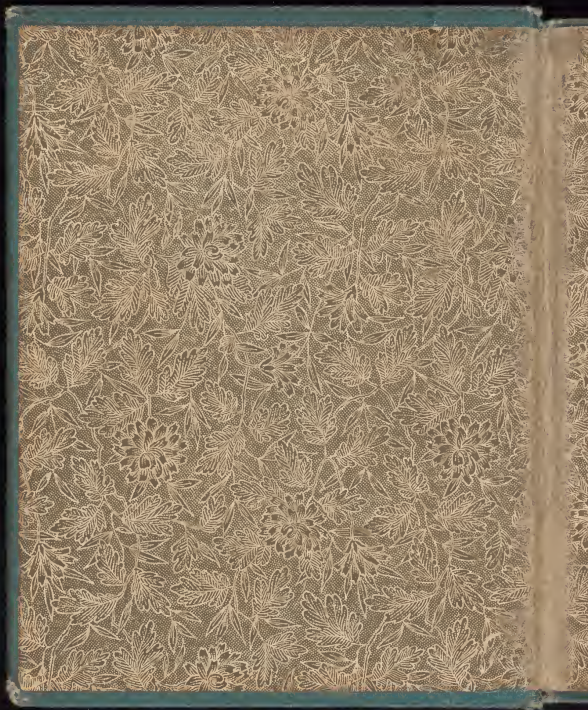


THE ILLUSTRATED
FLORAL
TEXT BOOK





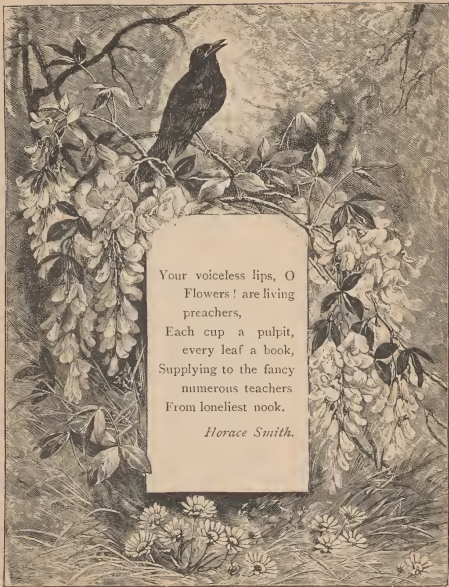


Chicago Botanic Garden
Library

12 79

Clara M. Porter.
Christmas, 1891.

From December 24th 1891



Your voiceless lips, O
Flowers ! are living
preachers,
Each cup a pulpit,
every leaf a book,
Supplying to the fancy
numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Horace Smith.



THE ILLUSTRATED
FLORAL TEXT BOOK:

BEING

A BIRTHDAY BOOK OF FLOWERS AND THEIR LANGUAGE,
WITH SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS.



Compiled and Edited by
ESTELLE DAVENPORT ADAMS.

New York :
THOMAS WHITTAKER, 2 & 3, BIBLE HOUSE.

16-0553

16-0553

JANUARY.



THE short noon weeps that the hours are fleet
And hide the steps of the sun's bright feet ;
But the moon laughs low in the midnight sky,
For she sees the sun's face from her throne on high.
Out of the heart of the winter-time
I send you a leaf from the young year's prime.

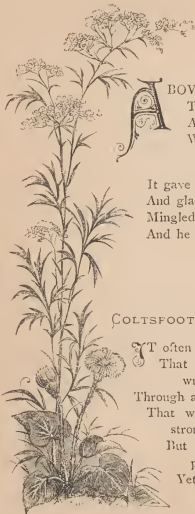
Edmund Gosse.

What then, and shall white winter ne'er be done,
Because the glittering frosty morn is fair ?
Because against the early-setting sun
Bright show the gilded boughs though waste and bare ?

William Morris.

Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, the ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves.

Tennyson.



FENNEL—STRENGTH.

ABOVE the lowly plant it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers ;
And, in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous power
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood,
And gladiators fierce and rude
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Longfellow.

COLTSFOOT—JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE

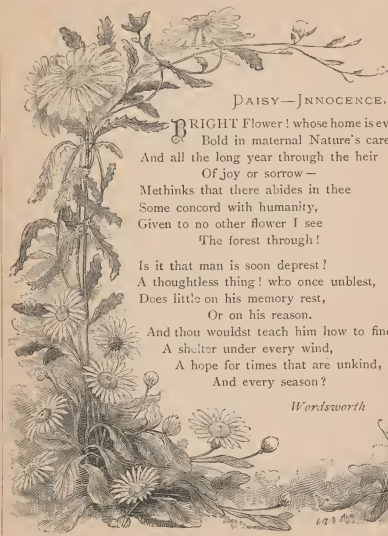
IT often falls, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of
wrong,
Through avarice, or power, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party
strong ;
But justice, though her doom she do
prolong,
Yet at the last she will her own cause
right.

Spenser.

January 1.

January 2.

January 3.



DAISY—INNOCENCE.

BRIGHT Flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow—
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!

Is it that man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless thing! who once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason.
And thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season?

Wordsworth

January 4.

January 5.

January 6.

Agnis Macfarlane

TURNIP—CHARITY.

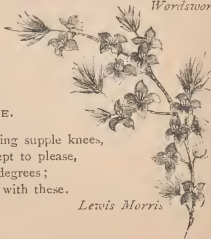


HE secret that doth make a flower a flower
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give.
No soil so sterile, and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odours. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, so have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's good-will.

Dobell

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that sooth and heal and bless
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Wordsworth.



MEZEREON —
DESIRE TO PLEASE.

THERE are who, bending supple knees,
Live for no end except to please,
Rising to fame by mean degrees;
But creep not thou with these.

Lewis Morris

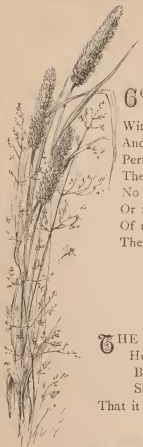
January 7.

Jane Burns

January 8.

Frances Cathcart.
Lorraine Adger Dykes

January 9.



GRASS—SUBMISSION.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee: do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness.

Aubrey de Vere.

MOSS—MATERNAL LOVE.

THE Mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice.

D. G. Rossetti.

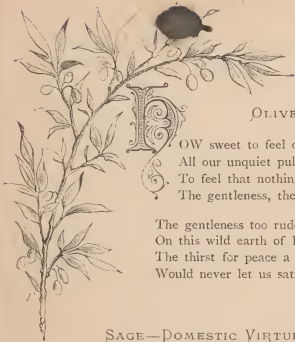


January 10.

Robert Allen - 1914

January 11.

January 12.



OLIVE—PEACE.

HOW sweet to feel on the boon air
All our unquiet pulses cease!
To feel that nothing can impair
The gentleness, the thirst for peace—

The gentleness too rudely hur'd
On this wild earth of hate and fear,
The thirst for peace a raving world
Would never let us satiate here.

Matthew Arnold.

SAGE—DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

THE angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought;
Subduing and subdu'd, the petty strife
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs,
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.

Hannah More.

January 13.

January 14.

January 14.

January 15.

GORSE—LOVE FOR ALL SEASONS.



MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden !
Cankered not the whole year long
Do you teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where you grow !

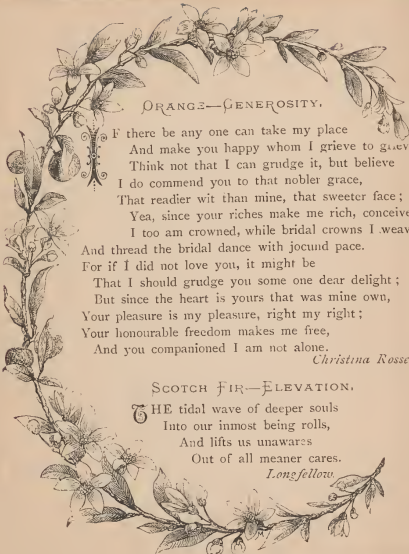
Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms !
Do you teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms !
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to a wintry earth, that Beauty liveth still !

E. B. Browning.

January 16.

January 17.

January 18.



ORANGE—GENEROSITY.

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was mine own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right;
Your honourable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

Christina Rossetti.

SCOTCH FIR—ELEVATION.

THE tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Longfellow.

January 19.

January 20.

January 21.



HAZEL—RECONCILIATION.

WE fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears. . . .

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

Tennyson.

MEADOW GRASS—ENDURANCE.

NOT vainly does he live who can endure.
Oh be thou sure,
That he who hopes and suffers here can earn
A sure return.

Hast thou found nought within thy troubled life
Save inward strife?
Hast thou found all she promised thee, Deceit,
And Hope a cheat?
Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast
Eternal rest!

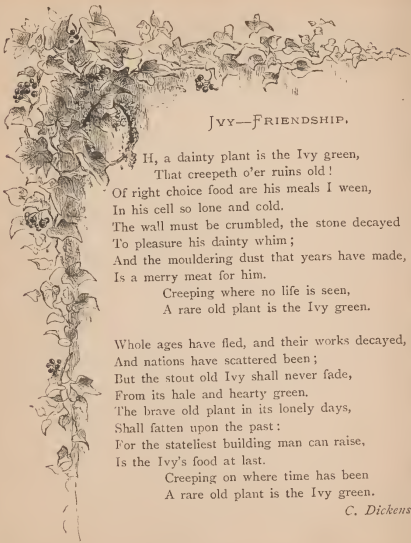
Adelaide Procter.

January 22.

January 23.

January 24.

— Torrence S. Foote — 1896 —



IVY—FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meat for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on where time has been
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

C. Dickens.

January 25.

Lottie L. Maddever.

7697

January 26.

January 27.

HEATHER—SOLITUDE.



YES! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild
We mortal millions live *alone*.

Matthew Arnold.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone (so Heaven has willed) we die?
Not e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.

Keble.

CYPRESS—MOURNING.

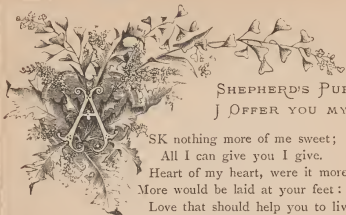
OH! Lady, twine no wreath for me
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright;
The may-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, lady twine no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree.

Sir W. Scott.

January 28.

January 29.

January 30.



SHEPHERD'S PURSE--
I OFFER YOU MY ALL.

ASK nothing more of me sweet;
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more
More would be laid at your feet:
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar.

I that have love and no more,
Give you but love of you, sweet:
He that hath more let him give;
He that hath wings, let him soar;
Mine is the heart at your feet,
Here that must love you to live.

Swinburne.

FIR—TIME.

TIME, the foe of man's dominion,
Wheels around in ceaseless flight;
Scattering from his hoary pinion
Shades of everlasting night.
Still beneath his frown appalling,
Man and all his works decay:
Still, before him, swiftly falling,
Kings and kingdoms pass away.

T. L. Peacock.

January 31.

N. Franklin Goodwin.

A SPRING SONG.

ONE morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would
cease;

'Twas the Thrush sang in the garden, "Hear the story, hear the
story!"

And the Lark sang "Give us glory,"

And the Dove sang, "Give us Peace!"

Then I listened, oh, so early, my beloved, my beloved,

To the murmur from the woodland, of the Dove, my dear, the
Dove;

When the Nightingale came áfter, "Give us Fame to sweeten
duty,"

When the Wren sang, "Give us Beauty,"

She made answer, "Give us Love!"

Fair is April, fair the morning, my beloved, my beloved,

Now for us doth Spring's bright morning wait upon the year's
increase,

Let my voice be heard, that asketh not for fame and not for
glory,

Give for all our life's dear story,

Give us Love and give us Peace!

Jean Ingeloxo.


FEBRUARY.



ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring.
S. T. Coleridge.

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snow-drops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one :
Sing, Robin, sing ;
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.
Christina Rossetti.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.
Tennyson.



KALMIA—NATURE.

WHO can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

Thomson.

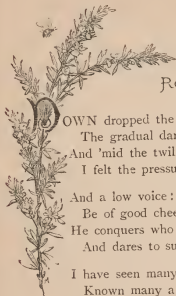
Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

Wordsworth.

February 1.

February 2.

February 3.



ROSEMARY—REMEMBRANCE.

DOWN dropped the sun upon the sea,
The gradual darkness filled the land,
And 'mid the twilight, silently,
I felt the pressure of a hand.

And a low voice : "Have courage, friend,
Be of good cheer, 'tis not for long ;
He conquers who awaits the end,
And dares to suffer and be strong."

I have seen many a land since then,
Known many a joy and many a pain,
Victor in many a strife of men,
Vanquished again and yet again.

The ancient sorrow now is not,
Since time can heal the keenest smart ;
Yet the vague memory, scarce forgot,
Lingers deep down within the heart.

Still, when the ruddy flame of gold
Fades into gray on sea and land,
I hear the low sweet voice of old,
I feel the pressure of a hand.

Lewis Morris

February 4.

February 5.

February 5.

February 6.

Ray Ed. Howler. 74-07



PURPLE VIOLET—YOU OCCUPY MY
THOUGHTS.

O think of thee! it was thy fond request
When yesterweek we parted. Ah! how well
I heed thy bidding, only Love may tell
Beneath his roses. As, for welcome rest,
The bird, wing weary, seeks her downy nest,
So, oft, dear heart! from toil and care I flee,
And, nestling in my happy thought of thee,
With sweet repose my weary soul is blest.
To think of thee—who evermore art near
My conscious spirit, like the halo spread
In altar-pictures round some stately head,
As 'twere of heaven the golden atmosphere—
What can I else, until in death I sink,
And, thinking of my darling, cease to think?
J. G. Saxe.

IRISH JYV—CLINGING AFFECTION.

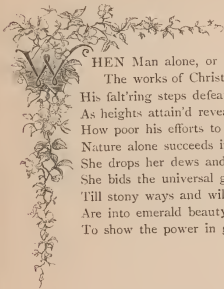
THINK of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought to see
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.
E. B. Browning.

February 7.

February 8.

February 9.

BARREN STRAWBERRY—GENTLENESS.



WHEN Man alone, or leagued in government's,
The works of Christian duty would fulfil,
His falt'ring steps defeat his anxious will,
As heights attain'd reveal but fresh ascents:
How poor his efforts to his high intents!
Nature alone succeeds in all she tries:
She drops her dews and not a flower is miss'd:
She bids the universal grass arise,
Till stony ways and wilds antagonist
Are into emerald beauty softly kiss'd,
To show the power in gentleness that lies.

James Hedderwick.

CHAMPIGNON—SUSPICION.

AND shall we all condemn, and all distrust,
Because some men are false, and some unjust?
Forbid it, Heaven; for better 'twere to be
Duped of the fond impossibility—
Of light and radiance, which sleep's visions gave,
Than thus to live suspicion's bitter slave.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

February 10.

Marian Loupkins

February 11.

February 12.



CAMELLIA JAPONICA—
PERFECTED LOVELINESS.

By any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rosebud for ever,
Nor into its fulness grow.

And if thou could'st know thy own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child for ever,
Completer whilst incomplete.

F. T. Palgrave.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL—AMBITION.

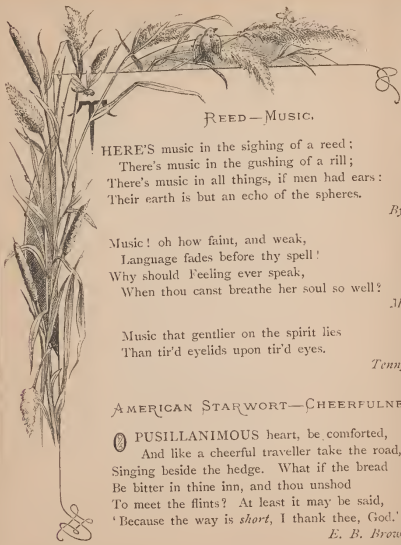
ONWARD, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth:
Let us make a heaven of earth.

James Montgomery.

February 13.

February 14.

February 15.



REED—MUSIC.

HERE'S music in the sighing of a reed ;
There's music in the gushing of a rill ;
There's music in all things, if men had ears :
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Byron.

Music ! oh how faint, and weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?

Moore.

Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.

Tennyson.

AMERICAN STARWORT—CHEERFULNESS.

☉ PUSILLANIMOUS heart, be comforted,
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints ? At least it may be said,
'Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God.'

E. B. Browning.

February 16.

February 17.

February 18.

SNOWDROP—HOPE.



HOU first-born of the year's delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,
In vernal green, and virgin white,
'Thy vestal robes array'd;

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks graceful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering
storm
Affright thy tender breast;

Nor for yon river islet wild
Beneath the willow spray,
Where, like the ringlets of a child
Thou wear'st thy circle gay.

'Tis not for these I love thee dear
Thy shy averted smiles
To fancy bode a joyous year,
One of Life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer the ungenial day,
And tell us, all will glisten soon
As green and bright as they.



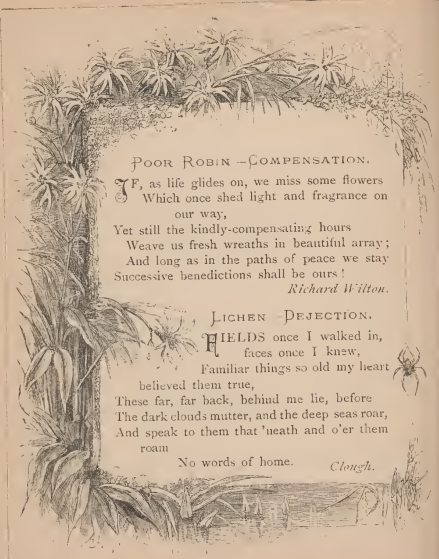
Keble.

February 19.

February 20.

Myra G. Smith 1877

February 21.



POOR ROBIN - COMPENSATION.

IF, as life glides on, we miss some flowers
Which once shed light and fragrance on
our way,

Yet still the kindly-compensating hours
Weave us fresh wreaths in beautiful array;
And long as in the paths of peace we stay
Successive benedictions shall be ours!

Richard Wilton.

LICHEN - DEJECTION.

FIELDS once I walked in,
Faces once I knew,
Familiar things so old my heart
believed them true,

These far, far back, behind me lie, before
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them
roam

No words of home.

Clough.

February 22.

February 23.

February 24.



STARWORT—AFTERTHOUGHT.

MY lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once and I grieved thee sore:
I remember all that I said;
And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Jean Ingelow.

EVERGREEN CLEMATIS—POVERTY.

OH but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

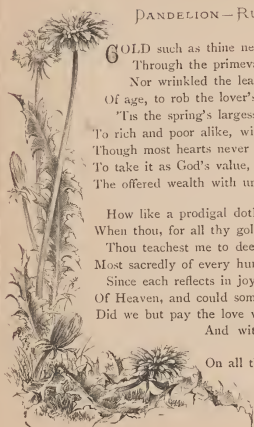
Hood.

February 25.

February 26.

February 27.

DANDELION—RUSTIC ORACLE.



GOLD such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow

Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;

'Tis the spring's largesse which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it as God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
Thou teachest me to deem

Most sacredly of every human heart,

Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe.

And with a child's undoubting
wisdom look

On all these living pages of God's
book.

J. R. Lowell

February 28.

February 29.

TO A SNOWDROP.

NONE flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, way-lay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend :
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odour lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers ;
Not will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years.

Wordsworth.

MARCH.



THE daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

Shakespeare.

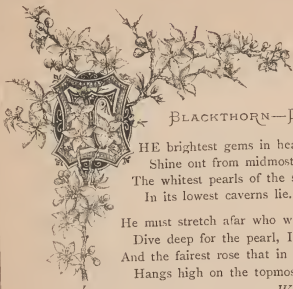
To me at this fair season still hath been
In every wild flower an exhaustless treasure,
And, when the young-eyed violet first was seen,
Methought to breathe was pleasure.

Lord Lytton.

The roaring moon
Of daffodil and crocus.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush,
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.

Tennyson.



BLACKTHORN—DIFFICULTY.

HE brightest gems in heaven that glow
Shine out from midmost sky ;
The whitest pearls of the sea below
In its lowest caverns lie.

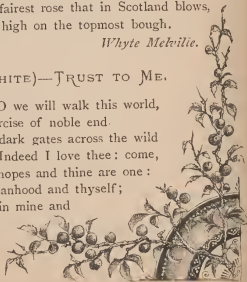
He must stretch afar who would reach a star,
Dive deep for the pearl, I trow,
And the fairest rose that in Scotland blows,
Hangs high on the topmost bough.

Whyte Melville.

PETUNIA (WHITE)—TRUST TO ME.

MY wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end.
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee : come,
Yield thyself up : my hopes and thine are one :
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself ;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and
trust to me.


Tennyson.



March 1.

March 2.

March 3.



DAFFODIL—REGARD.

AIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early rising-sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain,
Or, as the pearls of morning's
dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.



March 4.

March 5.

March 6.



BLUE ANEMONE—SOUL.

THOU, the spiritual flower,
Sentient of each breeze and shower,
Thou rejoicing in the skies,
And transpierced with all their dyes;
Breathing vase, with light o'er flowing,
Gem-like to thy centre glowing,
Thou the poet's type shall be,
Flower of soul, Anemone!

Hemans.

PERIWINKLE—PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

SWEET memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Rogers.

MINT—VIRTUE.

LOVE Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach thee how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Milton.

March 7.

March 8.

R. A. Taylor 1866 June 30/93.

March 9.



CROCUS—YOUTHFUL GLADNESS.

WELCOME, mild harbinger of Spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fix'd thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

Barton.

March 10.

March 11.

March 12.

Very cloudy

POLYANTHUS—PRIDE OF RICHES.



HEALTH, and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart.

Bid not the shadowy phantom stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found ;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !

No rest th' inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Longfellow



WILLOW—FORSAKEN.

W' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me !

Burns.

March 13.

March 14.

March 15.

M. Eva Pratt 1874-'96.



PRIMROSE—
YOUTH.

ASK me why I send you
here.

This firstling of the in-
fant year,

Ask me why I send to
you

This primrose all bepearl'd
with dew,

I straight will whisper in your
ears,

The sweets of love are wash'd with
tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;

Ask me why the stalk is weak,

And bending, yet it doth not break;

I must tell you, these discover

What doubts and fears are in a lover.

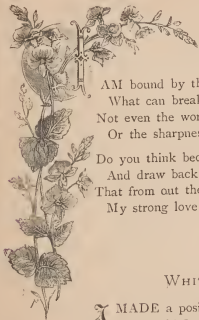
Caro.



March 16.

March 17.

March 18.



SPEEDWELL—FIDELITY.

AM bound by the old promise,
What can break that golden chain?
Not even the words that you have spoken,
Or the sharpness of my pain:

Do you think because you fail me,
And draw back your hand to day,
That from out the heart I gave you,
My strong love can fade away.

Adelaide Procter.

WHITE POPLAR—TIME.

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out and tie
My life within this band.

But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

Herbert.

March 19.

March 20.

March 21.



CELANDINE—JOYS TO COME.

ANSIES, lilies, king-cups, daisies
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face,
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane,—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before a thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come, with half a call,

Spreading out thy glossy crest,
Like a careless prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Wordsworth.

March 22. Canada

Jessie Addison Shepard.

March 23.

March 24.



MARIGOLD—

GRIEF.

WHEN with a serious musing I
behold
The grateful and obsequious mari-
gold

How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Titan spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her tender stalk
How when he down declines she droops
and mourns,
Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he
returns;

And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or did content
To wait upon a meaner light than him.

When thus I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly
things below

Which merit not the ser-
vice we bestow.

G. Wither,

March 25.

March 26.

March 27.

VIOLETS—MODESTY.



VIOLETS, shy violets !
How many hearts with thee compare,
Who hide themselves in thickest green,
And thence unseen
Ravish the enraptured air
With sweetness, dewy fresh and rare !

Violets, shy violets !
Human hearts to me shall be
Viewless violets in the grass,
And, as I pass,
Odours and sweet imagery
Will wait on mine and gladden me.

George Meredith.

Who can tell
Why to smell
The violet, recalls the dewy prime
Of youth, and buried time?

Tennyson.

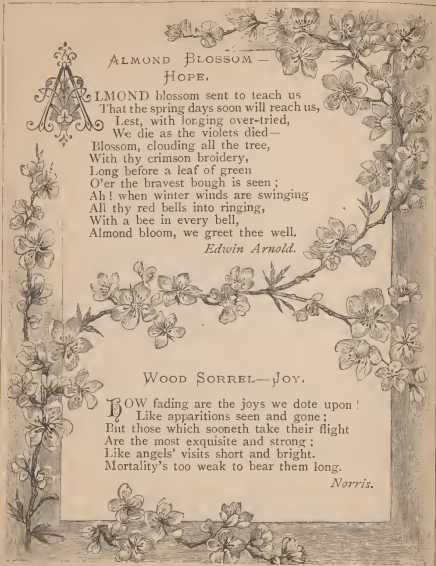


March 28.

Will Brown

March 29.

March 30.



ALMOND BLOSSOM —
HOPE.

ALMOND blossom sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-ried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree,
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
O'er the bravest bough is seen ;
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

Edwin Arnold.

WOOD SORREL—JOY.

HOW fading are the joys we dote upon !
Like apparitions seen and gone ;
But those which sooneth take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong ;
Like angels' visits short and bright.
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

Norris.

March 31.

A SPRING CHANSON.

IN the spring-time's lovely thronging
Lurk a sacred thirst and longing.
Every deep earth-hidden root
Yearns to turn to flower and fruit ;
Every hen-bird east and west
Pines for eggs beneath her breast ;
On all harmless creeping things
Comes desire of painted wings ;
And the brightest vision hovers
In the eyes of happy lovers ;
The burst of apple-blossoms brave
Hides the newly-moulded grave ;
The voice of happy bird in brake
Soothes the oft-recurring ache.
Spring is breathing through my hair,
Spring is smiling in the air ;
And in deep delight I share
 With far removèd things—
The solitary mining mole,
The lark, a disembodied soul,
 That, lost in heaven, sings.

Alexander Smith.

APRIL.



WHEN proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.

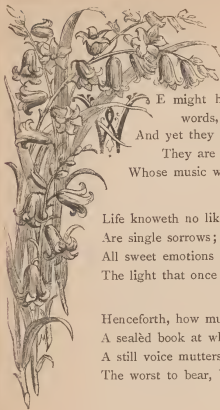
Shakespeare.

O fair mid-spring besung so oft and oft,
How can I praise thy loveliness enow?
Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft
That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,
The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow.
The hopes and chances of the growing year,
Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

William Morris.

Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Tennyson.



PURPLE HYACINTH
SORROWFUL REGRET.

WE might have been—but these are common words,
And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing,
They are the echo of those finer chords,
Whose music we deplore, when unavailing.
We might have been

Life knoweth no like misery—the rest
Are single sorrows; but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast,
The light that once was loveliness is ended.

We might have been!

Henceforth, how much of the full heart must be
A seal'd book at whose contents we tremble;
A still voice mutters 'mid our misery,
The worst to bear, because it must dissemble.

We might have been!

L. E. Landon.

MERCURY—GOODNESS.

BE good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not *dream* them all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever
One grand, sweet song.

C. Kingsley.

April 1.

April 2.

April 3.



WALLFLOWER—FIDELITY IN
ADVERSITY

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower—
How beautiful it blooms !
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs ;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time :
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
Gray Ruin's golden crown !
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown :
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed ;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay ;
The rose is summer's guest ;
Bland are thy charms when these decay—
Of flowers first, last, and best !
There may be gaudier in the bower
And statelier on the tree.
But wall-flower—loved wall-flower—
Thou art the flower for me !

D. M. Moir.

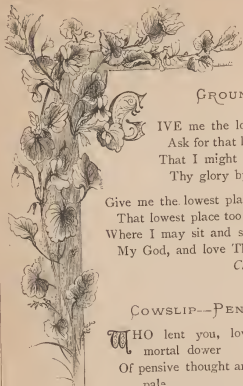
April 4.

Wanda A. Bathurst.

April 5.

Miss R. W. Chauvaud Foreville.

April 6.



GROUND JYV—HUMILITY.

IVE me the lowest place : not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place : or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so.

Christina Rossetti.

COWSLIP--PENSIVENESS.

WHO lent you, love, your
mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect
pale,
Your melancholy sweet and
frail
As perfume of the cuckoo
flower?

From the westward winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.

Tennyson.



April 7.

April 8.

Margie Brown Woolsten
1891-1937

Honey Falls N. Y.

April 9.



PIMPERNEL—
CHANGE.

NOTHING that is can pause or stay ;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Longfellow.

Time fleeth on,
Youth soon is gone,
Naught earthly may abide ;
Life seemeth fast,
But may not last,—
It runs as runs the tide.

C. G. Leland.

OAK—INDEPENDENCE.

FREE born, it is my purpose to die free.
Away degrading cares ; and you not less,
Delights of sense and gauds of worldliness ;
I have no part in you, nor you in me.
Are there no flowers on earth, in heaven no stars,
That we must place in such low things our trust ?

Aubrey De Vere.

April 10.

April 11.

April 12.

Annie M. Spencer .1876

STRAWBERRY BLOSSOMS—FORESIGHT.

PULL the primrose, sister Anne!
Pull as many as you can.

—Here are daisies, take your fill;

Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:

Of the lofty daffodil

Make your bed, or make your bower;

Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;

Only spare the strawberry blossom.

Primroses, the spring may lose them—

Summer knows but little of them:

Violets a barren kind,

Withered on the ground must lie;

Daisies leave no fruit behind.

When the pretty flow'rets die;

Pluck them and another year

As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power

To the favoured strawberry-flower.

Hither soon as spring is fled

You, and Charles and I will walk;

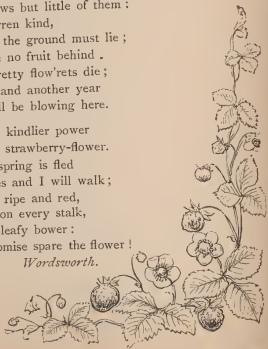
Lurking berries, ripe and red,

Then will hang on every stalk,

Each within its leafy bower:

And for that promise spare the flower!

Wordsworth.



April 13.

April 14.

April 15.

BLACK POPLAR—COURAGE.



OUR course is onward, onward into light :
What though the darkness gathereth amain ?
Yet to return or tarry, both are vain ;
How tarry, when around us is thick night ?

Whither return ? what flower yet ever might,
In days of gloom and cold and stormy rain,
Enclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight ?
Courage—we travel through a darksome cave ;
But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
And darkness lighten more, till full of awe,
We stand in the open sunshine unaware.

R. C. Trench.

BIRCH—MEEKNESS.

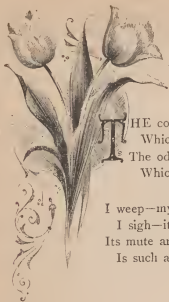
YIELD all the days their dues,
But when the evening light is lost, or dim,
Commune alone, in spirit, and with Him ;
Restore your soul with stillness, as is meet.
And when the sun bids forth, haste not to shew
Your strength ; but kneel for blessing, ere you go ;
And meekly bind the sandals on your feet.

Thomas Ashe.

April 16.

April 17.

April 18.



YELLOW TULIP—HOPELESS
LOVE.

THE colour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
The odour from the flower is flown,
Which breathed of thee and only thee.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

Shelley.

BELL FLOWER—GRATITUDE.

WHAT is grandeur? what is power?—
Heavier toil, superior pain!
What the bright reward we gain?—
The grateful mem'ry of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees' collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

Gray



April 19.

April 20.

April 21.



LILY OF THE
VALLEY—
UNCONSCIOUS SWEETNESS.

WHITE bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean
Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight
snow,

Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green
An Eremite beneath his mountain brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

Croly.

Some flowers there are who rear their heads on high,
The gorgeous products of a burning sky,
That rush upon the eye with garish bloom
And make the senses drunk with high perfume.
Not such art thou, sweet Lily of the Vale.
So lovely, small, and delicately pale,—
We might believe, if such fond faith were ours,
As sees humanity in trees and flowers,
That thou wert once a maiden meek and good,
That pined away beneath her native wood
For very fear of her own loveliness,
And died of love she never would confess.

Hartley Coleridge.

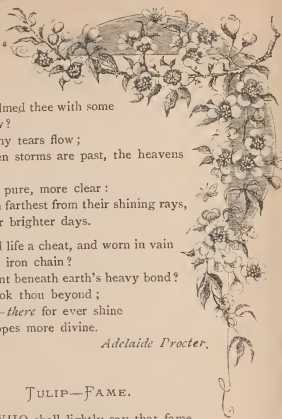
April 22.

April 23.

John B. ... 1851

April 24.


PEAR TREE—
COMFORT.



FAS fate o'erwhelmed thee with some
sudden blow?
Let thy tears flow;
But know when storms are past, the heavens
appear
More pure, more clear:
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.
Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain
Its iron chain?
Has thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?
Look thou beyond;
If life is bitter—*there* for ever shine
Hopes more divine.

Adelaide Procter.

JULIP—FAME.



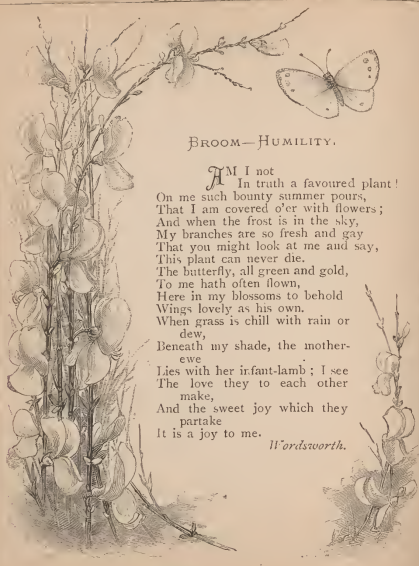
WHO shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

Joanna Baillie.

April 25.

April 26.

April 27.



BROOM—HUMILITY.

AM I not
In truth a favoured plant!
On me such bounty summer pours,
That I am covered o'er with flowers;
And when the frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay
That you might look at me and say,
This plant can never die.
The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or
dew,
Beneath my shade, the mother-
ewe
Lies with her infant-lamb; I see
The love they to each other
make,
And the sweet joy which they
partake
It is a joy to me.

Wordsworth.

April 28.

April 29.

April 30.

SPRING SONG.

Now do tawny bees, along
Plundering sweets from blossoms, hum ;
Now do showers of joyous song
Down from larks, up-mounting, come ;
Every thing
Now doth sing,
Welcome gladness—welcome spring !

Now do those, in joy that walk
Shadowed wood and chequered lane,
Stay their steps, and hush their talk,
Till the cuckoo calls again ;
Till anew
Hush ! cuckoo,—
Hark ! it comes the wood-depths through.

Now the Woods are starred with eyes ;
Now their weeds and mosses through,
Peep the white anemones,
Daisies pink, and violets blue ;
Flowers, they spring ;—
Birds, they sing ;—
All to swell the pomp of spring.

William Cox Bennett.

MAY.



SEASON of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part!

Wordsworth.

It was the prime
Of the sweet Spring-time.
In the linnets' throat
Trembled the love-note;
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.

George Eliot.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And, drowned in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Tennyson.



HAREBELL—GRIEF.

EVER morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

Tennyson.

Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
the end.

Aubrey De Vere.

BUTTERCUP—MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child.
To sit, in fancy, on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll,
To pluck gay flowers.

Charles Lamb.

We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Wordsworth.

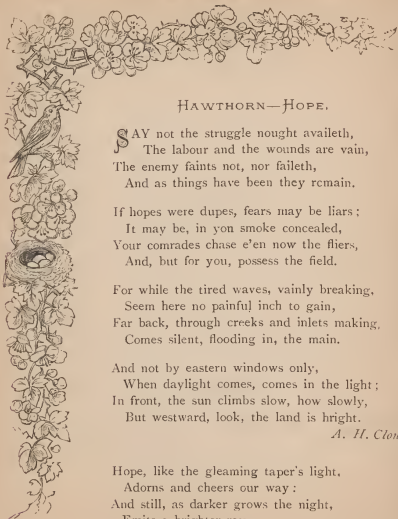
May 1.

May 2.

Dolphus S. Porter, 1842.

May 3.

Mrs P. M. M^{rs} J. J. J.



HAWTHORN—HOPE.

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. Clough.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way :
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Goldsmith.

May 4.

May 5.

May 6.

C. A. Northrup Niagara Falls



WHITE CLOVER—THINK OF ME.

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned ;
Only remember me : you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet, if you should forget me for awhile,
And afterwards remember, do not grieve ;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile,
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti.

FLOWERING FERN—MEDITATION.

IT IS greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven :
And how they might have borne more welcome news.

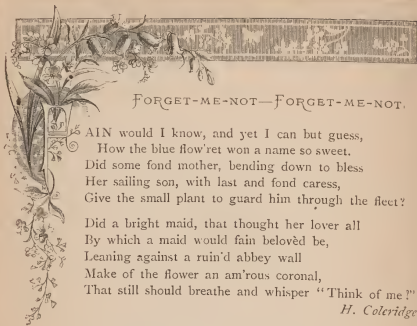
Young.

May 7.

May 8.

Paul & Lou

May 9.



FORGET-ME-NOT—FORGET-ME-NOT.

W HAIN would I know, and yet I can but guess,
How the blue flow'ret won a name so sweet.
Did some fond mother, bending down to bless
Her sailing son, with last and fond caress,
Give the small plant to guard him through the fleet?

Did a bright maid, that thought her lover all
By which a maid would fain beloved be,
Leaning against a ruin'd abbey wall
Make of the flower an am'rous coronal,
That still should breathe and whisper "Think of me!"
H. Coleridge.

That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!
S. T. Coleridge.

BLUE BELL—CONSTANCY

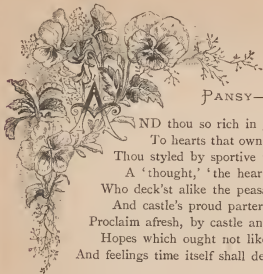
W HAT is the same together or apart,
From life's commencement to its slow decline:
We are entwined; let death come slow or fast;
The tie which bound the first, endures the last!

Byron.

May 10.

May 11.

May 12.



PANSY—THOUGHTS.

AND thou so rich in gentle names appealing
To hearts that own our nature's common lot ;
Thou styled by sportive fancy's better feeling
A 'thought,' 'the heartsease,' or 'forget me not ;'
Who deck'st alike the peasant's garden plot
And castle's proud parterre ; with humble joy
Proclaim afresh, by castle and by cot,
Hopes which ought not like things of time to cloy,
And feelings time itself shall deepen—not destroy.

Barton.

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are, and ought to be accountable,
If not to Thee, to those they influence ;
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read
Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life.

P. J. Bailey.

Alas ! we make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot : our high resolves
Look down upon our slumbering acts.

L. E. Landon.

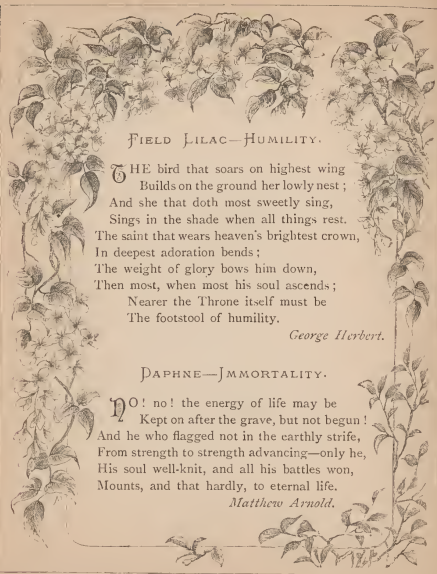
May 13.

Maud Hicks

May 14.

May 15.

Maud Hicks



FIELD LILAC—HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends ;
Nearer the Throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

George Herbert.

DAPHNE—IMMORTALITY.

NO! no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun !
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold.

May 16.

May 17.

May 18.

GUELDER ROSE—AGE.

AGE is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Longfellow.

The wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

Wordsworth.

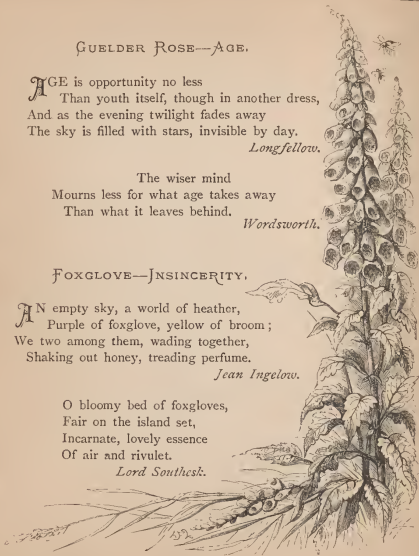
FOXGLOVE—INSINCERITY.

AN empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them, wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Jean Ingelow.

O bloomy bed of foxgloves,
Fair on the island set,
Incarnate, lovely essence
Of air and rivulet.

Lord Southesk.

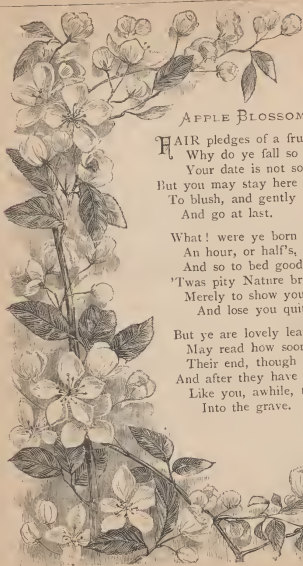


May 19.

May 20. Buffalo

Helen M. Simkins 1877

May 21.



APPLE BLOSSOM—PREFERENCE.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast
Your date is not so past
But you may stay here yet awhile
To blush, and gently smile.
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour, or half's, delight,
And so to bed good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shewn their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Herrick.

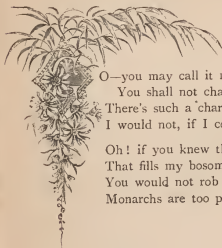
May 22.

Received May 23. *5.00*

Maude Shrimpton 18 97

May 24.

WEeping WILLOW—MELANCHOLY.



O—you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!

Oh! if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

Rogers.

MICHAELMAS DAISY—FAREWELL.

SWEET is the fragrance of remembered love;
The memory of clasped hands is very sweet,
Joined hands that did not once too often meet,
And never knew that saddest word "Enough!"
And so 'tis well that, ere our springtime fleet
Runs in the heyday of our love, part we:
Farewell, and all white omens go with thee!

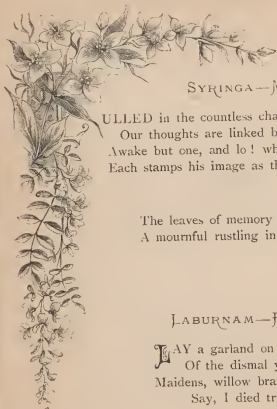
John Payne.

May 25.

May 26.

H. E. Cornell

May 27.



SYRINGA—MEMORY.

WULLED in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps his image as the other flies.

Rogers.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Longfellow.

LABURNAM—FORSAKEN.

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew:
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth.

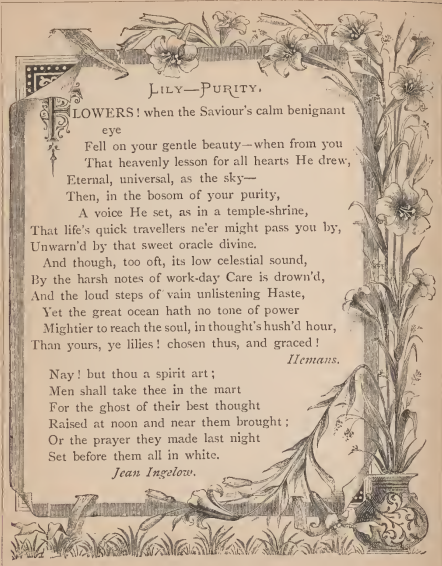
Beaumont and Fletcher.

May 28.

May 29.

May 30.

Thomas J. Yester



LILY—PURITY.

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant
eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd by that sweet oracle divine.

And though, too oft, its low celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus, and graced!

Hemans.

Nay! but thou a spirit art;
Men shall take thee in the mart
For the ghost of their best thought
Raised at noon and near them brought;
Or the prayer they made last night
Set before them all in white.

Jean Ingelow.

May 31.

SUMMER.

WINTER is cold-hearted ;
Spring is yea and nay ;
Autumn is a weathercock,
Blown every way :
Summer days for me,
When every leaf is on the tree.

When Robin's not a beggar,
And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
Over the wheat fields wide,
And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side.

Before green apples blush,
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
Is worth a month in town—
Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone everywhere.

Christina Rossetti.

JUNE.

It was the time of roses :
We plucked them as we passed.

Hood.

It was the Minstrel's merry month of June ;
Silent and sultry glow'd the breezeless noon ;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring ;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing,
Played on the green leaves with the quivering beam,
Sang from the grove, and sparkled from the stream.

Edward, Lord Lytton.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

J. R. Lowell.



ROSE (YELLOW)—DEPARTURE OF LOVE.

MY wind is turned to bitter north
That was so soft a south before ;
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er ;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
Upon the dank autumnal floor ;
For love, departed once, comes back
No more again, no more.

Clough.

YELLOW RATTLE—WAITING.

WAITING, waiting. 'Tis so far
To the day that is to come :
One by one the days that are
All to tell their countless sum ;
Each to dawn, and each to die—
What so far as by-and-bye ?

Augusta Webster.



June 1.

June 2.

June 3.

Barrie Shropston



ROSE—LOVE.

HOW much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,

Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!

The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—

Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

Therefore, with thy soft breath come floating by

A thousand images of love or grief;

Dreams, fill'd with tokens of mortality,

Deep thoughts of all things beautiful and brief

Not such thy spells o'er those that hailed thee first,

In the clear light of Eden's golden day!

There thy rich leaves to crimson glory burst,

Link'd with no dim remembrance of decay.

Rose! for the banquet gather'd, and the bier;

Rose! colour'd now by human hope and pain;

Surely where death is not—nor change, nor fear,

Yet may we meet thee, joy's own flower, again!

Hemans.



June 4.

June 5.

June 6.

FLOWERING REED—
CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

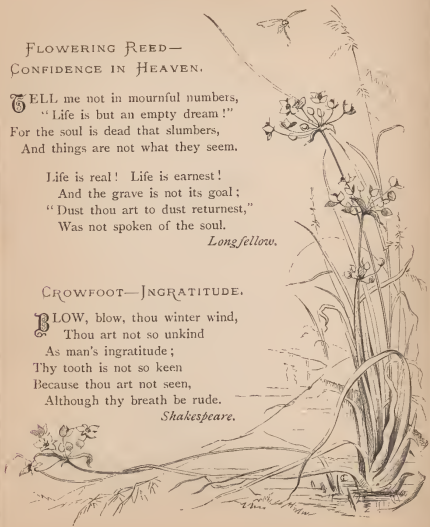
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Longfellow.

CROWFOOT—INGRATITUDE.

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.

Shakespeare.



June 7.

June 8.

June 9.

GRASS OF PARNASSUS—BEAUTY.



THREE year
she grew in
sun and shower.
Then Nature said,

“A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take,
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

“Then floating clouds their state shall
lend
To her ; for her the willows bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring
sound
Shall pass into her face.”

Wordsworth.

June 10.

June 11.

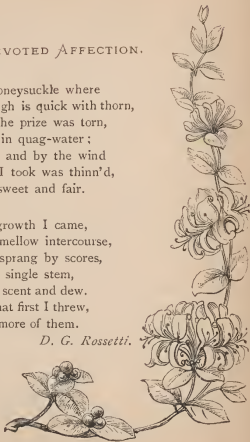
June 12.

HONEYSUCKLE—DEVOTED AFFECTION.

I PLUCKED a honeysuckle where
The hedge on high is quick with thorn,
And climbing for the prize was torn,
And fouled my feet in quag-water ;
And by the thorns and by the wind
The blossom that I took was thinn'd,
And yet I found it sweet and fair.

Thence to a richer growth I came,
Where, nursed in mellow intercourse,
The honeysuckles sprang by scores,
Not harried like my single stem,
All virgin lamps of scent and dew.
So from my hand that first I threw,
Yet plucked not any more of them.

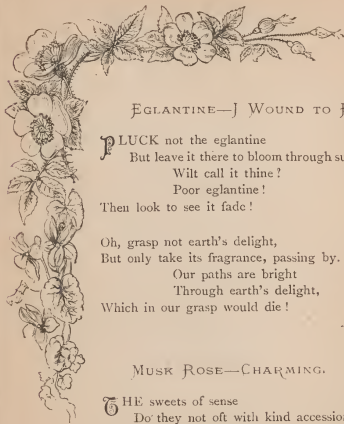
D. G. Rossetti.



June 13.

June 14.

June 15.



EGLANTINE—J WOUND TO HEAL.

PLUCK not the eglantine
But leave it there to bloom through sun and shade.
Wilt call it thine?
Poor eglantine!
Then look to see it fade!

Oh, grasp not earth's delight,
But only take its fragrance, passing by.
Our paths are bright
Through earth's delight,
Which in our grasp would die!

Anne Evans.

MUSK ROSE—CHARMING.

THE sweets of sense
Do' they not oft with kind accession flow
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose
Glow not her blush the fairer?

Akenside.

June 16.

June 17.

P. M. Bird

June 18.



GERMANDER SPEEDWELL—FACILITY.

BLUE eye-bright! loveliest flower of all that grows
In flower-loved England! Flower whose hedge-side
gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank!

E. Elliott.

LUCERN—LIFE.

BETWEEN two worlds, life hovers like a star
"Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
How little do we know that which we are!
How little what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles.

Byron.

He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things—God.

P. J. Bailey.

Life's helm rocks to the windward and lee,
And time is as wind, and as the waves are we;
And song is as foam that the sea-winds fret,
Though the thought at its heart should be deep as the sea.

Swinburne.

June 19.

June 20.

June 21.

WATER-LILY—PURITY OF HEART.

BRIGHT Lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell.

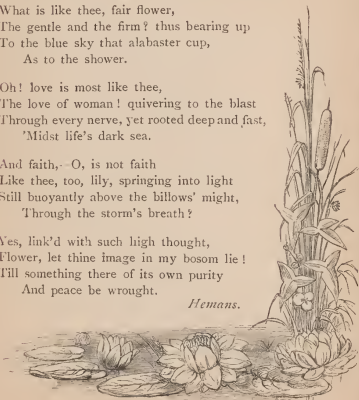
What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower.

Oh! love is most like thee,
The love of woman! quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst life's dark sea.

And faith, -O, is not faith
Like thee, too, lily, springing into light
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought.

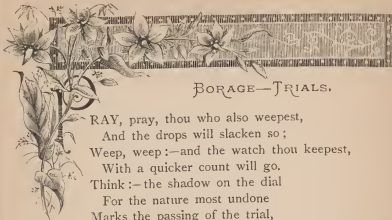
Hemans.



June 22.

June 23.

June 24.



BORAGE—TRIALS.

RAY, pray, thou who also weepst,
And the drops will slacken so ;
Weep, weep :—and the watch thou keepest,
With a quicker count will go.
Think :—the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.

E. B. Browning.

HEMP—FATE.

LONG we live, thinking nothing of our fate ;
For in the morn of life we mark it not—
It falls behind : but as our day goes down
We catch it lengthening with a giant's stride,
And ushering us unto the feet of night.

P. J. Bailey.

Alas ! how easily things go wrong !
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

George Mac Donald.

June 25.

June 26.

June 27.



JASMINE—AMIABILITY.

TIMID jasmine-buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

Moore.

White jessamine.
That star of its own heaven.

Oscar Wilds.

PINE BRANCH—ASPIRATION.

ARE there not aspirations in each heart,
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part,
Things more exalted, steep'd in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality.

Robert Nicoll.



June 28.

June 29.

June 30.

A WILD-WOOD SPELL.

COME to the woods, Medora,
Come to the woods with me ;
The leaves are green, the summer sheen
Is on the linden tree.

Up in the woods, Medora,
The thrushes warble free ;
Around, above, they sing of love,
So let me sing to thee !

On the low thorn, Medora,
The finch is fair to see,
A jewel bright, a heart's delight—
Ah ! so art thou to me.

From the dark pines, Medora,
There flows a balmy sea ;
The air's soft kiss is heavenly bliss—
How sweet art thou to me !

.
Come to the woods, Medora,
Come to the -shade with me ;
The roses bloom in that sweet gloom—
So bloom, dear rose, for me !

Earl of Southesk.

JULY.



Now is there silence through the summer woods,
In whose green depths and lawny solitudes
The light is dreaming; voicings clear ascend
Now from no hollow where glad rivulets wend,
But murmurings low of inarticulate moods,
Softer than stir of unfledged cushat broods,
Breathe, till o'er-drowsed the heavy flower-heads bend.
Now sleep the crystal and heart-charméd waves
Round white, sun-stricken rocks, the noontide long,
Or, 'mid the coolness of dim-lighted caves,
Sway in a trance of vague deliciousness.

Edward Dowden.

The woods are hushed, their music is no more.

Tennyson.



WHITE VERBENA,
PRAY FOR ME.

QUORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them
friends?


For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson.

GERANIUM, (SCARLET)—COMFORT

ALL are not taken! there are left behind
Living Belovéd, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
Add tender voices, to make soft the wind.

E. B. Browning.



July 1.

July 2.

July 3.

AGRIMONY—THANKFULNESS.

MY God, I thank Thee who hast
made

The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light :
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right !

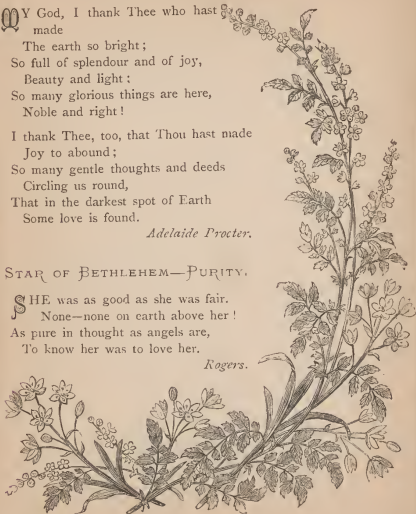
I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some love is found.

Adelaide Procter.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM—PURITY.

SHE was as good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her !
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.

Rogers.

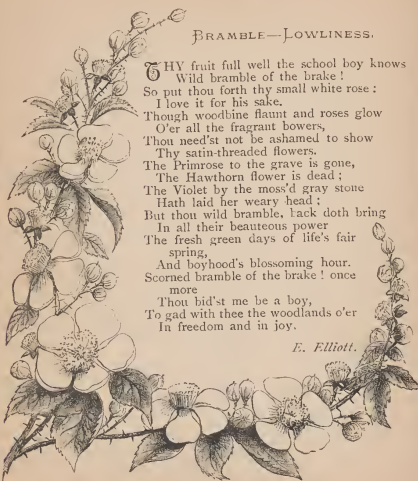


July 4.

July 5.

July 6.

BRAMBLE—LOWLINESS.



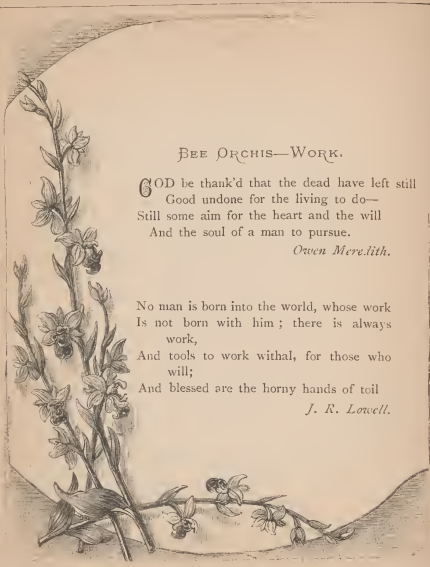
THY fruit full well the school boy knows
Wild bramble of the brake !
So put thou forth thy small white rose :
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbine flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers.
The Primrose to the grave is gone,
The Hawthorn flower is dead ;
The Violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head ;
But thou wild bramble, back doth bring
In all their beauteous power
The fresh green days of life's fair
spring,
And boyhood's blossoming hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake ! once
more
Thou bid'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er
In freedom and in joy.

E. Elliott.

July 7.

July 8.

July 9.



BEE ORCHIS—WORK.

GOD be thank'd that the dead have left still
Good undone for the living to do—
Still some aim for the heart and the will
And the soul of a man to pursue.

Owen Meredith.

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always
work,
And tools to work withal, for those who
will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil

J. R. Lowell.

July 10.

July 11.

July 12.

THISTLE (COMMON)—AUSTERITY.

LIGHTLY soars the thistle-down ;
Lightly doth it float ;
Lightly seeds of care are sown ;
Little do we note.

Lightly soars the thistle-down ;
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyr blown
Through the shining skies.

When life's thistles bud and blow,
Oh! 'tis pleasant folly !
But when all our paths they sow—
Then comes melancholy.

W. Howitt.

NASTURTIUM—PATRIOTISM.

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life.

Shakespeare.

Who would not bleed with transports for his country,
Tear every tender passion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy ?

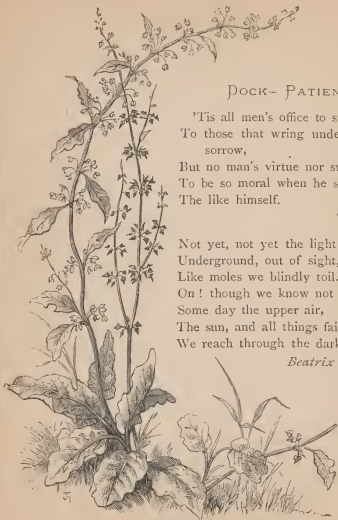
Thomson.



July 13.

July 14.

July 15.



DOCK-PATIENCE.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of
sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.

Shakespeare.

Not yet, not yet the light;
Underground, out of sight,
Like moles we blindly toil.
On! though we know not where;
Some day the upper air,
The sun, and all things fair,
We reach through the dark soil.

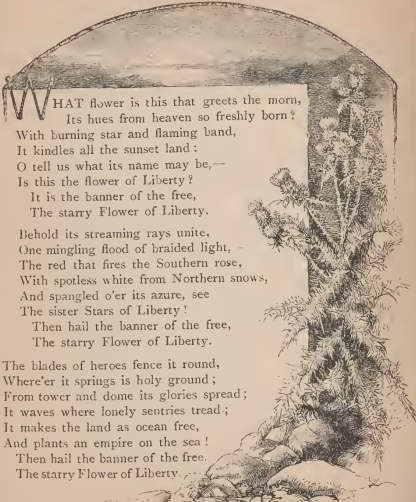
Beatrice Tollemache.

July 16.

July 17.

July 18.

THISTLE.—LIBERTY.



WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band,
It kindles all the sunset land:
O tell us what its name may be,—
Is this the flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light, —
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free.
The starry Flower of Liberty.

O. W. Holmes.

July 19.

Kathleen Josephine

July 20.

July 21



BELLADONNA—SILENCE.

HOW grand is silence! In her tranquil deeps
 What mighty things are born! Thought, Beauty, Faith,
 All good;—bright Thought, which springeth forth at once
 Like sudden sunrise; Faith the angel-eyed,
 Who takes her rest beside the heart of man,
 Serene and still; eternal Beauty, crown'd
 With flowers, that with the changing seasons change;
 And good of all kinds.

B. W. Proctor.

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
 Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

W. W. Story.



POPPY (RED)—CONSOLATION.

THIS earth is not so far from heaven;
 Bright angels from the skies,
 To faith revealed, where sense is sealed,
 Descend, and prayers arise.
 Deep Sabbath of the trusting breast,
 The solstice of a realm of rest,
 Rich antepasts we have in thee
 Of glory and eternity!

Aubrey de Vere.

July 22.

July 23.

Samuel M. Brown

July 24.



PINK—BOLDNESS.

WRITE on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere "Be
bold;

Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

Longfellow.

BALM—SYMPATHY.

WE are as harps, that vibrate to a touch
From stranger hands, unconscious of the strings;
While the soul's slumbering echoes wake to life,
And through its halls responsive music rings.

Few are the Davids to these harps of ours!
Few learn the cunning of the instrument:
And those to whom the gift has been denied
Are oftenest those with whom our lives are
spent.

Hamilton Aide.

July 25.

Harry A. Hageman.

July 26.

July 27.



LIME—CONJUGAL LOVE.

The limes,
Great trees of the ancient majestical times ;
They spread their wide billows of blossom abroad,
And smell like a newly-made Eden of God.

Lord Southesk.

The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

Tennyson.

HELENIUM—TEARS.

TEARS are the showers that fertilise the world ;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them. They are poor
That have lost nothing ; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten ; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they *might* forget.

Jean Ingelous.

July 28.

July 29.

Le...

July 30.



EVENING PRIMROSE—
INCONSTANCY.

AIR flower, that shun'st the glare
of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paley gold—

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

Bernard Barton.

July 31.

SUMMER.

HERE is a singing in the summer air,
The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
The stubble bird is creaking in the wheat,
And perch'd upon the honeysuckle-hedge
Pipes the green linnet. Oh, the golden world!
The stir of life on every blade of grass,
The motion and the joy on every bough,
The glad feast everywhere, for things that love
The sunshine, and for things that love the shade!

.

The wind dies—not a leaf stirs—on the pool
The fly scarce moves; earth seems to hold her breath
Until her heart stops, listening silently
For the far footsteps of the coming rain

Robert Buchanan.

AUGUST.



IN the parching August wind
Corn-fields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.
Early leaves drop loitering down
Weightless on the breeze,
First-fruits of the year's decay
From the withering trees.

Christina Rossetti.

CONVOLVULUS (BLUE) —REST.

WHEN the tumult of day is done,
And the winds are at rest,
When the glory is all but gone
In the wonderful west,

Why, heart, is thy trouble so deep?
Why, spirit, thy care?
Full soon thou shalt quieter sleep
Than the quietest there.

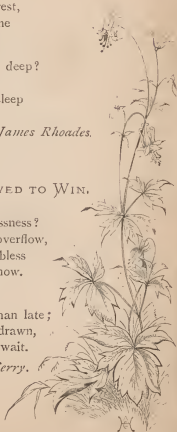
James Rhoades.

COLUMBINE (PURPLE)—RESOLVED TO WIN.

WHAT care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow,
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn
My triumph shines, more sweet than late;
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thy heart shall know me—I can wait.

Rose Terry.



August 1.

August 2.

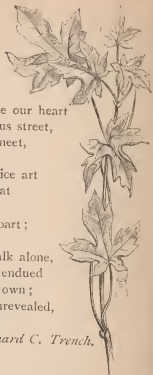
August 3.

Worthen, Niagara Falls

MAPLE—RESERVE.

A WRETCHED thing it were to have our heart
Like a broad highway or a populous street,
Where every idle thought has leave to meet,
Pause, or pass on, as in the open mart ;
Or like some road-side pool, which no nice art
Has guarded that the cattle may not beat
And foul it with a multitude of feet,
Till of the heavens it can give back no part ;
But keep thou thine a holy solitude,
For He who would walk there would walk alone,
He who would drink there must be first endued
With single right to call that stream his own ;
Keep thou thine heart, close fastened, unrevealed,
A fenced garden, and a fountain sealed.

Richard C. Trench.



DAHLIA (RED)—JOY.

Joys
Are bubble-like—what makes them, bursts them, too.
And like the milky way, there ! dim with stars,
The soul which numbers most will shine the less.

P. J. Bailey.

August 4.

August 5.

Julia A. Porter. Victor. 1846
Eva M. Stafford. 5th S. 5th S.

August 6.



CARNATION (DEEP RED)—A
BROKEN HEART.

HEY mourn, but smile at length; and smiling,
mourn:

The tree will wither long before it fall:
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the
sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

Byron.

CAMPION—DESTINY.

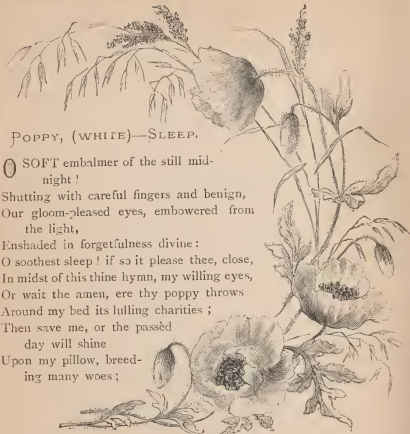
SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

Edwin Arnold.

August 7.

August 8.

August 9.



POPPY, (WHITE)—SLEEP.

O SOFT embalmer of the still mid-
night !
Shutting with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleasèd eyes, embowered from
the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine :
O soothest sleep ! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities ;
Then save me, or the passèd
day will shine
Upon my pillow, breed-
ing many woes ;

Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole ;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

Kvats.

August 10.

August 11.

August 12.



STONECROP—TRANQUILITY.

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsever'd from tranquility,
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Matthew Arnold.

ACACIA—FRIENDSHIP.

COME back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

Longfellow.

August 13.

Charles J Rhodes.

August 14.

August 15.

Helen C. Lewis.



HENBANE—INCOMPLETENESS.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty : but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above ;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Adelaide Procter.

CORN—RICHES.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason thine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness :
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state :
The happy only are the truly great.

Young.

August 46.

August 47.

August 48.

IRIS—MESSAGE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the linn.

Thou art the Iris, fair amongst the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever
The world more fair and sweet.

Longfellow.



August 19.

August 20.

August 21.

Mary Adelaide Sisson 1891.



GOAT'S RUE—REASON.

WO angels guide

The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
And some Tradition; and her voice is sweet
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving cheek, and shines anew,
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightening Reason's lamp.

George Eliot.

THYME—COURAGE.

STAND upright, speak thy thoughts, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere:
They only live who dare.

Lewis Morris.



MRS. WAFER

Angler Jeans

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calf hugging legs,
belt and smart two

August 22.

August 23.

August 24.

OATS—MUSIC.

THE Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

And wheresoever in his rich creation
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!

Frances Osgood.

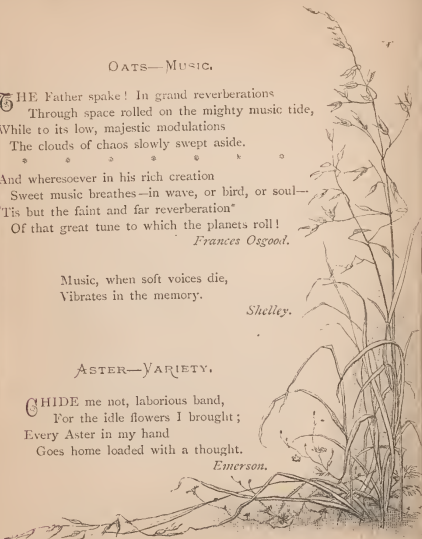
Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

Shelley.

ASTER—VARIETY.

HIDE me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every Aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

Emerson.



August 25.

Mrs. R. A. Taylor. June, 1893-1868

August 26.

August 27.



MYRTLE - LOVE.

BETTER to sit at the water's birth,
Than a sea of waves to win,
To live in the love that floweth forth,
Than the love that cometh in.

Be thy heart a well of love, my child,
Flowing and free and sure ;
For a cistern of love, though undefiled,
Keeps not the spirit pure.

George Macdonald.

MOUNTAIN PINK - AMBITION.

THE true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates and wisdom guides ;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great ;
Where public blessings public praise attend,
Whose glory is our motive, not our end :
Wouldst thou be famed? Have those high acts in view,
Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue.

Young.

August 28.

August 29.

August 30.



THE PASSION FLOWER.

ART thou a type of beauty, or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-Flower!
O no! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man; a record of that hour
When the expiatory Act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower.
It is the Cross! never hath Psalmist's tongue
Fittier of hope to human frailty sung
Than this mute teacher in a floret's breast—
A star of guidance the wild woods among;
A page with more than lettered love imprest;
A beacon to the haven of the blest.

Sir Aubrey De Vere.

August 31.

A LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

SOAN, oh ye Autumn Winds!

Summer has fled,

The flowers have closed their tender leaves and die;

The lily's gracious head

All low must lie,

Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Grieve, oh ye Autumn Winds!

Summer lies low;

The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed,

For she that loved her so,

Alas, is dead!

And one by one her loving children go.

Wail, oh ye Autumn Winds!

She lives no more,

The gentle Summer, with her balmy breath,

Still sweeter than before

When nearer death,

And brighter every day the smile she wore!

Adelaide Anne Procter.

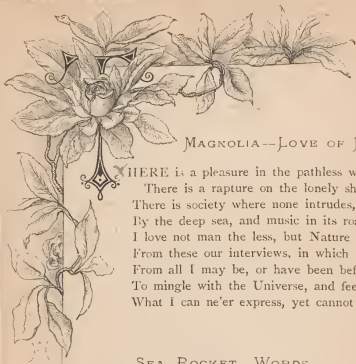
SEPTEMBER.

—*—

AUTUMN clouds are flying, flying,
O'er the waste of blue ;
Summer flowers are dying, dying,
Late so lovely new.
Labouring wains are slowly rolling
Home with winter grain ;
Holy bells are slowly tolling
Over buried men.

Goldener lights set noon a-sleeping
Like an afternoon ;
Colder airs come creeping, creeping,
After sun and moon ;
And the leaves, all tired of blowing
Cloud-like o'er the sun,
Change to sunset-colours, knowing
That their day is done.

George Macdonald



MAGNOLIA—LOVE OF NATURE.

HERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Byron.

SEA ROCKET WORDS.

WORDS are mighty, words are living:
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

Adelaide Procter.

September 1.

Laura & Collins 1844

September 2.

September 3.

BLUE GENTIAN HOPE.

THOU blossom bright with Autumn dew,
And coloured with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

W. C. Bryant.

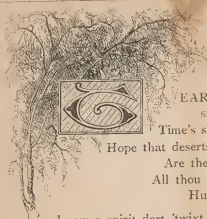


September 4.

1. hour

September 5.

September 6.



FRENCH WILLOW--
HUMANITY.

EARS running down the track of buried
smiles ;
Time's shades condensed into the sable pall ;
Hope that deserts, and gladness that beguiles--
Are these, then, all ?
All thou canst give to me,
Humanity ?

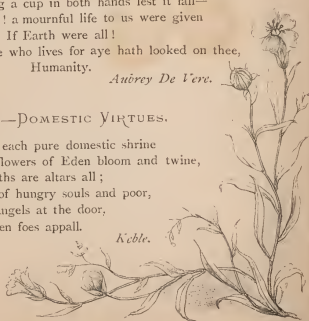
I saw a spirit dart 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
Holding a cup in both hands lest it fall--
O friends ! a mournful life to us were given
If Earth were all !
But He who lives for aye hath looked on thee,
Humanity.

Auërey De Vere.

FLAX--DOMESTIC VIRTUES.

AROUND each pure domestic shrine
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine,
Our hearths are altars all ;
The prayers of hungry souls and poor,
Like arméd angels at the door,
Our unseen foes appall.

Keble.

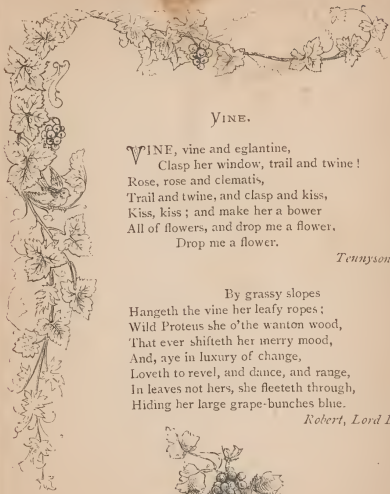


September 7.

September 8.

Naomi Woodston 1810

September 9.



VINE.

VINE, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine !
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine, and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss ; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a flower.
Drop me a flower.

Tennyson.

By grassy slopes
Hangeth the vine her leafy ropes ;
Wild Proteus she o'the wanton wood,
That ever shifteth her merry mood,
And, aye in luxury of change,
Loveth to revel, and dance, and range,
In leaves not hers, she fleeteth through,
Hiding her large grape-bunches blue.

Robert, Lord Lytton.



September 10.

September 11.

September 12.

ALOE--SORROW.

A SORROW'S crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
Tennyson.



O LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;
Without it what were we?

Richard C. Trench.

LAVENDER--DISTRUST.

SO you think you love me, do you ?
Well, it may be so ;
But there are many ways of loving,
I have learnt to know :
Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is very rare ;
And the counterfeits look brightest,
Though they will not wear.

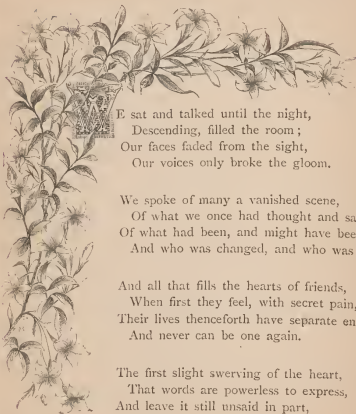
Adelaide Procter.

September 13.

September 14.

September 15.

VIRGINIAN JASMINE—SEPARATION.



HE sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spoke of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead.

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

H. W. Longfellow.

September 16.

September 17.

September 18.

GERANIUM—KINDNESS.

THAT best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Wordsworth.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise,
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
Or giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

J. R. Lovell.

NIGHTSHADE—TRUTH.

THE Way, the Truth, the Life! Ah! would that they
Who follow Truth, pursued it by that way
Which Truth itself hath 'stablished and made broad!
Christ is the Truth, and Christ alone the road.
A little while we seek for Truth; and then
Earthward we turn, and seek ourselves again.
We ask for knowledge, and we ask for fame,
For mental beauty marked in Truth's great name;
An exercise for strength, a bait for wit,
A mark for boastful skill, unprized when hit;
For all but Truth.

Aubrey De Vere.



September 19.

September 20.

September 21.



SUNFLOWER—ADORATION.

EAGLE of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on thy sun's noon-glory gaze:
With eye like his thy lids expand
And fringe their disk with golden rays:
Though fixed on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
Beyond the path where planets run,
The light of immortality,
The splendour of Creation's sun,
Though sprung from earth and hastening to the tomb,
In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
I look to Heaven.

James Montgomery.

September 22.

September 23.

September 24.

SENSITIVE PLANT—SENSIBILITY.



THE Sensitive plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves even like love,—its deep heart is full ;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful.

Shelley.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

Moore.

ALPINE SAXIFRAGE—A DREAM.



STAY me no more ; the flowers have ceased
to blow,

The frost begun ;

Stay me no more, I will arise and go,

My dream is done.

Ernest Myers.

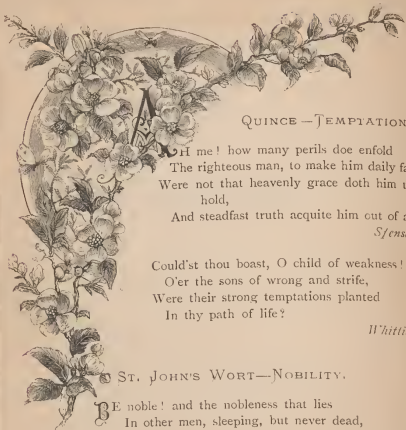
The hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream ; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old
For a dream's sake.

Christina Rossetti.

September 25.

September 26.

September 27.



QUINCE — TEMPTATION.

W^H me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him up-
hold,
And steadfast truth acquite him out of all,
Sfenser.

Could'st thou boast, O child of weakness!
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?

Whittier.

ST. JOHN'S WORT — NOBILITY.

B^E noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

J. R. Lowell.

Better not to be at all
Than not be noble.

Tennyson.

September 28.

September 29.

Very sincerely your
friend,

Clara M. Inaebé. 1876.

September 30.

AUTUMN.

THE TIME, Autumn, is unwelcome lore—
To tell the world its pomp is o'er:

To whisper in the Rose's ear
That all her beauty is no more;

.
A queen deposed, she quits her state;
The nightingales her fall deplore;

The hundred-voicèd bird may woo
The thousand-leafèd flower no more.

.
The piping winds sing Nature's dirge,
As through the forest bleak they roar;

Whose leafy screen, like locks of eld,
Each day shows scantier than before.

Thou fadest as a flower, O Man!
Of food for musing here is store.

O Man! thou fallest as a leaf:
Pace thoughtfully Earth's leaf-strewn floor;

Welcome the sadness of the time,
And lay to heart this natural lore.

Richard C. Trench.

OCTOBER.



Now autumn closes on the fading year,
The chill wind moaneth through the woodlands sere ;
At morn the mists lie mournful on the hill,—
The hum of summer's populace is still !

Edward, Lord Lytton.

Suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

W. C. Bryant.

Now autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or green wide wave ; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.

William Allingham.



AMARANTH—FAITH.

SO long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

"Follow Me," Jesus said ; and they uprose,
Peter and Andrew rose and followed Him,
Followed Him even to Heaven through death most grim,
And through a long hard life without repose,
Save in the grand ideal of its close.

"Take up your cross and come with Me," He said ;
And the world listens yet through all her dead,
And still would answer had we faith like those.

William Bell Scott.

CAMOMILE—ENERGY IN ADVERSITY.

A NOBLE soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm ;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

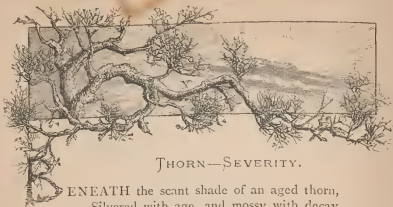
October 1.

Gertrude Annette Sherwood. (1846).

Caroline M. [unclear] " 1846."

October 2.

October 3.



THORN—SEVERITY.

BENEATH the scant shade of an aged thorn,
Silvered with age, and mossy with decay,
I stood, and there bethought me of its morn
Of verdant lushhood, long passed away ;
Of its meridian vigour, now outworn
By cankering years, and by the tempest's sway
Bared to the pitying glebe.— Companionless,
Stands the gray thorn complaining to the wind—
Of all the old wood's leafy loveliness.
The sole memorial that lags behind ;
Its compeers perished in their youthfulness,
Though round the earth their roots seem'd firmly twined :
How sad it is to be so anchored here
As to outlive one's mates, and die without a tear !

Motherwell.

MYRRH—HAPPINESS.

PLEASURES lie thickest where no pleasures seem ;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite forgotten of a summer dream.

Laman Blanchard.

October 4.

Ed. Taylor, 1909

Miss. Spring, 1909

Robert. Houston, 1913

October 5.

October 6.

Sanford. Maxon. Barber.



MIGNONETTE—YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR
CHARMS.

THE lingering perfume of a flower,
Its dying fragrance, sadly sweet,
Though faint to that of Summer's bower,
It still is soothing thus to greet.

The gusty winds, the dark'ning cloud,
The chilly mists, and rain, and dews,
And drifted leaves which half enshroud
Thy beauties,—all delight my muse.

To me thy yet surviving bloom
And lingering sweetness can recall
Hearts which, unchill'd by gath'ring gloom,
Can meekly live and love through all.

From such in seasons dark and drear,
Immortal hopes of noblest worth,
Feelings and thoughts to virtue dear,
Gush like thy dying fragrance forth,

And fling a holier charm around
Than prosperous hours could ever know;
For rapture's smile less fair is found
Than that which Patience lends to Woe!

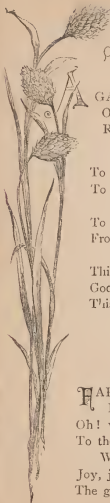


Barton.

October 7.

October 8.

October 9.



CANARY GRASS—PERSEVERANCE.

Yet I argue not,
GAINST heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Milton.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite ;
To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night ;
To defy power which seems omnipotent ;
To love and bear ; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates ;
Neither to change, to falter, nor repent ;
This like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free ;
This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.

Shelley.

PALM—VICTORY.

FAREWELL, ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief ;
Oh ! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree springing by Allah's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf ?
Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won.

Moore.

Niagara October 10. Falls.

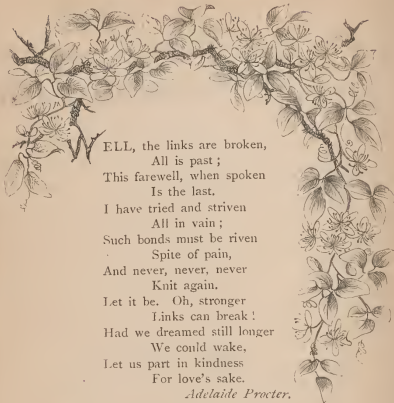
18 Myrtle S. Cannon. 74

Clara M. Porter - Victor. - 1876.

October 11.

October 12.

TENDRILS OF CLIMBING PLANTS—LINKS.



WELL, the links are broken,
All is past ;
This farewell, when spoken
Is the last.
I have tried and striven
All in vain ;
Such bonds must be riven
Spite of pain,
And never, never, never
Knit again.
Let it be. Oh, stronger
Links can break !
Had we dreamed still longer
We could wake,
Let us part in kindness
For love's sake.

Adelaide Procter.

OAK LEAF—VALOUR.

FEAR to do base, unworthy things, is valour ;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.

Ben Jonson.

Monday
October 13.

October 14.

October 15.



CHRYSANTHEMUM (RED)—I LOVE.

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he—
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

S. T. Coleridge.

FALL SUNFLOWER—HAUGHTINESS.

AH, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done—
Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go!

William Blake.

October 16.

October 17.

October 18.



ROSE—(WHITE)—
I AM WORTHY OF YOU.

Take this flower from me,
(A white rose, fitting for a wedding gift),
And lay it on thy pillow. Pray to live
So fair and innocently; pray to die,
Leaf after leaf, so softly.

T. L. Beddoes.

Live all thy sweet life through,
Sweet rose, dew-sprent,
Drop down thine evening dew
To gather it anew
When day is bright.
I fancy thou wast meant
Chiefly to give delight.

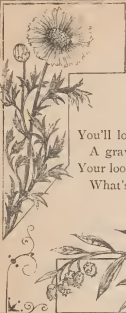
Christina G. Rossetti.

October 19.

October 20.

October 21.

Wm Bruce




Ox-EYES--PATIENCE.

YOU'LL love me yet!--and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing:
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry.
From seeds of April's sowing.

You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet:
Your look?--that pays a thousand pains.
What's death? You'll love me yet!

Robert Browning.

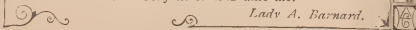


ANDROMEDA--SELF-SACRIFICE.

MY father urgit sair: my mother didna speak;
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to
break:
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady A. Barnard.



October 22.

October 23.

October 24.



POMEGRANATE BLOSSOM—
A WARNING.

GREASURE love, though ready
Still to live without ;
In your fondest trust, keep
Just *one* thread of doubt.

Build on no to-morrow,
Love has but to-day ;
If the links seem slackening
Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer or promise ;
Words are grains of sand :
To keep your heart unbroken
Hold it in your hand.

Adelaide Procter.

SNOWBERRY TREE—AGE.

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made ;
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller.



October 25.

October 26.

Clinton S Burns
Maverly, Iowa - 1871

October 27.

Grace B. Jones




COMFREY—PAIN.

THE waters are rising and
flowing
Over the weedy stone—
Over it, over it going,
It is never gone.

Over it joys go sweeping,
'Tis there—the ancient pain:
Yea, drowned in waves and waves of weeping,
It will rise again.

George MacDonald.

SWEET BASIL—GOOD WISHES.



Fare thee well!
Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,
And yet more often living with thyself,
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

Wordsworth.



October 28.

October 29.

Bennett W. 1917

October 30.



CHINA ROSE—BEAUTY ALWAYS NEW.

O LATE and sweet, too sweet, too late!
What nightingale will sing to thee?
The empty nest, the shivering tree,
The dead leaves by the garden gate,
And cawing crows for thee will wait,
O sweet and late!

Where wert thou when the soft June nights
Were faint with perfume, glad with song?
Where wert thou when the days were long,
And steeped in summer's young delights?
What hopest thou now but checks and slights,
Brief days, lone nights?

Stay, there's a gleam of winter wheat
Far on the hill; down in the woods
A very heaven of stillness broods;
And through the mellow sun's noon heat,
Lo, tender pulses round thee beat,

O late and sweet!

Mary Tawney.



October 31.

SONG.

OUTSIDE the garden
The wet skies harden ;
The gates are barred on
The summer side :
' Shut out the flower-time,
Sunbeam and shower-time ;
Make way for our time,'
Wild winds have cried.
Green once and cheery,
The woods, worn weary,
Sigh as the dreary
Weak sun goes home :
A great wind grapples
The wave, and dapples
The dead green floor of the sea with foam.

A. C. Swinburne.

NOVEMBER.

—2—
THAT time of year
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

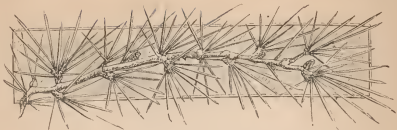
Shakespeare.

The mellow year is hasting to its close ;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast,
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows.

Hartley Coleridge.

The chill
November dawns, and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-coloured seas.

Tennyson.



CEDAR OF LEBANON—INCORRUPTIBILITY.

SHALL I be left forgotten in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.
Ecattic.

FERN MOSS—CONTENT.

WISER it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

R. C. Trench.

November 1.

November 2.

November 3.



PEARLWORT—WEARINESS.

BUT to be still! oh, but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,
The sights, the sounds, the struggle, and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp biting file
Of action fritting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence; all that is not pain,
But utter weariness! oh! to be free,
But for a while, from conscious entity!
To shut the banging doors and windows wide
Of restless sense, and let the soul abide,
Darkly and stilly, for a little space,
Gathering its strength up to pursue the race:
Oh, heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest,
From this quick, gasping life, were to be blest!

F. A. Kemble.

RAGWORT—LABOUR.

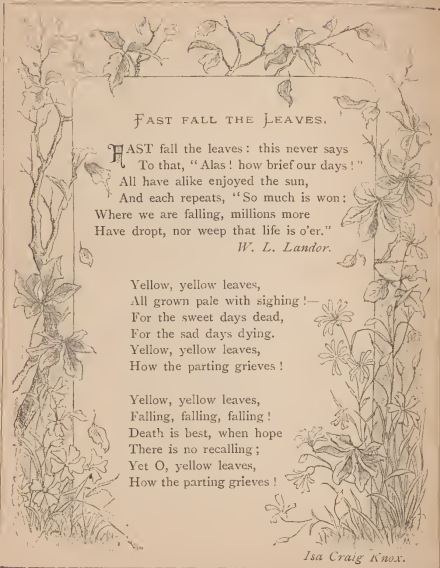
THIS world has work for us: we must refuse
No honest task, nor uncongenial toil.
Fear not your foot to tire, nor robe to soil;
Nor let your hands grow white for want of use.

Thomas Ashe.

November 4.

November 5.

November 6.



FAST FALL THE LEAVES.

FAST fall the leaves : this never says
To that, "Alas ! how brief our days !"
All have alike enjoyed the sun,
And each repeats, "So much is won :
Where we are falling, millions more
Have dropt, nor weep that life is o'er."

W. L. Lander.

Yellow, yellow leaves,
All grown pale with sighing !—
For the sweet days dead,
For the sad days dying.
Yellow, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves !

Yellow, yellow leaves,
Falling, falling, falling !
Death is best, when hope
There is no recalling ;
Yet O, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves !

Isa Craig Knox.

November 7.

November 8.

Gertrude Kimberley Samborn '78

November 9.



BINDWEED (SMALL)—HUMILITY.

IN all fair hues from white to mingled rose,
Along the hedge the clasping bindweed flowers;
And when one chalice shuts, a new one blows;
There's blooming for all minutes of the hours,
Along the hedge beside the trodden lane,
Where day by day we pass, and pass again:
Rosy and white along the busy mile,
A flower for every step, and all the while.

Augusta Webster.

GLIANTHUS—WORLDLINESS.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.

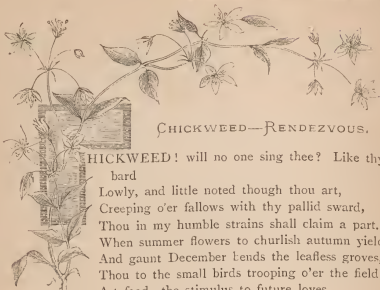
Wordsworth.

November 10.

Paul Parker London, 1939

November 11.

November 12.



CHICKWEED—RENDEZVOUS.

CHICKWEED! will no one sing thee? Like thy
bard

Lowly, and little noted though thou art,
Creeping o'er fallows with thy pallid sward,
Thou in my humble strains shall claim a part,
When summer flowers to churlish autumn yield,
And gaunt December bends the leafless groves,
Thou to the small birds trooping o'er the field
Art food—the stimulus to future loves.

Henceforth let none despise thee for thy birth,
For powers medicinal in thee are found;
And haughty men shall own thy sterling worth,
And crave thine aid to cool the anguished wound:
The lordly oak may lift his head on high,
Thou still will creep beneath the self-same sky.

Robert Millhouse.

Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him with an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

J. R. Lowell.

November 13.

November 14.

November 15.



CEDAR LEAF—J LIVE FOR THEE.

WHEN by the fire we sit with hand in hand,
My spirit seems to watch beside your knee,
Alert and eager at your least command
To do your bidding over earth and sea;
You sigh,—and of that dubious message fain,
I scour the world to bring you what you lack,
Till, from some island of the spicy main,
The pressure of your fingers calls me back:
You smile,—and I, who love to be your slave,
Post round the orb at your fantastic will,
Though, while my fancy skims the laughing wave,
My hand lies happy in your hand and still.

Edmund W. Goss.

PINE—PITY.

THE elm lets fall its leaves before the frost,
The very oak grows shivering and sore,
The trees are barren when the summer's lost:
But one tree keeps its goodness all the year.
Green pine unchanging as the days go by,
Thou art thyself beneath whatever sky:
My shelter from all winds, my own strong pine,
'Tis spring, 'tis summer, still, while thou art mine.

Augusta Webster.

November 16.

November 17.

November 18. *Luffield Ct.*

Daisy G. W. Jameson - 1875.



SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks :

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song :

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

Longfellow.



November 19.

November 20.

November 21.



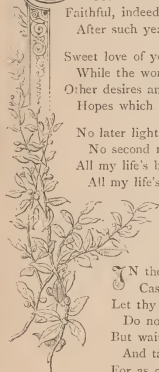
BAY LEAF—FAITHFULNESS.

OLD in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring :
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering !

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong !

No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me,
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

Emily Brontë.



HYSSOP—PURITY.


IN the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail ;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail :
But wait till the trial is over,
And take thy heart again ;
For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain !

Adeiaide Procter.

November 22.

November 23.

November 24.



TREE MALLOW—TRUST ME.

TRUST me, but trust me not as aught divine;
Trust me with eyes wide open to all ill,
Giving thy faith, but keeping fast thy will,
Lest in one evil scheme we both combine.
Trust me as honest, knowing I am weak,
Stronger, but yet as much in need of aid,
Losing no step thro' faith, and not afraid
To say, "We shall not find there what we seek."
Lean on me, love, but not so utterly
That if I stumble, thou shouldst helpless be.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

HELLEBORE—SCANDAL

AWHISPER broke the air,
A soft light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe
And so it wander'd round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,
And that—*it broke!*

L. E. London.

November 25.

November 26.

Mattie M. Pratt, 1874.
Ransomville, N.Y.

November 27.

FADED FLOWERS—MELANCHOLY.

YE fade, yet still how sweet, ye
Flowers!

Your scent outlives the bloom!
So, Father, may my mortal hours
Grow sweeter towards the tomb!
In withered leaves a healing cure
The simple gleaners find;
So may our withered hopes endure
In virtues left behind!
Oh, not to me be vainly given
The lesson ye bestow.
O thoughts that rise in sweets to Heaven,
And turn to use below.

Edward, Lord Lytton.

CUDWEED—REMEMBRANCE.

AH, too true! Time's current strong
Leaves us true to nothing long.
Yet, if little stays with man,
Ah, retain we all we can!
If the clear impression dies,
Ah, the dim remembrance prize!
Ere the parting hour goes by,
Quick thy tablets, Memory!

Matthew Arnold.



November 28.

November 29.

November 30.

SNOW FLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our clouded fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression.
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

Henry W. Longfellow.

DECEMBER.

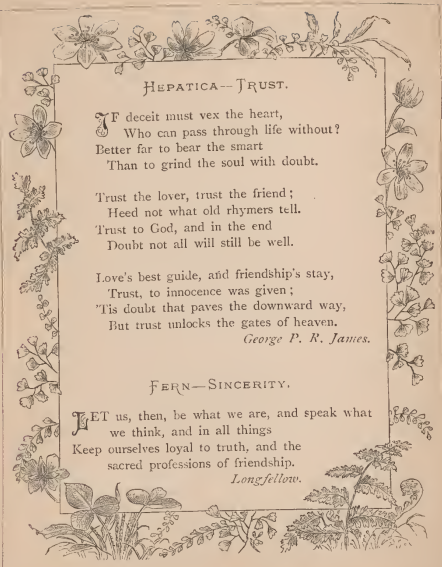


FAST of all, December,
The year's sands nearly run
Speeds on the shortest day,
Curtails the sun ;
With its bleak raw wind
Lays the last leaves low,
Brings back the nightly frosts,
Brings back the snow.

Christina Rossetti.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing :
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

Tennyson.



HEPATICA—TRUST.

IF deceit must vex the heart,
Who can pass through life without?
Better far to bear the smart
Than to grind the soul with doubt.

Trust the lover, trust the friend;
Heed not what old rhymers tell.
Trust to God, and in the end
Doubt not all will still be well.

Love's best guide, and friendship's stay,
'Trust, to innocence was given;
'Tis doubt that paves the downward way,
But trust unlocks the gates of heaven.

George P. R. James.

FERN—SINCERITY.

LET us, then, be what we are, and speak what
we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the
sacred professions of friendship.

Longfellow.

December 1.

December 2.

December 3.

HIPS AND HAWS—
COMPENSATION

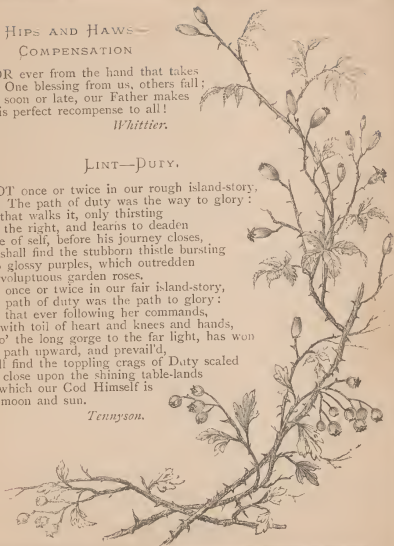
FOR ever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

Whittier.

LINT—DUTY.

NOT once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outreden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the path to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light, has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is
moon and sun.

Tennyson.



December 4.

December 5.

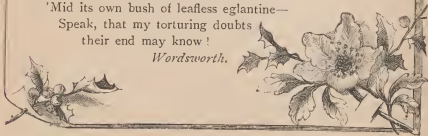
December 6.



CHRISTMAS ROSE--
RELIEVE MY ANXIETY.

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant,
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts
their end may know!

Wordsworth.



December 7.

Leave 10-1

December 8.

December 9.



ARBUTUS—I LOVE BUT THEE.

ASK what you will, my own and only love ;
For, to love's service true,
Your least wish sways me as from worlds above,
And I yield all to you,
Who are the only She,
And in one girl all womanhood to me.

F. T. Palgrave.

OSMUNDA DREAMS.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of : and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakespeare.

And dreams in their development have breath ;
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils :
They do divide our being : they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity.

Byron.

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.

Tennyson.

December 10.

December 11.

December 12.



FLOWER DIRGES,

SING ye dirges for the flowers!
Nay—their prime is past and gone;
Fed with sunshine and sweet showers,
They have graced the summer hours,—

Now their work is done:
From the uplands fierce and strong,
Bitter blasts will blow ere long—
Happy they secure of shelter

From wild Winter's wrong!
They have left us undismayed
By the change that did befall;
Wearied out with shine and shade,

It rejoiced them, one and all
To escape from daylight's ken,
To their chambers subterranean,—
There to rest awhile, and then

Weave them fresh, and weave them fair,
And their fragrant spells prepare;—

Therefore, sing no mournful dirges for these flowers,
O men!

T. Westwood.

December 13.

December 14.

December 15.



GROUND LAUREL—PERSEVERANCE.

ON, on, in firm progression, sure and slow,
More scorning hindrance, as ye meet it more;
Surmounting what ye cannot thorough go,
And forcing what ye fail in climbing o'er;
Soon shall he gaze upon the bliss attained,
And worth attainment four-fold as severe;
The glorious meed for zealous souls ordained,
Shall shine upon you, palpable and clear.

Charles T. Turner.

HIBISCUS - CHANGE.

To spring, to bloom, to fade.
This is the sum of the laborious years:
Life preludes death as laughter ends in tears:
All things that God hath made
Suffer perpetual change, and may not long endure.

We alter day by day,
Each little moment, as life's current rolls,
Stamps some faint impress on our yielding souls;
We may not rest or stay
Drifting on tides unseen to one dread goal and sure.

Lewis Morris.

December 16.

~~December~~ December 17. ~~1876~~

Maudie E. Cannon. 1876.

December 18.

575 - Dick - Stow - 1876



HOLLY-TREE—FORESIGHT.

SHOULD my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So light and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,

But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?


So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

Southey.

December 19.

December 20.

December 24.



BRYONY—SILENT.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber—
But o'er their silent sisters' breast


The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;—
Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their music in them!
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

O. W. Holmes.

LAUREL—GLORY.

THE bells to-day ring welcomes through the
town,



As slowly down the sunny, crowded ways,
Where country folk compare old holidays,
I bear these laurels for the victor's crown.
Strange—that for this men lay life gladly down,
That from the cool growth of these unknown sprays,
Their hands may grasp a weight of withering bays,
Dead emblems of immortalized renown!

A. M. F. Robinson.

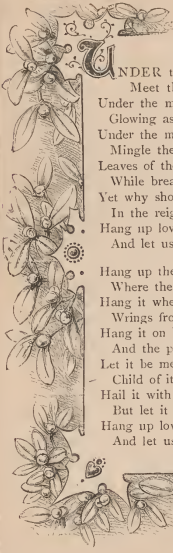
December 22.

December 23.

December 24.

MISLETOE—

SURMOUNT ALL OBSTACLES.



UNDER the mistletoe, pearly and green,
 Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
 Under the mistletoe hearts may be seen
 Glowing as though they had never been cold;
 Under the mistletoe, peace and goodwill
 Mingle the spirits that long have been twain;
 Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
 While breathings of Hope fill the loud carol strain.
 Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
 In the reign of old Christmas-tide only be found?
 Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
 And let us kiss under it all the year round!

 Hang up the mistletoe over the laud,
 Where the poor dark man is spurn'd by the white;
 Hang it wherever oppression's strong hand
 Wrings from the helpless humanity's right.
 Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
 And the patrician one turneth in scorn;
 Let it be met where the purple steel robs
 Child of its father, and field of its corn;
 Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
 But let it not fade with the festival sound;
 Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth
 And let us kiss under it all the year round!

Eliza Cook.



December 25.

December 26.

December 27.



WITHERED LEAVES—SADNESS.

WE look before and after,
 And sigh for what is not,
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Shelley.



And thus my spirit sings to me
 While years are flying, flying, flying ;
 "Be sad, be sad, thou hast no choice,
 But mourn with music in thy voice."

Lord Southesk.

LAURESTINUS—CHEERFUL IN ADVERSITY.

FAIR tree of winter, fresh and flowering,
 When all around is dead and dry,
 Whose ruby buds, though storms are lowering,
 Spread their white blossoms to the sky :
 Green are thy leaves, more freely green,
 Through every changing period seen ;
 And when the gaudy months are past,
 Thy loveliest season is the last.



James Montgomery.

December 28.

December 29.

December 30.



DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

“ORPHAN Hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep:
See, it smiles, as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.” -

“As an earthquake rocks a corpse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn Hours! wail aloud
For your Mother in her shroud.” -

“As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swing cradle of a child,
Lo the breath of these rude days
Rocks the Year. Be calm and mild,
Trembling Hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.”

Shelley.



December 31.

Memoranda.

J. J. Sexter, died Aug. 8, 1893

Agnes McKinnon Van Cleve, married
July, 1894.

Maud Hicke Howard, married 1895.

HeLEN Lewis Clark, married Aug. '96.

Grandma Naomi Woolston, died

June 13, 1894.

Lottie Walker Mowbray, married July '00.

Cara Grebe Leo Wells, married Aug. '00.

Jessie ~~Shapard~~ Gray, married Feb. '01.

Eva Stafford, died 1899.

Clinton S. Burns, married

Bertrude Kimbrey Vothner, married Feb. 2, '00.

Daisy Laurelton Bowling, married Oct. 9, '01.

Mary Seamed Barclay died July 18, 1900.

Memoranda.

Myrtle Cannon Stafford, married Fe. 18, 1902.

Grace Jones Robertson, married Oct. 15, 1902.

Myrtle Cannon Stafford

Grace Jones Robertson

Myrtle Cannon Stafford

1902

Maudie Cannon Surver, married Nov. 24, 04.

Memoranda.

Memoranda.

Memoranda.

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Ken. Workton 232

Snow Flakes 230

Naomi Workton 282

Lorraine Hyland p. 11

Esther Madeline 23

P. O. P. 23

Mary B. White 81

John Langi ap. 23, 1881

Mary B. May 15

Kate E. June 19

Mary Langi March 12, 1887

Memoranda.

Memoranda.





