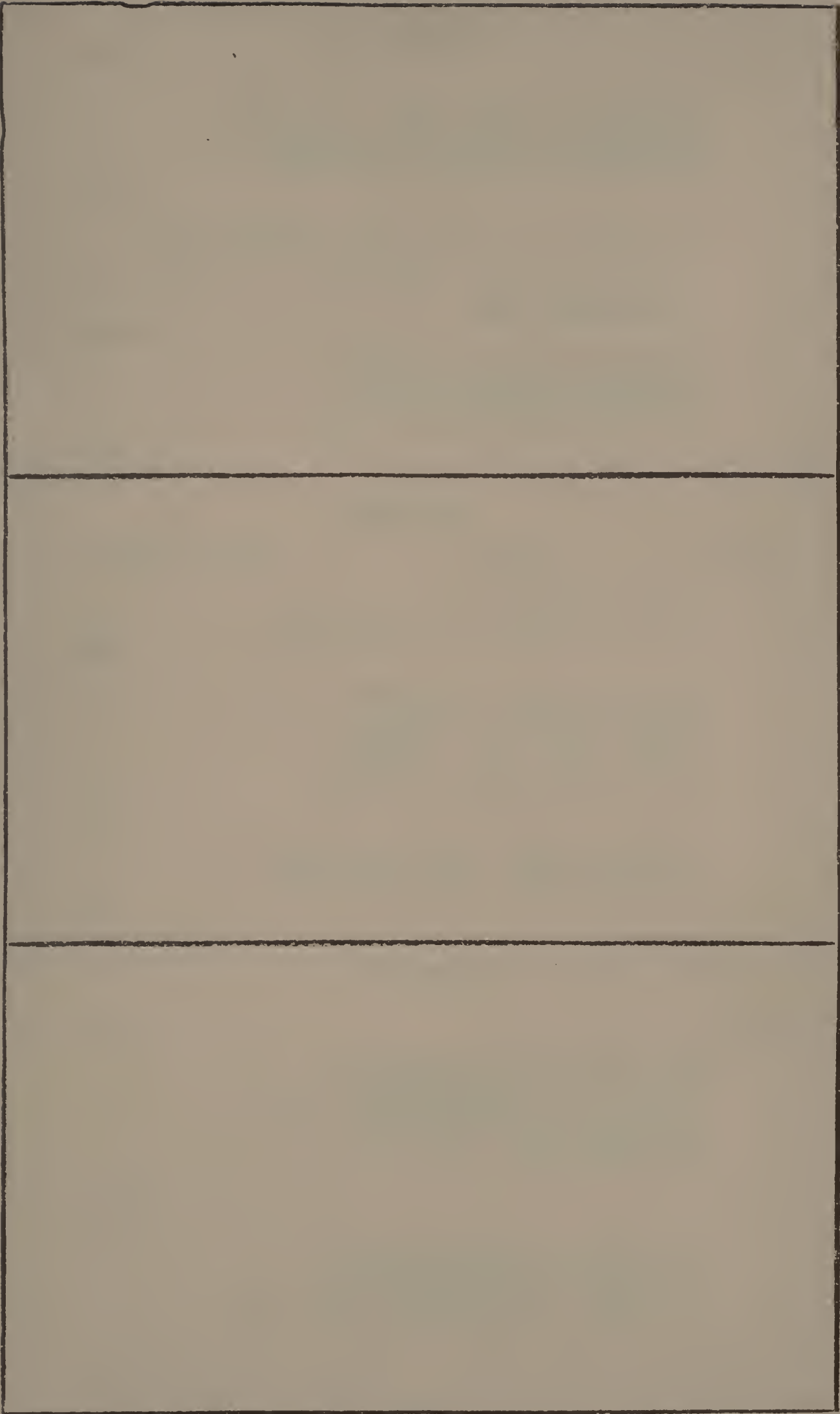
Seal.

The solomon's seal of gold so fine
And the kingcup holding its dewy wine
Up to the crowned dandelions.

P. Cary.

King Solomon stood in his crown of gold
Between the pillars before the altar
In the House of God. And the king was old
And his strength began to falter
So that he leaned on his ebony staff
Sealed with the seal of the Pentograph.

Bulwer Lytton.



OCTOBER 16

Henna.

Campfire.

Artifice.

While some bring leaves of henna to imbue,
The finger ends with a bright roseate hue
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream.

Moore.

My beloved is unto me as a cluster of henna flowers.

Song of Songs.

And stain with henna plant the tips
Of her pointed nails.

T. B. Aldrich.

Where rose and henna ever made
The fragrant earth seem glad;
And as she read the dreamer fair,
Sat, wishing that her home was there.

Miss Pratt.

OCTOBER 17

Tuberose.

Tuberosa.

Dangerous pleasures.

The sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows.

Shelly.

The tuberose with her silver light
That in the gardens of Malay,
Is called the mistress of the night
So like a bride scented and bright
She comes out when the sun's away.

Moore.

Pleasures, wrong or rightly understood
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

Pope.

OCTOBER 18

Corn.

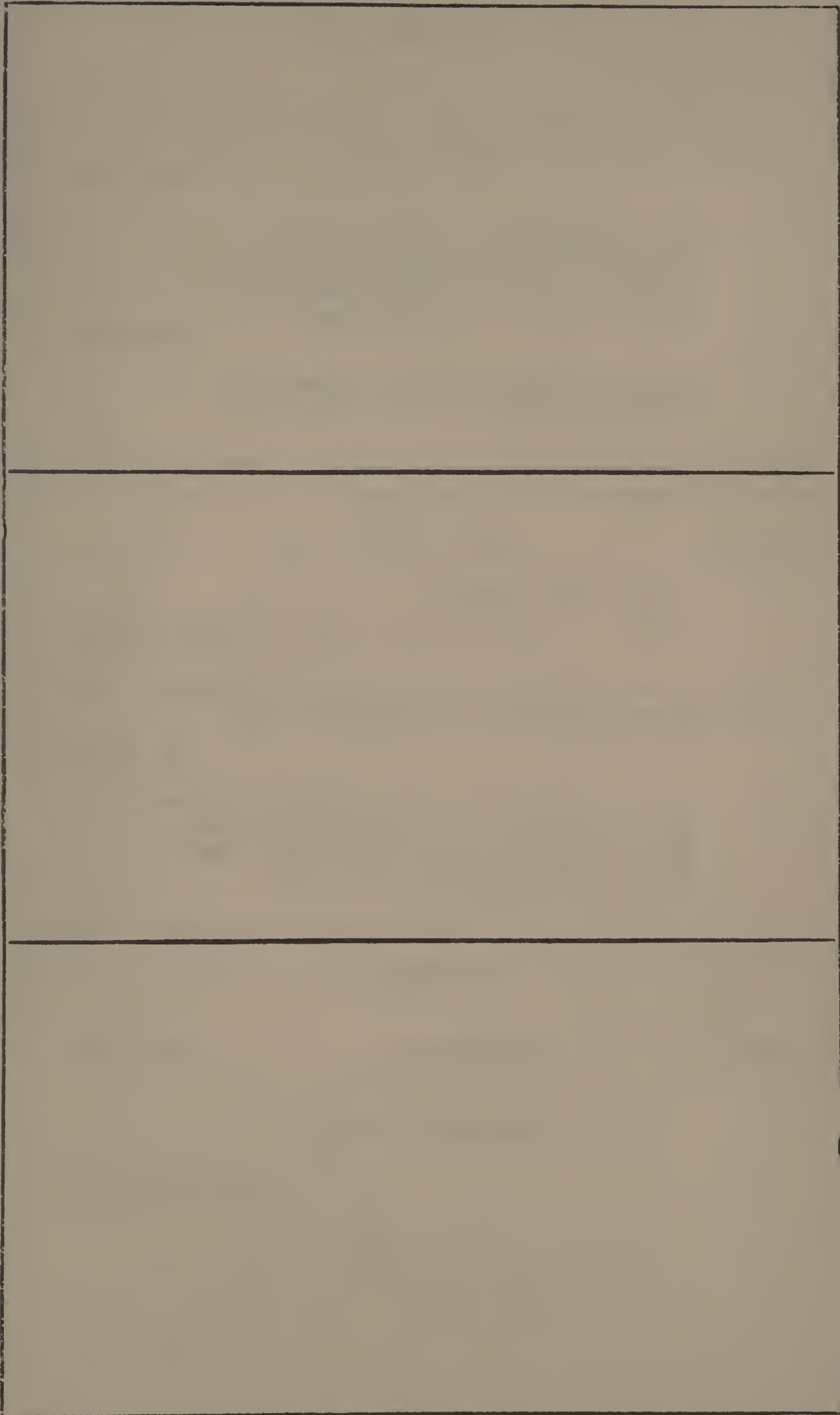
Riches.

With birchen boats and glancing oars
The red men to their fishing go
While from their planting ground is bourne
The treasure of the golden corn
By laughing girls.

J. G. Whittier.

Abundance is a blessing to the wise
The use of riches in discretion lies
Learn this, ye men of wealth—a heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

Meanender.



OCTOBER 19

Pomegranate tree.

Punica.

Lightning.

Like a ripe pomegranate from a fruitful tree fell to the earth without doing violence to its nurse and parent.

Jeremy Taylor.

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day;
It was the nightengale and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree
Believe me love it was the nightengale.

Shakespeare.

Red lightnings played along the firmament
And their demolished work to pieces went.

Dryden.

OCTOBER 20

Rowan.

European Mountain Ash.

Prudence.

A twine of rowan spray.....
.....might keep away much harm.

Wm. Allingham.

Thy leaves were aye the first of spring, thy flowers the summer's pride
There was nae sic a bonnie tree in all the country side,
O rowan tree.

Lady Nairne.

Look forward what's to come and backwards what's past
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd.
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;
Thou then will be secure of the success.

Denham.

OCTOBER 21

Oxlip.

Primula elatior.

Native Grace.

Oxlips in their cradels growing.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

I've gazed on many a brighter face
And ne'er on one for years
Where beauty left so soft a trace
As it had left on hers.

Mrs. Welby.

OCTOBER 22

Painted Cup. *Bartsia euchrome coccinea.* *Fantastic extravagance.*

Harlequin Bartsie in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.

J. N. Baker.

And growing in the green like flakes of fire
And wanderers of the prairie knew them well,
And called that brilliant flower the painted cup.

Bryant.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains
Winning from reason's hands the reins.

Scott.

OCTOBER 23

Elder. *Sambucus Canadenis.* *Compassion.*

The white arched bridge, the scented elder flowers
The wonderous water rings that die too soon.

Geo. Elliott.

You pause to pluck a creamy spray
Of elder blossoms by the way.

J. W. Riley.

What is compassion when it is void of love?

Addison.

O, Heaven, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent or not compassion him?

Shakespeare.

OCTOBER 24

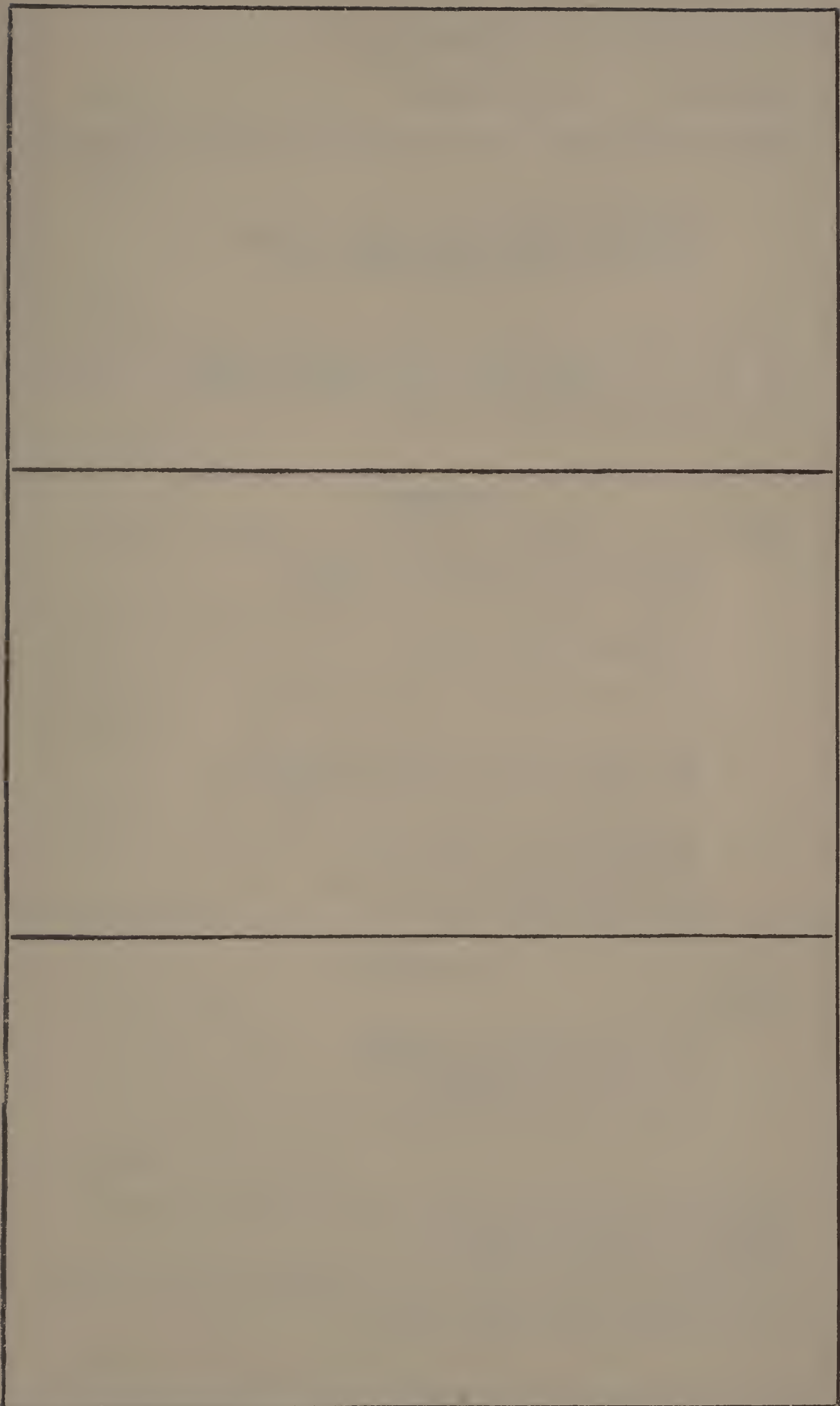
Meadow-herbs. *Lathyrus pratensis.* *Usefulness.*

The meadow-herb as if they felt
Some secret wound, in showers
Shook down their bright buds till her way
Was ankle deep with flowers.

A. Cary.

Appearances deceive
And this one maxim is a standing rule,—
Men are not what they seem.

Havard.



OCTOBER 25

Dog wood.

Cornus Sanguinea.

Duration.

Where the cornels arch their cool dark boughs o'er beds of winter green.
Bryant.

Here quick footed wolf
Passing to lap the waters, crushed the flowers
Of sanguinaria from whose brittle stems
The red drops fell like blood.

Bryant.

Think not thy time is short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity and a short interposition, for a time between such a state of duration as it was before it and may be after it.

Sir Thos. Browne.

OCTOBER 26

Juniper.

Juniperus communis.

Asylum. Protection.

Various the trees and passing foliage here
Wild pear and oak and dusty juniper.

L. Hunt.

A heap of withered boughs were piled
Of Juniper and rowan wild.

Scott.

Sweet is the juniper but sharp his bough.

Spencer

Now let us rise, for hoarseness oft invades.
The singer's voice who sleeps beneath the shade
From juniper unwholesome dewes distill.

Dryden.

He Who thy soul in safety keeps
Shall drive destruction hence
The Lord thy Keeper never sleeps
The Lord is thy defense.

J. Montgomery.

OCTOBER 27

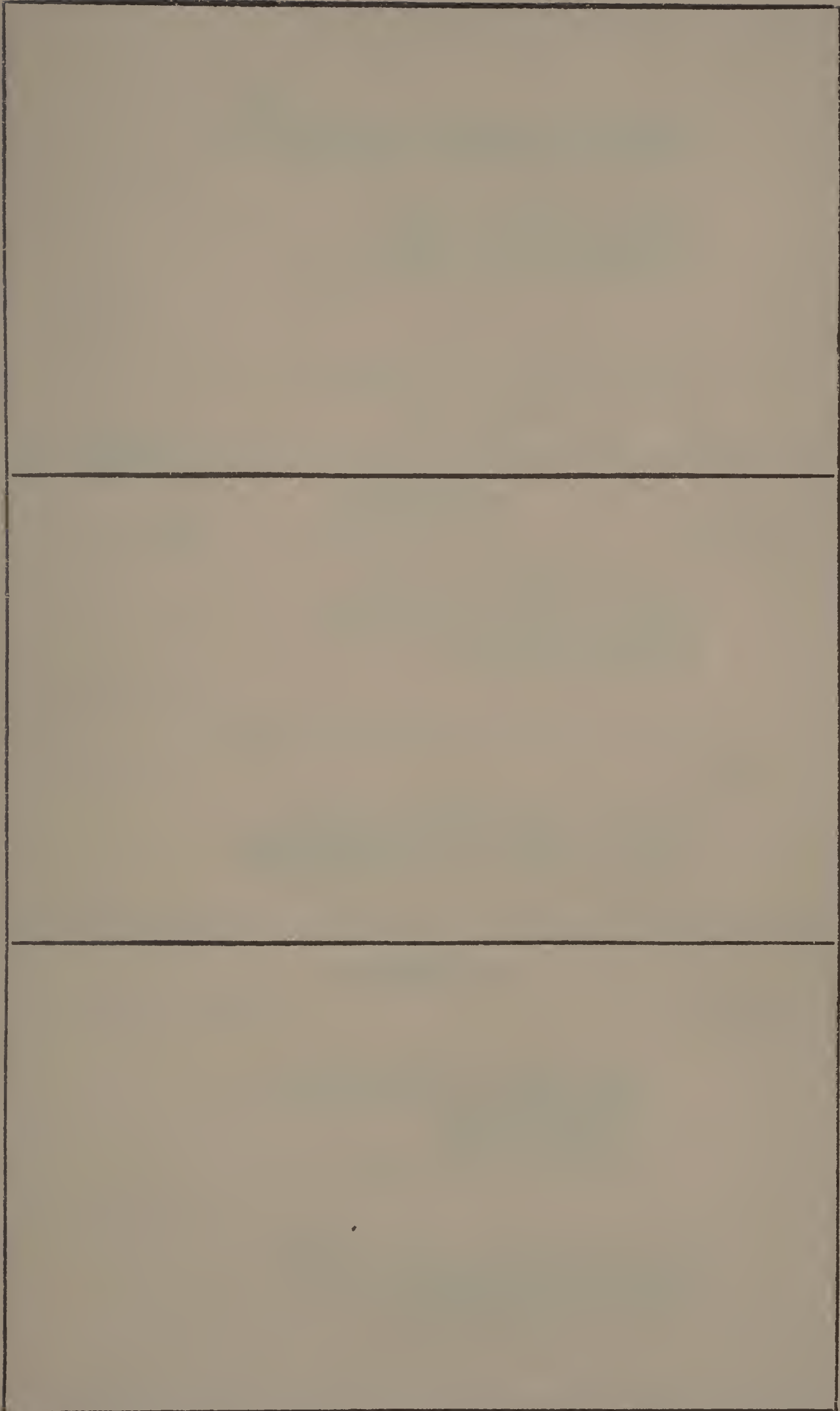
Golden blooms.

Shooting, singing, ever springing
In and out the emerald glooms
Ever leaping, ever singing
Lighting on the golden blooms.

Tennyson.

Ah, wasteful woman she who may, on her sweet self her own price
Knowing she cannot choose but pay
Has she not cheapened Paradise?
How spoilt the bread and spilt the wine which spent with due respective
thrift.
Has made brutes men and men divine.

Ruskin.



OCTOBER 28

Thyme.

Thymus Serpyllum.

Activity or courage.

Where marjoram
And thyme the love of bees, perfume the air
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend: there light thy hospital fires.

Dr. Armstrong.

I'll bid my hyacinth to blow
And sing my true love all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree
Of mountain heath and moory thyme.

Campbell.

The bees on bells of thyme.

Shelly.

I dare do all that may become a man
Who dares do more is none.

Shakespeare.

OCTOBER 29

Wild Senna.

Cassia Marilandica.

Hidden worth.

And the lion and now the pard
Piercing the cassia bower drew nigh
Fixed on the twain a mute regard
Half pleased, half vacant
And then passed by.

Aubrey de Vere.

All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia.

Ps. xlv-8.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Gray.

OCTOBER 30

Bay Leaf.

I change but in dying.

Upon her head a crimson coronet
With damaske roses, and daffodilles set
Bay leaves between
And primroses green
Embellish the sweet violet.

Spencer.

My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain
Though grief and passion there rebel
I only know I loved in vain
I only feel farewell, farewell.

Byron.

OCTOBER 31

Ebony.

Diospyros ebenus

Hypocrisy.

There mournful cypresse grew in greatest store
And trees of bitter gall; and heben sad.

Spencer.

Sleeping within my orchard
My custom always of the afternoon
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distillment

Shakespeare.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through heaven and earth,
And oft though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

Milton.

NOVEMBER 1

Chrysanthmum.

I Love.

So may life's chill November bring
 Hope's golden flower the last of all
 Before we hear the angels sing
 Where blossoms never fade or fall.

O. W. Holmes.

Wan brightener of the fading year,
 Chrysanthmum;
 Rough teller of the winter near,
 Chrysanthmum.

When hollyhocks droop low the head.
 And dahlias litter path and bed
 Thou bloometh bright in all their stead.

Chrysanthmum.

Wm. Cox Bennett.

Oh, what was love made for if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart
 I know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Thos. Moore.

NOVEMBER 2

Reeds.

Music.

Sweet is the warbled reed's melodious lay.

Theocritus.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
 Flutes so musical and mellow.

Longfellow.

A heart, which, like a fine toned lute
 With every breath of feeling woke
 And even when the tongue was mute
 Fom eye and lip in music spoke.

J. G. Whittier.

Music the fiercest grief can charm
 And fate's severest rage disarm:
 Music can soften pain to ease
 And make despair madness please.

Pope.

There's music in the sighing of a reed.

Byron.

Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes.

Milton.

NOVEMBER 3

Larch.

Larix Americana.

Boldness.

Where the larch tree throws
 Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose
 Far over the silent bank.

Bryant.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north
 And the larch tree has hung all his tassels forth.

Mrs. Hemans.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch
 And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.

Tennyson.

In conversation now bear sway
 But know that nothing can so foolish be
 As empty boldness; therefore first assay
 And stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
 Then march on gallant. Get substantial worth
 Boldness gilds finely, and will set it forth.

Herbert.

NOVEMBER 4

Beech.

Fagus Grandifolia.

Prosperity.

As love's own altar honours me
Spare woodman, spare the beechem tree.

Campbell.

Prosperity is the very bond of love, whose fresh complection
and whose heart together affection alters.

Shakespeare.

NOVEMBER 5

Mountain Ash.

Prudence.

That gray hill
Upon whose sides, from the gray mountain ash
We gathered crimson berries.

Geo. Lunt.

She sees beneath its mountain ash
Leafless, but all with berries red.

A. Carey.

Prudence, thou vainly in our youth are sought
And with age purchased art too dearly bought
We'er past the use of wit, for which we toil
Late fruit, and planted in too cold a soil.

Dryden.

NOVEMBER 6

Peacock Yew tree.

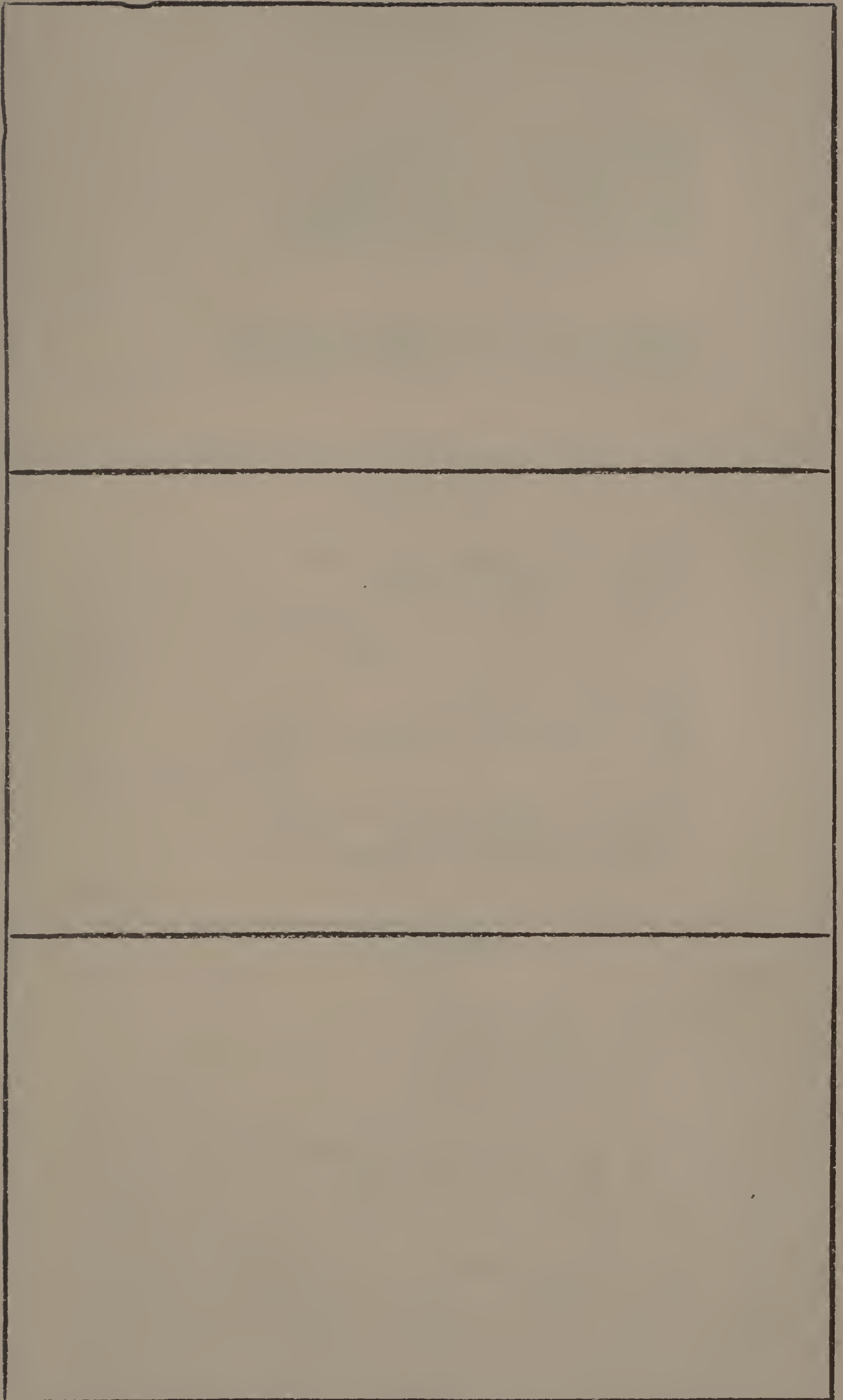
Taxus.

Not only to the market cross well known
But in the leafy lanes behind the down
Far as the portal warding lion whelp
And peacock yew tree of the lonely hall
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Tennyson.

O sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys
And buries madmen in the heaps they rise.

Pope.



NOVEMBER 7

Byrony.

Byronea Dioicia.

Prosperity.

The slender byrony that weaves
His pale green flowers and glossy leaves
Aloft in smooth and lithe festoons:
And crown'd compact with yellow cones,
'Mid purple petals dropp'd with green
The woody nightshade climbs between.

Mant.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
But seas do laugh, show white when rocks are near.

Webster.

NOVEMBER 8

Sassafras and horehound.

The throne was reared upon the grass
Of spice wood and of sassafras.

J. R. Drake.

Dark maples where the wood thrush sings
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.

Bryant.

Here's golden amaranthus
That true love can provoke
Of horehound store, and poisonous helebore
With the polipod of the oak.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill
Though pleasure stir the madd'ning soul
The heart, the heart, is lonely still.

Byron.

NOVEMBER 9

Flax.

Linaria.

I feel your kindness.

Oh, the little flax flower
It groweth on the hill
And, be the breeze awake or sleep
It never standeth still.

Mary Howitt.

Nor are the bars in the homespun gown
As blue as the flaxen flower.

A. Cary.

West and south there were fields of flax.

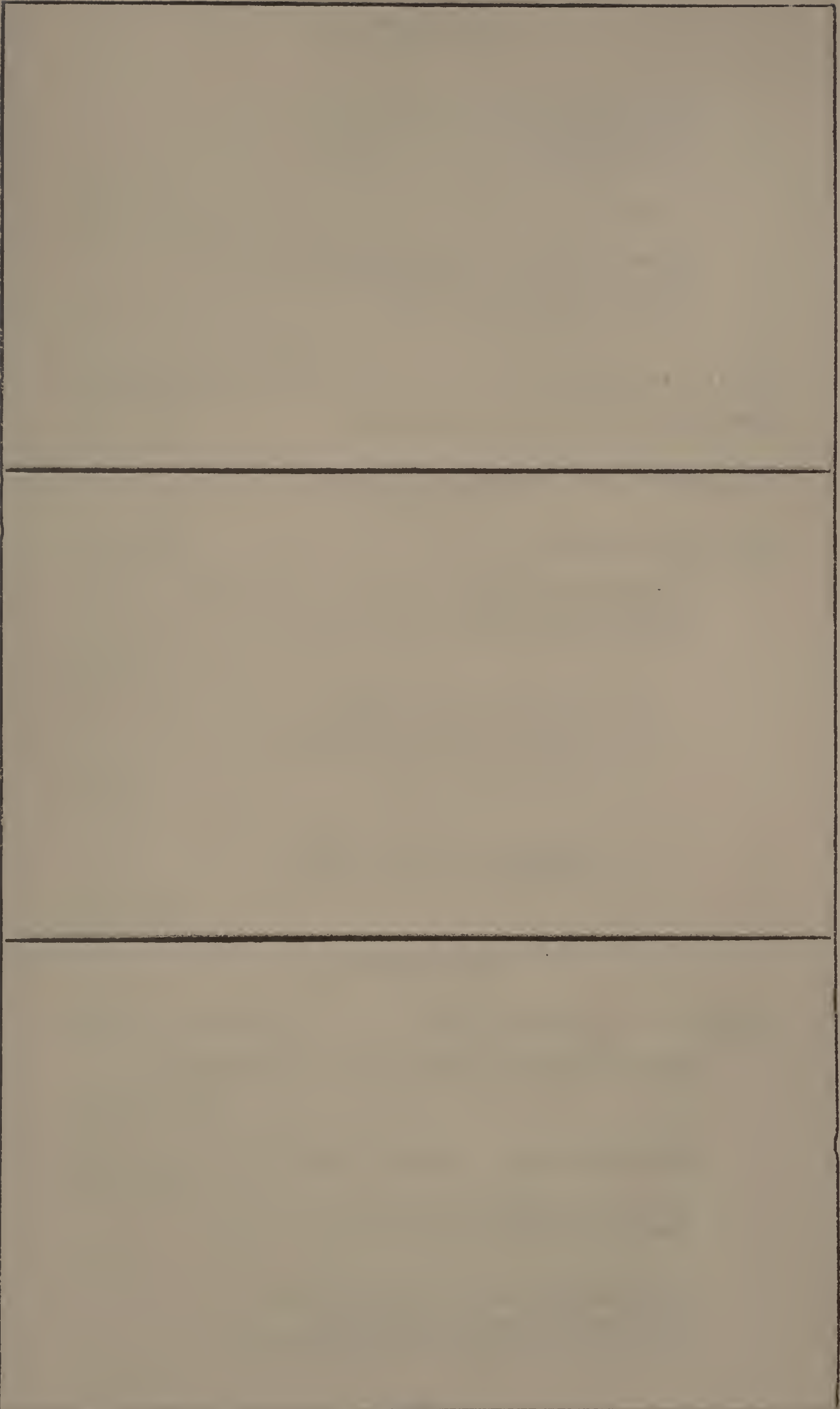
Longfellow.

Kindness in woman not their beauteous looks shall win my love.

Shakespeare.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Goethe.



NOVEMBER 10

Fir.

Pinus.

Time.

You keep your youth as yon Scotch fir
Whose gaunt line my horizon hems
Though twilight all the lowland blur
Hold sunset in their ruddy stems.

J. R. Lowell.

Of whitish garniture like fir tree boughs.

Wm. Wordsworth.

Of mountain fir with bark unshorn
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and the Idaen vine.

Scott.

Time's a very bankrupt and owes more than he's worth to season.

Shakespeare.

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.

Shakespeare.

NOVEMBER 11

Yellow Chrysanthmum.

Slighted love.

The fields are stripped, the groves are dumb;
The frost flowers greet the icy morn
Then blooms the bright chrysanthmum.

Holmes.

The berries of the brier rose
Have lost their rounded pride;
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy eyed.

A. Cary.

Talk not of wasted affection
Affection never was wasted.

Longfellow.

NOVEMBER 12

Plantain.

Alisma Plantago.

Whiteman's foot steps.

The plantain ribb'd, that heals the reapers wound.

Wm. Shenstone.

Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Shakespeare.

Plantains, the golden and the green.

Moore.

Where so 'ever they tread beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us
Springs the "White man's foot" in blossom.

Longfellow.

NOVEMBER 13

Tamarisk.

Tamarix.

Crime.

Wilt thou on this declivity repose
Where the rough tamarisk luxuriant grows?

Theocritus.

All have not offended;
For those that were it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge;
Crimes like to lands
Are not inherited.

Shakespeare.

Better be with the dead, when we to gain our place have sent peace
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

Shakespeare.

NOVEMBER 14

Acanthus.

Arts.

Genius, stooping o'er.

Her silent resting place learned of Italy's acanthus, the arts
Which Corinth claims.

Milton.

To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine
To watch the emerald color'd water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath divine.

Tennyson.

For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime
And painting, mute and motionless
Steals but a glance of time.

Thos. Campbell.

NOVEMBER 15

Rue.

Thalictrum dioicum.

Disdain.

There's rue for you, and here's some for us.

Shakespeare.

We may call it "herb o' grace" on Sundays.

Shakespeare.

They strew the sunless turf with rosemary and rue.

W. S. Landon.

Her mouth is a honey blossom
No doubt as the poets sing;
But within her lips, the petals
Lurks a cruel bee that stings.

W. D. Howells.

NOVEMBER 16

Chinquapen.

Nelumbo lutea,

Justice shall be done.

Then tread the shady avenue
Beneath the cedar's gloom,
Or gum tree, with its fleckered shade
Or chinquapen's perfume.

Caroline Gilman.

How would you be if He which is the top of judgment, should
judge you as you are?

Shakespeare.

They shall own thee the sweetest and fairest of flowers
That smile in our woodlands or blush in our bowers,
They shall own thee a lovelier gem of delight
Than they that illumine the veil of mid-night.

F. S. Osgood

NOVEMBER 17

Dead leaves.

Sadness.

The wind that wafts them to their doom
Is the same that swept along
In the freshness of their summertime
And blessed them with their song.

Jane Worthington.

Life's vain delusions are gone by
Its idle hopes are o'er
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

R. Southey.

After a season gay and brief
Condemned to fade and flee.

Montgomery.

NOVEMBER 18

Burs.

Bidens Frondosa.

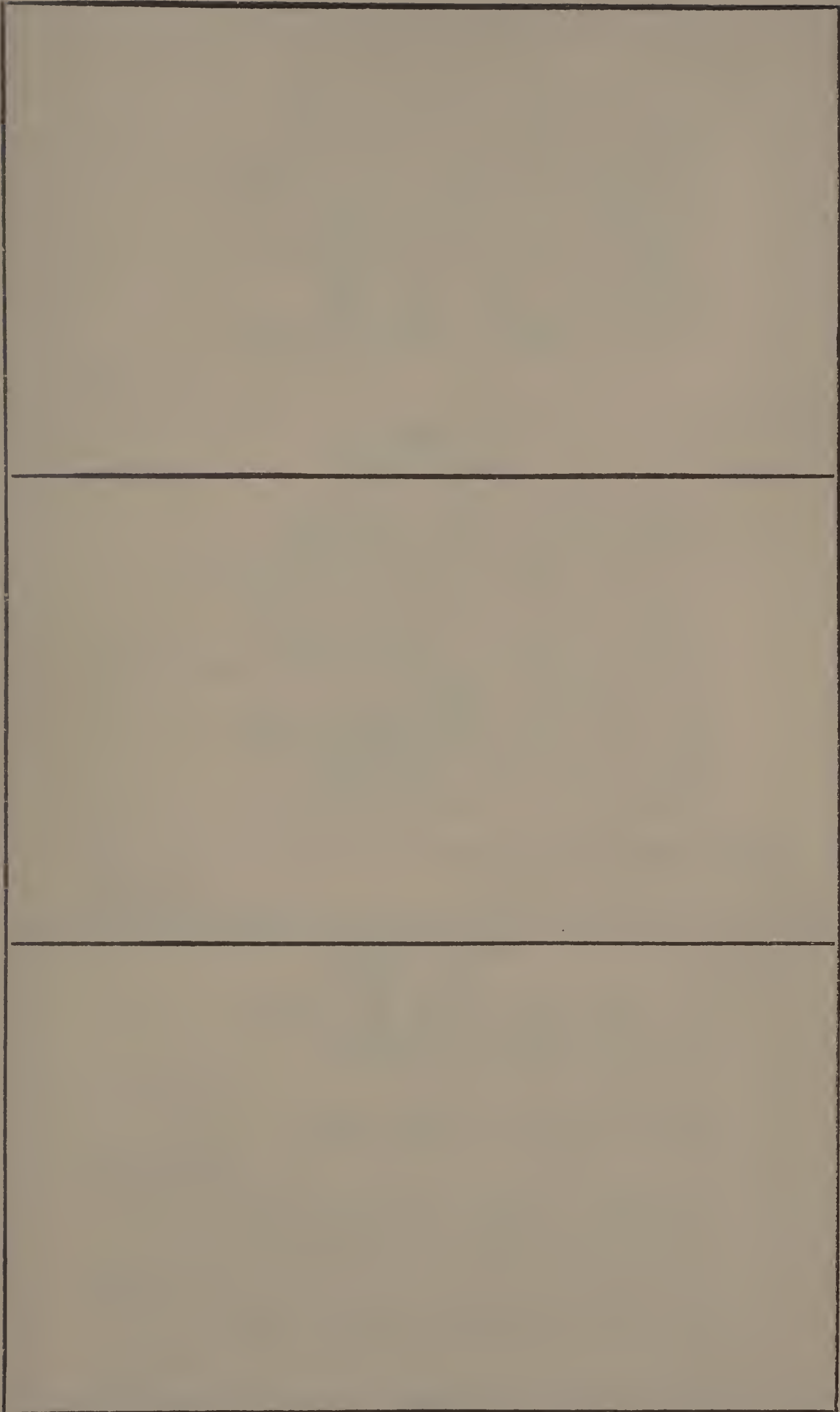
Rudeness.

Where I beheld with gladness ever new
That sort of fragrant dew
Which lodges in the beggarly tents of such
Vile weeds as virtuous plants disdain to touch
And with rough bearded burs, night after night
Up gathered by the morning tender and true
Into her chaste light.

A. Cary.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Shakespeare.



NOVEMBER 19

Jacob's Ladder.

Polemonium Van Bruntioe.

Come down to me.

See, I have flung a fair flower to thee
 May not its name my fond hope tell?
 Oh for thy lover let it woo thee:
 And ask thy blush what it means "ma belle"
 Last night the patriarch's dream was mine
 An angel came from heaven to me:—
 Its smiles, its tresses were so like thine
 I think it could have been none but thee.
 Then realize love that radiant dream
 Fly from thy tyrant's savage pride;
 Descend—Oh seraph, by night's dim beam!
 And morn shall hail with a smile my bride.

F. S. Osgood.

NOVEMBER 20

Yucca.

Yucca filamentosa.

Authority.

A thick sharp nest of dagger-pointed leaves
 Black-tipped from gray mesa rises green
 And from its heart there springs amidst the sheen
 As a white pinioned bird the sunshine cleaves,
 As hope that life's sharp bitterness relieves—
 A blossom-spire that greets the sky serene
 In calm dominion o'er the desert scene.
 Thick hung with creamy bells that chime strange breves
 O Yucca gloriosa. Spirit soft
 And full of strange mysterious subtle scent.
 Slow swing thy fair white blossom bells aloft
 In the calm mesa's wise environment
 Ring the dirge of that old race which oft
 Heard music in thy bells and smiled content.

F. E. Pratt.

A man in authority is but a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or
 blown out than under a bushel.

Beamont and Fletcher.

NOVEMBER 21

Fairies Fires.

Pyrus Japonica.

And I think thou hast stolen the fairies fire
 To give them their changing light
 And lovers below may in vain aspire
 To a being so wildly bright.

Lucy Hooper.

The flowers which cold in prison keep
 Now laugh the frost to scorn.

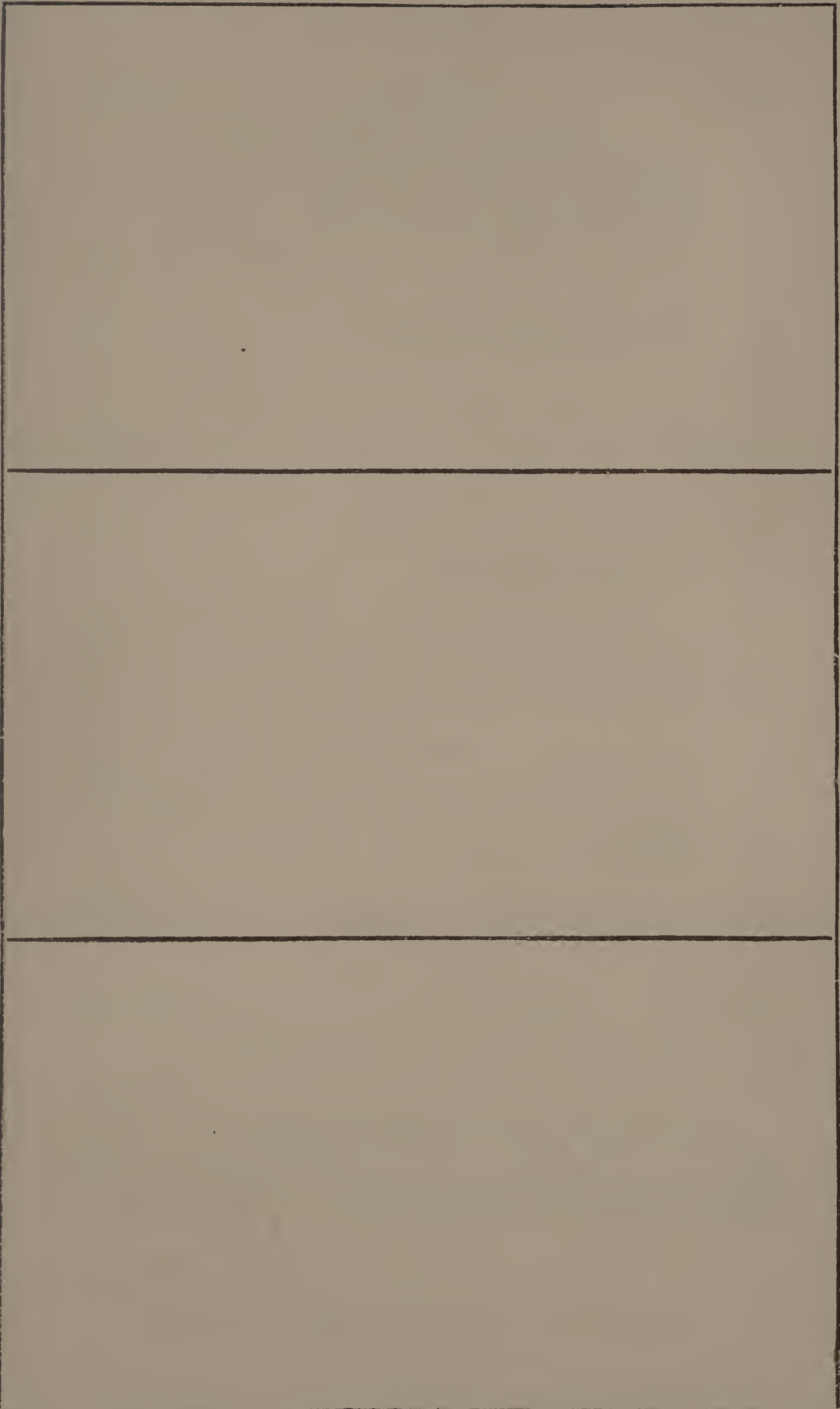
Richard Edwards.

Yet who but they have lit these tiny fires.
 That gleam and glow amid the wintry scene?
 The gay and spendthrift flowers; here they are
 Lighting their ruddy beacons at the sun
 To melt away the snow.

L. A. Twamly.

How far that little candle throws his beam
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakespeare.



NOVEMBER 22

Borage.

Borago officinalis.

Bluntness.

“I borage bring courage”
“Ego borago gaudia semper ago”
Borage and hellebore fill two scenes
Sovereign plants to purge the veins
Of melancholy and clear the heart
Of those black fumes which make it smart.

Burton.

The flaming rose gleamed swarthy red
The borage gleamed as blue.

Geo. MacDonald.

I am not a man of many words but I thank you.

Shakespeare.

NOVEMBER 23

Sorrel.

Rumex Acetosa.

Joy.

See the mother pearly tips
Of the pink white sorrel's lips.

Jas. H. Morse.

All Godlike things are joyous: they have touched God and so carry
with them an irresistible gladness everywhere.

Faber.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.

Byron.

Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Shakespeare.

But were there ever any
Writhed not at passing joy?

Keats.

NOVEMBER 24

Hyssop.

Hyssopus officinalis.

Cleanliness.

Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean.

Pss. Psalms.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus, Our bodies
are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners; so that if we plant
nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed thyme, have it
sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why, the power and
corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

Shakespeare.

Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God.

Bible.

NOVEMBER 25

Citron.

Citrus Medica.

Ill natured beauty.

In the Citron trees are nightingales forever stricken mute
And the siren sits her fingers on the pulses of the lute.

T. B. Aldrich.

Through vistas dun of tall trees she would pass
Cedar, or waving pine or great palm
Through orange groves, citron myrtle walks
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers.

Edwin Atherstone.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sun of bliss.

Mrs. Hale.

NOVEMBER 26

Cypress.

Cupressus.

Despair.

Dark tree still sad when other's grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

Byron.

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees.

Shakespeare.

Through the abysses of a joyless heart
The heaviest plummet of despair can go.

Wm. Wordsworth.

NOVEMBER 27

Verbena.

Verbena officinalis.

Pray for me.

"The garden is in bloom" he said
"With lilies pale and slender
With roses and verbenas red
And fuchsias splendor"

Mrs. M. E. Bradley.

O thou by whom we come to God
The life, the truth, the way
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Jas. Montgomery.

NOVEMBER 28

Tulip tree.

Liriodendron.

If fever's fervid rage
Glowed in the boiling veins

.....

Anxiously they sought
The liriodendron, with its varied bloom
Orange and green and gold.

Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go
High is the roof there but the gate is low
Whene'er thou speak'st look with lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility.

Robert Herrick.

NOVEMBER 29

Evergreens.

Poverty.

They stood by the graves and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Longfellow.

Blessed are the poor of spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Bible.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit.
King of two hands he does his part
For every useful toil and art;
A heritage it seems to me
A king might wish to hold in fee.

J. R. Lowell.

NOVEMBER 30

Thistle.

Carduus.

Never forget.

The flower of Scotland
All others that excell
The thistle's purple bonnet
And the bonny heather bell
O, they're the flowers of Scotland
All others that excell.

Hogg.

Our thistle's brave,
With its stings and prickles.

Geo. Thornbury.

The thistle shall bloom on the beds of the brave
The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.

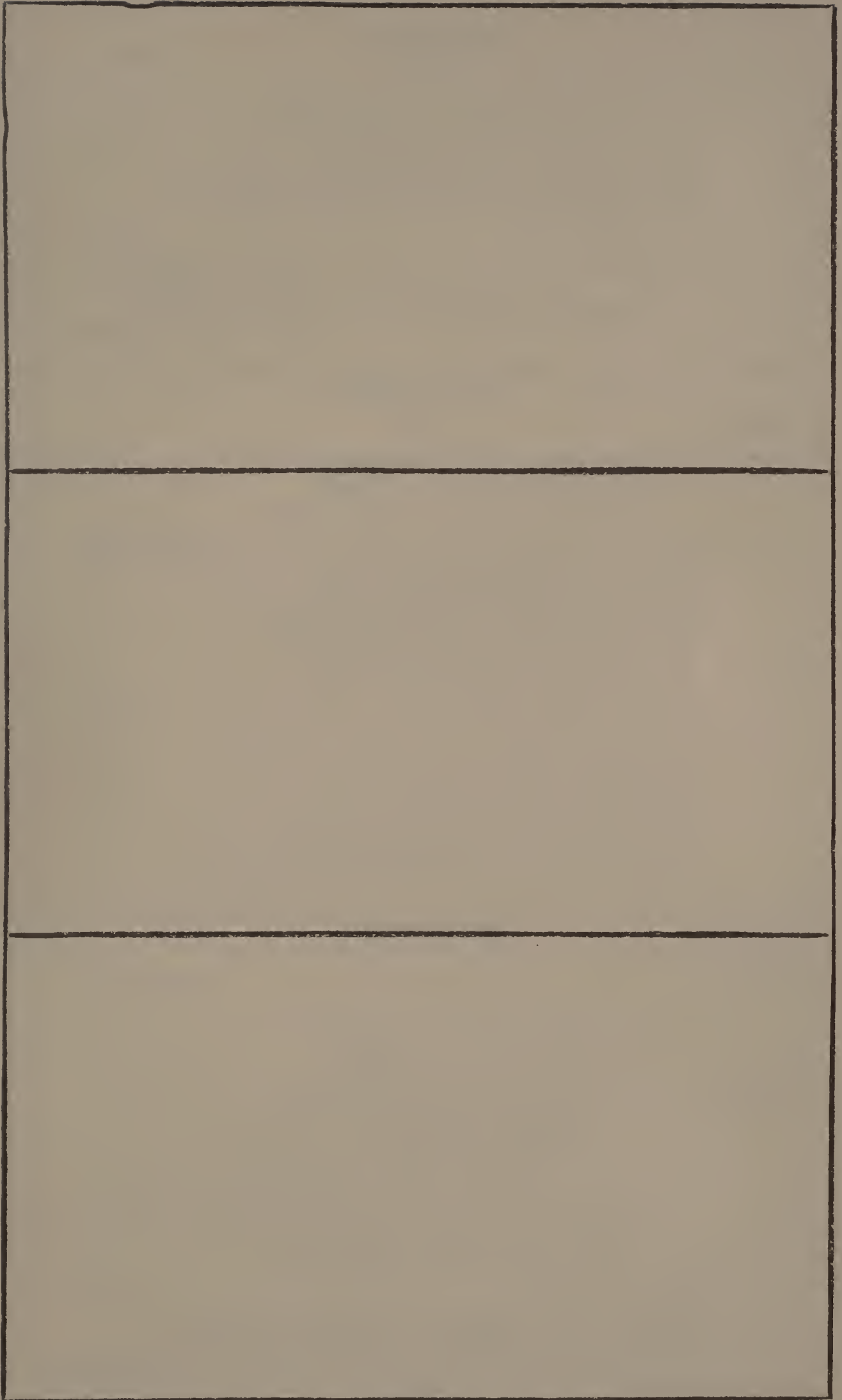
Hogg.

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd
Dear symbol wild, on freedom's hills it grows
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Thos. Campbell.

The heart that has truly loved never forgets.

Moore.



DECEMBER 1

Poplar.

Populus.

Affliction.

The poplar that with silver lines his leaf.

Cowper.

As falls an oak, poplar or lofty pine
With new edges axes on the mountain hewn
Right through for structure of some gallant bark,
So fell Sarpedon.

Homer.

Affliction may subdue the cheek, but not take in the mind.

Shakespeare.

Through every thread of life the dark threads run.

Whittier.

DECEMBER 2

Alders.

Alnus.

Sunbeams watched their play
With flickering light and shade
Through the screen the alders made.

A. A. Proctor.

To trace the brook up to its highest fountain in the shade
Of thick tufts of alders and go down
By all its leaps and windings gathering there
The forest roses and the nameless flowers
That open in the wilderness and live
Awhile in sweetest loveliness and die
Without an eye to watch them or a heart
To gladden in their beauty.

Percival.

A chance may win that by a chance was lost
The well that holds no great takes little fish
In something all in all are crossed
Few all they need but none have all they wish
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

Robt. Southwell, S. J.

DECEMBER 3

Hazel.

Corylus Americana.

Reconciliation.

Its tints are not the brightest
Of fragrance it has none
But to me it is the dearest
That blooms beneath the sun
Far around my childhood clambered
The hazel bushes tall
And their tiny modest blossoms
Are the dearest bloom of all.

Mrs. C. V. Adams.

And deep his mid-night lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.

Scott.

This noble passion
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour.

Shakespeare

DECEMBER 4

Patience.

Rumex.

Patience.

And round about he taught sweet flowers to growe
Oxeye still green; and bitter patience.

Spencer.

How poor are they that have not patience
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Shakespeare.

Be patience, for the world is broad and wide.

Shakespeare.

A very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience.
Shakespeare

DECEMBER 5

Cedar.

Larix.

Spiritual strength.

There were dark cedars, whose loose mossy tresses
And white powder'd dog trees
Gaudy as rustics in their May time dresses.

J. R. Drake.

He flourishes,
And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
To all the plains about him.

Shakespeare.

The strength of man sinks in the hour of trial
But there doth live a power, that to the battle
Girdeth the weak.

Joanna Baillie.

DECEMBER 6

Yew tree.

Sorrow.

Make not your rosary of yew berries.

Keats.

This lonely yew tree stands
Far from all human dwelling.

Wordsworth.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap
Each in his narrow cell forever laid
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Gray.

When sorrows come, they come not single spied,
But in battalions.

Shakespeare.

DECEMBER 7

Evening Primrose.

Oenothera bennis.

Inconstancy.

A tuft of evening primroses
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever started by the leap
Of buds into the riper flowers.

Keats.

You gave me the key to your heart, my love
Then why do you make me knock?
Oh, that was yesterday saints above
And last night I changed the lock.

John Boyle O' Reilly.

"Yes" I answered you last night,
"No" this morning sir I say,
Colors seen by candle light
Will not look the same by day.

E. B. Browning.

DECEMBER 8

Lily of the Valley.

Convallaria multiflora.

Return of Happiness.

No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers.

Keats.

The naiad like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale.

Shelly.

Fair star though I be doomed to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain;
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love
But sweeter to be loved again.

John Leydon, M. D.

DECEMBER 9

Plane trees.

Planera.

Genius.

And we beside the fount
With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored
Beneath the plane tree from whose root a stream
Ran crystal clear.

[Iliad] Homer.

Like a chenar-tree grove when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows

Moore.

Like camel's cedar or the palm
That gladdens mid Engaddi's dew
Or plane tree set by waters calm
I stood and round my fragrance threw

Aubrey de Vere.

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple words succeeds,
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds.

R. W. Emerson.

DECEMBER 10

Box.

Buxus sempervirens.

Constancy.

Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn
The spicy fir and shapely box adorn.

Pope.

The mourner yew, and builder oak were there;
The beech, the swimming alders and the plane
Hard box and linden of a softer grain.

Dryden.

'Tis when the sigh—in youth sincere
And only then
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear
Is by that one that only dear
Breathed back again.

Moore.

DECEMBER 11

Dulse.

Halymenia edulis.

Blowing o'er fields of dulse and measureless meadows of sea grass
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean.

Longfellow.

The crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in laughter.

James Percival.

Ocean, thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man,
Wide opening and loud roaring rearing still for more
Too faithful mirror how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life.

Young.

DECEMBER 12

Sandal tree

Santalum album.

The sandal tree perfumes when riven
The axe that laid it low
Let man who hopes to be forgiven
Forgive and bless his foe.

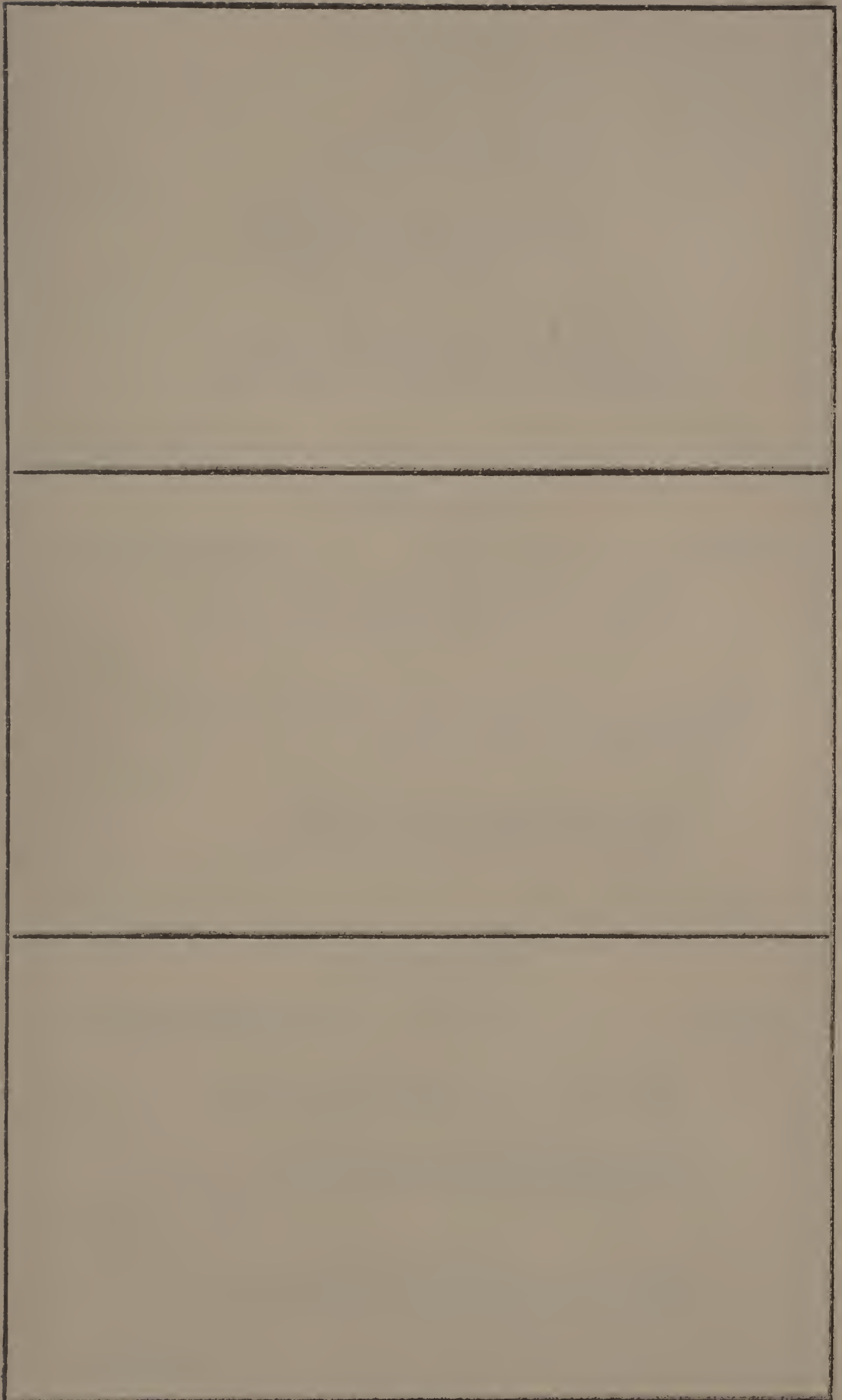
Saadi.

· Filled with the breath of sandal wood
And the Khoten musk and aloes and myrrh.

T. B. Aldrich.

True fame is hardly to be bought
She sometimes follows where she is not sought.

Persian Proverb.



DECEMBER 13

Olive.

Olea Europaea.

Peace.

Olives bene for peace
Whem warres do surcease.

Spencer.

Peace, thy olive wand extend
And bid wild war his ravage end
Man with brother man to meet
And as brother kindly greet.

Burns.

Far away the roar of passion dieth
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully
And no rude storm how fierce soe'er he flieth
Disturbs the soul that dwells O Lord in Thee.

H. B. Stowe.

DECEMBER 14

Hemlock.

Conium.

You will be my death.

My heart aches and a drowsy numbness pains
My senses, as though of hemlock I had drunk.

Keats.

O hemlock tree, O hemlock tree how faithful are thy branches
Green not alone in summer time
But in the winters frost and rime.

Longfellow.

O, death all eloquent, you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Pope.

DECEMBER 15

Valerian.

Valeriana.

Accommodating disposition.

Gay looserife there and pale valerian spring.

Scott.

There springen herbes grete and small
The licoris and the setewale [valerian].

Chaucer.

You may ride us
With one swift kiss a thousand furlongs ere,
With spur we beat an acre.

Shakespeare.

DECEMBER 16

Linden tree.

Tilia Europoea.

Conjugal love.

The tall linden's flung a glimmering shade.

Sarah S. Jacobs.

The shadows of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass.

Longfellow.

If thou lookest on the lime leaf
Thou a heart's form wilt discover.

Heine.

The tangled woodbines
Lilacs and flowering limes and scented thorns
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumes.

Barry Cornwall.

And the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours.

Cowper.

The earth was sad the garden was a wild
And man—the hermit sighed till woman smiles.

Cowper.

DECEMBER 17

Oak.

Quercus.

Liberty.

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock.

Shakespeare.

A glorious tree is the old gray oak
He has stood for a thousand years,
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around
Like a king among his peers.

Geo. Hill.

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest
Great liberty, how great in plain attire,
With the base purple of a court oppressed,
Bowing her head and ready to expire.

Keats.

Give me liberty or give me death.

Patrick Henry.

DECEMBER 18

Sycamore.

Plantanus occidentalis.

Curiosity.

Nor unnoticed pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire
Nor green nor tawny;
And ere autumn yet
Has changed the woods in scarlet honours bright.

Cowper.

Hark the laburnum from his opening flower
This cherry creeper greets in whisper light
While the grim fir rejoicing in the night
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamores.

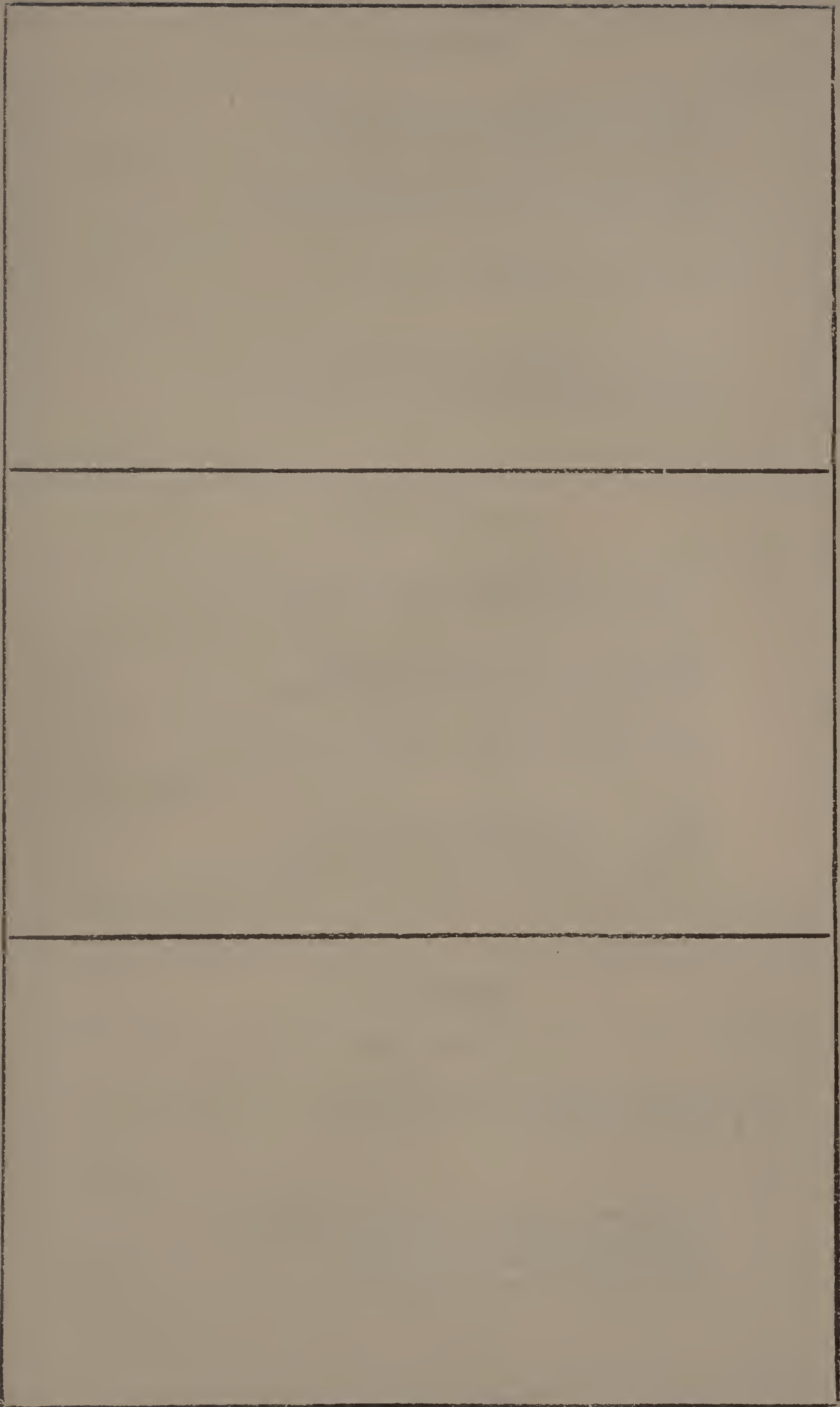
Arthur Henry Hallan.

I loathe that low vice curiosity.

Byron.

The ever curious are not ever wise.

Massinger.



DECEMBER 19

Lavender.

Distrust.

He from his lass him lavender hath sent
Showing his love and doth requital crave.

Drayton.

And lavender whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile in arid bundles bound.

Wm. Shenstone.

And lavender and spikenard sweet
And atters, nedd and richest musk .

T. B. Aldrich.

You doubt not me; nor have I spent my blood
To have my faith no better understood
Your soul's above the business of distrust
Nothing but love could make you so unjust.

Dryden.

DECEMBER 20

Witch hazel.

Hamamelis Virginiana.

A spell.

The wild witch hazel, fraught with mystic power
To ban or bless as sorcery rules the hour.

Sarah Whitman.

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Shakespeare.

Love is the subtlest enchanter, that ever
Waved a wand or muttered a spell;
A magical rod is each dart in his quiver
The heart's hidden treasures to find and to tell.

F. S. Osgood.

DECEMBER 21.

Butternut.

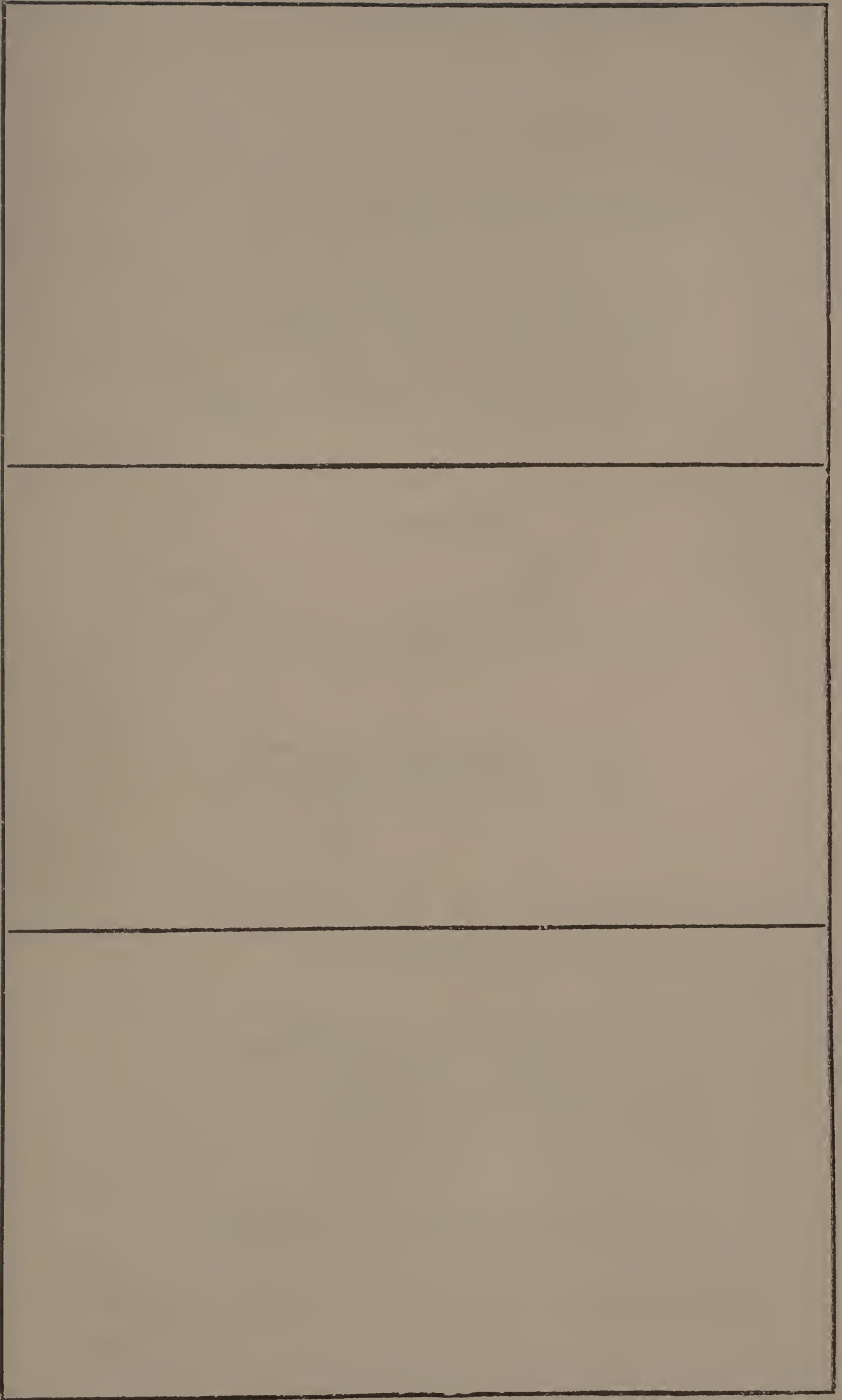
Juglans Cinerea.

The new leafed butternut and quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Give a balsamic fragrance.

Bryant.

Our blessings should be sought, not claimed
Cherished, not watched with jealous eye;
Love is too precious to be named
Save with a reverence deep and high.

A. Cary.



DECEMBER 22

Ivy.

Hedera helix.

Friendship, Matrimony.

The ivy's meet for minstrels hair.

Scott.

Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Charles Dickens.

Down thy fitful breeze thy numbers flung
Till envious ivy did around thee cling
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string.

Scott.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives
As market men for oxen, sheep or horse
Marriage is a matter of more worth.

Shakespeare.

Calm wedded affection that home rooted plant
Which sweetens seclusion and smiles in the shade.

Moore.

DECEMBER 23

Ambrosia.

Love returned.

His altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers.

Milton.

The world is filled with folly and sin
And love must cling where it can, I say,
For beauty is easy enough to win
And one is not loved every day.

Bulwer Lytton.

DECEMBER 24

Ceruse.

Hospitality.

Refulgent gold and silver thrice refined
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood
Of lucid dye serene fresh emeralds
But newly broken by the herbs and flowers
Placed in that fair recess in color all
Had been surpassed as great surpasses less.

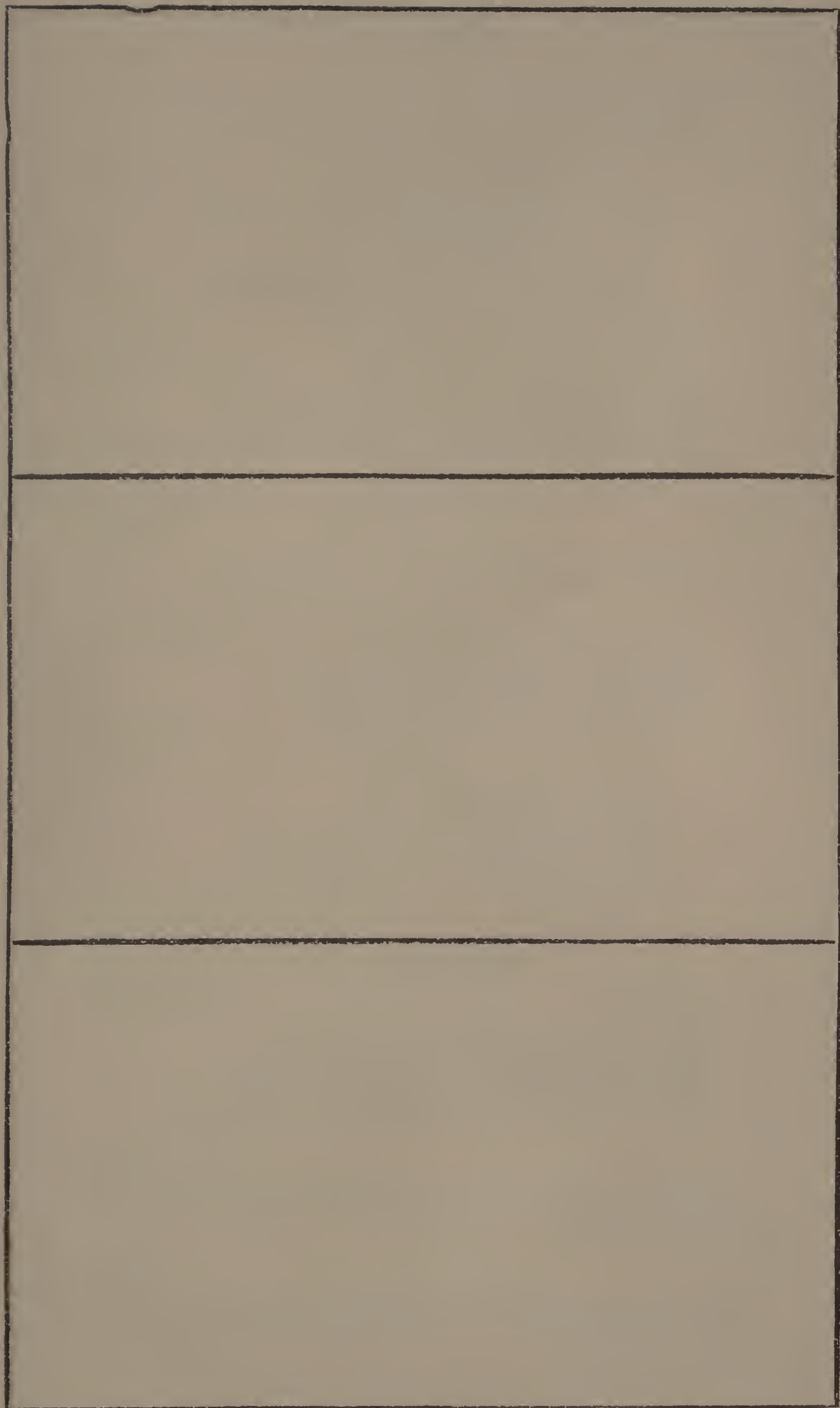
Dante.

Freely thou givest, and thy word is freely given.
He only, who forgets to hoard has learnt to live.

Keble.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have
entertained angels unawares.

Bible.



DECEMBER 25

Holly.

Ilex aculeata baceifera.

Foresight.

When Christmas revels in a world of snow
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow.

Sam'l. Rogers.

O, reader hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it will perceive
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

R. Southey.

In the hedge the frosted berries grow
The scarlet holly the purple sloe.

Sarah H. Whitman.

Our reason prompts us to a future state
The last appeal from fortune and from fate
Where God's all righteous ways will be declared. *Dryden.*

DECEMBER 26

Syringa.

Memory.

Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade.

W. S. Landon.

I cannot paint to memory's eye
The scene, the glance I dearest love
Unchanged themselves, in me they die
Or fain or false their shadows prove.

John Keble.

Dreams of my youthful days
I'd freely give
Ere my life's close
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live
For one of those.

P. J. de Beranger.

DECEMBER 27

Cedar of Lebannon.

Incorruptible.

Fair is the rose when laughing in its bud
Fair o'er the plain tower the tall cedar wood
She comes, the cedars and the rose are dull
Even Lebannon bows, though proud and beautiful

John Gawinski.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebannon
which He hath planted.

Psalm. c.

This corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal
must put on immortality.

Bible.

DECEMBER 28

Mistletoe.

Viscum album.

I surmount all difficulties.

Of old the sacred mistletoe
The Druids altar bound.

Sarah J. Hale.

Mystic mistletoe flaunted
Such as the Druids cut down with hatches at
Yule-tide.

Longfellow.

What stronger breast plate than a heart untainted?

Shakespeare.

True conscious honour is to feel no sin
He's armed without that's innocent within.

Pope.

DECEMBER 29

Heath.

Erica ciliaris.

Solitude.

The wild heath displays her purple dyes

Pope.

But vainly did the heath flower shed
Its moreland fragrance round his head.

Scott.

Scocia hath heather hills sweet their perfume.

Geo. Lunt.

O sacred solitude, divine retreat
Choice of the prudent envy of the great
By thy pure stream for in thy waving shade
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid.

Young.

DECEMBER 30

Mandrake.

Atropa mandragora.

Horror.

And shriek like mandrakes torn out of the earth
That living mortals, hearing them run mad.

Shakespeare.

The phantom shapes-Oh touch not them
That appal the murderer's sight
Lurk in the fleshy mandrake's stem
That shriek when torn at night.

Moore.

Over them sad horror with grim hue
Did always soar, beating his iron wings,
And after him owls and night raven flew
And hateful messengers of heavy things.

Spencer.

DECEMBER 31

Canterbury bells.

Campanula punctata.

Gratitude.

When last these trembling blossoms swung
Bright pendants on the bending spray
Like tiny bells by fairies rung.
In tinkling murmurs all the day.

Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr.

And bells of Canterbury too.

Walter Crane.

While from the dewy dells
And every wildwood bower
A thousand little feathered bells
Ring out the matin hour.

Lydia J. Pierson.

And the nuns used to dream as they roamed about
The convent garden of St. Ursula
That at matins and vespers a peal rang out
From the fairy bells of the campanula.

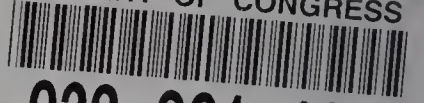
F. S. Osgood.

Let never day or night unhallowed pass
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Shakespeare.

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