
FACTS ABOUT FLOWERS

Dorothy Lawdy.

October 1898

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From. A. May.

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In the following pages an attempt has been made to stimulate, by means of interesting information devoid of technicality, this native appreciation. Admiration will lose none of its intensity by being intelligent.

H. W.

FACTS

ABOUT

FLOWERS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

TWELVE PLATES IN WATER COLOURS,

Faithful Drawings from Nature.

BY H. W.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INFLUENCES OF FLOWERS.—LITTLE HARRY AND HIS GARDEN.—THE PRISON-FLOWER.—THE STORY OF JAMES DAWSON.—THE PRIMROSE IN AUSTRALIA.—FEASTS OF FLOWERS.—FRANCE.—PERSIA.—PRICES GIVEN FOR RARE FLOWERS.—POETRY.

"HOW beautiful our garden looks," said little Harry to his father, one bright morning, early in June, as they were taking their usual walk through the garden after breakfast.

"Yes," said his father, "it now repays us for all our labour."

Mr. Earnest was very fond of his garden, and spent much of his spare time in it. He often said he wished every house had its garden, for health, usefulness, and beauty might be found there. He

had, after much labour and patience, brought his garden into good order, and as he said, it began to repay him.

His son Harry, nine years of age, was an active little fellow. He fully believed that his legs were made to be running about all day, and his arms to keep time with them. That it was a good thing to sit still was no article of *his* creed, and a friend had once put him out very much by saying in his hearing, it was God's will that children should sometimes sit still. He would have rejected with scorn the Hindoo maxim that "it is better to stand than to walk, better to sit still than to stand, and better to lie down than to sit." His mother used to wonder that he could keep it up so long, and declared it sometimes tired her to see him always on the trot. Nothing pleased him better than to be working in the garden, where, for weeding purposes, he was much in request. He sometimes mistook plants for weeds, so that his operations were generally confined to the times when his father could overlook and direct him. He had a piece of ground given to him which he called *his own garden*. He did not get on very well with it at first, for he would dig up the seeds to see how they were getting

on, and put a plant in one day and take it up to place it somewhere else the next. It was some time before he overcame this unfortunate habit, and began to learn that most difficult lesson—"to labour and to wait."

"Is everybody fond of flowers?" said Harry.

"Yes," said his father, "I think we may say everybody loves flowers. I do not say that everybody loves the *same* flowers, but that every flower has its admirers. And it is a good thing to love them. It is well for us when we love the Beautiful and the Pure. You may perhaps wonder to hear of flowers improving a person's character; yet it is so. There is a very interesting story in a book called 'Pillico; or, the Prison-flower,' of a Count, that is, a foreign nobleman, who had been shut up in prison for rebellion against his Sovereign. A little plant, which he found one day growing in the yard of his prison, took his attention, and he became so careful and anxious about it, and so grateful to his jailor for attending a little to it, that he became quite changed in disposition. You will be much pleased to read the book and to hear how much the Count did for his little plant. His love for it made him ready to do anything to save it. At last the

gloomy, proud, and high-minded man was willing to make his submission, and was set at liberty."

Harry. "And did he leave his plant behind him?"

Father. "Ah! you must read the story; and then you will know; and that is one of the blessings of being able to read; books will teach you almost every thing."

Harry. "Will books teach me about flowers and plants?"

Father. "Oh yes; there are hundreds of books about them, but I am sorry to say that most of them are full of such hard words as would frighten a little fellow like you."*

Harry. "Why do they use such hard names?"

Father. "The names of flowers and plants are mostly Latin, because that language is understood by scholars in every country. When you are older and have learnt Latin, you will not be frightened at the hard words."

* For instance, here is a botanical description of the Rose. "The Rose is a genus of icosandrous exogens, a bushy and prickly shrub with imparipuniate leaves, serrated leaflets and stipules adnate to the petiole."—*New American Cyclopædia.*

Surely this is turning a rose-bush into a scare-crow.

Harry. "I should not like to live where there are no gardens."

Father. "That country people should love and admire flowers is to be expected; but in cities and towns you might think they would be forgotten. But no! See what beautiful nosegays are sent into the large towns daily in the season. When a Londoner pays a visit to a country friend, what is it which he says he *must* take back? Some flowers! Look at the windows of many a street in London and other large towns, and see how many are ornamented with flower pots. The owners, no doubt, are not town-bred, that is, they were not born in towns; they came from the country; and perhaps some of their happiest days, and brightest thoughts, are connected with the green fields and lanes, and cheerful gardens, of which the poor plant in the flower pot keeps them in mind. Now I will tell you a story.

"'James Dawson once found himself obliged to take a little house in Gloomy Lane, because it was nearer to his work. He said the place was rightly named for the houses were dirty, the front yards neglected, and the whole street looked miserable. James and his family were fond of gardening,

and spent much of their spare time and halfpence upon plants. In a short time the wooden palings were repaired, and painted green; a lot of green turf appeared in front, a lilac and laburnum tree on either side, and in front of the lower window a box with several plants in it; there were boxes also at the upper windows with geraniums, mignonette, and southern-wood. The children rose early and took long walks to seek flowers in the fields. They had always a supply of mustard and cress for their own use, or to give to a neighbour. The great difference in the appearance of Dawson's house and family from that of their neighbours struck every one. It was remarked that the doctor, who was often seen in Gloomy Lane, never stopped at the Dawson's. At last, one and another took the hint and mended a fence, or planted a shrub, or placed a box of flowers at the window. And, after a while, the health of the neighbourhood and its general appearance had so improved that the name of the street was changed to Pleasant Row.'*

"Did you ever notice your school-fellows, whether those who are most fond of flowers are not the

* From "Window Gardening," by Miss Twyning.

cleanest in person, the kindest in disposition, and the most cheerful and forgiving in temper, ready to please, or to be pleased?"

Harry. "Yes. I know that James Bryan, the boy that I like best, is very fond of flowers."

Father. "Here is another story. Some years ago a root of the common primrose was taken from England to Australia. It is not a native of that country, and was therefore unknown. On its arrival at Sydney it was publicly exhibited, and crowds came daily to see it. It was noticed that many of the settlers, middle aged men and women, were affected almost to tears, as they gazed upon that simple flower, which no doubt brought to their minds scenes of their early childhood, and happy homes.

'And, to *their* fancy, in that hour
It seemed a messenger from home;
And its sweet fragrance had the power
As, o'er the blue sea it had come,
To tell, for *them* were uttered there
The words of love, the voice of prayer.'

"In France they have what they call 'Feasts of Flowers,' which are days kept as holidays. The people dress in their best, attend Church with nose-gays, and the best girl in the village is crowned

with a wreath, and called 'the queen.' In Germany, one of the customs observed on a person's birthday is presenting bouquets of flowers."

Harry. "I like that. I shall give a nosegay to mamma on her birthday."

Father. "The Persians hold a 'feast of roses' every year; so do the Turks. The Sultan has a garden—I think it is at Constantinople—devoted to the culture of the hyacinth. China has been called 'the flowery land,' and in nearly all countries people will incur the greatest pains and expense to raise their favourite flowers. I have heard of folks giving a guinea and a half for one hyacinth bulb."

Harry. "A guinea and a half for one flower root!"

Father. "Oh! that is nothing. In the seventeenth century, tulips were thought so much of that they were sold by weight at the most startling prices, and 'when once it happened that there were only two sorts of a kind to be had, and then only from Holland, more than £400, with a new carriage, two grey horses and harness, were given for one root.'"

Harry. "Do you think that can be true, father?"

Tulip.

W.F.

Marcus Ward & Co.

Father. "It is related on good authority.* I myself have seen at the Royal Botanic Gardens, in Regent's Park, rhododendron trees marked for sale at fifty, seventy, and even one hundred guineas."

Harry. "Ah! I shall never forget those rhododendrons, father."

Father. "No; it is a sight never to be forgotten; a Floral sacrifice, a blaze of beauty;—but I must go now. To-morrow morning we will have some more talk about flowers. I shall be glad if you will learn this little poem, and repeat it to me then."

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-tide heats,
As fearless of the evening colds.

"So blooms the human face divine,
When youth in pride of beauty shews;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

"Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's meridian ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short lived beauties die away.

* Penny Cyclopædia.

"So worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
Youth's fading glory disappears,
Its short lived beauties die away.

"Let sickness blight, or death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains;
The tree of life's unfading flower,
Ever in Paradise remains."

VERE FOSTERS *Water Color Flowers.* Hawthorn. (*Crataegus Oxyacantha.*) *Marcus Ward & Co.*

CHAPTER II.

FLOWERS FOUND EVERYWHERE. — LAPLAND. — COUNTRIES WHENCE FLOWERS ARE DERIVED.—BLACK FLOWERS.—TAKING CARE OF SEEDS.—LITTLE ANNIE.—PROVIDING FOR A RAINY DAY.—STORY OF THE GRASSHOPPER.—POETRY.

LITTLE Harry was quite ready next morning for the promised walk. He got through his poetry with only one mistake, and was praised for his diligence and care. His father told him that learning good poetry when young was laying up a treasure of future enjoyment. Harry was always glad to have a stroll with his father, because, as he said, "he told him a good many things." He called his father's attention to one of the walks which he had weeded the day be-

fore, and was praised for its neatness, although his father pointed out to him that here and there a tuft of grass had escaped him. Harry said he thought they must have come up in the night, and his father said, "very likely, for 'ill weeds grow apace,' and like bad habits are very difficult to get rid of."

Harry. "Is there any country where flowers don't grow?"

Father. "Flowers are universal, I mean that they are found everywhere; in the hottest and in the coldest parts of the earth—in the lowly valleys, and on the highest mountains, in the cultivated garden, and on the 'blasted heath,' on the dusty roadside, and 'in deserts where no men abide.' You remember that touching story of Mungo Park, which tells us how much comfort he found in a small flower in the desert, because it made him feel that God was there to guide and to protect him."

Harry. "Yes, I remember. It encouraged him to go on."

Father. "Many other travellers have been cheered by flowers, and there is one the clematis, which grows profusely over porches, doorways,

Wild Rose, *(Rosa Canina.)*

W.f.c.

and sides of houses, and whose thick and green foliage is such a relief and contrast to dusty roads, that it has been called 'traveller's joy.'

"Even in Lapland, which we are accustomed to think of as a dreary country, buried in snow, it has been found that there are five hundred and thirty-seven kinds of native plants, besides many which we have in our own dear country. The first that peeps out from the snows of Lapland is the marsh marigold, something like our buttercup, and even the dog-rose makes its appearance during their short summer."

Harry. "I wonder how many sorts of flowers there are!"

Father. "Flowers are of endless variety, *i.e.*, there are more sorts of them than we know. Botanists, or people who study plants and flowers, tell us that they can be arranged into classes, as children in a school, and they say that there are one hundred thousand kinds of plants; but as many of these are not flower-bearing plants, we do not know how many sorts of flowers there are in the world.

"But we know that some are large like the sunflower, the dahlia, and the Victoria-Regia;

some tiny, like the bird's-eye, and the little forget-me-not. Some are remarkable only for their beauty, like the tulip; others only for their scent, like the violet, and others again for both beauty and perfume, like the rose. Some appear only in spring, as the crocus, others only in summer, as the carnation, others in autumn, as the dahlia, and some even venturing into winter, as the chrysanthemum."

Harry. "Do the same sorts of flowers grow in all countries?"

Father. "No, Harry, no more than all sorts of flowers will grow in the same garden, or in the same part of the garden. You see that some thrive best in one place and some in another. This is because different plants require different soils. And therefore not only will some flowers grow *better* in one country than in another, but very often those which do well in one country will not grow in another. But proper cultivation and care have much to do in this matter. Most of the lovely flowers which adorn our gardens in England have been brought from other countries, and some of them from the most distant places."

Harry. "Please tell me of the places from

which some of the flowers in our own garden first came?"

Father. "There is the wall-flower, it grows wild in Barbary, a country in the North of Africa. So also does the mignonette. Sweet peas have been sent to us from Sicily, and from Ceylon."

Harry. "I remember that Sicily is in Italy, but where is Ceylon?"

Father. "It is a large island South of India. Do you not remember those beautiful lines,

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle?"

Harry. "O yes, but I thought that Ceylon was only famous for cinnamon."

Father. "Oh dear no! There are many kinds of spices which it produces abundantly, as well as beautiful flowers.

"Germany has sent us sweet-williams, anemones, and German-asters. The marigold came from Mexico, so also did the dahlia. Lupins came from India. The London pride from the Alps, the peony from Switzerland, and the heartsease from the dreary wastes of Siberia."

Harry. "I suppose the flowers which we find growing wild in the meadows, or commons, have

always belonged to this country, such as the daisy, buttercup, primrose, cowslip, etc.?"

Father. "You mean that they are *natives* of this country? Yes, I think so; and even such a fine flower as the Canterbury bell grows wild. I have seen it in Devonshire, but the campanula which is very much like it, came from Italy."

Harry. "You said once that Italy was the land of flowers, has it sent us many?"

Father. "Yes, such as the monthly rose, pinks, carnations, stocks, some kinds of lupins, the iron foxglove, the gladiolus, larkspurs, the orange-lily, etc.

"Candytuft grows wild in Spain, but was brought to us from Candia, a Turkish island in the Mediterranean. The convolvulus comes from Spain and Portugal. France sent us the provence rose, and for tulips we are indebted to Turkey."

Harry. "Oh! I am glad of that. I thought Turkey sent us nothing but Turkey rhubarb."

Father. "And if she sent nothing else we should have to be grateful, for that is a most useful drug."

Harry. "And what has Asia sent us?"

Father. "Such beauties as the white lily, which

Fox Glove. (*Digitalis purpurea.*)

Field Poppy, (*Papaver Rhœas*)

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W.C.S.

VERE FOSTER'S *Water Color Flowers.*

came from the Holy Land, from which country we also received the Damask rose. India sent us such as the moss rose, and China the tiger lily, the Indian pink, the hollyhock, the hydrangea, the China rose, and the chrysanthemum. From Africa we have obtained the geranium, and from North America the spider wort and gentian, while South America has sent us the fuschia, the passion flower, and the Victoria-Regia."

Harry. "Ah! I remember that beautiful Victoria-Regia we saw at Kew last summer, is it not the largest of flowers?"

Father. "I believe it is, and no plant has larger leaves except one or two palms. I did not know, till we enquired, that the flower had any perfume, because most of the tropical flowers though brilliant are scentless."

Harry. "Are there any black flowers?"

Father. "Black is not a colour which Nature delights in. Red, green, and yellow seem to be her favourite colours. I think the only black flower I have seen was a hollyhock. There is indeed, the black poppy from which opium is made."

Harry. "Some plants seem to grow up without

any trouble, and others to give a great deal of trouble."

Father. "We may say that they are easy, and yet difficult of cultivation. Some appear to spring up without any care, others require all the care that can be given, and even then do not fully reward the labourer. Some when placed in the ground require no further care, as the lily of the valley; others must be carefully planted, constantly watered, protected from the cold, etc., as the geranium. The cultivation of flowers is more than an amusement, for it calls forth the valuable qualities of industry, forethought, and observation."

Harry. "What do you mean by forethought?"

Father. "Thinking, before doing anything, what is best to be done. Whether it is the right time to sow your seeds, and selecting the best place for them, whether your plants require water or other attentions, how to preserve your seeds, and secure a fresh supply for the next season."

Harry. "James Bryan told me that he always bought his seeds and plants when he wanted them."

Father. "Yes, and there are some which if

you desire to have fine flowers or plants it is better to buy than to preserve, as you know I do in the case of hyacinths, tulips, etc., and many of our annuals which we get in our parcel from Butler and McCulloch's, of Covent Garden. But with a little care you may save yourself much expense in that way. If you let some of your flowers run to seed, and carefully preserve it, you may have a good supply next year for nothing. And this shews us the value of saving. The old proverb says 'eat all to-day and starve to-morrow,' which would be very silly, and very probable.

"Little Annie May had a nice little garden, in which she sowed some sweet peas. They throve well and produced quite a stock of beautiful flowers. She was always plucking them, although her mother warned her that she would have none next year, if she did not leave some of them. Annie could not, or would not understand this, and took them one by one, till she had not a single flower left. When the spring came again, she had no seeds to sow, and asked her mother for money to buy some. But her mother reminded her that she had been warned, and not having listened to advice, must take the consequences. Poor Annie now saw her folly, and

her brother Willie who had been persuaded to save his seeds, kindly gave her some of his.

"Don't you remember how careful Robinson Crusoe was to save his corn-seeds?"

Harry. "Oh, yes, I remember, he saved them up, till he had grown enough to supply him with flour, as well as seeds for the next season."

Father. "Just so, and soon he had a field full of corn.* Yet never be extravagant. When you have plenty, put a little by for a rainy day?"

Harry. "What do you mean by a rainy day?"

Father. "It is a popular expression meaning a time of misfortune, or of want. It does not mean wet weather, as the silly fellow thought, who, being told to provide for a rainy day came home with a parcel of umbrellas under his arm. I shall just have time to tell you a little story upon this subject. A lively young grasshopper was so full of pleasure in the warm sunny days of spring and summer, that he did nothing but sing and dance all day long. His time was quite

* It has been calculated that in twenty-one years, even when one grain merely produces twenty others (the produce of that one), it would require more than five thousand billions of ships to carry the last crop.

taken up in visiting his friends, going out on excursions, and attending concerts and pic-nics. He was so full of fun and merriment, he laughed and sang so loud and boisterously, that passers-by often started and stopped to listen. But at last when the cold weather began to approach, our madcap young friend began to feel uneasy. His neighbours and companions disappeared or died, and loneliness and want stared him in the face. He remembered to have heard what a toiling and grubbing set of people the ants were, a parcel of misers, and he thought if anyone could help him, they could. So he set off to one of these worthies, and begged him for pity's sake to have compassion on him, and give him shelter and some food. Nay, only to lend it to him, for when the warm weather came again he would repay him, he knew he should be able to do so, because he was well off in the summer. But, said the ant, did you lay nothing by for the winter. No, said the grasshopper, I never thought about it, my heart was so light that I danced day and night. Oh, indeed, said the ant, then you had better go and dance away the winter."

Harry. "Poor little thing. I think the ant was very unkind."

Father. "Perhaps so, but you may learn from the story what is meant by providing for a rainy day. Now I must be off. Good bye."

Harry. "Good bye, father dear."

As Harry knew that his father would be pleased to hear some verses repeated, he asked his mother to find him some, and she set him to learn the following—

"Beautiful, how beautiful
The little woodland flower,
That lifteth up its crimson lips
To drink the summer shower,
And telleth by its deepening tints,
Of its ever-grateful power.

"Beautiful, how beautiful
Is all that God hath made!
If earthly things can look so fair
That vanish like a shade,
How glorious that land must be
Whose beauty cannot fade!"

Bramble. (*Rubus Fruticosus.*)

Marcus Ward & Co.

CHAPTER III.

Succession and Varieties of Flowers.—The Daisy.—Plants Telling the Time of Day and State of the Weather.—Life of Flowers.—The Sunflower.—The Breath of Flowers.—Flowers Sleeping.—Linnæus and his Flower Dial.

WELL, Harry, yesterday morning we were talking about flowers being found everywhere, and that while some are most difficult to rear, there are a great many that can be had for little expense and trouble. I think we may in this admire the wisdom and goodness of God, who has so ordered it that while there is room for the highest skill and industry, no one need lose the pleasure which

flowers can offer, under the excuse of poverty or want of leisure.

Harry. "I was thinking after you had gone, how curious it is that the flowers do not all come at once, and all go away at once."

Father. "Yes, it is worthy of notice that flowers are of successive and regular order. They do not all appear at one time, and then all disappear, but they commence the year, and keep pace with it almost until its close. The snowdrop first peeps out and we welcome it as an old friend which comes to tell us that brighter days are near. Then the crocus, the hyacinth, and so on. Soon we have the pale primrose, the delicate lilac, and the lordly tulip, and as these pass away, their place is taken by others in succession. There is a little book called 'Garden Flowers of the Year,'* which will tell you a great deal about them, if you do not mind the hard names that many of them bear. You may learn there what flowers to expect in bloom every month from January to December.

"You may notice, also, that as the season advances, the flowers that spring up seem to be

* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

of richer beauty. Thus the flowers of summer are more brilliant, and finer than those of spring. The rose, the geranium, the dahlia, are far superior to the primrose, the anemone, or the ranunculus. Who is it that causes the plants to know the time of their coming? Who is it that paints them in such beautiful colours? If any one should say, I made these flowers grow—I sowed the seed, and watered the plant, and attended to it, and therefore I made it grow—you would feel that he was talking foolishly. It is true that our care and attention must be given, but you know that God only can give life.

"The dear little daisy we may almost call perennial, that is, always abiding with us, for

> 'It smiles upon the lap of May,
> To sultry August spreads its charms,
> Lights pale October on his way,
> And twines December's arms.'

While the aloe blooms only once in a hundred years and dies soon afterwards. You would wonder to see what a daisy contains."

Harry. "What, father!"

Father. "If you examine a daisy with a good microscope you will see that small as it is, it

contains in its cup nearly two hundred separate flowers!"

Harry. "Oh impossible, father."

Father. "You must not be too hasty with that word impossible. Think of an oak being shut up in an acorn, or a chicken coming out of an egg!"

Harry. "But it is very wonderful."

Father. "It is indeed. It's quite as wonderful, and much more true than Jack the Giant killer, or Sinbad the Sailor, or any of those ridiculous books you are so fond of reading.

"Flowers are also of different and opposite qualities. Some love the early morning air, and close their petals after mid-day, as the convolvulus; others seem to prefer the evening, as the evening-primrose. And there is a flower which only unfolds at midnight. Some are beautiful, but (as far as we know) useless, as the tulip; others not beautiful but useful, as the camomile. Others again, both beautiful and useful, as the rose. Some indeed are poisonous, and therefore to be avoided. The hemlock, the poppy, the tobacco, and the nightshade belong to this class. Children have been poisoned by eating hemlock, which resembles parsley, and also by the berries of the nightshade,

Geranium.

whose bright colours are so tempting. Some, such as the evening-primrose, which opens about six or seven in the evening, will help you to guess the time of day. Many fold up at stated hours, like the pheasant's eye, which closes about four in the afternoon. The mallow, common in our hedges, and which you call cheeses, closes towards evening. The convolvulus shuts up about six in the evening. Others will inform you of the state of the weather. The scarlet pimpernel or shepherd's weatherglass closes at the approach of rain. So does our little friend the daisy, and also the African marigold, the wild lettuce, and the wood-sorrel. Some stand erect as if proud to shew their beauty, as the holly-hock, others seem to wish to hide themselves from public notice, as the violet; although in India this very flower stands erect."

Harry. "Why should it be erect in India and drooping in England?"

Father. "It may be the difference of climate. England being generally damp or wet, the seed vessels are protected and kept dry by the flower being bent, which is like an umbrella to them, but in India, where it is very hot and dry, this protection is not needed. Numbers of them appear to us only

to gratify the eye, but some are not only lovely, but give out the most delicious perfume. It is worth noticing, too, that some flowers do not continue the colours they at first appeared in. There is one which is first whitish, then lemon-yellow, then red, and at last violet. There is another which is white in the morning, pink in the middle of the day, and brilliant red at night. Although we cannot tell how or why this is, we do know whose work it is, and we cannot help thinking of Him. Some having lived out their little day, drop off, and 'leave not a wreck behind,' others, when they fade, leave fruit or seeds behind, which we use with our food. Some make themselves at home everywhere or anywhere, others thrive best in particular places and climates. But we may observe that like as all children may be improved by education and proper training, flowers can be improved by proper and careful cultivation, so much so, that even their colours and shapes may be entirely altered. Some are associated with grief only, as the cypress, the weeping willow, and the rosemary. Others with joy, as the rose, the myrtle, the olive, and the palm.

"Flowers are living things—yet their life is quite different from ours, and their death, is, as we can

see, only the change from one state of life to another. Some indeed only endure for a day, as the convolvulus, others for weeks, as the dahlia. The seed, we know, must have life in it, or it would not grow. The Ancients—people who lived hundreds or thousands of years ago—were much struck with this fact of flower-life, and you will be amused by reading many of the customs which it gave rise to. It has been remarked also, that of all the living things which man has imitated in the making of idols, flowers have not been so used, although they are perfect models of beauty.

"What do you think of flowers breathing, moving, and sleeping? You will at once say, they must be alive! So they are. Do we not speak of *dead* flowers? Then they must sometime have had life. One great difference between an animal and a plant is, that the former has life and can move from place to place, and that the plant, though living, is fixed and cannot stir from its place. One indeed has sense enough to catch flies, another to tell what o'clock it is. One will shrink up if you touch it as if it were afraid, another if touched will bend its leaves down as if to salute you, and it has been called the 'How-d'ye-do' plant. The sun-

flower has been named so because it loves to face the sun, whose course it will follow."

Harry. "How do you mean?"

Father. "I mean that it will try to turn towards the sun. It has been said that you may find it looking in a different direction in the evening from that in which it was looking in the morning, but I do not think that is quite correct."

Harry. "I will take notice and find out if it is so. There is a sunflower in the next garden and I will watch it."

Father. "That is quite right, my boy, and that is the way to obtain knowledge. Keep your eyes and ears open, and use your brains, and you will become a wise man."

Harry. "Do flowers breathe as well as live!"

Father. "Yes, the delicious perfume you are so fond of smelling is the breath of the flowers. They send this out most freely in the early morning, and if you wish to enjoy it in perfection you must be an early riser. Only think of a little flower having breath enough to fill a room! In the heat of the day this smell is not so strong, but it increases towards evening. Then, when the sun comes to the west, the evening breezes fan the flowers to

Iris.

F.E.H.

Marcus Ward & Co.

sleep, they fold up, the stalk bends towards the stem, and the beautiful flowers are 'gone to bye-bye.'

"The great botanist Linnæus paid great attention to this sleeping of plants. He first noticed it in a beautiful lotus which had been given to him. It was a splendid flower. One evening taking his gardener into the greenhouse to see this beauty, they were astonished and disappointed to find that the bloom had disappeared. The next morning the flower was seen as before, and the next evening had disappeared again. On carefully examining and watching the plant, he found that as evening came on the blossoms folded themselves up and hid beneath the drooping foliage of the plant. He thought a great deal upon this matter, and was at length able to arrange a number of flowers in the order in which they open and shut. He found that they, like good children, are very regular in their time of going to bed, and so he succeeded in contriving a flower-dial, by means of which the time of day might be guessed at according as the flowers on his list were open or shut.

"As to flowers feeling, I have already mentioned

to you the sunflower, the sensitive plant, etc. Flowers and leaves have been observed to turn away from a cold wind as if shrinking from it. In Australia, there is a plant which uses its flowers as an *insect-trap* in the shape of a box with a lid. The poor little insect enticed by the sweet smell of the flower, greedily plunges into it and is instantly locked up by the lid dropping upon it."

Harry. "Does it kill the poor little thing?"

Father. "No; after some time the flower begins to open, or expand, and so the little prisoner makes its escape, after being, I dare say, thoroughly frightened. But I see I must go. Try if you can learn these verses for me.

"How beautiful the earth appears
Array'd in lovely green,
With herbs and plants, and shrubs and trees,
In flower and blossom seen.

"They grow from little tiny seeds,
When scattered in the earth;
And from each tree, year after year,
Fresh leaves come budding forth.

"And further still each tree and plant
Will many seeds produce,
Which soon would grow just like itself,
Supplied with vital juice.

"All things that grow, but do not move,
We vegetables call;
And they so many uses have,
We cannot tell them all.

"Some are delightful, rich and sweet,
And pleasant to the taste,
But it is wrong too much to eat,
Or shamefully to waste."—*Terrington.*

CHAPTER IV.

No ugly flowers.—Linnæus and the furzebloom.—Flowers used as emblems.—Rose of Sharon.—The Lily.—Some account of the Rose.—The Shamrock.—Story of Red Clover.—Poetry.

PEOPLE always speak of flowers as pretty and beautiful, are there any ugly ones?

Father. "None. We cannot deny that some are prettier than others, but there are none which excite in us such a feeling of dislike as we have in the presence of a toad or a spider, and this is what I mean when I say that there is no such thing as an ugly flower. We pass carelessly by many that we call common, little thinking how much of wonder and beauty each contains. Many

a furze bush has been passed heedlessly, its yellow blossoms almost despised, yet the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus (whom we have mentioned before), when he came to England, and for the first time in his life saw a Common all in bloom, fell on his knees, and thanked God for permitting him to see a sight so beautiful."

Harry. "Would you call our common wild flowers pretty?"

Father. "Yes; what is prettier than a green bank dotted with daisies, like so many pearls? Or a field of buttercups, or as they have been called, king cups, cuckoo buds, crowfoot, gold buds, mary buds, etc. I have sometimes thought, when travelling by the rail, and looking at the meadows full of them, that I had a perfect idea of what a 'Field of cloth of gold' might be."

Harry. "Is it the buttercups which help to make the butter?"

Father. "No; the cows do not eat them, and if you were to chew them they would very likely make your tongue sore, and if you swallow them they might make you sick.

"Now I want to tell you about flowers being used as emblems.

"Do you know what a symbol is, Harry?"

Harry. "No, father."

Father. "A symbol is a *sign;* when one thing is used to stand for another, as when the lion is used to represent courage, fire to represent life, and so on. Flowers are used in Asia as emblems or symbols. Asia produces some of the most beautiful flowers in the world, Syria, Persia, and China being specially famous for them. The people of those countries have agreed that one flower shall be understood to mean one thing, and another flower to mean another thing. Thus, that the rose shall mean love; the lily, purity; the violet, modesty; and so on. Thus they have what we may call a language of flowers, and a nosegay may express feelings and ideas like a letter.

"In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

"As the Bible was written in Asia, and at first for the people in Asia, we may expect to find something therein about flowers, and there are a great many allusions to them in the Bible. It would

be a pleasing and useful plan to look out and copy all the verses or sentences in the Bible which speak of flowers or plants, I think you will find seventy-one allusions to them. I will just take one verse which will serve to keep our ideas together, as a vase will hold together all the flowers which you have gathered this morning. My verse is from the second chapter of the Song of Solomon, 'I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.' This is supposed to be spoken by our blessed Saviour, and you see and may understand by it what is meant by a thing being an emblem or a symbol. There is a likeness, or resemblance, between the qualities of the emblem, and the qualities of the object of which it is an emblem."

Harry. "What likeness can there be between our Saviour and a rose?"

Father. "Well, He frequently likens Himself to such things. 'I am the true vine,' John xv. 1. 'I am the good shepherd,' John x. 11. 'I am the door,' John x. 9. A great many other texts could be found to shew that the Bible is very symbolical. So in this verse, 'I am the rose,' etc., we can easily find out some resemblance. Syria means 'the land of roses,' and the roses of that country, particularly

of the plain of Sharon, were thought to be the finest of any. Damascus has given its name to the damask rose, which is well known here. The rose was considered to be the finest flower. Pliny, an ancient writer, calls it 'the queen of flowers.' And our Lord is the 'chief among ten thousand.' He is a king of men. The rose grows on a bush, not on a stately tree; this may denote our Saviour's humility. The rose-bush is mostly a wild bramble, into which the rose is budded or grafted; this may put us in mind that Our Lord had two natures, divine and human, God and man becoming one Christ. The bush being a thorny one may signify the trials and hardships of His life. If we take the rose to be red, it may refer to His bloodshed. The rose has been regarded as a remedy for many diseases, and Christ is the great Physician who healeth all the diseases of the soul. The delicious odour of the rose may denote the honour of His name, which is spreading everywhere, and its continuing after the flower is dead is still more to the point. That delightful perfume called attar, or 'otto of rose,' is made from its leaves and sold at a costly price. So the Bible tells us that our Saviour's name is 'as ointment poured forth,'

Canticles i. 3; and that to those who believe in Him 'He is precious,' 1 Pet. ii. 7. As to the lily, that may represent His humility, His purity, His whiteness in death, the power of His kingdom to spread itself by means which are yet concealed from the eye of man, etc."

Harry. "I love the rose, pray tell me something more about it."

Father. "Well, I suppose more has been 'said or sung' about this beautiful flower than of any other. Prophets have spoken of it, kings have admired it, poets never tire of singing its praises, popes have blessed it, orators and preachers have alluded to it, warriors have worn it as a symbol, ladies as an ornament, and indeed, it would take a good-sized volume to relate all that has been said and done as regards the rose. It flourishes in nearly all countries and in all soils. In Asia it has always been in the highest esteem. Scattering roses was generally the commencement of a feast. The Persians wore them as wreaths or coronets. I have read of a vast quantity of them being collected in a heap, and a cloth spread upon it to serve as a table for a meal. To this day they cleanse their water-bags with rose-water, which

is also used by guests after meals. Rose-water is also much used in India."

Harry. "I like it very much. I remember mamma sent for some once from the chemist."

Father. "Yes, even in this country large tracts of land are kept entirely for the cultivation of the rose for the sake of the leaves."

Harry. "You were speaking just now of attar of rose. How is that made?"

Father. "It is made by steeping the petals of the rose in water, and exposing them to the heat of the sun for a few days; then the oil which is in them floats on the water, and this oil is the ATTAR, which is an Arabic word signifying *perfume*.

"A golden rose was formerly considered a suitable present for a king to give or receive. Our Edward I. was, I believe, the first English king who assumed it as his badge. To this day a golden rose is annually blessed by the Pope at Rome, and sent to some sovereign whom he 'delighteth to honour.' Henry VIII. was the last English Sovereign who received it. You have heard of the Wars of the Roses, have you not?"

Harry. "Yes, between the houses of York and

Lancaster. York had the white rose and Lancaster the red, did they not, father?"

Father. "Yes, symbols we may say of death and bloodshed. Sad to think that our best flowers should become the badges of men who thought only of war, murder, and cruelty. I think you would rather hear about the Loves of the Roses."

Harry. "Oh yes, father; but how came they to use such badges?"

Father. "Here is an account of it. 'Two ladies, in a public garden, were talking of the great subject of the day. One wished success to the Lancastrian party, the other was in favour of the House of York. At last the Lancastrian lady plucked a red rose from its stem and cried, 'as this flower excels all the flowers in beauty, so is King Henry's right far above that of his rival.' 'Nay,' cried the other, 'I can shew you a fairer flower, and its stainless beauty is a fit emblem of the rights of him whom I support.' On this she plucked a white rose and put it on her breast. The tale got abroad, and the chiefs of the rival houses, charmed with the romance of the event, were seen in the streets from that time, one set with red roses, the other with white roses, in their vests. In time of

war these roses passed into their helmets and were worked into their banners, and thus that war came to be called the 'War of the Roses.'*

"When Henry VII. married Elizabeth of York, it was called the Union of the Roses, and at the Coronation banquet, I believe, the guests wore a red and a white rose intertwined; and the rose quartered with the Royal Arms."

Harry. "What does that mean?"

Father. "The rose has been placed with the lion and unicorn, the thistle also for Scotland, and the shamrock for Ireland."

Harry. "What sort of a thing is shamrock?"

Father. "It is very much like the clover leaf, so much so that you would hardly know the difference, but the shamrock is browner than the clover, and has a longer stem."

Father. "Shall I tell you a story about the clover?"

Harry. "Oh yes, please, father."

Father. "I read it some time ago in a very interesting little book, and the story, as near as I can remember, is as follows:

* Gleig's History.

" Mr. Clover, or as he was called by friends Red Clover, had many relations. There were seven great branches of the family to begin with, and about one hundred and sixty-five smaller divisions. The seven brothers, who were the heads of this family, were different from each other chiefly by the shape of their heads, and their different complexion. They had indeed different dresses, some bright green, some pale green, and some white. Some of them wore beards and others had clean smooth faces.

" Red Clover was one of the strongest and most respected. His round red face lifted itself up and always looked pleasant. Bees never found him out of honey, the cattle always found his leaves sweet and refreshing. No clover of them all so useful as he. And he was hardy too. Scarlet Clover, who looked like him, could not stand the winter. Yellow Clover lived any where and any how, a careless, easy-going fellow, living by the road side, or in pasture land, or elsewhere, not particular, and always making a living, though that was all he could do, for he seldom helped any body else to live.

" Alpine Clover, a large purple flower, lived on the high Alps and never came down to visit his

relations. Indeed, he considered himself above them. He was remarkable for his sweet roots, from which liquorice can be made.

"Seaside Clover never went inland, but stayed in the salt marshes, or as they are called lagoons.

"Alexandrian Clover lived only in Egypt.

"Zigzag Clover never went straight.

"White Clover thought himself almost equal to the Red.

"Sweet Clover was the delicate one and lived in the garden. Not particularly beautiful, but very sweet as regards seed, leaves, stem, and flowers.

"Red Clover was very fine. He came up every spring looking fresh and strong, and none the worse for the winter. Indeed, he said the snow did him good. He took in as much of the sun's warmth as he could, and when his perfumes were all ready he sent the news flying. The breezes went to the beehive and whispered it there. The bees buzzed forth and went to the meadow and returned home with their bags full of honey. And when at last the news came to the farmer's house, he said it was time to make hay.

"A little of his perfume Red Clover gave away for nothing. Indeed, he gave a good deal away,

but he kept a good deal. When the bees applied for honey he let them have it, but they could not take it all. When night dew called for sweetness, it was there. Even the sun might have had some for asking, if he did not ask too fiercely. When the summer breeze swept along on his way to a sick room, Red Clover gave him as much as he could carry, to take with him.

"Red Clover gave two kinds of perfume, one when he stood up fresh and strong, the other when mowing time had come, and the clover heads lay one upon another fading in the sun. Some folks like this best.

"A little child once asked her mother what Red Clover was really like.

"Her mother said, there was once a child whom everybody loved. She didn't make much show in the world, she was not beautiful, nor was she rich. She had no fine clothes to make her look smart, nor was she so well off as to be able to make presents. Yet she gave everybody who came to see her something pleasant. Perhaps a kiss, a smile, a gentle word, a cushion for an aching head, or a stool placed ready for tired feet, a flower, or some fruit. Her mother would come in and find

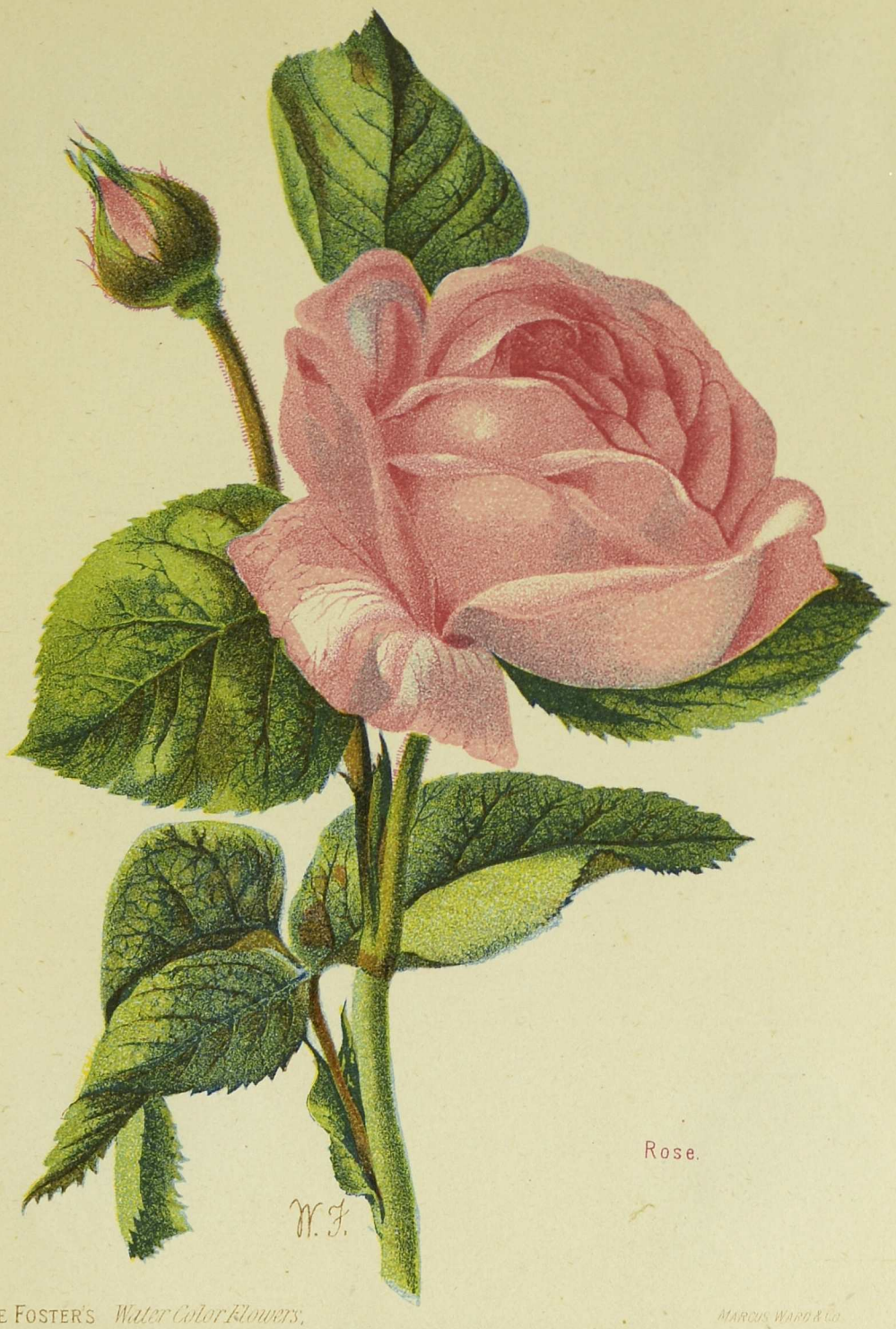
the room in order, the table set, or something done. Her father would find his chair ready placed by the fire, his slippers waiting, and such like. These little simple services were as delightful as any clover perfumes, and the child who renders them is sure to be loved. But I see it is time for me to be going, will you learn this bit of poetry for me."

TO A ROSE.

I fain would be the ground which feels
Each tear-drop down thy cheek that steals,
I fain would be the wall, thou rose,
On which thy leaning buds repose.

I fain would be a passing gale
To taste thy breath, and kiss thee pale,
But oh, I fain would never be
A storm of hail to scatter thee!

I fain would love thee more and more,
And not outlive thee, rose, an hour,
I fain would sigh my latest sigh,
And die, sweet rose, when thou shalt die.



Rose.

CHAPTER V.

FLOWERS ARE SYMBOLS OF HUMAN LIFE.—STORY OF THE MOSS-ROSE.—WHY THE FLOWERS WEEP AT NIGHT.—DEW.—PRESERVING FLOWERS.—CONCLUSION.

YESTERDAY we were talking about flowers being used as emblems, and I have yet a few words more on that subject.

"Flowers are symbolical of the life of man. I must take another verse to put our thoughts into on this point. It is from Job xiv. 2. 'He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.' Let us see what resemblance there may be between the life of man and the life of a flower.

"First. Flowers are of the earth, earthy; they spring from it, they live in it, they are nourished

by it, and cannot live out of it. And man was made out of the dust of the ground. The Bible says, 'his foundation is in the dust,' Job iv. 19. He lives upon it, and its productions sustain him, and when he dies, he returns to the ground whence he was taken.

"Second. The plant dying and being apparently lost during the long and dreary winter, yet re-appearing in the spring healthy and beautiful, must surely make us think that although 'man dieth and wasteth away,' he will live again; that he will come forth from the grave with a glorious body, and live in a brighter and a better world.

"Third. Flowers are of such brilliant beauty that they seem heavenly things; it is matter of astonishment that such delicate and beautiful things can come out of the dirt. And man is a wonderful creature, chiefly so because he possesses a mind that can reason and think, and a soul which is immortal. Our great poet Shakespeare says:

'What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties!
In form and moving, how express and admirable!
In action how like an Angel!
In apprehension how like a god!'

Pansy.

W.J.

Marcus Ward & Co.

"Fourth. They are enveloped, or shut up, in a bud, during which time we can scarcely fancy what they will become, but at last they burst forth and come to maturity. So man is born an infant, helpless and useless, and for many years he must be watched and cared for. During this state of infancy his future character cannot be anticipated, but we know that very much depends upon early education and training.

"Fifth. The flowers are exposed to ravages of insects and blight; and man, from his birth onwards, is exposed to disease, accident, and vice, which may corrupt, and shorten, and destroy his life. When we consider the countless causes of life-destroying character which beset us, instead of wondering that so few reach a "good old age," we might rather wonder that any one reaches it.

"Sixth. Flowers are so capable of improvement by culture that what was once the wild flower of the field, or of the wood, may be transformed into the pride of the garden. And what a difference is there between the half naked savage, wild and ignorant, and the civilized being whom training has made a gentleman, and education has made a scholar, and religion has made a Christian!

You cannot value too highly the blessings of education, which now are within the reach of every one.

"Seventh. Flowers are adapted to all climates, and mankind is found in every region of the globe.

"Eighth. They have three stages of life,—1, the bud, 2, the blossom, 3, the seeding; and herein we seem to find a correspondence to human life, in its youth, manhood, and old age; youth being the time for culture and improvement, manhood for active usefulness, and old age the time of natural decay, when man's life is brought to a close; children, or seed, being left behind.

"Ninth. Some flowers even after they are withered and dead give out a fragrant and delightful perfume. So if you obtain a good character and keep it, you will find it more pleasant and valuable than the finest scent you could carry about with you.

'Live like the rose; so bud, so bloom,
In growing beauty live;
So sweeten life with the perfume
That gentle actions give.

'Die like the rose, 'that when thou'rt gone
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,
Like fragrant rose leaves may be strewn
Upon thy memory.'

"and again,

'Earn a good name by well doing my duty,
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.'"

Harry. "I thought you would say something more about the rose."

Father. "Yes, the rose in its two hundred and four different sorts is an endless subject, whether as regards use or beauty. Attar is made from it, and rose-water, rose-vinegar also, which is said to be a cure for headache. Spirits of rose are also procured from it, and honey of roses, oil of roses, and conserve of roses."

Harry. "What is that?"

Father. "A kind of sweetmeat, to be obtained from the chemist. Shall I tell you a tale about a rose?"

Harry. "If you please, father."

Father. "The Germans, who, as you know, have written some very wonderful stories, have a legend about the moss-rose. The Angel of the flowers,

wishing to repose one day, lay down under a rose tree in full bearing, and slept; on awaking he saluted the tree and asked if he could make any return for the pleasant shelter afforded. Oh, yes, said the rose, give me one charm more. The Angel of the flowers paused to consider what could be done for a flower that seemed already to be most charming. At that moment the humble moss at the foot of the bush caught his eye. He took up the weed and twined it round the flower, which thus became the beautiful moss-rose."

Harry. "Is that true, father?"

Father. "No, my child, it is only a tale, or fable; some person fancied or imagined it, and then wrote it down as if it had happened."

Harry. "I have often noticed that in the morning the flowers seem quite wet."

Father. "Yes. A little girl once asked her mother what made the flowers cry at night, since they looked in the morning as if they had been weeping. Her mother told her that what she thought tears, was only the dew, which falling in the night, made the flowers so wet, and that thus they retain beauty even during hot and dry weather."

Harry. "Where does the dew come from, father?"

Father. "It really comes out of the ground. During a hot day moisture is drawn out of the earth by the sun and rises into the air, like as when you are toasting bread you may see the vapour going off. While the air is warm the vapour goes up, but at night when the air is cooled the vapour falls again towards the ground."

Harry. "Then it will make the ground wet as well as the flowers?"

Father. "Yes; but it is worth noticing that more dew will fall on trees and plants than on the naked ground."

Harry. "What do you mean by naked ground?"

Father. "Ground on which nothing grows; as clay, sand, and gravel."

Harry. "What a pity flowers fade away so soon!"

Father. "It is. Like everything connected with this world, they change and pass away. Yet there is a method of drying and preserving them. I have seen a book in the British Museum (called Wild Flowers and their teachings) in which the pictures are wild flowers dried and stuck on to the paper.

Some of them have made an impression of themselves on the opposite page, and if an impression could be taken giving the colour as well as the shape, it would be most valuable.

"There are also some which are called everlasting flowers. They are of a drier nature, and therefore last much longer than ordinary flowers."

Harry. "Where do they grow?"

Father. "In clefts of the rocks and on mountains in Australia, though they can be cultivated in our own country. They can bear the sun and wind, and grow in tracts where other plants would perish. They are much in use for making wreaths* for tombs, as you may see in cemeteries.

"Now, as I am going away for a little time, Harry, I must leave you to think over what has been said. I hope you will remember some of it. There is much more to be said about flowers, and perhaps we may take up the subject again on some future occasion. Keep your garden in order, and while looking after your flowers, I dare say you will think more of them than you have done, since they give instruction as well as pleasure. I hope

* Immortelles.

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CHURCH PASTORAL-AID SOCIETY.

President.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

THIS Society was instituted in the year 1836 :

For the purpose of benefiting the population of our own country ;

By increasing the number of working Clergymen in the Church of England :

And encouraging the employment of pious and discreet Laymen, as helpers to the Clergy in duties not ministerial.

It was the first Society which thus came to the help of the National Church, in her work as the Great Home Missionary of the land :

At a period when, on the lowest calculation, **THREE MILLIONS** of the inhabitants of England and Wales were utterly destitute of the means of grace :

Many new Parochial Districts have been formed, in which, at first, the Minister's stipend was for several years paid by this Society. but which have since been permanently endowed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

In these districts, and in others still aided by the Society, 300 Churches and 289 School-rooms, licensed for public worship, have been built, opened, or are kept open, in consequence of the Society's Grants for the maintenance of Ministers.

The Incumbents to whom Grants are made, have under their charge an aggregate population of **FOUR MILLIONS AND A HALF**, or about 750 each, while their average incomes are about £280 per annum, and 192 are without parsonage-houses.

The Society maintains, wholly or in part, 537 Clergymen and 206 Lay-assistants, *entirely under the control of the Incumbent of the parishes or districts ; and only requires at the time of their engagement, satisfactory proof of their being faithful Ministers and Members of* THE REFORMED CHURCH OF ENGLAND, *spiritually-minded, and as regards the Clergy, exclusively devoted to their solemn and momentous duties.*

Office of the Society.—FALCON COURT (OPPOSITE ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH), FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Clerical Secretary.—REV. EDWARD J. SPECK, M.A.

Lay Secretary.—RICHARD LAUGHTON, ESQ.

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MISSIONS TO SEAMEN.

VICE-PATRONS—THE FOUR ARCHBISHOPS.

This CHURCH OF ENGLAND SOCIETY provides religious instruction for

SAILORS AT HOME AND ABROAD; in the MERCHANT SERVICE and ROYAL NAVY; it has THIRTY-SIX CHAPLAINS AND SCRIPTURE READERS, provided with VESSELS and BOATS. Income 1870, £7,670.

In the ROADSTEAD the Society's labours are extra-parochial.

In RIVERS, DOCKS, and ASHORE, they are carried on with due regard to ecclesiastical arrangements, the parochial clergy welcoming the help, and superintending the Readers.

In the ROYAL NAVY, NAVAL HOSPITALS, and MARINE BARRACKS, the work is carried on with the express sanction of the respective Commanding Officers and Chaplains, and is under the superintendence of the latter.

CONTRIBUTIONS will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Rev. THEODORE A. WALROND, at the Office of the Society, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

LAMPLOUGH'S

EFFERVESCING

PYRETIC SALINE,

Is found pre-eminently beneficial in preventing and curing SMALL POX, by Purifying, Invigorating, and Vitalizing the Blood. Any person who has already this complaint should take it and be kept in a cool and darkened room to prevent its leaving any trace on the features.

Important to all, more especially those who have charge of others, to TRAVELLERS, ENGLISH MINISTERS, BRITISH CONSULS, and EUROPEANS seeking to reside in safety in TROPICAL and FOREIGN CLIMATES.

Invigorating and vitalizing the blood, it alleviates thirst in a most agreeable manner, and furnishes the system with those saline principles that are essential to health.

SICKNESS, HEADACHE, and NAUSEA are in most cases immediately relieved by taking a teaspoonful in a tumbler of cold water.

SEA VOYAGES—It is a very valuable accompaniment. It instantly allays the sickness.

For BILIOUS CONSTITUTIONS, giving rise to vitiated Secretions, Indigestion, and Eruptions on the Skin, a teaspoonful should be taken daily with the dinner, in a tumbler of water.

"*Rawul Pindee, Punjab, India, 28th March*, 1871.

"On the recommendation of several officers, who had some of your Saline in the West Indies, all of whom speak in the highest terms of your Pyretic Saline, we were induced to try it for the first time in this Province. This result was not due to any novelty in introducing a new medicine, but solely from the ascertained merits of your preparation after use in the *fever-stricken districts* by which we are surrounded, and we firmly believe that the use of your Pyretic Saline will do more to PREVENT fever than all the Quinine ever imported can cure. We write thus strongly because both from personal experience and observation, we believe we have at length found a *remedy* against the ever-present fevers of these parts, which costs the *British nation hundreds of valuable lives* in Peshawur alone.

"We are now willing to enter into special terms for large and continued supplies, &c."

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And most Chemists throughout the United Kingdom. In Bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s.

"Have it in your houses to secure such advantages."

SOCIETY

FOR

PROMOTING THE DUE OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

This Society was founded in 1831. The objects of the Society are :—

To diffuse information as widely as possible on Lord's Day Questions.

To adopt all such measures, consistent with Scriptural principles, as may appear best adapted to lead to a due observance of the Lord's Day.

To aid, so far as the funds of the Society may allow, the Local Associations which may most stand in need of support.

To promote, by all proper measures, Petitions to the Legislature, throughout the country, for the enactment of such laws as may be necessary for repressing the open violation of the Lord's Day, and for protecting the Christian worshipper in the peaceful exercise of his duties.

And, generally, to form a point of union, if God should be pleased to bless the design, for the efforts which may be made in every part of the world towards this great object.

The Society has exercised and sustained a beneficial influence on the following, among many questions affecting the due observance of the Lord's Day :—Sunday Cries and Trading—Sunday Work in the Post Office, on Canals, Railways, and Works of Construction—Sunday Toil in Iron, Glass, Chemical, and Gas Works—the Opening of Places of Public Amusement and Exhibition on the Sunday—the Sunday Liquor Traffic.

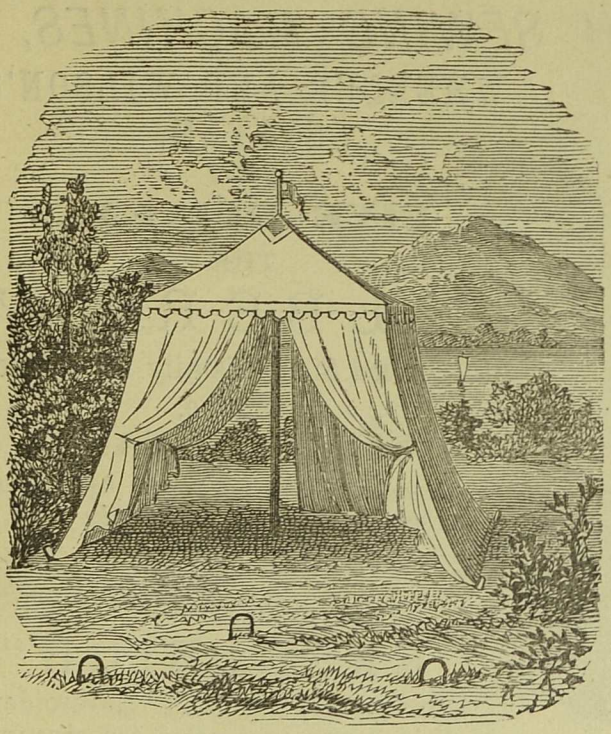
The need for the action of the Society was never greater than it is now, nor the promise of beneficial results from action brighter.

Collecting Books, Reports, and Tracts, with all needed information, may be had on application to the Rev. JOHN GRITTON, the Secretary, at the Offices, 20, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON,

Marquee, Tent, Garden Canopy, Tarpaulin, Rick Cloth, and Flag Manufacturer,

BY SPECIAL LETTERS OF APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



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Of every Description, in all Seasons.

THE NEW LAWN TENT,

Is elegant in appearance, firm in structure, and possesses several advantages over other shapes. It has NO PROJECTING SIDE LINES, few pegs are required, easily erected, in a few minutes, by one person.

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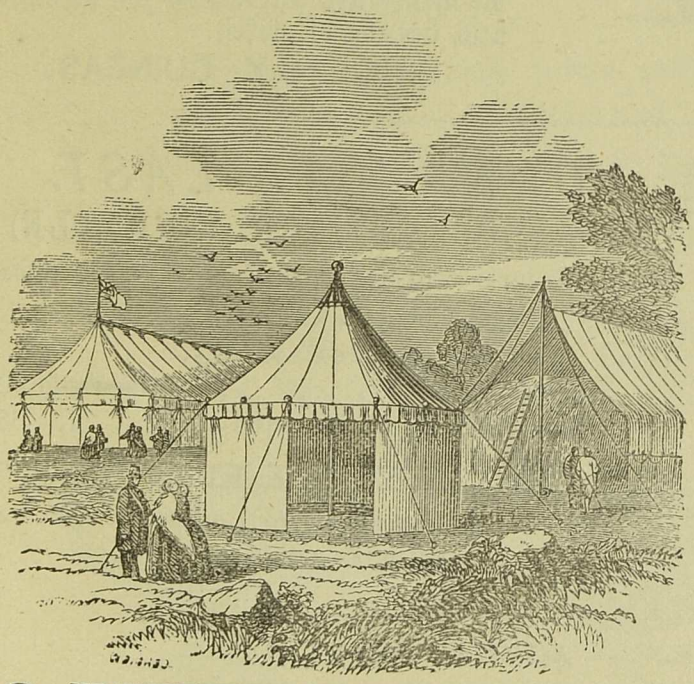

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Made of the very best material, with Poles, Ropes, Blocks, etc.

"He who owns large Hay crops and is too penurious (economical he is not) to allow himself that most efficient defence, deserves to suffer BOTH IN THE QUALITY AND IN POCKET."—*Gardener's Gazette.*

Garden Netting, Sheep Netting, Fishing Nets,

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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN AND THE COURT OF SPAIN.

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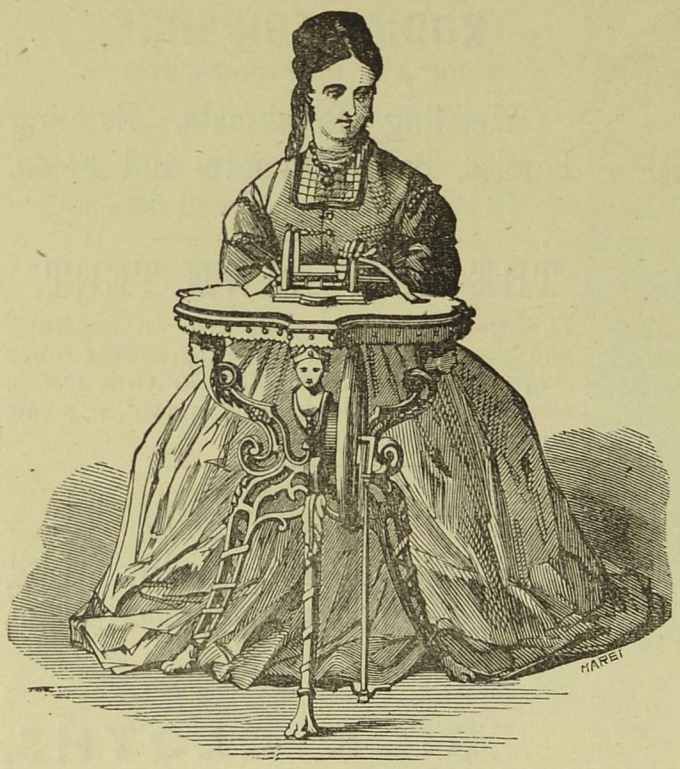

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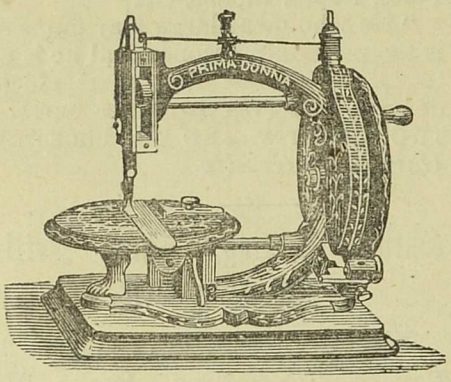

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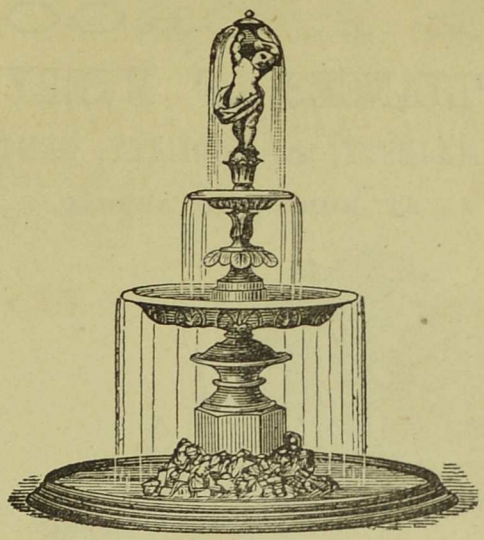

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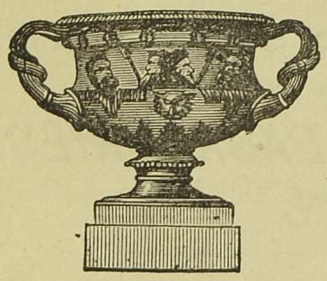

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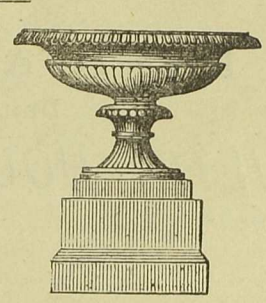

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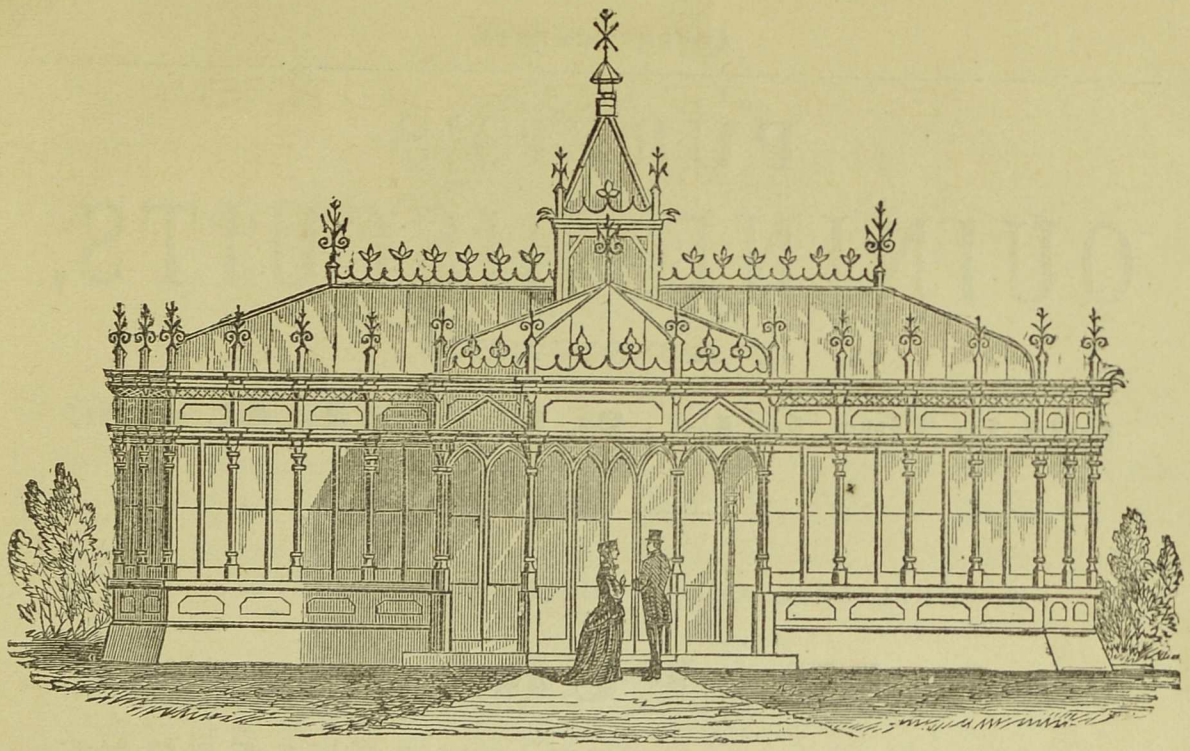

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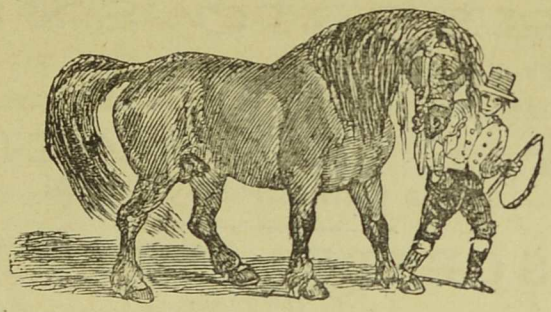

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