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FLORA'S DIARY

CONTAINING

A FLOWER DEDICATED TO EACH
DAY IN THE YEAR,

AND

AN APPROPRIATE POETIC SENTIMENT
FOR EACH FLOWER

Manchester, N. W.

WILLIAM H. FISK

1851.

FLORA'S DIAL:

CONTAINING

A FLOWER DEDICATED TO EACH
DAY IN THE YEAR,

AND

AN APPROPRIATE POETIC SENTIMENT
FOR EACH FLOWER.

ohw
BY J. WESLEY HANSON.

“Wilt thou gaze with me on flowers,
And let their sparkling eyes
Glancing brightly up to ours,
Teach us to be wise?”

MANCHESTER, N. H.
WILLIAM H. FISK.
1851.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843,
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Edward S. Cowen
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## P R E F A C E .

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The author of this little book does not expect that he has accomplished a very weighty task. He puts it forth in the meek hope that it may afford a little pleasure to those who, like himself, occasionally turn aside from the graver duties of life, to pluck a flower, or to gaze upon a picture. If such shall read, he is satisfied.

The design is brief. Each day in the year has been christened with a flower, and it may afford a moment's delight to those who meet in the social circle, to ascertain each other's birth-days, and, seeking here the flower, read the language and the poetic extract.

The author believes this book to possess advantages over any other of a similar character, in the eyes of the lover of flowers. Among the many kindred works, he has been unable to find one containing more than half the number of flowers, which he, through the aid of a scarce European work, has been able to present.

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The author, also, has had full access to the complete works of the Old English Poets, and accordingly he has selected many beautiful gems from that casket of rare worth.

“ There is religion in a flower,”

as has been sung. The author hopes that the influence of his book may be religious in one sense; that it may cause the Graces of Life to throng around the hearth-stone, and scatter flowers of harmless joy and pleasure in those homes where it shall visit. Thus he dismisses it; saying in the language of Old Aleyne, that “ Well of English undefiled,”

“ GO, LITTLE BOOK, GOD SEND THEE GOOD PASSAGE !”

J. W. H.

*Lowell, May, 1846.*

## DEDICATION.

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I have not sought to wreath my brow with laurel,  
Nor crown myself with bright and fadeless bays ;  
As dear to me is a green sprig of sorrel,  
As all that poets strive for, — fame and praise.

And yet I fain would ask your kind attention  
To this, my harmless, inoffensive book ;  
If it be not too low a condescension,  
I pray you, fair one, on these pages look.

You will not, if you read, grow richer, wiser,  
And yet I feel that you may better grow, —  
For every flower is a kind adviser, —  
From each glad blossom little angels go.

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Yes; in the heart of every lowly blossom,  
Sweet loves and angels flutter with delight;  
Winging their flight from out each purple bosom,  
They scatter odors, blessings, pure and bright.

Read then this Book! and let it thee rejoice;  
May its words soothe thee as the breath of poppy,  
And may each friend of thine, with mirthful voice,  
Say, — “What a book! where can I get a copy?”

J. W. H.



# FLORA'S DIAL.

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## January 1.

OAK GERANIUM. — *True Friendship.*

Thou stand'st as stands a lovely tree,  
That will not break, though gently bent ;  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above a monument.

The winds may rend, the skies may pour,  
But there thou art, and there wilt be,  
Devoted in the stormiest hour,  
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me. BYRON.

## January 2.

MULTIFLORA ROSE. — *Grace.*

Behold this sweet maid in her careless play,  
Laughing the hours of youth away !  
The red light sleeps on her sunny hair,  
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air ;  
Around her brow, from summer bowers,  
Are blooming wreaths of beautiful flowers.

ANONYMOUS.

## January 3.

CACTUS. — *Ardent Love.*

Oh therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I, not for myself, but for thee, will,  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender babe her nurse, from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain, —  
 Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

SHAKESPEARE.

## January 4.

ALOE. — *Grief.*

A faded flower, a broken gem,  
 Are emblems mine ;  
 The flower hath lost its loveliness  
 With its sunshine ;  
 The ruby stone no more is set  
 On lady's brow,  
 Its beauty of unsullied light  
 Is wanting now.  
 Like me, no thought of former worth  
 From doom will save ;  
 They will be flung to earth and air,  
 I, to the grave !

MISS LONDON.

## January 5.

HYDRANGEA. — *Remember!*

Wilt thou remember me when I am gone, —  
Gone to that leaden darkness, where men lie  
Shut out from friends, in chambers all of stone, —  
Waiting my summons from the awful sky?

Think of me, *sometimes*, sweet! all cold, all pale,  
Beyond the power of pain, — a spirit taken,  
By Death, to regions where no hearts awaken;  
Where no hopes haunt us, — no wild sorrows wail;  
Where even thy love itself can then no more avail.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## January 6.

ICE-PLANT. — *Frigidity.*

Caust thou no kindly ray impart,  
Thou strangely beauteous one?  
Fairer than fairest work of art,  
Yet cold as sculptured stone!

Thou art in Friendship's bright domain  
A flower that yields no fruit;  
And Love declares thy beauty vain; —  
Of fragrance destitute!

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

## January 7.

JAPAN ROSE— *Beauty is not your only attraction.*

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false woman's fashion ;  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ; \* \* \*  
 And for a woman wert thou first created,  
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting.

SHAKSPEARE.

## January 8.

LABURNUM. — *Forsaken.*

Can you forget me ? This is vainly tasking  
 The faithless heart, where I, alas ! am not.  
 Too well I know the idleness of asking —  
 The misery — oh, why am I forgot ?  
 The happy hours that I have passed while kneeling,  
 Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face —  
 But what to thee this passionate appealing, —  
 Let my heart break, — it is a common case ;  
 You have forgotten me !

MISS LONDON.

## January 9.

LAVENDER. — *Distrust.*

When first, with all a lover's pride,  
 I woo'd and won thee for my bride,  
 I little thought that thou could'st be  
 Estranged as now thou art from me!  
 That love so true and so intense,  
     As that within my bosom glowed,  
 Should meet with cold indifference!  
     And I along life's weary road,  
 By her whom I was proud to call mine own,  
 Be left to journey on, uncared for, and alone!

ANON.

## January 10.

DEAD LEAVES. — *My love has ended.*

(And this is woman's fate!  
 All her affections are called into life  
 By winning flatteries, and then thrown back  
 Upon themselves to perish; and her heart,  
 Her trusting heart, filled with weak tenderness,  
 Is left to bleed or break!)

MISS LONDON.

## January 11.

LEMON. — *Pleasant Thoughts.*

Many a sad, sweet thought have I,  
 Many a parting, sunny gleam,  
 Many a bright tear in mine eye,  
 Many a wild and wandering dream,  
 Stolen from hours I should have tied  
 To musty volumes at my side.

EDWARD SANFORD.

## January 12.

LEMON BLOSSOM. — *Fidelity.*

How blest is my portion !  
 No change do I find,  
 In the girl in whose beauty  
 My hopes are entwined.  
 Though the flowers of earth  
 Like shadows have fled,  
 And the best of its blossoms  
 Are withered and dead, —  
 Though the cold earth is silent,  
 And dreary the hours,  
 Ella's love fades not,  
 As fade the flowers !

J. W. H.

## January 13.

IMPERIAL LILY. — *Majesty.*

Oh, he is all made up of love and charms,  
Whatever maid could wish or man admire ;  
Delight of every eye ! when he appears,  
A secret pleasure gladdens all that see him ;  
And when he talks, the proudest men will blush  
To hear his virtues and his glory !

ADDISON.

## January 14.

HYSSOP. — *Holiness.*

There blooms a lovely flower ;  
It blooms in a far off land ;  
Its life has a beautiful mission,  
That few will understand ;  
Its leaves illumine the valley,  
Its odor scents the wood,  
And if evil men come near it,  
They grow in a moment good !

FROM THE GERMAN.

## January 15.

MARIGOLD. — *Pain.*

Where on earth is the truth that may vie  
 With woman's love and long constancy?  
 Her eye may grow dim, her cheek grow pale,  
 But tell they not both the same fond tale?  
 Love's lights have fled from her eye and cheek,  
 To burn and die on the heart they seek.  
 Alas! that so often the grave should be  
 The seal of woman's fidelity!      MISS LONDON.

## January 16.

YARROW. — *The heart-ache.*

Worn out! — the heart seems like a ruined altar;  
 Where are the friends, and where the faith of  
 yore?  
 My eyes grow dim with tears, — my footsteps falter,  
 Thinking of those whom I can love no more!  
 We change, and others change, — while recollection  
 Would fain renew what it can but recall.  
 Dark are my dreams, and weary my affection,  
 And cold my hopes, — and yet I felt them all  
 A long while ago!  
 MISS LONDON.



## January 17.

ROSEMARY. — *Affectionate Remembrance.*

Envy has forced thee from my breast,  
 Yet in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;  
 There, there thine image still must rest,  
 Until that heart shall cease to beat.

BYRON.

## January 18.

RUE. — *Changeable Disposition.*

As April clouds will change their form, —  
 Now brightly red, now clothed with storm, —  
 So, lady, so, from place to place,  
 Your feelings do each other chase. J. W. H.

## January 19.

SAGE. — *Mutual Love.*

Man loves his steed  
 For its blood or its breed,  
 For its odor the rose, for its honey the bee,  
 His own haughty beauty  
 From pride or from duty;  
 But I love *my* love, because — he loves me.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## January 20.

SNOW-DROP. — *Hope in Sorrow.*

Oh, weary heart! Oh, slumbering eyes!  
 Oh, drooping soul, whose destinies  
 Are fraught with fear and pain,—  
 Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by Fate,  
 No one so utterly desolate,  
 But some heart, though unknown,  
 Responds unto his own;

Responds, as if with unseen wings,  
 An angel touched its quivering strings,  
 And whispers in its song,  
 "Where hast thou staid so long?"

LONGFELLOW.

## January 21.

SOUTHERNWOOD. — *Bantering.*

So lady, take this simple lay,  
 And, if you find a meaning there,  
 O, whisper to your glass, and say,  
 "What wonder if he thinks me fair?"

TENNYSON.

## January 22.

MULLEIN. — *Good Nature.*

I know a heart so good, so true,  
With every thought so fresh, so new,  
So gentle, tender, soft, and kind,  
Another such I ne'er could find.  
And whether sad or gay my mood,  
By that dear heart I'm understood.  
But why does this such joy impart?  
It is, because I love that heart!

ANON.

## January 23.

NIGHT-SHADE. — *Warning.*

Thou canst not forget me! for go where thou wilt,  
Thro' storm or thro' sunshine, some vision of me,  
Some dream we have cherished, — some hope we  
have built,  
Shall follow thee, ghost-like, o'er land and o'er  
sea.

In thine own secret chamber, and glare of the crowd,  
I will darken thy mirth, like the gloom of a shroud.

ANON.

## January 24.

OAK-LEAF. — *Welcome.*

Let thy love forever shine,  
 Filling me with power serene, —  
 My soul, my inmost soul is thine, —  
 Thine hath ever been.

Fold me then within thy heart,  
 Set thy seal on all that's mine ;  
 Make my life some little part,  
 Noblest soul, of thine ! ANON.

## January 25.

MOTHERWORT. — *Concealed Love.*

(She loved ; but her bosom had buried the dart ;  
 And there, while she strove to conceal it,  
 Its point had engraven his NAME on her heart,  
 Too deep for her lips to reveal it.

And now, not a trace of the NAME can be found ;  
 With darkness and silence hung o'er it,  
 The sacred engraving is hid in the ground,  
 Laid up in the bosom that bore it.)

MISS H. F. GOULD.

## January 26.

ORANGE FLOWER. — *Chastity.*

Bear a lily in thy hand ;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

•Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.

## January 27.

BURNING NETTLE. — *Cruelty.*

She 'll break your heart,  
As kindly as the fisher hooks the worm, —  
Pitying you the while !

WILLIS.

## January 28.

NARCISSUS. — *Egotism.*

Dost deem that aught can hide in beggar-rags  
 A heart so bold as mine?       \*       \*  
 Have I not stood on Ætna, when she shot  
 Her fiery rivers 'gainst the affrighted clouds?  
 And dream'st thou aught of common danger now  
 Can scare me from my purpose?

BARRY CORNWALL.

## January 29.

LIVERWORT. — *Constancy.*

My love unalterably fixed, —  
 With nothing perishable mixed,  
 Returned, or unreturned, — the same,  
 Consumeless, burns as vestal flame;  
 But if it meet thy favoring smile,  
 'T will life of half its cares beguile;  
 Like choicest flowers, its fragrance shed,  
 And beauty round my pathway spread.  
 As richest flowers Death's hand employ,  
 Their sweets to scatter, not destroy, —  
 So shall Decay, immortal, find  
 The beauteous offspring of the Mind.

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

## January 30.

MIGNONETTE. — *You are better than handsome.*

I see her now within my view, —  
A spirit, yet a woman too! —  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty ;  
A countenance in which do meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For Human Nature's daily food ;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

WORDSWORTH.

## January 31.

PERIWINKLE. — *Tender Recollections.*

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain, — it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not contemn,  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me, —  
'T is of thee that I think, — not of them.

BYRON.

## February 1.

SWEET PEA. — *Delicacy.*

Let me nicely examine; — fair forehead, straight  
nose,  
A cheek that might rival Aurora's own rose;  
Lips, teeth, — and what eyes! that can languish,  
or roll,  
To enliven and soften the delicate whole.

WHITEHEAD.

## February 2.

YELLOW ROSE. — *Infidelity.*

What is it ails thee, heart of mine?  
What makes thee sorrow and repine,  
And in sweet Nature's face no more,  
Take the same pleasure as before?  
Sad heart of mine! by love alone  
The darkness and the blight are thrown.  
'T is falsehood causes thy annoy,  
Thou 'st lost thy lover and thy joy.  
Oh fate! my happy times renew, —  
All Nature smiles when love is true;  
Would he be kind, I 'd not be sad,  
And little things should make me glad.

MACKAY.



## February 3.

SAFFRON. — *Beware!*

And wouldst thou seek the low abode  
 Where peace delights to dwell?  
 Pause, dearest, on thy way of life!  
 With many a snare and peril rife  
 Is that long labyrinth of road!      SOUTHEY.

## February 4.

PANSY. — *I think of thee.*

I think of thee at morn, when glisten  
 The tearful dew-drops on the grass;  
 I think of thee at eve, and listen,  
 When the low, whispering breezes pass.  
 The words that once were wont to greet me,  
 Alas! they're gone! no more they'll meet me;—  
                   I think of thee!  
E. R. H.

## February 5.

MARSHMALLOW. — *Unmarried.*

I'm single yet! I'm single yet!  
 And years have flown since I came out!  
 In vain I sigh, in vain I fret, —  
 Bless me! what *are* the men about?      MORRIS.

## February 6.

MISTLETOE. — *Difficulties.*

I will not have a man that 's tall ;  
 A man that 's little is worse than all ;  
 I will not have a man that 's fair ;  
 A man that 's black I cannot bear ;  
 A young man is a constant pest ;  
 An old one would my room infest ;  
 A man that 's rich I 'm sure wont have me ;  
 A man that 's poor I fear would starve me.

ANON.

## February 7.

LINDEN. — *Conjugal Love.*

Come, live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,  
 Woods, or steepy mountains yield.  
 And I will make thee beds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
 Embroidering all with leaves of myrtle ;  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

MARLOWE.

## February 8.

PINE APPLE. — *Perfection.*

Give place, you ladies, and begone ;  
Boast not yourselves at all,  
For here at hand approacheth one,  
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks  
Excels the precious stone ;  
I wish to have no other books  
To reade or looke upon. 1550.

## February 9.

HOUSE-LEEK. — *Liveliness.*

Pleasantly, pleasantly flows away my life ;  
Like a stream it flows along, —  
Singing to itself a song, —  
Through fields full of flowers ;  
Where the trees, with looks of love,  
Spread their whispering leaves above,  
Through the happy hours.

## February 10.

HAWTHORN. — *Hope.*

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,  
 With a fool for its dull begetter ;  
 There 's a voice at the heart, that proclaims aloud,  
*Ye were born to possess the better !*  
 And that Voice of the Heart, O ye may believe, —  
 Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive !

SCHILLER.

## February 11.

CYPRESS. — *Mourning*

Lady dear ! this history  
 Is thy fated lot,  
 Ever such thy watching  
 For what cometh not,  
 Till with anxious waiting dull,  
 Round thee fades the beautiful ;  
 Still thou seekest on, though weary,  
 Seeking still in vain ;  
 Daylight deepens into twilight ;  
 What has been thy gain ?  
 Death and night are closing round  
 All that thou hast sought, — unfound !

LONDON.

## February 12.

DEW PLANT. — *Serenade.*

Ah, sweet! thou little knowest how  
I wake, and tireless watches keep;  
And yet while I address thee now,  
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.  
'T is sweet enough to make me weep,  
That tender thought of love and thee,  
That while the world is hushed so deep,  
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

HOOD.

## February 13.

CLEMATIS. — *Artfulness.*

Long when I had loved, sued, and served so,  
As might have pleased as braw a dame as shee,  
Hir friend shee forcéd not, but let him go,  
She loved, at least, beside him, two or three.  
Her common cheer to every one that sued,  
Bred me to deem shee did hir friend delude.

TUBERVILLE. 1561.

## February 14.

GILLY-FLOWER. — *Natural Beauty.*

Faire is this maid in excellent beautee,  
 Aboven every wight that man may see :  
 For Nature hath with soveraine diligence,  
 Yformed hir in so great excellence,  
 As tho shee would sayn, "Lo, I Nature,  
 Thus can I form and paint a creature."

CLAVER.

## February 15.

HEMLOCK. — *You will cause my death.*

Well, well I say no more,  
 Let dead care for the dead ;  
 Yet wo is me, therefore  
 I must attempt to lead  
 One other kynde of life  
 Than hitherto I have,  
 Or else this paine and strife  
 Will bring me to my grave.      1555.

## February 16.

MOSS. — *Maternal Love.*

Dear Mother, of the thousand strings which waken  
The sleeping harp within the human heart,  
The longest kept in tune, though oft forsaken,  
Is that in which the Mother's voice bears part;  
Her still small voice bids e'en the careless ear  
To turn with deep and pure delight to hear.

MISS E. J. EAMES.

## February 17.

PEA. — *Respect.*

Breathe, breathe your incense, May;  
Ye flowers, your homage pay  
To one more fair and sweet;  
Ye opening rose-buds, shade  
With fragrant twine her head, —  
Ye lilies kiss her feet!

THOMPSON.

## February 18.

RYE-GRASS. — *Vice.*

Ave Maria! send her aid,  
Bless, oh bless the wretched maid!

TUPPER.

## February 19.

SPRUCE. — *Hope in Adversity.*

Weary way-wanderer, languid and sick at heart,  
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,  
Wild-visaged wanderer! God help thee, wretched  
one!

Cold is thy heart and as frozen as Charity!

\* \* Now God be thy Comforter!

SOUTHEY.

## February 20.

YEW. — *Sadness.*

Sister Sorrow! sit beside me,  
Or, if I must wander, guide me;  
Let me take thy hand in mine,  
Cold alike are mine and thine.

Think not, Sorrow, that I hate thee, —  
Think not I am frightened at thee, —  
Thou art come for some good end;

I will treat thee as a friend. R. M. MILNES.



## February 21.

VERONICA. — *Fidelity.*

I 'll lo'e thee, dearie, while the dew  
 In siller bells hings on the tree ;  
 Or while the bournie's waves o' blue  
 Rin wimplin to the ro rin sea.  
 I 'll lo'e thee while the gowan mild  
 Its crimson fringe spreads on the lea ;  
 While blooms the heather in the wild,  
 Oh dearie, I 'll be true to thee !

R. HAMILTON.

## February 22.

AMARYLLIS. — *Pride.*

Rudely thou wrongest my deare heart's desire,  
 In finding fault with her too portly pride ;  
 The thing which I do most in her admire,  
 Is of the world unworthy most envied.  
 For in those lofty looks is close implied  
 Scorn of base things, — disdain of foul dishonor,  
 Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide  
 That loosely they ne dare to look upon her !

SPENCER.

## February 23.

TANSY. — *Courage.*

Fear not, beloved, those clouds may lower,  
 Whilst rainbow visions melt away ;  
 Faith's holy star has still a power,  
 That may the deepest midnight sway.  
 Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,  
 Our love can neither wane nor set,  
 My heart grows strong in trust ; — Mine Own,  
 We shall be happy yet!

MRS. JAMES GRAY

## February 24.

STRAW, WHOLE. — *Union.*

O, welcome, easie yoke! sweet bondage, come!  
 I seeke not from thy toiles for to be shielded,  
 But I am well content to be e'ercome,  
 Since that I must command when I have yielded.  
 Then here I quit both Cupid and his mother,  
 And do resign myself, — to get another.

STIRLING.

## February 25.

SPEARMINT. — *Burning Love.*

Love is a region full of fires,  
 And burning with extreme desires ;  
 An object seeks, of which possest,  
 The wheels are still, the motions rest,  
 The flames in ashes lie opprest ;  
 The meteor, striving high to rise,  
 The fuel spent, falls down and dies.

BEAUMONT.

## February 26.

LADIES' DELIGHT. — *Forget me not.*

“ Forget thee ? ” If to dream by night, and muse  
 on thee by day, —  
 If all the worship, deep and wild, a Poet's heart can  
 pay, —  
 If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Heaven's  
 protecting power, —  
 If wingéd thoughts that flit to thee, — a thousand  
 in an hour, —  
 If busy fancy, blending thee with all my future lot, —  
 If this thou callest “ forgetting,” thou indeed shalt  
 be forgot !

ANON.

## February 27.

BACHELOR'S BUTTON. — *Single Wretchedness.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone!

Alone on a wide, wide sea!

I would be married, but I 'd have no wife;

I would be wedded to a single life.

## February 28.

CALLA. — *Magnificent Beauty.*

O rubicund rose, and white as the lily!

O clarified crystal of worldly portraiture!

O courfin figure resplendent with glory!

O Gem of Beautee! O carbuncle shining pure!

Your fairness exceedeth the craft of Dame Nature!

LYDGATE. 1370.

## February 29.

GRASS. — *Usefulness.*

Cheerfully of thine abundance,

To the sick and poor impart;

And lift up the weight of sorrow

From the crushed and burthened heart.

T. B. THAYER.

## March 1.

HELIOTROPE. — *I remain true.*

As laurel leaves, that cease not to be green,  
 From parching sonne, nor yet from winter's  
 threat, —  
 As hardened oak, that fears no sworde so keen, —  
 As flint for tool, in twaine that will not fret, —  
 As fast as roek, or pillar surely set, —  
 So fast am I to you, and ay, have been,  
 Assuredly whom I cannot forget;  
 For joy, for paine, for torment, nor for tene;  
 For loss, for gaine, for frowning nor for threat;  
 For ever one, yea, both in ealm and blast,  
 Your faithful love, and will be to the last!

1555.

## March 2.

THORNS. — *Sincerity.*

Is he sincere? How oft my heart  
 The question prompts! and yet a doubt  
 Would bid the scalding tear-drop start,  
 Or, like the canker-worm, eat out  
 The germ of life's fair-budding joys.  
 But no! his truth unsullied glows,  
 Each chilling sentiment destroys,  
 And yields me undisturbed repose.

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

### March 3.

RED PINK. — *Pure Love.*

That noble flame which my breast keeps alive,  
Shall still survive  
When my soul 's fled ;  
Nor shall my love die, when my body 's dead ;  
That shall wait with me to the lower shade,  
And never fade.

My very ashes in their urn,  
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn !

CAREW.

### March 4.

ROSE GERANIUM. — *Preference.*

The girl that all are praising,  
Is just the girl for me !  
When all men's eyes are gazing,  
She lifts not hers to see !  
Though viewed by all admiring men,  
She never glances back again !  
For me her beauties raising,  
Oh, she 's the girl for me !

J. W. II.

## March 5.

HOLLY. — *Foresight.*

I know, I see  
 Her merit. Needs it now be shown,  
     Alas! to me?  
 How often to myself, unknown,  
 This graceful, virtuous, generous maid,  
 Have I admired! How often said,  
 What joy to call a heart like hers, one's own.

AKENSIDE.

## March 6.

DOG'S BANE. — *Deceit.*

Cruel and false! could'st thou find none  
 Amongst thõ' fools thine eye engrossed,  
 But me to practise falsehood on,  
     That loved thee most?  
 Farewell! thou pretty, brittle piece  
 Of fine-cut crystal, which once was,  
 Of all my fortune and my bliss,  
     The only gloss,  
 Now something else, — but in its state  
 Of former lustre, fresh and green  
 My faith shall stand, to show thee what  
     Thou shouldst have been.

COTTON.

## March 7.

HYACINTH. — *Faith.*

“Art thou my peace, my Hyacinth plant?  
Is it *thou*?”

“I thine, — thou mine.”

“Then I and my glow, must go with thee;  
When I shine from above, below thou must be, —  
Alone I cannot stay.”

WERNER.

## March 8.

OLIVE. — *Peace.*

I would not climb  
The haughty mountain's peak,  
To look for fragrant beds of thyme,  
Which at the foot may grow;  
Ambition! mount, and meet the chilling snow,  
When spicy flowers thou wouldst seek!

CALDER CAMPBELL.



## March 9.

ANEMONE. — *Forsaken.*

I did love once, —  
Loved as youth, woman, genius loves ; though now  
My heart is chilled, and seared, and taught to wear  
That falsest of false things, — a mask of smiles.

LONDON.

## March 10.

KING CUPS. — *Brilliancy.*

Oh ! she is a golden girl ;  
And a man, — a *man* should woo her !  
They who seek her, shrink aback,  
When they should, like storms, pursue her.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## March 11.

BLUE VIOLET. — *Faithfulness.*

Oh ! 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.

## March 12.

MAPLE. — *Reserve.*

And to be wroth with one we love,  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 \*            \*            \*            \*  
 Neither will ever find another,  
 To free the hollow heart from paining ;  
 You 'll stand aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs that have been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea will flow between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

## March 13.

IVY. — *Friendship.*

What though on Love's altar the flame that is  
 glowing  
 Is brighter? — yet Friendship's is steadier far!  
 One wavers and turns with each breeze that is  
 blowing,  
 And is but a meteor, — the other 's a star!  
     In youth Love's light  
     Burns warm and bright,  
 But dies ere the winter of age be past, —  
     While Friendship's flame  
     Burns ever the same,  
 And glows but the brighter, the nearer its last!

## March 14.

WHITE VIOLET. — *Innocence.*

Behold the lilies on the tide,  
Gleaming amid their glossy leaves ;  
SHEBA'S fair queen, in all her pride,  
Was not arrayed like one of these.

Meet emblems, Love, are they of thee,  
With thy pure brow, and shining hair, —  
But plainer in thy *mind*, I see  
A living likeness, dwelling there !

H. J. H.

## March 15.

WALNUT. — *Presentiment.*

A deep and mighty shadow  
Across my heart is thrown,  
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,  
Where the thunder-wind hath blown !  
The wild rose, Fancy, dieth, —  
The sweet bird, Memory, flieth, —  
I shall be left alone !

## March 16.

VALERIAN. — *Good Disposition.*

Thy beauty of spirit  
Is a pure, priceless boon ;  
Mere external loveliness  
Fades all too soon.

For this do I love thee,  
My truest and best ;  
For this I 've enshrined thee,  
Close, close in my breast.

E R. H.

## March 17

SORREL. — *Parental Affection.*

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;  
As we shall live, they 'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise.  
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,  
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.  
They 'll grow in virtue every day,  
They will our fondest loves repay,  
And bless our happy eyes.

## March 18.

SHAMROCK. — *Light-heartedness.*

Sigh nó more, ladies! sigh no more!  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in sea and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never.  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny,  
 Converting all your sounds of woe,  
 Into, — Hey, nonny, nonny!

SHAKSPEARE.

## March 19.

SNAKE'S ROOT. — *Horror.*

Sathanas! There 's a great Behemoth spider  
 Dropping into my face. A curse on trees  
 That have such tenantry of dangling vermin,  
 Suggestive of the devil's workmanship,  
 And token of his presenee. Ugh! how ugly;  
 I think some spirit works in that clawed body,  
 All mind and venom! Up thy ladder, fiend!  
 Claw up thy tether to thy nest again!

SAUL — *a mystery.*

## March 20.

LETTUCE. — *Cold-hearted.*

As water fluid is, till it do grow  
Solid and fixed by cold,  
So in warm seasons love doth loosely flow;  
Frost only can it hold;  
Your coldness and disdain  
Does the sweet course restrain.

COWLEY.

## March 21.

PINE. — *Pity.*

Be piteous to him, as womanhood requireth,  
That for your love endureth pain's smart,  
Whom so sore your pleasant look enfireth,  
That printed is your beautee on his heart,  
And wounded lieth, without knife or dart.  
There let your pity spread without restraint;  
For lack of pity, let not your servant faint.

CHAUCER. 1370.

## March 22.

MAIDENHAIR. — *Secrecy.*

The fountains smoake, and yet no flames they  
shewe ;

Starres shine all night, tho' undeserned by day ;  
And trees do spring, yet are not seen to growe,

And shadowes move, altho' they seem to stay.  
In winter's woe, is buried summer's bliss,  
And Love loves most, when Love most secret is.

*Very Old.*

## March 23.

WOODBINE. — *Fraternal Love.*

Sister, I love thee ! Though afar from thee,

Like starry visions come those darkling eyes ;  
And thy sweet voice, with pleasant melody, —

How often does its mellow cadence rise !

When round each shroud, Oblivion's shroud is prest,  
Thou shalt remembered be, my brightest, best !

J. W. H.

## March 24.

FERN. — *Sincerity.*

Give me but thy heart, though cold ;

I ask no more ;

Give to others gems and gold ;

But leave *me* poor ! B. CORNWALL.

## March 25.

ALLSPICE. — *Languishing.*

Near some cowslip-painted mead,  
 There let me doze out the dull hours ;  
 And under me let Flora spread  
 A sofa of her fairest flowers ;

Where Philomel's sweet notes shall breathe  
 Forth from behind the neighboring pine,  
 And murmurs from the stream beneath  
 Shall flow in unison with mine

SMART.

## March 26.

PITCH-PINE. — *Philosophy.*

Here, here are joys alone, say I !  
 'T is here divine Philosophy  
 Has deigned to fix her throne ;  
 Here Contemplation points the road  
 To calm Contentment's blest abode !  
 These, these are joys alone !

WHITEHEAD.



## March 27.

FIR TREE. — *Elevation.*

Once did I weep and groan,  
 Drink tears, draw loathéd breath,  
 And all for love of one  
 Who did effect my death!  
 But now, thanks to disdain!  
 I live, relieved of pain.  
 For sighs, — I singing go;  
 I burn not as before, — oh no, no, no!

DRUMMOND.

## March 28.

SWEET BRIAR. — *Poetry.*

Star of the golden ray,  
 That on thy blazing axle-tree art wheeling!  
 Before thy solemn form my soul is kneeling;  
 Bright Harbinger of Day!  
 Thou art a type of what I fain would be.

\* \* \* \*

Give me the Poet's Lyre!

And as the seraph in his orbit sings,  
 O, may I strike the heaven-attuned strings,  
 With a seraphic fire!

With music fill the mighty dome of Mind,  
 And the rapt souls of men, in music brightly bind!

J. W. H.

## March 29.

ELDER. — *Compassion.*

This youth is in love, I declare, —  
 How the insect keeps fluttering by!  
 I think he so loves a young fair,  
 If *she* were to *frown*, he would die!  
 Do not the poor youth any ill,  
 If he woos to obtain him a wife; —  
 As the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill!"  
 Say "yes," and *transport* him for life!

ANON.

## March 30.

HOARHOUND. — *Imitation.*

Girl of the low voice,  
 Love me! love me!  
 Girl of the sweet voice,  
 Love me!  
 'T is the echo of a bell, —  
 'T is the bubbling of a well, —  
 Sweeter love within doth dwell;  
 Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!

ANON.

## March 31.

LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING. — *Desertion.*

But thou, my lute, be still, now take thy rest,  
 Repose thy bones upon this bed of downe ;  
 Thou hast discharged some burden from my brest,  
 Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee downe ;  
 And let me walke to try my restlesse minde,  
 Untill I may entreate some curteous winde  
 To blow these wordes unto my noble mate,  
 That he may see I sorrow for his sake.

GASCOIGNE. 1560.

## April 1.

COLUMBINE. — *Folly.*

Have you seene but a bright lillie grow,  
 Before rude hands have touched it ?  
 Ha' you marked but the fall o' the snow,  
 Before the soyle hath smutched it ?  
 Or have ye smelt the bud of the brier ?  
                   Or the nard in the fire ?  
 Or have tasted the bag o' the bee ?  
 Oh, so white ! Oh, so sweet is she !      JONSON.

## April 2.

RUSH. — *Quietness.*

In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,  
 Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
 Feeding its flame. The element of fire  
 Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,  
 But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp,  
 As in a palace hall.           \*       \*

But if thou lovest, — mark me! I say lovest,  
 The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!  
 The world of the affections is thy world.

LONGFELLOW.

## April 3.

MEADOW SAFFRON. — *My happy days are past.*

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,  
 Softly on my soul that fell;  
 Go! for me no longer beaming, —  
 Hope and pleasure, fare thee well!

WOLFE.

## April 4.

REEDS. — *Musical Voice.*

Her voice is like the warble of a bird,  
So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,  
That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard ;  
The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
Without knowing why, — an overpowering tone,  
Whose melody descends, as from a throne.

Oh, that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
Born and expiring with the blest tone that made me !

BYRON.

## April 5.

MOUSE-EAR CHICKWEED. — *Simplicity.*

Sweet are her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May !

LONGFELLOW.

## April 6.

MYRRIL. — *Gladness.*

My days have been so wondrous free,  
 The little birds, that fly  
 With careless ease from tree to tree,  
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
 Of mine increased their stream?  
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
 I lent one sigh to them?

PARNELL.

## April 7.

HOP. — *Pride and Passion.*

When thy beauty appears  
 In its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an angel new-dropt from the sky, —  
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears, —  
 So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when, without art,  
 Your kind thought you impart,  
 When your love runs in blushes through every vein;  
 When it darts from your eyes, and pants in your  
 heart,  
 Then I know you 're a woman again!

PARNELL.

## April 8.

ALMOND TREE. — *Indiscretion.*

Oh! had I nursed when I was young  
 The lessons of my father's tongue,  
 (The deep laborious thoughts he drew,  
 From all he saw, and others knew,)  
 I might have been, — ah, me!  
 Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.

For what says Time?

Alas! he only shows the truth  
 Of all that I was told in youth.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## April 9.

BALSAM. — *Impatience.*

Sighing,  
 Dying,  
 Lying,  
 Frying,  
 In the furnae of Love's fire;  
 Creeping,  
 Sleeping,  
 Oh, how slow the hours retire!

CHATTERTON.

## April 10.

BARBERRY. — *Ill Temper.*

Since both of you so like in manners be,  
Thou the worst husband, and the worst wife she,  
I wonder you no better should agree!

SHERBURNE.

## April 11.

BEECH. — *Prosperity.*

My sweet one! as for thee, I frame  
A prayer which hath no selfish aim,  
No happier lot can I wish thee,  
Than such as I have when you 're with me.

SOUTHEY.

## April 12.

BINDWEED. — *Obstinacy.*

When she will, she will,  
You may depend on 't!  
When she wont, she wont,  
And there 's the end on 't!

ANON.



## April 13.

CINQUEFOIL. — *The Dead.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead.

Then you shall hear the surly, sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled

From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not

The hand that writ it, for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,

If thinking of me then, should work you wo!

SHAKSPEARE.

## April 14.

BIRCH. — *Meekness.*

In action prudent, and in word sincere,  
In friendship faithful, and in honor clear;  
Through life's vain scenes, the same in every part,  
A steady judgment, and an honest heart.

Thou vauntest no honors, — all thy boast, a mind  
As infant's guileless, and as angel's kind.

COLTON.

## April 15.

CHINA ASTER. — *True yet.*

No more shall flowers the meads adorn ;  
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn ;  
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring ;  
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring ;  
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,  
 When I shall you, dear, cease to love.

SMOLLETT.

## April 16.

CROCUS BLOSSOM. — *Youthful gladness.*

You 're glad !  
 Because your little tiny nose,  
     Turns up so pert and funny ;  
 Because I know you choose your beaux,  
     More for their mirth than money ;  
 Because your eyes are deep and blue, —  
     Your fingers long and rosy ;  
 Because a little maid like you  
     Would make one's home so cozy ;  
 Because, I think, (I 'm just so weak,)  
     That some of these fine morrows,  
 You 'il listen while you hear me speak  
     My story, and my sorrows !

ANON.

## April 17.

DAISY. — *I share your sentiments.*

The love that lay  
Half smothered in my breast, has broke through all  
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre ;  
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

ADDISON.

## April 18.

WILD GRAPE. — *Rural Felicity.*

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
And silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,  
Warmed by thine eyes more than the sun,  
And there th' enamoured fish will play,  
Begging themselves they may betray.

For thee thou needest no deceit,  
For thou thyself art thine own bait,  
That fish that is not caught thereby,  
He is a wiser fish than I.

DONNE.

## April 19.

HONEY FLOWER. — *Secret Love.*

Why should I blush to own I love?  
 'T is love that rules the realms above.  
 Why should I blush to say to all,  
 That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Is it weakness thus to dwell  
 On passion that I dare not tell?  
 Such weakness I would ever prove!  
 'T is painful, though 't is sweet, to love.

KIRK WHITE.

## April 20.

WITHERED ROSE. — *Departed Loveliness.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass, that 's broken presently;  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

SHAKSPEARE.

## April 21.

WILD HONEY-SUCKLE. — *Inconstancy.*

Right as a mirror that nothing may impress,  
 But lightly as it cometh, so mote it passe, —  
 So fair's your love, your works bear witness  
 There is no faith may your heart embrace,  
 But as a wedercocke, that turneth his face  
 With every wind, ye change; and that is scene;  
 Instead of blue, may ye always wear greene!

CHAUCER. 1370.

## April 22.

YELLOW JASMINE. — *Grace.*

To thy lover  
 Dear, discover  
 That sweet blush of thine, that shameth  
 (When those roses  
 It disclozes,)  
 All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air,  
 Flow thy hair;  
 That no more summer's best dresses  
 Be beholden  
 For their golden  
 Locks, to Phoebus' flaming tresses. CRABHAW.

## April 23.

LADIES' SLIPPER. — *Fickleness.*

Lovers beware, and take good heed about  
 Whom that ye love, for when ye suffer pain,  
 I let you know there is right few throughout,  
 Whom ye may trust to have true love again;  
 Prove when ye will, your labor is in vain,  
 Therefore I rede ye, take them as ye find,  
 For they are sad as wedercocke in wind.

CHAUCER. 1370.

## April 24.

MUSK ROSE. — *Caprice.*

“Love women well?” Never a deal love they a  
 man again!

For let a man do what he can, their favor to attain,  
 Yet if a new do them pursue, their first true lover  
 then

Labors for naught; for from her thought he is a  
 banished man!

*Very Old.*

## April 25.

PEACH BLOSSOM. — *I am yours.*

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all ;  
 What hast thou then, more than thou hadst  
 before ?

No love, my love, but thou mayst true love call ;  
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.

SHAKSPEARE.

## April 26.

BRIDAL ROSE. — *Happy Love.*

How blest will you be, what joys will be known,  
 When wedlock's soft bondage will make you its own ;  
 So joyful your heart, and so easy your chain,  
 That all other joys will be tasteless, — a pain.

BURNS.

## April 27.

BROKEN STRAW. — *Trouble ! Trouble !*

This thing I know by love,  
 Through absence crueltie,  
 Which makes me for to prove  
 Hell paine before I die.

*Uncertain.* 1555.

## April 28.

YELLOW VIOLET. — *Rare Worth.*

A maid whom there are none to praise,  
And very few to love.

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

## April 29.

WORMWOOD. — *Absence.*

How can the glintin sun shine bright?  
How can the wimplin burnie glide?  
Or flowers adorn the ingle side?  
Or birdies deign  
The woods, and streams, and vales to chide?  
Eliza's gane!

I'm lanely now without ye, dearie!  
And oft my een are wet, and tearie; —  
I cannot mak mysel feel cheerie,  
I try in vain, —  
I'm sick, and lane, and sad, and wearie,  
Eliza's gane!      J. W. H.



## April 30.

VERNAL GRASS. — *Poor but Happy.*

Such as in poor estate with oaten cakes abide,  
 Of care have they no cure, the corn with mirth  
 they roast ;  
 More ease they feel than those that from their height  
 down slide,  
 Excess doth breed their wo, they sail in Scilla's coast,  
 Remaining in the storm, till ship and all be lost.  
 Serve God therefore, thou poor, for lo ! thou livest  
 in rest,  
 Eschew the golden hall, thy thatched house is best.

ANONYMOUS.

## May 1.

AMERICAN STAR-WORT. — *Welcome!*

Oh, what a May-day, — what a dear May-day !  
 Feel what a breeze, love,  
 Undulates o'er us,  
 Meadows and trees, love,  
 Glisten before us, —  
 Light, in all showers,  
 Falls from the flowers,  
 Hear how they ask us, " Come and sit down ! "

R. M. MILNES.

## May 2.

CHICKWEED. — *Will you meet me?*

When are you coming? the flowers have come!  
 Bees in the balmy air happily hum!  
 In the dim woods where the cool mosses are,  
 Gleams the Anemone's little bright star;  
 Tenderly, timidly down in the dell,  
 Sighs the sweet violet, droops the harebell;—  
 Soft in the wavy grass lightens the dew,—  
 Spring keeps her promises,— why do not you?

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

## May 3.

MAY ROSE. — *Vigor.*

I in you  
 Find of youth's vanity and folly naught;  
 But mark, in every topic you pursue,  
 A mind with intellectual vigor fraught.  
 Strange! that one head two prizes thus should win,  
 Spring's flower without, and autumn's fruit within.

ANONYMOUS.

## May 4.

MYRTLE. — *Heart-felt Love.*

Our love came as the early dew  
 Comes unto drooping flowers ;  
 Dropping its first sweet freshness on  
 Our life's dull, lonely hours.  
 As each pale blossom lifts its head  
 Revived with blessings nightly shed  
 By summer breeze and dew, —  
 Oh, thus our spirits rose beneath  
 Love's gentle dews and living breath,  
 To drink of life anew !

MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

## May 5.

OPHRYS. — *Disgust.*

With lether eye  
 And cheeks dry,  
 And visage wan,  
 Swart as tan ;  
 When others are glad,  
 He is sad,  
 Frantick and mad ;  
 His tongue never still  
 For to say yll.

SKELTON. 1490.

## May 6.

QUINCE. — *Scornful Beauty.*

Oh mossie quince, hanging by your stalke,  
 The which no man dare plucke away or take!  
 Of all the folke, that pass forth by, or walke,  
 Your flowers fresh be fallen away and shake!  
 I am right sorry, mistress, for your sake,  
 Ye seem a thing that all men have forgotten;  
 Ye be so ripe, ye waxen almost rotten!

CHAUCER. 1370.

## May 7.

PRIMROSE. — *Inconstancy.*

Like as the rage of raine  
 Fills rivers with excesse,  
 And as the drought again  
 Doth draw them less and less, —  
 So I both fall and climb  
 With no and yea, sometime. 1566.

## May 8.

WHITE POPPY. — *Sleep.*

Sweet, sleepy maiden! dear, pacific soul!  
 Eat the fat beef, and suck the coffee bowl!  
 Still let the smoke of puddings round thee fly,  
 Till broad-looking dullness settles in thine eye.

THOMSON.

## May 9.

SNOWBALL. — *Thoughts of Heaven.*

Go wing your 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 moment of Heaven is worth them all!

MOORE.

## May 10.

RED POPPY. — *Consolation.*

Maiden! once gay pleasure knew thee;  
     Now thy cheeks are pale and deep;  
 Love has been a felon to thee,  
     Yet, poor maiden, do not weep.  
         There 's rest for thee,  
         All under the tree,  
 Where thou wilt slumber most peacefully.

K. WHITE.

## May 11.

SENSITIVE PLANT. — *Bashfulness.*

Behold this maiden when she smiles,  
 With shy and downcast eyes,  
 The light within them rounding, like  
 The young moon in its rise.

BARRY CORNWALL.

## May 12.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM. — *Purity.*

Oh, 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 odor which doth in it live.  
 The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,  
 As the perfuméd tincture of the roses,  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,  
 When summer's breath their maskéd buds dis-  
 closes.

But for their virtue, only is their show;  
 They live unwooded, and unrespected fade;  
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made;  
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth.

SHAKESPEARE.

## May 13.

STRAWBERRY. — *Perfection.*

Oh! do not die, for we shall hate  
All women so when you are gone,  
That thee I shall not celebrate,  
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;  
To leave this world behind is death;  
But when thou from this world wilt go,  
The whole world vapors in thy breath.

DONNE.

## May 14.

SUMACH. — *Intellectual Greatness.*

See yon delicious woodbines rise,  
By oaks exalted to the skies;  
So view in this maid's matchless mind,  
Humility and greatness joined.

To paint her dignity and ease,  
Formed to command, and formed to please,  
In wreaths expressive be there wove  
The birds of Venus and of Jove.

SMART.

## May 15.

SWEET-WILLIAM. — *Treachery.*

Oh! take back all, — I cannot bear  
 These proofs of love, — they seem to mock it;  
 There, false one, take your lock of hair!  
 Nay, do not ask me for the locket!  
 Insidious girl! that wily tear  
 Is useless, now that all is ended;  
 There is thy curl! nay, do not sneer; —  
 The locket 's — somewhere being mended!

ANON.

## May 16.

SYRINGA. — *Remember me.*

I 'll na' forget thee! In my heart,  
 Na ither one shall ha' a part,  
 Nor shall the wiles o' maiden art  
 Mak me forget;  
 And though we live lang miles apart,  
 I 'll lo'e thee yet!

And think o' him wha 's gane awa',  
 When looking on the eveniu' star,  
 Or on the moon's bright siller car,  
 And when ye pray,  
 Pray for the lad that 's distant far,  
 Far, far awa'!

J. W. H.



## May 17.

THISTLE. — *Austerity.*

'T is a woman hard of feature,  
Old and void of all good nature ;  
Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;  
Yet plays the fool before she dies.  
'T is an ugly envious shrew,  
Railing for ever, at me and you.      POPE.

## May 18.

VERVAIN. — *Enchantment.*

Oh, glorious in thy loveliness !  
Victorious in thy loveliness !  
From what strong magnetic zone,  
Circling some strange world unknown,  
Hast thou stolen sweet influence  
To lull in bliss each ravished sense, —  
Fascinates the dazzled sight,  
With a halo of delight ?

TUPPER.

## May 19.

WAKE ROBIN. — *Ardor.*

'Tis said that under distant skies,  
 (Can you the fact deny?)  
 What first attracts an Indian's gaze  
 Becomes his deity.

And could the Pagan's waking eyes,  
 Upon your beauty range,  
 He there would fix his lasting choice,  
 Nor wish, nor dare to change.

SHENSTONE.

## May 20.

WALL FLOWER. — *Faithful in Adversity.*

When all around grows drear and dark,  
 When Reason half withholds her ray, —  
 And Hope sheds but a dying spark,  
 Which more misleads my lonely way, —  
 In that deep midnight of the mind,  
 And that internal strife of heart,  
 When, dreading to be deemed too kind,  
 The weak despair, the cold depart;  
 When fortunes change, and Love flees far,  
 And Hatred's shafts fly thick and fast,  
 Thou art the solitary star  
 That will not set until the last.

BYRON.

## May 21.

WEEPING WILLOW. — *Mourning.*

Marvel no more, although  
 The songs I sing do moan ;  
 For other life than wo,  
 I never proved none.      WYAT. 1525.

## May 22.

WILLOW. — *Celibacy.*

Like a cage without a bird,  
 Or a thing too long deferred ;  
 Like the gold was never tried,  
 Or the ground unoccupied ;  
 Like a house that 's not possessed,  
 Or a book was never pressed —  
 So are you it may be said,  
 If you die, an ancient maid.      BEAUMONT.

## May 23.

WATER LILY. — *Purity of Heart.*

She dwells amid the world's dark ways,  
 Pure as in childhood's hours ;  
 And all her thoughts are poetry,  
 And all her words are flowers.

MRS. M. E. HEWITT.



## May 26.

PHLOX. — *Unanimity.*

From the gay world we 'll oft retire,  
To our own family aud fire,  
    Where love our hours employs ;  
No noisy neighbors euter there,  
No intermeddling strangers near  
    To spoil our heartfelt joys.  
The world hath nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our bliss will flow,  
    And from our quiet home.

COLTON.

## May 27.

MEADOW-SWEET. — *Uselessness.*

Yet for all this parade,  
You are but a dull blade,  
And your face is all scragged and raw ;  
    Though you've hacked, and have hewed,  
    And have squeezed, and have stewed,  
You are now not *all* worth a straw.

JAGO.

## May 28.

OLEANDER. — *Beware.*

She has a bosom as white as snow,

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,

Beware! beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

LONGFELLOW.

## May 29.

FRENCH MARIGOLD. — *Jealousy.*

Ah! poor unconseious rival maid,

How drearily must thou sicken and fade,

'Neath Jealousy's dark Upas shade!

TUPPER.

## May 30.

CAROLINA ROSE. — *Love is dangerous.*

To make a lover known by plaine Anatomic,

You lovers all that list, beware, lo! here behold  
you me.

These locks that hang unkempt, these hollowe  
dazzled eyes,

These chattering teeth, this trembling tongue, well  
tewed with cries,

These wan and wrinkled cheeks, well washt with  
 waves of woe,  
 May stand for pattern of a ghoste, whereso this  
 carkasse go ;  
 Yet for a just rewarde of love so dearly bought,  
 I pray you say, lo, this was hee, whom love had  
 worn to nought.                      GASCOIGNE. 1560.

## May 31.

PINK. — *Pure Love.*

I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings  
 His song of love on whinny brae ;  
 I'll lo'e thee while the crystal springs  
 Glint in the gowden gleams o' day ;  
 I'll lo'e thee while there 's licht aboon,  
 And stars to stud the breast o' sky,  
 I'll lo'e thee till life's day is done,  
 And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.  
R. HAMILTON.

## June 1.

MARJORAM. — *Blushes.*

Her cheeks are damask roses, blown in June,  
 Being equally with virgin lilies mixt ;  
 Or snowy milk with blushing strawberries strewn,  
 Where equal strife, the red and white betwixt ;

Or pure vermilion on white satin shown,  
 By painter's rarest skill and pencil fixt;  
 Those cheeks no color's liveliest dye can paint.  
 Scarlet and snow seem to their true ones faint!

PORDAGE.

## June 2.

DOUBLE RED PINK. — *Unchanging Love.*

I cannot forget him!  
 I try to be gay,  
 To quell the wild sorrow  
 That rises alway;  
 But wilder and darker  
 It swells as I try;  
 If *heaven* could forget him,  
 So never can I!

MRS. OSGOOD.

## June 3.

YELLOW PINK. — *Disdain.*

Go girl! In gaudy gardens thou wilt bloom,  
 Far from the silent vales of peace and love;  
 On fluttering foplings lavish thy perfume  
 And deck the fickle wreath that Folly wove!

LOVIBOND.



## June 4.

DAILY ROSE. — *A Smile.*

For some she feels her bosom pant,  
 For some she feels it smart ;  
 To all she gives enchanting smiles, —  
 To *one* she gives her heart.      LOVIBOND.

## June 5.

LANCASTER ROSE. — *Marriage.*

Let no repugnance to a single state,  
 Lead to a union with a worthless mate ;  
 A single lady, though advanced in life,  
 Is much more happy than an ill-matched wife.  
ANON.

## June 6.

THORN-APPLE. — *Deceitfulness.*

Women of kind have conditions three :  
 The first is, — they be full of deceit,  
 To spinne also is their property,  
 And women have a wonderful conceit,  
 For they can weep oft, and all is a sleight,  
 And ever when they list, a tear is in the eye,  
 Beware, therefore, — the blind eateth many a fly.  
CHAUCER.

## June 7.

RED TULIP. — *Declaration of Love.*

There is a broad and placid stream,  
 In Oregon's deep solitudes ;  
 There stilly sleeps the moon's pale beam,  
 And silence in its bosom broods ;  
 But deep, and broad, and grand, and free,  
 It marcheth to the open sea !

And thus the current of my love, —  
 Like Oregon's majestic sweep,  
 Silent and still, — yet broad and deep !

J. W. H.

## June 8.

VARIEGATED TULIP. — *Splendid Eyes.*

Longwhile I sought to what I might compare  
 Those powerful eyes which lighten my dark sprite ;  
 Yet find I naught on earth to which I dare  
 Resemble the image of their goodly light.  
 Not to the Sun, — for they do shine by night ; —  
 Not to the Moone, — for they are changéd never ;  
 Not to the Stars, — for they have purer sight ; —  
 Not to the fire, — for they consume not ever.  
 Then to their Maker's self they likost be,  
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SPENCER.

## June 9.

THYME. — *Activity.*

I am not old, — though years have cast  
 Their shadows on my way ;  
 I am not old, — though youth has passed,  
 On rapid wings away.  
 For in my heart a fountain flows,  
 And round it pleasant thoughts repose ;  
 And sympathies, and feelings high,  
 Spring like stars on evening's sky.

PARK BENJAMIN.

## June 10.

POMEGRANATE. — *Foolishness.*

A cold, calm star looked out of heaven,  
 And smiled upon a tranquil lake,  
 Where, pure as angel's dream at even,  
 A Lily lay but half awake.  
 The flower felt that fatal smile,  
 And lowlier bowed her conscious head ;  
 " Why does he gaze on me the while ? "  
 The light, deluded Lily said.  
 Poor dreaming flower ! too soon beguiled,  
 She cast not thought nor look elsewhere,  
 Else she had known the star but smiled,  
 To see himself reflected there. MRS. OSGOOD.

## June 11.

BLACK POPLAR. — *Courage.*

All around thee, fair with flowers,  
 Fields of Beauty sleeping lie ;  
 All around thee clarion voices  
 Call to Duty, stern and high.

T. B. THAYER.

## June 12.

PRICKLY PEAR. — *Dinna Forget.*

Thou canst not forget me. The past has been  
 fraught

With emotions too deep to be lightly effaced,  
 In the core of thy heart—in the depths of thy  
 thought,

In letters of lava that passion is traced.  
 In thy weal and thy wo, — in thy joy, and regret,  
 Thou wilt not, thou *must* not, thou *canst* not forget.

ANON.

## June 13.

POTATOE-BLOSSOM. — *Benevolence.*

Oh ! simple goodness has a charm,  
 Though it may be all still, and calm,  
 More than the lays of sweetest lyre,

Or ought that genius may inspire.  
 Ay! greater far, and surer still,  
 Than aught that comes of art or skill.

MISS FARLEY.

## June 14.

MOUNTAIN PINK. — *Aspiration.*

I fain would soar to yon bright worlds of light,  
 And hear the music of the rolling spheres,  
 And with Creation's organ-choir unite,  
 In anthem tunes to Him of endless years.  
 O! for a freedom from low, grovelling thought,  
 From glittering toys, and littleness of mind!  
 O! for that wealth that never can be bought,  
 Thought pure and high, and sentiment refined.

LOWELL OFFERING. (M. A.)

## June 15.

WILD PLUM. — *Independence.*

I remember one that perished. Sweetly did she  
 speak and move;  
 Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to  
 love.  
 Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the  
 love she bore?  
 No! she never loved me truly; love is love forever  
 more!

TENNYSON.

## June 16.

FLY ORCHIS. — *Error.*

Owning her weakness —  
Her evil behavior, —  
And leaving with meekness,  
Her sins, — to her Savior!

HOOD.

## June 17.

PALM. — *Spiritual.*

Minstrels sing of Beauty's power,  
Sages yield to Beauty's spells;  
Warrior's quail 'neath Beauty's eye,  
Prithee say where Beauty dwells!

Ah! the cheek and eye will *fade!*  
Beauty owns immortal grace;  
Throned she sits within the soul,  
There is Beauty's dwelling-place!

MISS VANDENHOFF.

## June 18.

MUSTARD-SEED. — *Indifference.*

She 's pretty, I agree,  
 But she dances, sir, you see ;  
 And I would n't give a fig  
 For a dancing whirligig! ANON.

## June 19.

MULBERRY TREE. — *Kindness.*

The beautiful humanities  
 Of nature, in the humblest dress,  
 Speak to our sweetest sympathies,  
 Far more than language can express!  
 JAS. NACK.

## June 20.

BLACK MULBERRY. — *I shall not survive you.*

Fail me not thou! This feeling past,  
 My heart would never rouse again ;  
 Thou art the brightest — but the last!  
 And if *this* trust, *this* love is vain, —  
 If thou, all peerless as thou art,  
 Be not less fair, than true of heart —  
 My loves are o'er! The sun will shine  
 Upon no grave so hushed, as this dark breast of  
 mine! WILLIS.

## June 21.

PEONY. — *Shame.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
     As man's ingratitude!  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigho! sing heigho! under the green holly!  
 Most friendship is feigning—most loving, mere  
     folly. SHAKESPEARE.

## June 22.

PASSION FLOWER. — *Faith.*

Ah, no! my dying lips shall close,  
     Unaltered love, as faith professing;  
 Nor, (praising him who life bestows,)  
     Forget who makes that life a blessing.  
 My last address to Heaven is due;—  
 My last but one, I give to you.

LOVIBOND.



## June 23.

PASQUE FLOWER. — *I have no claims.*

I seem to myself an unsightly weed,  
 Growing up in a bright parterre,  
 Where the perfume of flowers is silently shed  
 On the wings of the balmy air.

The high trees are waving above, and around,  
 Whose branches with happy notes ring,  
 While 'neath them a shade for the weary is found,  
 But I am a vain useless thing.

Oh, why was I placed here? No pleasure I yield;  
 None look upon me with delight;  
 More fitting for me, were some wild, barren field,  
 Than a garden so blooming and bright.

LOWELL OFFERING. (Y. M.)

## June 24.

HEMP. — *Fate.*

Oh! far on Being's shores, where dimly lower  
 The mists of guilt before the sunniest light,  
 I feel myself by some resistless power,  
 Swiftly impelled, nor see my way aright.

Groping, confused, I seek my destination, —  
 May ne'er my feeble strength Sin's forces aid;  
 Nor be it mine to scatter desolation  
 On aught that He, the Holy One hath made.

MISS LARCOM.

## June 25.

HOLLY-HOCK. — *Ambition.*

The vain desires which animate mankind,  
The yearning after wealth, and power, and fame,  
To these, — oh! let me evermore be blind,  
And seek for heaven, *not* earth, to gain a name.

Be mine the bliss to dry the orphan's tear,  
To guide the wandering, succor the distressed;  
And find thus, better than a victor's crown,  
The consciousness of Right within my breast.

J. L. ORDWAY.

## June 26.

SWEET SCABIOUS. — *Widowhood.*

Like lamps in Eastern sepulchres,  
Amid my heart's deep gloom,  
Affection sheds its holiest light  
Upon my husband's tomb.  
And as those lamps, if brought once more  
To upper air, grow dim,  
So my soul's love is cold, and dead,  
Unless it glow for him.

MRS. EMBURY.

## June 27.

SCHINUS. — *Marriage.*

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
    By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good,  
    A paradise below.

COLTON.

## June 28.

SNAPDRAGON. — *Indiscretion.*

How often thoughtless acts have severed  
    The links of Friendship's golden chain!  
And when is gone that sweet communion,  
    What can replace its loss again?

A careless word, though lightly spoken,  
    Has often caused that heart to sigh,  
Which, frail and gentle as a flower,  
    With one cold word would fade and die!

J. L. ORDWAY.

## June 29.

JOHN'S WORT. — *Simplicity.*

She 'd rather be a simple maid,  
 And owe to *Nature* all her bloom,  
 Than turn to Fashion's glass for aid,  
 And flaunt beneath a borrowed plume.

ANON.

## June 30.

SUNFLOWER. — *False appearance.*

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,  
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;  
 Love does on both her lips for ever stay,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.  
 Yes, Love is seen on every outward part,  
 But never in the heart! COWLEY.

## July 1.

SYCAMORE. — *Grief.*

And this is all I have left now,  
 Silence and solitude and tears;  
 The memory of a broken vow,  
 My blighted hopes, my wasted years!

ANON.

## July 2.

XANTHIUM. — *Rudeness.*

Away! away! You 're all the same,  
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!  
Upon my soul I burn with shame,  
To think I 've been your slave so long!

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign;  
More joy it gives to woman's breast,  
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
Than one true, manly lover blest.      MOORE.

## July 3.

WOOD-SORREL. — *Joy.*

Tranquilly, tranquilly, even thus I live,  
While everything around me, doth a fragrance give;  
In everything there 's joy for me,  
In the land and in the sea,  
In the boundless sky;  
In each little smiling flower,  
Peering from its shady bower,  
Doth a beauty lie.

ANON.

## July 4.

WATER-WILLOW. — *Freedom.*

I see a little merry maiden,  
With laughing eye and sunny hair,  
With foot as free as mountain fairy,  
And heart and spirit light as air ;  
And hand and fancy active ever,  
Devising, doing, striving still ;  
Defeated oft, despairing never,  
Up springing strong in hope and will.

ANONYMOUS.

## July 5.

CROWN OF ROSES. — *Virtue*

Oh! the light of Virtue is pure and unfading!  
It hath more esteem than the gems that decay ;  
'T will gleam when the chill damps of death are  
invading,  
And light thee and cheer thee along the dark way !

E. R. H.

## July 6.

WHITE ROSE BUD. — *Too young to marry.*

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,  
 I'm o'er young, 't would be a sin  
 To take me from my mammy yet! BURNS.

## July 7.

RED ROSE BUD. — *Pure.*

There ever doth whisper a still, small voice  
 To the world within;  
 It saith to thy weary heart, "Rejoice!  
 Be free from sin!" J. W. H.

## July 8.

WHITE ROSE. — *I would be single.*

How uneasy is his life,  
 Who is troubled with a wife!  
 Be she ne'er so fair or comely,  
 Be she foul or be she homely,  
 Be she blithe or melancholy,  
 Have she wit, or have she folly,  
 Be she prudent, be she squandering,  
 Be she staid, or be she wandering,  
 Yet uneasy is his life  
 Who is married to a wife. COTTON.

## July 9.

DOG ROSE. — *Pain and Pleasure.*

When love was stricken with disgust,  
 At the cold world's unnatural sway,  
 He shook in scorn the golden dust,  
 From his transparent feet away, —  
 And sought in pilgrim-weeds, a spot  
 For penance fit, — lone, dark, and bare,  
 Where even Hope's wan bloom was not, —  
 He found my heart, and laid him there!

R. M. MILNES.

## July 10.

FIG TREE. — *A Kiss.*

Her lips are snips of scarlet, July flowers  
 Spread with the tincture of vermilion hue;  
 Blessed in self-kisses; past our human powers  
 To touch; so high a bliss what mortal knew?  
 Between those ruby gates slide spicy showers,  
 Which those, slain by her eyes, with life imbue;  
 Angelic sounds, and charming smiles so nice  
 Hence flow, which make her presence Paradise.

PORDAGE.



## July 11.

ANGELICA. — *Inspiration.*

Hearst thou that voice?  
That voice mysterious in thy throbbing heart,  
Chaunting in muffled tones e'er thou depart?  
Hear and rejoice!  
That strange deep tone within thine heart's abode,  
Chaunting low music, is the voice of God!

J. W. H.

## July 12.

BASIL. — *Hatred of the other sex.*

Clara was told, if past a certain age,  
Her lovely spirit left this mortal stage, —  
(An adage known full well ;)  
She must, as all yeleft old maidens must,  
Below this ball of mud, and rocks, and dust,  
Lead frightful apes in hell!  
She said, if such must be her future lot,  
Resigned, she would not mourn a single jot ;  
She 'd rather lead a *thousand* down below,  
*Than one should lead her now!*

J. W. H.

## July 13.

ASPHODEL. — *Unending Regret.*

O, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have  
 been,  
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a  
 vanished scene,  
 As springs in deserts found, seem sweet, though  
 brackish still they be,  
 So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would  
 flow to me. BYRON.

## July 14.

BAY. — *Fadeless Affection.*

I have loved thee on earth, and none other shall  
 share  
 The affection to which thou gav'st rise ;  
 To follow thee now will I only prepare,  
 And meet thee again in the skies. ANON.

## July 15.

BELLADONNA. — *Loneliness.*

Lonely I am, even as a cloud  
 That floats along the azure vault of heaven,  
 In the mute midnight silently —  
 My thoughts I may not tell, nor feelings speak —  
 Dreams of other days flit through my brain,  
 Mute as the shadow of a passing bird! ANON.

## July 16.

BELL-FLOWER. — *Constancy.*

She loves him yet!  
The flower the false one gave her  
When last he came,  
Is still with her wild tears wet.  
She 'll ne'er forget,  
Howe'er his faith may waver,  
Through grief and shame,  
Believe it, — she loves him yet!

MRS. OSGOOD.

## July 17.

BILBERRY. — *Treachery.*

O, maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity!  
O, maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!  
The meadow brook is mirror of thy falsehood!  
It flows so long as falls the rain!  
In drought its springs soon dry again!  
The meadow brook is mirror of thy falsehood!

LONGFELLOW.

## July 18.

BITTERSWEET. — *Truth.*

As there are shells in yonder hoary deep  
 Have caught a rose tint from the orb of light,  
 All delicately shadowed o'er, despite  
 The slimy things, and terrible that keep  
 Dark dwelling there, and in corruption steep, —  
 So treads her way 'mid sin and wrong, my bright  
 And pure of soul ; though all around is night,  
 Thy thoughts, thy will, in beams of brightness  
 sleep! ANON.

## July 19.

BRAMBLE. — *Weariness.*

When will the unwelcome, weary day be done ?  
 Time loiters ever when we 'd have him fly ;  
 The sun lags on his course, — the sands un-run ;  
 The glare of day-time will not leave the sky ;  
 Ah ! light of love, there is no more ;  
 What sighs, what tears, what vain regrets are  
 mine ;  
 What foolish grief, for it cannot restore  
 Quiet unto my breast, or tenderness to thine.

ANON.

## July 20.

BULRUSH. — *Independence.*

We 've learned to love without each other,  
 Though once we thought the lesson vain ;  
 The pangs of wounded pride I 'll smother  
 And be myself again !

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

## July 21.

CANTERBURY-BELL. — *Constancy in Adversity.*

Then come the wild weather, come sleet, or come  
 snow,  
 We will stand by each other however it blow.  
 Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,  
 Shall be to our true love, as links to the chain.

LONGFELLOW.

## July 22.

CELANDINE. — *Joys to come.*

Is it not sweet to think hereafter,  
 When the spirit leaves this sphere,  
 Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her  
 To those she long has mourned for here ?  
 Oh ! if no other boon were given,  
 To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,  
 Who would not strive to win a heaven  
 Where all we love shall meet again ? MOORE.

## July 23.

INDIAN PLUM. — *Privation.*

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,  
And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire ;  
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,  
A different object do these eyes require ;  
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;  
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire ;  
I fruitless mourn for one that cannot hear,  
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

GRAY.

## July 24.

WHITE LILAC. — *Youthful looks.*

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh ! it is not always May.

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth, —  
There are no birds in last year's nest.

LONGFELLOW.

## July 25.

LILAC. — *First emotions of Love.*

When first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,  
 My purest, first-born love, and dearest treasure,  
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;  
 Nor thought that any love again might be  
 So deep and strong, as that I felt for thee.

MRS. NORTON.

## July 26.

MAGNOLIA. — *You are a Lover of Nature*

How sweetly bland do Nature's gentle fingers  
 Lift from my brow the damp and sickly hair,  
 And fan the faint fire with her cheerful air  
 That in my feeble dim eyes scarcely lingers.  
 Oh ! who these sweet and heaven-like retreats,  
 Would give for hot, and dry, and dusty streets ?  
 Where squalid WANT doth reach her skinny hand,  
 And CRIME sits leering in ungodly glee,  
 And keen FRAUD in the market-place doth stand,  
 And SIN and WRONG conspire, to crush sick  
 POVERTY !

J. W. H.

## July 27.

LONDON PRIDE. — *Frivolity.*

You oftentimes can mark upon the street,  
 The gilded toy whom fashion idolizes ;  
 Heartless and fickle, swelled with self conceit,  
 Avoiding alway what good sense advises.  
 Who flutters like the butterfly while burns his sun,  
 Nor afterwards is missed when life is done.

W. H. C.

## July 28.

MOONWORT. — *Unfortunate.*

Alas ! earth's ties with her are like the wave,  
 That brightly clasps the shore,  
 Then breaks and seeks its grave !

T. C. UPHAM.

## July 29.

VERBENA. — *Hope in Darkness.*

God is nigh,  
 Ev'n then when far away he seemeth,  
 When hope of freedom none appears,  
 Believe so best for thee he deemeth :  
 He in his time will dry thy tears.

God is nigh !

ULRICH.



## July 30.

PATAGONIAN MINT. — *Virtue.*

Flee from the crowd, and be to virtue true,  
 Content with what thou hast, though it be small !  
 To hoard brings hate ; — nor lofty things pursue ;  
 He who climbs high, endangers many a fall.  
 Envy 's a shade that ever waits on fame,  
 And oft the sun that raises it, will hide ;  
 Trace not in life a vast, expansive scheme,  
 But be thy wishes to thy state allied.  
 Be mild to others, to thyself severe,  
 So truth shall shield thee both from hurt and fear.

CHAUCER.

## July 31.

OSIER. — *Frankness.*

Wretched and foolish jealousy,  
 Thou cannot ever enter me !  
 I ne'er was of thy kind ;  
 Nor have I yet that narrow mind  
 To vent that poore desire,  
 That others should not warm them at my fire.  
 I wish the sun would shine,  
 On all men's fruits and flowers, as well as mine.

JONSON.

## August 1.

BURGUNDY ROSE. — *Simplicity.*

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,  
 The smile, the nature of the face,  
     Refinement without art ;  
 The eye where pure affection beams,  
 The tear from tenderness that streams,  
     The accents of the heart ;  
 The trembling frame, the living cheek,  
 Where blushes, like the morning break, —  
     Thy beauties these. LOGAN.

## August 2.

DAMASK ROSE. — *Bashful Love.*

I cannot when present, unfold what I feel,  
 I sigh — can a lover do more ?  
 Her name to my friends I can never reveal,  
     Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
 My dearest, oh say, do you long for my love,  
     Do you sigh for an interview soon ?  
 Oh ! cast a kind look upon me as you rove,  
     Alone by the light of the moon ! LOGAN.

## August 3.

MOSS ROSE. — *Superior Merit.*

Her temper, like her forehead, smooth ;  
 Her thoughts and accents formed to soothe ;  
 Her pleasing mein, and grace refined,  
 Are not so polished as her mind.

SHENSTONE.

## August 4.

MORNING GLORY. — *She loves you.*

I am loved ! I am loved ! Jubililate !  
 Hark ! hark ! how the happy note swells !  
 To and fro from the breezy bells,  
 With which the forest melodiously,  
 To their banquet halls invite the bee ;—  
 " He is loved ! he is loved ! Jubililate ! "

BULWER.

## August 5.

HUNDRED-LEAVED ROSE. — *Dignity of Mind.*

Oh ! 't is great, godlike, to spurn  
 All low and grovelling things ;  
 And with quenchless ardor yearn  
 For Intellect's pure springs, —  
 To climb the highest heights of fame,  
 And write a glorious, deathless name !

ANON.

## August 6.

SARDONY. — *Invitation.*

Come, loved one, come! thy fears forsake, —  
 My heart could ne'er dissemble, —  
 The day is sleeping, — Love's awake;  
 What's here should make thee tremble?  
 Come, loved one, come!

ANON.

## August 7.

SAINTFOIN. — *Trust in God.*

Trust in God!

Thou forlorn one, cease thy moan;  
 All thy pain, and all thy sorrow,  
 Are to God the highest known.

He leaves thee now, but helps tomorrow.  
 Trust in God!

Hold to God!

The blows He deals in love are given,  
 That thy soul's health may better fare;  
 So mayst thou know the fear of heaven.

Confide in His paternal care.

Hold to God!

ULRICH.

## August 8.

SCABIOUS. — *Unfortunate Attachment.*

No more, — no more, — Oh ! never more on me,  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew ;  
Which out of all the lovely things we see,  
Extracts emotions, beautiful and new,  
Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee ?  
Thinkest thou the honey with those objects grew ?  
Alas ! 't was not in them, but in thy power,  
To double even the sweetness of a flower.

BYRON.

## August 9.

WITCH-HAZEL. — *Changeable.*

For she is gracious, if she be observed,  
She hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as the day for melting charity ;  
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, she 's flint ;  
As humorsome as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
Her temper, therefore, must be well observed.  
Chide her for faults, and do it reverently.

SHAKSPEARE.

## August 10.

WHORTLEBERRY. — *Treachery.*

Thy deceits  
Give us clearly to comprehend,  
Whither tend  
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!  
They are cheats,  
Thorns below, and flowers above.  
Ah Love!  
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

LONGFELLOW.

## August 11.

WILLOW-HERB. — *Pretension.*

Ah! sad it is when lips have spoken,  
And love on one hath set his token,  
To find the heart we deemed our own,  
Vibrates not with a single tone  
Of those intense and passionate lays  
It feigned so well in other days!

ANON.

## August 12.

VINE. — *Intoxication.*

Go, where he dwells when revelry is o'er ; —  
 How on its rusty hinges creaks the door ; —  
 A single brand is mouldering on the hearth ;  
 The children show no bliss, no wonted mirth ;  
 Their mouths are hungry, and their limbs are bare ;  
 The stupid father nods, drunk in his broken chair.

T. C. UPHAM.

## August 13.

VETCH. — *Shyness.*

The stillest stream deseries the greatest deepe ;  
 The clearest sky is subject to a shower ;  
 Conceit 's most sweet, when as it seems to sleepe ;  
 And fairest days do in the morning lower :  
 The silent groves sweet nymphs they cannot miss,  
 And Love loves most, where love most seeret is.

The rarest jewels hidden virtue yield,  
 The sweet of traffique is a seeret gaine ;  
 The year once old doth show a barren field,  
 And plants seem dead, and yet they spring again ;  
 Cupid is blinde, — the reason why, is this :  
 Love loveth most, when love most seeret is. ANON.

## August 14.

THIRIFT. — *Sympathy for the fallen.*

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon faded,

Plucked in the bud, and faded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl! alack! too early shaded!

Fair creature killed too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

SHAKSPEARE.

## August 15.

THROATWORT. — *Neglected beauty.*

Alone! alone! how drear it is always to be alone!  
In such a depth of wilderness, the only thinking one!

The waters in their path rejoice, the trees together sleep —

But I have not one silver voice upon my ear to creep!

WILLIS.

## August 16.

BUTTERFLY ORCHIS. — *Domestic Quiet.*

How I could love

Some peaceful spot where we might dwell unknown,  
Where homeborn joys might nestle round our hearts  
As swallows round our roofs, — and blend their sweets,

Like dewy-tangled flowrets in one bed. FESTUS.



## August 17.

PEAR. — *Affection.*

Joyful,  
 Or woful, —  
 Be thankful and glad, —  
 Sighing,  
 Or crying,  
 With sorrow be sad, —  
 Rejoice to the skies,  
 Down to death be thou driven,  
 Only the loving soul dwelleth in heaven!  
 From GOETHE. J. W. H.

## August 18.

BLUE PERIWINKLE. — *Early Love.*

Our first young love resembles  
 That short, but brilliant ray,  
 Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles,  
 Through April's earliest day.  
 No, — no, — let life before us  
 Bring all the light it may,  
 'T will shed no lustre o'er us  
 Like that first trembling ray.      MOORE.

## August 19.

PIMPERNEL. — *Faithlessness.*

False is your flattering color, false and fading ;  
 False is your flattering tongue, false every part ;  
 Your hair is forged, your silver forehead shading ;  
 False are your eyes, but falsest is your heart.  
 This then, in consequence must needs ensue,  
 All must be false, when every part 's untrue.  
 And what a thoughtless, headstrong fool am I  
 To grasp the wind, and love ineonstancy !

P. FLETCHER.

## August 20.

CROW-FOOT. — *Brilliancy.*

Do but look on her eyes ! they do light  
 All that love's world compriseth ;  
 Do but look on her hair ! it is bright  
 As love's star, when it riseth !  
 Do but mark, — her forehead 's smoother  
 Than words that soothe her !  
 And from her arched brows such a grace  
 Sheds itself through the face,  
 As alone there triumphs to the life,  
 All the gain, all the good, of the element's strife.

JONSON.

## August 21.

CUCKOO PLANT. — *Ardor.*

Be thou thankful, and rejoice in  
 All the beauty God has given;  
 But beware it does not win thee  
 From the work ordained of heaven.

• REV. T. B. THAYER.

## August 22.

BUNCH OF CURRANTS. — *You please all.*

Bring, Flora, bring thy treasures here,  
 The pride of all the blooming year;  
 And let me thence, a garland frame  
 To crown this fair, this peerless dame.

SHENSTONE.

## August 23.

DAFFODIL. — *Contentment.*

How much more happy is that sweet estate,  
 That neither creeps too low nor soars too high;  
 Which yields no matter for contempt or hate,  
 Which others not disdain, nor yet envy,  
 Which neither does nor takes an injury,  
 But living to itself in sweet content,  
 Is neither abject, nor yet insolent.

1629. HERBERT.

## August 24.

DAHLIA. — *Elegance and Dignity.*

Her youthful form was such an one as painters love  
to trace,  
With glossy hair and dark deep eyes, and motions  
full of grace.  
And brightly flashed the glittering gems amid her  
raven hair,  
While oriental pearls were twined around her arms  
so fair.  
But whiter shone her polished teeth than pearl or  
flashing gems,  
And brighter beamed her sparkling eye than costly  
diadems.

W. H. C.

## August 25.

SWEET FLAG. — *Fitness.*

O! sweet as music's silvery tones,  
Borne in the moonlight o'er a summer sea,  
Or spirit-voices to the parting soul,  
Are kindly words to those, earth's stricken ones,  
Who suffer and are sad. Tears shed  
For them and human misery, the angels bear  
To heaven to gem their starry crowns!

D. II. JAQUES.

## August 26.

LIFE EVERLASTING. — *Continual happiness.*

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,  
Richly deck thy native stem ;  
Till some evening, sober, calm,  
Dropping dews and breathing balm,  
While all around the woodland rings,  
And every bird thy requiem sings ;  
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,  
Shed thy dying honors round,  
And resign to parent earth,  
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

BURNS.

## August 27.

FILBERT. — *Reconciliation.*

Come, let us now resolve at last,  
To live and love in quiet ;  
We'll tie the knot so very fast,  
That time shall ne'er untie it.

When least I seemed concerned, I took  
No pleasure, nor no rest ;  
And when I feigned an angry look,  
Alas ! I loved you best.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

## August 28.

FLAX. — *Genius.*

Oh! he is a fierce Byronic beau,  
He scorns all things mean and low ;  
He drinks gin and water, — his favorite dish  
Is vinegar, poured on a little fish.  
And oh! his diet makes him sublime,  
And he is dreadfully given to rhyme!

HALLECK.

## August 29.

FLOWER OF AN HOUR. — *Frailty.*

Ah, heedless girl! why thus disclose  
What ne'er was meant for other ears?  
Why thus destroy thine own repose,  
And dig the source of future tears?  
Oh! thou wilt weep, imprudent maid,  
While lurking, envious foes will smile,  
For all the follies thou hast said,  
Of those who spoke but to beguile. BYRON.

## August 30.

FLOWERING REED. — *Rely on God.*

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind  
Be thou ; nor at thy lot in life repine ;  
He scapes all ill whose bosom is resigned ;  
Nor way nor weather shall be always fine.  
Beside, thy home 's not here ; a journey this ;  
A pilgrim thou ; then hie thee on thy way ;  
Look up to God, intent on heavenly bliss,  
Take what the road affords, and praises pay ;  
Shun brutal lusts, and seek the soul's high sphere ;  
And God will shield thee both from hurt and fear.

CHAUCER.

## August 31.

FOX-GLOVE. — *Insincerity.*

Look as it is with some true April day,  
Whose various weather stores the world with  
flowers ;  
The sun his glorious beams doth fair display,  
Then rains, and shines again, then straight it  
lowers.  
And twenty changes in one hour doth prove ;  
So, and more changing, lady, is your love.

P. FLETCHER.

## September 1.

FUMITORY. — *Ill at ease.*

All things unto me  
Shew their dark sides! Somewhere there must be  
light.

Oh! I feel like a seed in the cold earth;  
Quickening at heart, and pining for the air!  
Passion is destiny. The heart is its own  
Fate. It is well youth's gold rubs off soon.

FESTUS.

## September 2.

HELENIUM. — *Tears.*

Nightly tears have dimed the lustre  
Of thy sweet eyes, once so bright.  
And, as when dark willows cluster,  
Weeping o'er marble rocks,  
O'er thy forehead white  
Droop thy waving locks.  
Yet thou art beautiful, poor girl,  
As angels in distress,  
Yea, comforting the soul, dear girl,  
With thy loveliness.

TUPPER.



## September 3.

HEPATICA. — *Confidence.*

The bird

Let loose, to his far home will flee ;  
 And love though breathed but on a word,  
 Will find thee over land and sea.  
 Though clouds across the sky have driven,  
 We trust the star at last will shine,  
 And like the very light of Heaven  
 I trust thy love. Trust thou in mine. WILLIS.

## September 4.

HOYA. — *Sculpture.*

Her brow is white and low, her cheeks' pure dye  
 Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun ;  
 Short upper lip, — sweet lips ! that make us sigh  
 Ever to have seen such ; — for she is one  
 Fit for the model of a statuary, —  
 A race of mere imposters, when all 's done  
 I 'vé seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
 Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal !

BYRON.

## September 5.

HUMBLE PLANT. — *Despondency.*

|                      |   |                    |
|----------------------|---|--------------------|
| Alone walking,       | } | All desolate, —    |
| In thought plaining, |   |                    |
| And sore sighing,    |   |                    |
| Me remembering       | } | Early and late ; — |
| Of my living,        |   |                    |
| And death wishing    |   |                    |
| Unfortunate          | } | Out of measure,    |
| Is so my fate,       |   |                    |
| That wot she what    |   |                    |
| My life I hate :     | } | Do I endure !      |
| Thus desperate       |   |                    |
| In such poor estate, |   |                    |

CHAUCER. 1370.

## September 6.

IRIS. — *Pleasant Message.*

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
 And daily dooms some joy to death, —  
 O'er thee, let years so gently fall,  
 They shall not crush one flower beneath !

MOORE.

## September 7.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. — *Return of Happiness.*

Ella ! sad clouds have always round my spirit  
 Gathered thick darkness to engloom my way ;  
 I 've thought my life would never more inherit  
 The golden radiance of a sunlit day.

But you arose across my soul's horizon  
 And gilt the clouds that darkly thronged me  
 round,

And my sad song, — Kyrie, Kyrie, eleison !  
 Became Io ! Eureka ! I have found !      J. W. H.

## September 8.

MADDER. — *Talkative.*

This maiden's sparkling eyes  
 Are pretty, and all that, sir ;  
 But her little tongue  
 Is quite too full of chat, sir !      MOORE.

## September 9.

MONKSHOOD. — *Gallantry.*

Love is catching from such teeth ;  
 Delicate little pearl-white wedges,  
 All transparent at the edges.      FESTUS.

## September 10.

TEAR DROP. — *Happy Love.*

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest ;  
 May life be for thee one summer's day,  
 And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,  
 Come smiling around thy sunny way !  
 If sorrow e'er this calm should break,  
 May e'en thy tears pass off so lightly,  
 Like spring showers, they 'll only make  
 The smiles that follow shine more brightly !

MOORE.

## September 11.

CRANBERRY. — *Cure for heart-ache.*

Yes ! thou wert false, and sorely pained  
 My heart hath been, although not broken ;  
 I've pondered on the lesson gained  
 From promises so lightly spoken.

My love is now its own relief :  
 My fancy 's free, since thou hast willed it,  
 The only wonder is, — in brief, —  
 That such a being ever filled it !

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

## September 12.

JONQUIL. — *Longings.*

Dark mournful spirits sadly throng the arena  
Of life ; a wild and bloody sea of waves,  
Fatal to hope and faith, is beating madly  
'Gainst the faint spirit.

Lull me to rest then, with thy gentle murmurs,  
Like mother-music heard in balmy slumber, —  
That I may know the life, serene and glorious,  
Of the first human spirit !

*Heydenreich.* J. W. H.

## September 13.

LOVE IN A SNARL. — *Embarrassment.*

Heigho ! for a husband ! heigho !  
There 's danger in longer delay !  
Shall I never again have a beau ?  
Will nobody marry me, pray ?  
I begin to feel strange, I declare !  
With beauty my prospects will fade, —  
I 'd give myself up to despair  
If I thought I should die an old maid.

MORRIS.

## September 14.

ACACIA. — *Platonic Love.*

Once fondly loved, and still remembered dear,  
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,  
 Accept this mark of *friendship*, warm, sincere, —  
 Friendship ! 't is all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,  
 One friendly sigh for him, (he asks no more,)  
 Who distant burns, in flaming torrid climes,  
 Or haply lies 'neath the Atlantic's roar.

BURNS.

## September 15.

ROSE ACACIA. — *Elegance.*

Her glossy hair is clustered o'er a brow  
 Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth ;  
 Her eyebrow's shape is like the aerial bow,  
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,  
 Mounting at times to a transparent glow,  
 As if her veins run lightning ; she, in sooth  
 Has a proud air, and grace by no means common,  
 Her stature tall, — I hate a dumpy woman.

BYRON.

## September 16.

ADONIS. — *Sorrowful Recollections.*

'T is done ! I saw it in my dreams, —  
No more with hope the future beams !  
My days of happiness are few :  
Chilled by misfortune's wintry blast,  
My dawn of life is overcast ;  
Love, hope, and joy, alike adieu :  
Would I could add remembrance too !

BYRON.

## September 17.

BOX. — *Stoicism.*

Adieu, ye vain, low-thoughted cares,  
Ye human hopes and human fears,  
Ye pleasures and ye pains !  
For now o'er all my soul, I feel  
A philosophic calmness steal ;  
A stoic silence reigns.

WHITEHEAD.

## September 18.

BUTTERCUP. — *Ingratitude.*

Behold, false maid, yon hornèd light,  
Which in heaven's arch doth range,  
And view thyself a part of it, —  
Yet she but once a month does change.

The raging sea, the uncertain air,  
Or, what does yet more change admit,  
Of variations emblems are ;  
When thou, and only thou, art it. COTTON.

## September 19.

CABBAGE. — *Self-willed.*

Oh ! she 's really a charming woman, —  
But have you observed, by-the-by,  
A something that 's rather uncommon,  
In the flash of her very bright eye ?  
It may be a fancy of mine,  
(Though her voice has a rather sharp tone,)  
But I 'm told that these charming women  
Are apt to have wills of their own !

MRS. P. BLACKWOOD.



## September 20.

CHINA PINK. — *Aversion.*

As a low trailing vine,  
 Hath round a young tree twined,  
 And with its slender tendrils,  
 Sought the proud tree to bind, —  
 Till the wild tempest came,  
 And tore it from its side,  
 And all along the earth  
 It darkly, sadly died, —  
 So the winds of scorn and pride,  
 Have swept my heart from thine,  
 And though I *die* without thee,  
 Thou never shalt be mine!      J. W. H.

## September 21.

CORN. — *Quarrel.*

I will not ask thee to return  
 Each *gage d'amour* or lover's token,  
 Which I had given thee, before  
 The links between us had been broken.  
 They were not much, — but oh, that brooch!  
 If for my sake thou 'st deigned to save it,  
 For that at least I must eneroach;  
 It was n't mine, although I gave it!      ANON.

## September 22.

COWSLIP. — *Pensiveness.*

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy, —  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west, with this disgrace :  
 Even so my sun, one early morn did shine,  
 But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine !

SHAKSPEARE.

## September 23.

IVY SPRIG. — *Longings.*

Would I were with thee when the day is breaking,  
 And when the moon hath lit the lone sea ; —  
 Or when in crowds, some careless note awaking,  
 Speaks to thy heart in memory of me.  
 · In joy or pain, by sea or shore,  
 Would I were with thee evermore !

ANON.

## September 24.

CRESSES. — *Roving.*

I have no wife! and like a wave,  
 Can float away to any land,  
 Curl up and kiss, or gently lave  
 The sweetest flowers that are at hand.  
 A pilgrim, I can bend before  
 The shrine which heart and mind approve,  
 Or, Persian-like, I can adore  
 Each star that gems the heaven of Love.

ANON.

## September 25.

CROCUS. — *I am his.*

He 'll never die for love I know!  
 He flirts and kneels at many shrines!  
 He 'll never die for love, nor wear  
 Upon his brow the mark of care.

I love him, but I can't say why;  
 And though for me he would not die,  
 I feel that I should love to lie  
 In the cold grave all silently,  
 If he would strew upon my bier  
 Sweet flowrets wet with one true tear.

ANON.

## September 26.

DOCK.—*Shrewdness.*

Oh! she is a shrewd one! as keen as a briar!  
 Though her lip pouts with love, it *can* curl with  
 disdain!

And her eye, now so soft, can shoot quivering fire,  
 Ah! she's a shrewd one. \* \* J. W. H.

## September 27.

DANDELION.—*Coquetry.*

Clouds turn with every wind about;  
 They keep us in suspense and doubt;  
 Yet oft perverse like woman-kind,  
 Are seen to scud against the wind;  
 Is not this lady just the same?  
 For who can tell what is her aim? SWIFT.

## September 28.

GOOSEBERRY.—*Regret.*

Ye vanished hours!  
 I can but weep to count ye o'er,  
 For ye were like to spring-time flowers,  
 And I shall never meet ye more,  
 Amid earth's bowers! ANON.

## September 29.

GUELDER ROSE. — *Young when old.*

Clap your hands! Clap your hands!  
 Now are broken all the bands  
 Of dull forms and phantom power,  
 That would prevent us doing  
 What joy would wish to do, —  
 For out of manhood's ruin,  
 We are growing, hour by hour,  
 Happy children too!

R. M. MILNES.

## September 30.

BLUE BELL. — *Solitude.*

The winds and woods, with sullen wail,  
 Tell all the same unvaried tale;  
 I've none to smile when I am free,  
 Or when I sigh, to sigh with me.

It is not that my lot is low  
 That bids this silent tear to flow;  
 It is not grief that bids me moan,  
 It is that I am all alone!

H. K. WHITE.

## October 1.

HORSE-CHESTNUT.—*Luxury.*

When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,  
 I 'd lounge in the gateway all day long ;  
 I 'd care not a pin for the proudest lord,  
 But I 'd lie on my back on the cool green sward,  
 With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,  
 And the cool wind blowing on my breast ;  
 And I 'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,  
 And watch the clouds, as lazy as I.

TENNYSON.

## October 2.

JUNIPER.—*Protection.*

I have found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;  
 But let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will say, 't was a barbarous deed.  
 "For he ne'er could be true," she averred,  
 "Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;"  
 And I loved her the more, when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SIENSTONE.

## October 3.

WHEAT. — *You will be rich.*

You are heir  
To lordships, mansions, forests, parks, and gems.  
You have three mighty manors in Castile ;  
Two broad estates in Leon ; two amidst  
The mulberry trees of Murcia, and huge chests  
Crammed full of ingots, dug by naked slaves,  
Who famished on coarse bread. Besides all these,  
There bloom plantations in the East, whose fruits  
Are pearls, and spice, and princely diamonds ;  
And in Brazil, Pactolus floods, ne'er dumb,  
Whose waves all talk in gold !

BARRY CORNWALL.

## October 4.

VENUS' LOOKING GLASS. — *Flattery.*

At the famous daguerreotype art,  
Sweet girl, I must own thou art clever ;  
For with one sunny glance on my heart,  
Thou hast printed thine image forever.

ANONYMOUS.

## October 5.

TURNIP. — *Charity.*

Follow every voice of mercy,  
With a trusting, loving heart ;  
And in all life's earnest labor,  
Be thou sure to do thy part.

Now, TO-DAY, and not tomorrow,  
Work, oh work, with all thy might !  
Lest the wretched faint and perish  
In the coming stormy night.

REV. T. B. THAYER.

## October 6.

TUBEROSE. — *Voluptuousness.*

Her eyes possess a language and a spell ;  
A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,  
With all her loves around her on the deep,  
Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep,  
Yet full of life, — for through her tropic cheek  
The blush will make its way, and all but speak,  
Like coral reddening through the darkened wave  
Which draws the diver to its crimson cave.

BYRON.



## October 7.

TRAVELLER'S JOY. — *Beauty.*

If on the heath she moves, her breast is whiter than the down of Cana ; if on the sea-beat shore, than the foam of the rolling ocean. Her eyes are two stars of light. Her face is heaven's bow in showers. Her dark hair floats round it, like the streaming clouds. She smiles like the dwellers in Strinadona — Land of Souls.

OSSIAN.

## October 8.

TAMERISK. — *Crime.*

Oh, would I were at rest !  
My heart is chill and cold !  
The grave spreads out its arms so blest,  
My spirit to upfold,  
Kindly, peacefully !

There 's fire in my brain !  
I want the grave's damp mould ;  
'T will soften and subdue my pain,  
(It is so wet and cold !)  
Mildly, blissfully !

J. W. H.

## October 9.

SWALLOW-WORT. — *Withered hopes.*

The dream is past! and with it fled  
 The hopes that once my passion fed;  
 And darkly die, mid grief and pain,  
 The hopes which gone, come not again!

ANON.

## October 10.

STOCK. — *Promptitude.*

'T is a lesson you should heed,  
     Try again;  
 If at first you do n't succeed,  
     Try again;  
 If you persevere  
 You will conquer, — never fear, —  
     TRY AGAIN!

ANON.

## October 11.

RUDBECKIA. — *Pure-minded.*

Thine is a mind of maiden artlessness!

Unstained, undarkened, by the dross of earth;  
 A soul, that through thine eyes bright beams  
     express,

Thy nature, e'n as noble as thy birth;  
 Whose every glance reflects the gem enshrined,  
 Worthy a form so fair; — *the diamond of the mind.*

ANONYMOUS.

October 12.

ROSE MUNDI. — *You are Merry.*

Lady! the clouds of sorrow and pain,  
 Have not made thy bright eyes wet;  
 The bitter cup that we all must drain  
 Has not touched thy sweet lips yet.

Beauty looks forth from thy rounded cheek,  
 Like love from a rose's breast;  
 Thy brow, like a snow-drop, pure and meek, —  
 Thy voice, like a song at rest

H. J. H.

October 13.

DEEP RED ROSE. — *Shame.*

Sprinkle sweet blossoms o'er her  
 Low and quiet grave!  
 She was aye a gentle flower, —  
 Do not let a willow bower  
 O'er her ashes wave!

Away from earth's cold tempests,  
 She's joined the angel-band!  
 No more she walks life's desert moors, —  
 She treads the distant, smiling shores, —  
 The shores of the Spirit Land. J. W. H.

## October 14.

CHINA ROSE. — *Grace.*

Tyrian dye, why do you wear ;  
 You whose cheeks bright scarlet are ?  
 Why do you fondly pin  
 Pure linen o'er your skin ?  
 (Your skin that 's whiter far,—)  
 Casting a dusky cloud before a star !

COWLEY.

## October 15.

RASPBERRY. — *Misery.*

Be it so, we part forever ;  
 Let the past as nothing be ;—  
 Had I only loved thee, never  
 Hadst thou thus been dear to me.

Now, there is a silent sorrow  
 That can find no vent in speech,  
 Which disdains relief to borrow  
 From the heights that song can reach.

More than woman thou wast to me ;  
 Not as man I looked on thee ;  
 Why like woman then undo me,—  
 Why heap man's worst curse on me !

BYRON.

## October 16.

SPLIT REED. — *Folly.*

When first I saw your face so heavenly fair,  
 With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,  
 I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,  
 Bolder than his who snatched celestial fire.

But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
 Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,  
 Like balm, the trickling nonsense healed my wound,  
 And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound.

CONGREVE.

## October 17.

REED. — *Single Blessedness.*

I have no wife! — Who'd have his nose  
 Forever tied to one lone flower, —  
 E'en though that flower should be a rose,  
 Plucked with light hand from fairy bower?  
 Oh, better far the bright bouquet,  
 Of flowers of every clime and hue,  
 By turns to charm the mind away,  
 And fragrance in the heart renew.

ANON.

## October 18.

RHODODENDRON. — *Danger.*

Before I gang awa from thee,  
 I 'll speak my heart out fu' and free,  
 And gin ye listen now to me,  
     Ane wee bit wordie, —  
 'Twill do ye good, my donsie, wee,  
     And bonnie birdie !

Och ! dinna trust admirin man !  
 He 'll gain a heart where'er he can,  
 And grasp it wi' a cruel han, —  
     And wound it sorely !  
 And then, wi' man's and woman's ban,  
     Ye 'll fare but puirly !           J. W. H.

## October 19.

AUSTRIAN ROSE. — *Very Lovely.*

I know that thou art beautiful,  
     In dreams I see thy face,  
 I see its dimples come and go,  
     Like light in frolic grace.  
 Thy rich eyes steal before mine own,  
     'Neath lashes long and dark,  
 And on thy softly rounded cheek,  
     The maiden bloom I mark.

MRS. OSGOOD.

## October 20.

ROSE CAMPION. — *Gentleness.*

Gladly they heed who their brightness hath given,  
 Blooming on earth they look up into heaven ;  
 Humbly look up from their lowliest bowers, —  
 Live like the flowers !

Peacefully droop they when Autumn is sighing,  
 Spreading mild fragrance around them when dying ;  
 Sleep they in hope of Spring's wakening hours ; —  
 Die like the flowers !

MISS LARCOM.

## October 21.

RANUNCULUS. — *Fascination.*

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain ;  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain ;  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star, that ushers in the even,  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two starry eyes become thy face.

SHAKSPEARE.

## October 22.

ROSE-COLORED PRIMROSE.—*Neglected Genius.*

Down in his six-feet dungeon, under ground,  
 Or raised, perchance, to attic story high,  
 He, with his shrunk and dusty form, is found,  
 Whose task it is in musty books to pry, —  
 The scholar, seeking learning's treasured spoil.  
 Strange is the weary life which he hath led ;  
 He hath a midnight *lamp*, — but little oil ;  
 He hath a staff, a mug, an ancient bed, —  
 And spiders weave their curtains o'er his head.

T. C. UPHAM.

## October 23.

POLYANTHIUS. — *Pride of Riches.*

On thy forehead sitteth Pride,  
 Crowned with scorn and falcon-eyed ;  
 But beneath methinks thou twinest  
 Silken smiles that *seem* divinest.  
 Can *such* smiles be false and cold ?  
 Canst thou — *wilt* thou wed for gold ?

BARRY CORNWALL.



## October 24.

PLANE TREE. — *Grace.*

Here is a maid,  
With step superb, and hair's long braid,  
And placid brow, and darkling glance,  
And feet as she sleeps, seem dreaming a dance.  
Her delicate lip like a rose-leaf is curled,  
And her eye like the star-flag above it unfurled!

FESTUS.

## October 25.

INDIAN PINK. — *Always Lovely.*

She had a low, sweet brow, with fringed lakes  
Of an unfathomed darkness couched below;  
And, parted on that brow in clouded flakes,  
The darkling hair swept back with wavy flow,  
Rounding a head of such a shape as makes  
The old Greek marble with the goddess glow.  
Her nostril's breaching arch might threaten storm,  
But love lay in her lips, all hushed and warm.

WILLIS.

## October 26.

LARCH. — *Audacity.*

And must we part? Well let it be!  
 'T is better thus, oh yes! believe me;  
 For though I still was true to thee,  
 Thou, faithless maiden, wouldst deceive me.  
 Take back this written pledge of love!  
 No more I'll to my bosom fold it;  
 The ring you gave, your faith to prove  
 I can't return, — because I've sold it.

ANON.

## October 27.

PEPPERMINT. — *Cordiality.*

Girl of the swan's neck,  
 Love me! love me!  
 Girl of the swan's neck,  
 Love me!  
 As a marble Greek doth grow  
 To his steed's back of snow,  
 Thy neck sits thy shoulder so, —  
 Oh girl of the swan's neck,  
 Love me!

ANON.

## October 28.

OSMUNDA. — *Dreams.*

When moonlight reposes on valley and hill,  
When all save the strain of the mock-bird is still,  
Or the murmuring brook on its path to the sea,  
I seek its green borders, to dream, love, of thee.

When hushed is the hum of the bee mid the flowers,  
And soft comes the strain from the green shaded  
    bowers,

When night winds are rustling each leaf on the tree,  
Beneath its dark shadows, I dream, love, of thee.

ANON.

## October 29.

OX-EYE DAISY. — *Disappointment.*

I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
    To glad me with its soft, black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
    And love me, it was sure to die !  
I never had a piece of bread  
    Particularly wide,  
But that it fell upon the floor,  
    Upon the buttered side !

MOORE, *altered.*

## October 30.

PARSLEY. — *Fickleness.*

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass, is brittle,  
 Softer than wax, and yet as iron — rusty :  
 A little pale, with damask dye to grace her  
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

SHAKESPEARE.

## October 31.

COMMON NETTLE. — *Cruelty.*

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,  
 Let sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain,  
 That I may not be sad, nor thou belied  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go  
 wide.

SHAKESPEARE.

## November 1.

NASTURTIUM. — *Patriotism.*

My heart is with my native land,  
My song is for her glory ;  
Her warrior's wreath is in my hand,  
My lips breathe out her story.  
Her lofty hills and valleys green,  
Are smiling bright before me,  
And like a rainbow sign is seen  
Her proud flag waving o'er me.

J. H. HEWITT.

## November 2.

MOUNTAIN ASH. — *Quiet.*

In secluded paths of duty,  
Only by the humble trod,  
Live I, blest with dreams of beauty,  
Hope for man, and trust in God!

PARK BENJAMIN.

## November 3.

MUGWORT. — *Happiness.*

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go ;  
Its checkered paths of joy and wo  
With cautious steps we 'll tread ,  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead.

COTTON.

## November 4.

MUSHROOM. — *Bad news.*

I would not rudely lift the veil  
Of thy unhappy lot ;  
How can I see thy chæek grow pale,  
Thy brow with anguish fraught ?

When told that all thou holdest most dear,  
Death's grasp hath rudely riven, —  
Oh, may it to thy view bring near  
The lasting joys of heaven !

O. S. M. ORDWAY.

## November 5.

MIMOSA. — *Sensitiveness.*

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,  
And natural piety that leans to heaven ;  
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given, —  
Obedient, — easy to be reconciled, —  
And meekly cheerful, — such art thou, dear child !

MRS. NORTON.

## November 6.

MANDRAKE. — *An uncommon thing.*

When William sent a letter to declare  
 That he was wedded to a fairer fair, —  
     Poor Lucy shrieked, — “ *To life, to all adieu!* ”  
 And in the indignation of despair,  
 She tore the letter and her raven hair, —  
     She beat her bosom, and the post-boy too ;  
     Then to an open window wildly flew,  
 And madly flung herself into — a chair.

JAMES NACK.

## November 7.

MARVEL OF PERU. — *Timidity.*

Go, lovely Rose !  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
     That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.  
  
     Tell her that 's young,  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
     That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died. WALLER.

## November 8.

LUPINE. — *Dejection.*

Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
 Torn from every nearer tie,  
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
 More than this, I scarce can die.      BYRON.

## November 9.

LOTUS-FLOWER. — *Estrangement.*

'T is otherwise decreed, and I submit!  
 Alone I guide my bark adown the stream;  
 Dark is the voyage, around the night-birds flit,  
 The waves are tinged by no sweet-smiling beam.  
 And now I breathe the parting word — Farewell!  
 And now, the cords which fondly bind, I sever!  
 Break from the scenes I once had loved so well, —  
 And *tear* thine image from my heart forever!  
J. W. H.

## November 10.

LOTUS. — *Mere Display.*

All is glittering show,  
 Like the sunny gleam  
 That December's beam  
 Can fling o'er icy snow.      ANON.



## November 11.

LOCUST TREE. — *Affection beyond the grave.*

Sainted maid !

My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,  
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave  
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.

Yet hush ! my fond heart, hush ! there is a shore  
Of better promise ; and I know at last,  
When the long Sabbath of the tomb is past,  
We two shall meet in Christ, to part no more.

KIRKE WHITE.

## November 12.

LICHEN. — *Sadness.*

Oh my lonely, lonely, lonely pillow !

Where is my lover ? where is my lover ?

Is it his bark my dreary dreams discover ?  
Far, far away, and alone, along the billow ?

Oh my lonely, lonely, lonely pillow !

Why must my head ache where his gentle brow  
lay ?

How the long night flags, lovelessly and slowly !  
And my head droops over thee like the willow !

BYRON.

## November 13.

FIELD LILY. — *Humility.*

Here is a precious jewel I have found  
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
I'll stoop for it, but when I wear it here,  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

LONGFELLOW.

## November 14.

YELLOW LILY. — *Playful beauty.*

You cannot light upon a sweeter thing.  
A body slight and round, and like a pear  
In growing; modest eyes, a hand, a foot,  
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin  
As clear and white as privet, when it flowers.

TENNYSON.

## November 15.

LAURESTINE. — *I die if neglected.*

A boat at midnight sent alone  
To drift upon a moonless sea, —  
A lute whose leading chord is gone, —  
A wounded bird that hath but one  
Imperfect wing to soar upon, —  
Are like what I am without thee!      MOORE.

## November 16.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL. — *Ambition.*

As far as may be, she'll carve out  
Free space for every human doubt,  
That the whole mind may orb about.  
TENNYSON.

## November 17.

LAUREL. — *Glory.*

Give me the trumpet tone of fame,  
The victor's wreath, the hero's name ;  
Though bites the steel and clanks the chain,  
I would a warrior's glory gain,  
A nation's pct and idol be,  
With slaves to crouch and bend the knee.  
W. H. C.

## November 18.

HOUSTONIA. — *Content.*

I would not woo  
The restless flash of gems,  
Mid swarthy caves, where, hid from view,  
Couch dense and sickly damps ;  
Give me moon, stars, and dew, night's natural  
lamps ; —  
Fame, keep thy diadems !

CALDER CAMPBELL.

## November 19.

HORNBEAM TREE. — *Extravagance.*

Can I matchless charms recite ?  
Source of ever-springing light !  
Could I count the vernal flowers,  
Count in endless time the hours ;  
Count the countless stars above,  
Count the eaptive hearts of love, —  
Then I 'd strike the sounding string !  
Then I 'd thy perfection sing.

SAVAGE.

## November 20.

HONEYSUCKLE. — *Domestic happiness.*

Oh, sweet the Jasmine's buds of snow  
In morning soft with May,  
And sweet in summer's silent glow,  
The brooklets merry play ;  
But sweeter in that lovely place  
To God it must have been,  
To see the maiden's happy face  
That blest the home within.  
Without the porch, I hear at morn,  
A voice that sings for glee, —  
Or watch the white face glancing down  
To the book upon the knee.      BULWER.

## November 21.

HAWKWEED. — *Adhesiveness.*

Let who will admire, adore,  
Her whom vulgar crowds do praise ;  
I will love my love the more,  
When she falls on evil days !  
Truer, firmer, will I be,  
When the faithless fail, or flee !  
BARRY CORNWALL.

## November 22.

GOURD. — *Unrequited affection.*

Farewell! 't is mine to prove  
Of blighted hopes the pain ;  
But, O, believe, I cannot love,  
As I have loved, — again !

Farewell! 't is thine to change,  
Forget, be false, be free ;  
But know, wherever thou shalt range,  
That none can love like me. TUPPER.

## November 23.

FUSCHIA. — *Faithfulness.*

When woman's eye grows dull,  
And her cheek paleth,  
When fades the beautiful,  
Then man's love faileth.  
He sits not beside her chair,  
Clasps not her fingers,  
Twines not the damp hair  
That o'er her brow lingers.

JAMES NACK.

## November 24.

DARK GERANIUM. — *Melancholy.*

The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
    To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing,  
And tolling within,  
    Like a funeral bell.

LONGFELLOW.

## November 25.

NUTMEG GERANIUM. — *I shall never see him.*

My peace is gone !  
    My heart is sore !  
I never shall find it,  
    No, never more !

There is my grave, —  
    Where he is not !  
And all the world,  
    One bitter thought !

GOETHE.





## November 28.

GORSE. — *Anger.*

Name and fame! to fly sublime  
 Through the courts, the camps, the schools,  
 Is to be the ball of time  
 Banded in the hands of fools.          TENNYSON.

## November 29.

GOLDYLOCKS. — *Languishing.*

There is a shadow in her eye,  
 A languor on her frame;  
 Yet rouse her spirit, and she 'll glow  
 With passion's fiercest flame.      J. W. H.

## November 30.

GOLDEN ROD. — *Precaution.*

Forgive me if I do not trust  
 Those eyes of tender blue,  
 For she was to my hopes unjust,  
 Who looked so sweetly, too!  
 Forgive me; caution now denies  
 The heart's responsive swell!  
 Delusive were her deepest sighs  
 Whom I believed so well!

T. H. BAYLEY.

## December 1.

SCARLET GERANIUM. — *Gaiety.*

Hurra! hurra! for laughing love,  
 A fig for those who sigh;  
 Hurra! hurra! for the bounding heart,  
 And the bright and sparkling eye!  
 The smile that parts the rosy lips,  
 And the look of artless glee,  
 That speaks of the warm and cheerful heart,  
 Oh, that 's the heart for me! ANON.

## December 2.

TEASEL. — *Jealousy.*

“ But, speaking of green eyes,  
 Are thine green? ”  
 “ Not a whit, — why so? ”  
 “ I think  
 The slightest shade of green would be becoming,  
 For thou art jealous! ”  
 “ No! I am not jealous! ”  
 “ Thou shouldst be. ”  
 “ Why? ”  
 “ Because thou art in love;  
 And they who are in love, are always jealous! ”  
 LONGFELLOW.

## December 3.

FRENCH WILLOW. — *Constancy.*

Go, bid the needle his dear North forsake,  
 To which, with trembling reverence, it does bend ;  
 Go, bid the stones a journey upward make ;  
 Go, bid the ambitious flame no more ascend ;  
 And when these false to their old motions prove,  
 Then shall I cease thee, thee alone to love.

COWLEY.

## December 4.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE. — *I am burning with love.*

I love thee, — and I live ! The Moon,  
 Who sees me from her calm above,  
 The Wind, who weaves her dim, soft tune  
 About me, know how much I love !  
 Nought else, save night, and the lonely hour,  
 E'er heard my passion wild and strong ;  
 Even *thou* yet deem'st not of thy power,  
 Unless thou read'st aright my song !

BARRY CORNWALL.

## December 5.

FENNEL. — *Strength.*

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
 That readest this brief psalm,  
 As, one by one, thy hopes depart,  
 Be resolute and calm.

O, fear not in a world like this,  
 And thou shalt know e'er long,  
 Know how sublime a thing it is  
 To suffer and grow strong.    LONGFELLOW.

## December 6.

DRAGON PLANT. — *You are near a snare.*

I know a maiden fair to see,  
 Take care!  
 She can both false and friendly be,  
 Beware! beware!  
 Trust her not, she is fooling thee!  
 She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
 Take care!  
 She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
 Beware! beware!  
 Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

LONGFELLOW.

## December 7.

DIOSMA. — *Good for nothing.*

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
 Or a coral lip admires ;  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.  
 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 checks, or lips, or eyes.

CAREW.

## December 8.

ALTHEA. — *Dying for love.*

My heart is sad and lonely,  
 With weariness I pine ;  
 Would thou wert here, mine only, —  
 Would I were wholly thine !  
 My eyes are filled with sorrow,  
 My heart will surely break !  
 Wilt thou not come to-morrow ?  
 I 'm dying for thy sake !

H. J. H.

## December 9.

CREEPER. — *Protection.*

As with the load  
 The steel we touch,  
 Forced ne'er so much,  
 Yet still removes  
 To that it loves,  
 Till there it stays ;  
 So to your praise  
 I turn ever,  
 And though never  
 From you moving,  
 Happy so loving.

DRAYTON.

## December 10.

CORONELLA. — *You will succeed.*

Press on !

For it shall make you mighty among men ;  
 And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,  
 Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on !  
 For the high ones and powerful shall come  
 To do you reverence ; and the beautiful  
 Will know the purer language of your brow,  
 And read it like a talisman of love !  
 Press on !

WILLIS.

## December 11.

COCKLE. — *Absence.*

Parted from thee, as one entombed am I ;  
 Sweet Summer's balmy blooms no longer cheer ;  
 Nor nature's minstrelsy delights mine ear,  
 The very morning sun shines drearly.

But when soft slumber seals each living eye,  
 And sheeted ghosts arc from the church-yard  
 streaming,  
 Then does my spirit, disenthralled and dreaming,  
 O'er hill and vale to thy dear presence fly.

UHLAND.

## December 12.

COREANDER. — *Hidden merit.*

Let other bards of angels sing,  
 Bright suns without a spot ;  
 But thou art no such perfect thing,  
 Rejoice that thou art not.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved ;  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the lover is beloved.

WORDSWORTH.

## December 13.

CITRON. — *Estrangement.*

We meet in crowds! ah, how unlike the meeting  
 Our bosoms knew, in those sweet, by-gone hours,  
 When Time's swift pinions seemed on sunbeams  
 fleeting,  
 And Youth's light footsteps trod alone on flowers!

We meet in crowds! as strangers, cold and sadly,  
 Who ne'er had met, nor e'er may meet again;  
 We part! — and in each bosom, deeply, — madly,  
 Rankles the wound that must for aye remain!

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

## December 14.

COXCOMB. — *Singularity.*

When first you look upon her face,  
 You little note beside  
 The timidness, that still betrays  
 The beauties it would hide;  
 But, one by one, they look from out  
 Her blushes and her eyes, —  
 And still, the last the loveliest,  
 Like stars from twilight skies.

ANON.



## December 15.

COREOPSIS. — *Always cheerful.*

Cheerfully wave they o'er valley and mountain,  
Cheer the lone desert and smile by the fountain ;  
Pale discontent in no young blossom lowers ;  
Live like the flowers !

Meekly their buds in the heavy rain bending ;  
Softly their hues with the mellow light blending ;  
Gratefully welcoming sunshine and showers, —  
Live like the flowers !

MISS LARCOM.

## December 16.

ROCK ROSE. — *Security.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill,  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willow brook that turns a mill,  
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

ROGERS.

## December 17.

CHAMOMILE. — *Love in Adversity.*

When sailing o'er Life's solemn sea,  
Bereft of Hope's fair company, —  
When midnight darkness wraps the soul,  
And o'er the head harsh thunders roll ;  
'T is bliss to think of one fond heart  
That bids for us the tear-drop start,  
And who, with us, though all forsake,  
Will share our joys and woes, — or break !

J. W. H.

## December 18.

CEDAR OF LEBANON. — *Incorruptibility.*

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of guilt and sin ;  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants,  
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence  
Till all is incorruptible.

SHAKSPEARE.

## December 19.

CARNATION. — *Disdain.*

Talk not to me of love!  
The deer that dies  
Knows more of love than I,  
Who seek the skies.  
Strive not to bind my soul  
With chains of clay!  
I scorn thy poor control;  
Away! away!

BARRY CORNWALL.

## December 20.

CARDINAL FLOWER. — *Distinction.*

Oh, give me matchless eloquence,  
And words of thrilling fire;  
And with the breath of poesy,  
My panting breast inspire.  
I would not lay me in the grave  
The being of a day,  
To join the crowd of nameless dead,  
As nameless as are they.

## December 21.

JAPONICA. — *Excellence.*

Give place, ye lovers here before,  
 That spend your boasts and brags in vain,  
 My lady's beauty passeth more  
 The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
 Than doth the sonne the candle light, —  
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

SURREY. 1530.

## December 22.

PETUNIA. — *Not as proud as you are pretty.*

Thou art not proud, though! Beauty's gifts,  
 Her fairest, richest gifts are thine ;  
 And on thy brow, — the throne of thought, —  
 Like gleams of light, thy tresses shine.  
 Still unassuming are thy ways,  
 Still kindly words hast thou for all ;  
 The lowly bless thy sunny smile, —  
 The same in cottage as in hall.

D H. JAQUES.

## December 23.

BEAR'S BREACH. — *Misery.*

I often wish that thou wert dead,  
 And I beside thee calmly sleeping ;  
 Since love is o'er and passion fled,  
 And life has nothing worth our keeping !

No ! common souls can bear decline  
 Of all that throb'd them once so high ;  
 But hearts that beat like thine, and mine,  
 Must still love on, — love on or die.

To see that eye so cold and still,  
 Which once could melt with mine in bliss, —  
 No ! no ! I cannot bear the chill, —  
 Hate, burning hate, were heaven to this !

MOORE.

## December 24.

CHRYSANTHEMUM. — *Cheerfulness in adversity.*

When the gladdening sunlight of joy is fled,  
 And troubles are gathering dark overhead,  
 Your spirit will sweetly repose in His love,  
 Whose strength all the powers of earth cannot move ;  
 And, sheltered serenely from sorrow and pain,  
 Look with smiles on the storm and the falling rain.

MISS LARCOM.

## December 25.

CHRISTMAS ROSE. — *Relieve my Anxiety.*

Fairest of the fair, and goodliest of life,  
 All my secret to you I plaine, and shrive,  
 Requiring grace and of complaint,  
 To be healed, or martyred as a saint,  
 For by my troth, I vow, and by this booke,  
 You may both heal and slay me with a looke.

CHAUCER. 1378.

## December 26.

BALM OF GILEAD. — *Relief.*

To me a wife indulgent grant,  
 With beauty sweet, and complaisant  
 To all my fault, with bending ease,  
 Making e'en me, my actions please ;  
 Correcting, — yet invisibly,  
 Governing without tyranny, —  
 Gaining my love by just such stealth,  
 As lovely days improve the health.

VOLTAIRE.

## December 27.

ASH TREE. — *Grandeur.*

No! I shall never lose the trace,  
 Of what I've felt in this bright place;  
 And should my spirit's hope grow weak, —  
 Should I, O God! forget thy power,  
 This mighty scene again I'll seek,  
 At the same calm and glowing hour;  
 And here at the sublimest shrine  
 That nature ever reared to thee,  
 Rekindle all that hope divine,  
 And *feel* my immortality!

MOORE.

## December 28.

ARBOR VITÆ. — *Unchanging Affection.*

Thou and thine shall know no blight,  
 Whatever fate on me may fall;  
 For heaven in sunshine will requite  
 The kind, — and thee the most of all.  
 Then let the ties of baffled love  
 Be broken, — thine will never break;  
 Thy heart can feel, — but will not move;  
 Thy soul, though soft, will never shake!

BYRON.

## December 29.

AMARANTH. — *Immortality.*

There 's a yearning that's felt in your heart's deep-  
 est cell,  
 And silently, vainly, within doth it swell ;  
 And scorning the hopes of the children of earth,  
 Seeks the bright home of its heavenly birth ;  
 And that yearning, unquenched in the heart will  
 lie,  
 Till refreshed by a draught from eternity.

As the young eagle pants for the glorious light,  
 And flutters its unfledged pinions for flight,  
 So struggles your earth-fettered spirit to fly  
 And bathe in the light of eternity. MISS LARCOM.

## December 30.

AMBROSIA. — *Mutual Love.*

Love? I'll tell thee what is mutual love.  
 It is to build of human thoughts a shrine,  
 Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove,  
 Where time seems young, and life, a thing divine !  
 All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine  
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss,  
 And if there 's heaven on earth, that place is surely  
 this. ANON.



## December 31.

APPLE BLOSSOM. — *He prefers you.*

I love the glance of the gray-eyed morn,  
When he springs from his dewy sleep!  
And rustles the ranks of the growing corn,  
And dabbles the dew on the verdant lawn, —  
The night does naught but weep!  
But the morn comes on with shout and song,  
And he carols a stave as he bounds along, —  
The morn before the gloomy night! —  
But oh! my heart's boast and delight, —  
You, before the morn! J. W. H.



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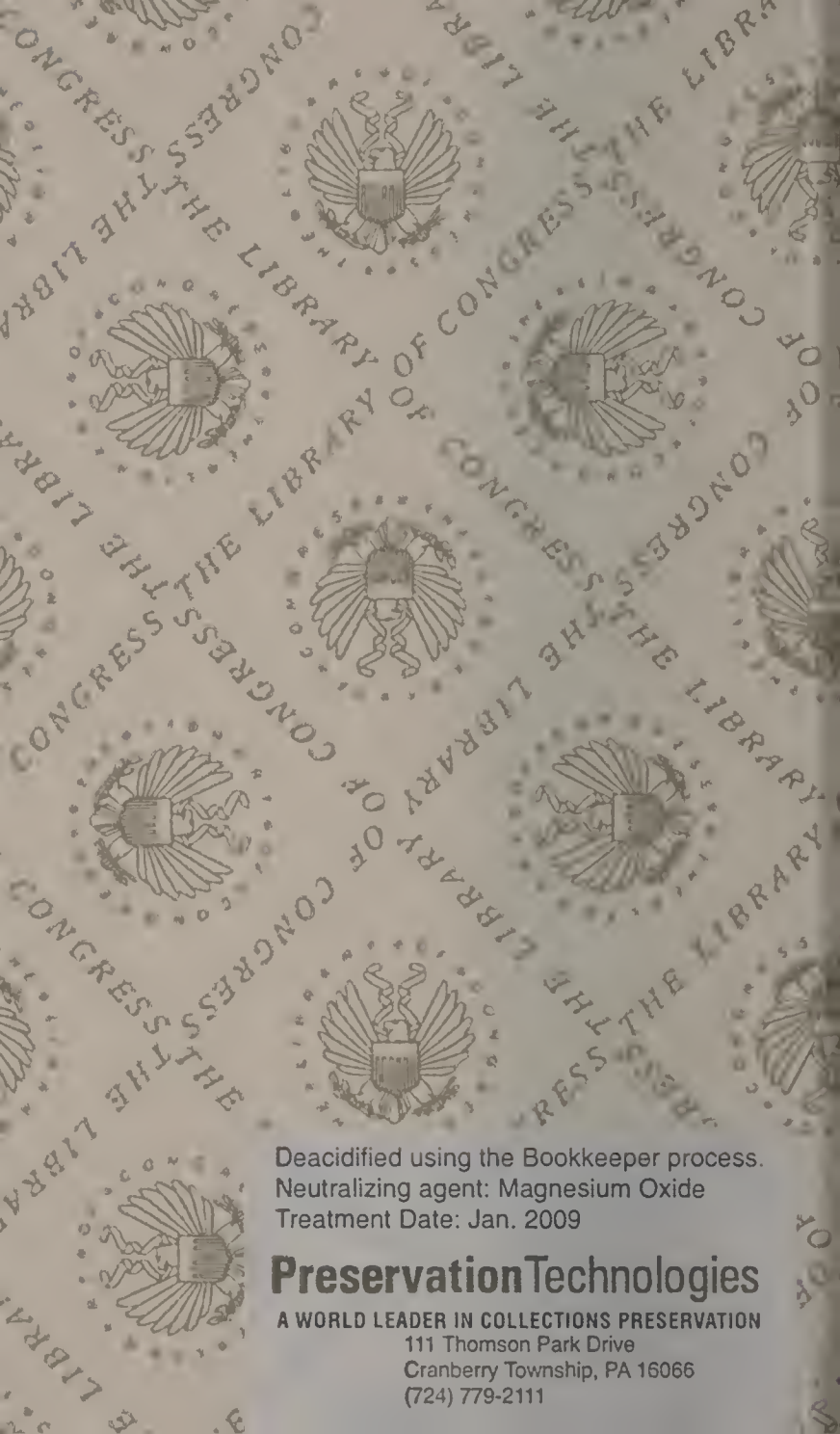


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