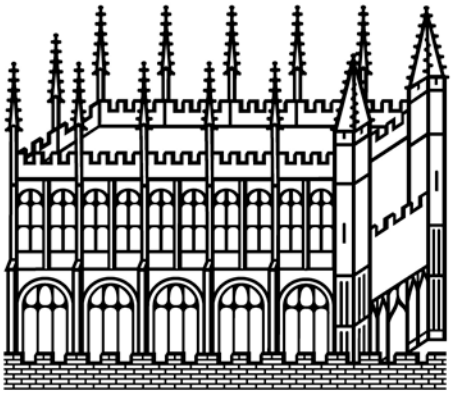
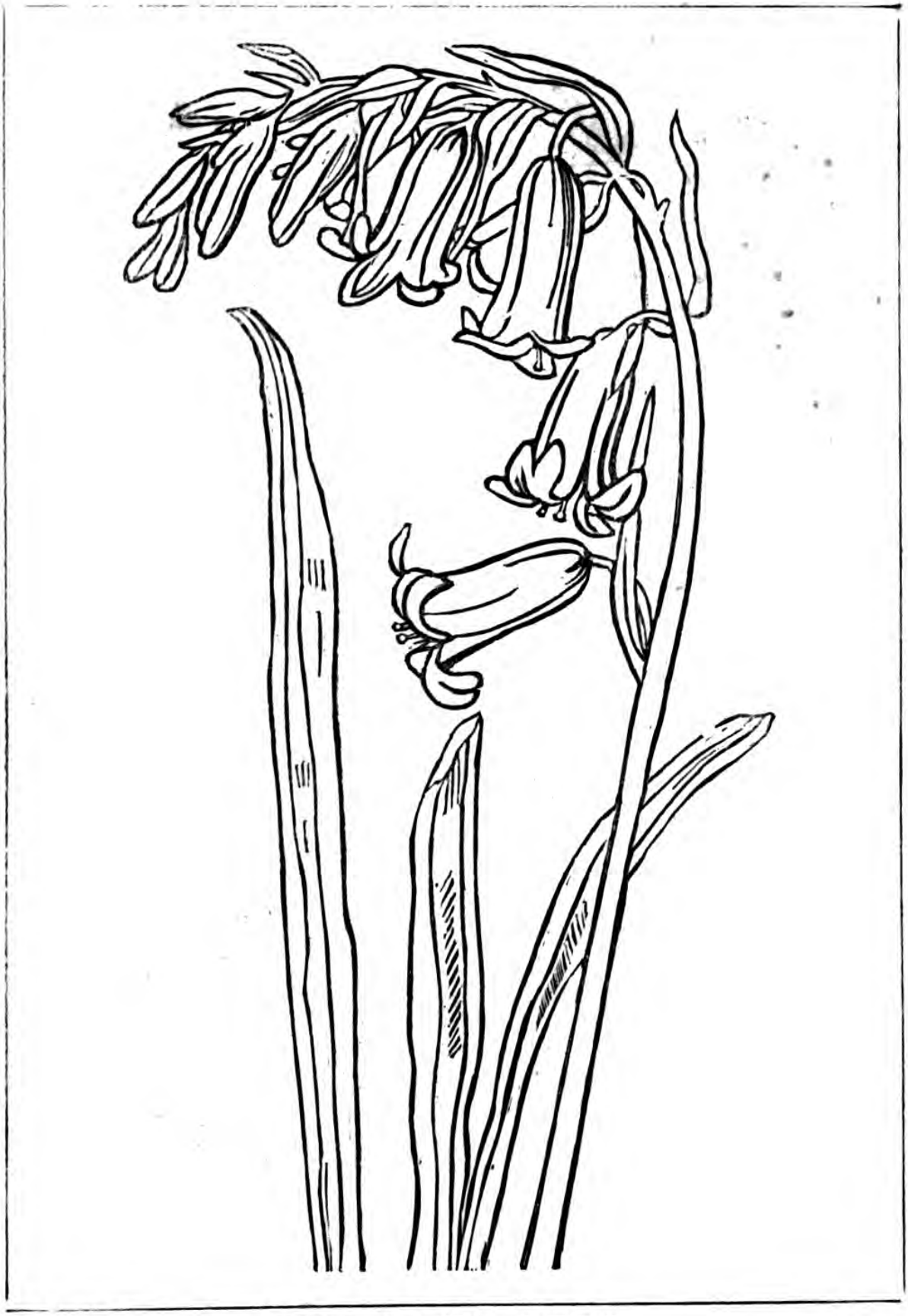


Walks With The Wild Flowers

by

John Harris.



THE BLUE BELL.

WALKS WITH THE WILD FLOWERS.

BY

JOHN HARRIS,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES," "SHAKSPERE'S SHRINE," "A STORY OF CARN BREA," "LAYS FROM THE MINE," ETC.

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD NORTHBROOK,

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIS PLEASANT CONNEXION WITH FALMOUTH, CORNWALL,

IN THE

HOUSE OF COMMONS

FOR SEVERAL YEARS,

HIS GENERAL COURTESY, DISINTERESTED REGARD, LONG-TRIED FRIENDSHIP, CHEERFUL PATRONAGE, AND JUST APPRECIATION OF TALENT AND TRUTH,

THESE

"WALKS WITH THE WILD FLOWERS"

ARE BY PERMISSION RESPECTFULLY

Inscribed

BY HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT AND GRATEFUL COUNTRYMAN,

JOHN HARRIS.

KILLIGREW TERRACE, FALMOUTH,
December, 1875.

PREFACE.

IN presenting a brief Preface with his tenth publication in a book-form, the author begs to state that his education in a straw-thatched country day-school, under a one-legged miner-master, ceased when he was between six and nine years of age, at which period he was sent to work in the fields; and he has had to labour for his daily bread ever since. For upwards of twenty years he has toiled underground in one of the deepest mines in Cornwall, having been taken there by his father when only thirteen years of age. For the last sixteen years of his life he has been employed as a Scripture Reader at Falmouth. His leisure moments have been given to writing, chiefly poetry, and occasionally essays and tales; the result being ten volumes, embracing upwards of six hundred pieces.

His verse-making began before he left school, when he could not have been more than eight years of age. He used to write shreds of song on scraps of waste paper, and read or recite them to his playfellows, and afterwards to his workmates. He was fond of books from a child, often stealing away from his young companions to read and meditate. But to write poetry was his one great object. In his father's fields, among the heather of the moor, beside the red peat fire, or in the reed-covered barn with his feet wrapped in his mother's cloak, he wrote his rustic rhymes. When, early in his teens, he was toiling in the smoke and sulphur of Dolcoath mine, he has often written couplets on the iron wedges used in splitting the rock. He always carried a pencil and paper in his pocket, and, when going to and returning from his labour, wrote under the hedges and trees, where no eye could see him, often using his hat-crown as a desk. No time was wasted, no moments were lost. The public-house was shunned, and in fragments of leisure the quiet of solitude was sought. Sometimes for lack of paper he has written his rhyme-thoughts on his thumb-nails. His books were few, and his disadvantages many; yet he persevered, pencilling his ballads on the bellows-top or on a boulder of the beacon. His severe work

in the mine was often from morning until night, and from night until morning; yet he never complained, or neglected for his songs one single social duty. When children came, he wrote his hymns with his little ones sitting on his knees. From those days until the present period, when advancing age and feeble health are stealing on him, he has been *impelled* to devote his best energies to verse-making. His first book was published in 1853, and the successive nine volumes at regular intervals.

The present collection on British Wild Flowers, alphabetically arranged, has been composed chiefly out of doors, among the woods and streams, narrow lanes and shady paths, where his unfailing favourites are found. Often has he pencilled a poem on a book-cover, when standing under a hawthorn, or on a bar of an old field-gate by the farm-stile. Some of these poems have been written, not so much to describe the plant named, as to become the vehicle of conveying the thought in the author's mind, which he trusts is not without its moral.

In adding the brief botanical descriptions to each poem, the writer's desire has been to call the attention of the young especially to this delightful science, knowing that a great blessing will be conferred upon

them, should they be induced by the perusal of these broken fragments to consider the work of God in the native plants of their own district. Amongst other works on this subject he is indebted to Anne Pratt's "Wild Flowers," issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The wood engravings in this collection are the first fruits of the author's invalid son, who has had to execute them in a reclining position, owing to spinal affliction. Rude as they may be considered to appear, he hopes they are an earnest of more successful efforts, and will win his feeble boy many friends.

In once more taking leave of his supporters and patrons, the author thanks them with a full heart, and trusts that they, as well as the public and the critic, may discover in this little volume the same degree of originality and simplicity which has long been accorded to him as characterizing his previous productions; and that they may be enabled to peruse with pleasure and profit these Cornish "Walks with the Wild Flowers."

FALMOUTH, CORNWALL,
December, 1875.

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WALKS WITH THE WILD FLOWERS.

THE BELL FLOWER.

E bring the pretty field-flowers to our tables,
When winter's gloom is fled;
And often train them to the very gables,
And strew them o'er our dead.

How many cherished ones are placed in roses
From bowers where waters pass,
With violets and other precious posies,
And laid beneath the grass!

The evening bells peal sweetly through the dingle
With music on the air,
And morning murmurs with the soft dews mingle;
And yet they slumber there.

The cuckoo comes with his monotonous story
In many an odorous grot,
And buds of brightness deck the lowlands moory;
And yet they waken not.

But they shall waken when the trumpet soundeth:
Even now they watch us here;
And thus I love, where purple heath aboundeth,
The darling BELL FLOWER dear.

The Bell Flower is frequently found on wet heaths, and is very abundant in Cornwall. It is from four to six inches in height, and the small bell-shaped blossoms are of a pale blue colour, hanging from a thread-like stem. The leaves are beautifully green, and the little plant is very elegant.

THE BLUE BELL.

WHEN the hedgerow primrose dieth,
And the brooklet wanes,
When the gentle south wind sigheth,
Then the BLUE BELL reigns.

O'er their heads the swallow flitteth
In the quivering light,
Where the musing May-queen sitteth
'Neath the hawthorn white.

How the odorous lowland shineth
Like a garden-bower,
Where the lily-nymph reclineth
By the ruined tower!

Waves of blue roll down the mountain,
Swell along the lea;
Waves of blue beside the fountain,
Where the bright maids be.

Waves of blue upon the hedges,
By the zephyr led;
Waves of blue press by the ledges,
Waves of blue o'erhead:

Waves of blue at every bending
Down the village way,
Where the thatcher's song is blending
With the linnet's lay :

Waves of blue, and sounds of singing,
Cheat the lazy hours ;
Whilst their fairy bells are ringing,
" 'Tis the time of flowers."

Man may read man's motives wrongly ;
Worth is prized by few :
Oft the meek is hampered strongly ;
Oft the false deemed true.

Your Evangel ceaseth never
In the year's warm youth ;
Teaching man to cherish ever
Love, and hope, and truth.

The Blue Bell, or Wild Hyacinth, is so well known that no description of this welcome spring visitant is needed here. It is found in every copse and lane of the land, filling the air with its fragrance, and adding a charm to Nature too beautiful for words.

THE BINDWEED.

AS earth grows older, more sounds fill the hollows
Than when our lives were young:
The crags have voices, whither float the swallows;
Each tree-top has a tongue.

The common flowers that gem the wayside hedges,
Or spring the brakes among,
Adorn the cliffs, and beautify the ledges,
Have all the sound of song.

The climbing BINDWEED, twining to the bramble,
Or to the woodbine lone,
Round whose pink bells the murmuring wild bees ramble,
Speaks not to earth alone.

Like jets of music o'er the shining waters,
Whose banks the lilies line,
Where sweetly blossom Nature's choicest daughters,
Float forth thy lays Divine.

And as at morn and eve thou fondly clingest
With an untiring will,
Who listens longest hears thee, as thou singest,
"Upward and upward still."

The Bindweed, or Field Convolvulus, is one of the prettiest of our twining wild flowers. The delicate pink bells have a sweet scent. Its time of blossoming is in June and July, when it is a beautiful adornment to the landscape.

THE BRAMBLE.

HE who prays most feels mostly Nature's wonders,
The visions of the vale;
Hears the Eternal in the rolling thunders,
Or in the breezy dale.

The slenderest sapling of the mighty prairie,
The oak, the towering pine,
The shining mosses, dew-cups of the fairy,
Are gilt with Love Divine.

And hence the common BRAMBLE of the thicket,
Which blossoms in the lane,
Or by the stile, or near the woodland wicket,
Will oft his gaze enchain.

There is no coppice-covert deep and tangled,
No glen, or glade of gloom,
No hedge, or height, with hardy heather spangled,
Where brambles do not bloom.

Its snowy flowers are emblems of the holy,
Beloved from childhood bright;
Yet oft esteemed not thus in garments lowly,
Though lovely as the light.

'Tis thus the wilds with melody are ringing,
The listening woods and ways;
And Bramble-blossoms are for ever singing
To their Creator's praise.

Few persons are unacquainted with the Common Bramble, whose white flowers, tinged with pink, decorate the hedges during July and August, and whose fruits are so pleasing to the simple tastes of childhood.

THE BRYONY.

THE fields are full of Nature's tender teaching,
Fraught with profoundest lore,
And every wild flower has a voice beseeching
Man to revolt no more.

The summer sounds among the branches stealing,
Half jealous of release,
The wind, the rain, the solemn midnight pealing,
Are whispering words of peace.

In the green hedgerows, where the lanes are narrow,
None speak to man more free,
Where chirps the wren, and cheers the noisy sparrow,
Than the wild BRYONY.

It makes a temple of the hawthorn hoary,
And where the alder bends;
And its red berries tell their autumn story
When the swift rain descends.

For ever curling and for ever clinging,
Still murmuring lays of peace;
And bidding man, while months and years are winging,
To climb, and never cease.

During the months of May and June the trunks and boughs of the wood and wayside trees are often festooned with the beautiful long stems and glossy leaves of this graceful climber. Its flowers are small, and during the summer its large green berries look like clusters of wild grapes, which, when autumn has matured into redness, are exceedingly beautiful.

THE CELANDINE.

BRIGHT clumps of buttercups are in the dingle,
Opening to kiss the sun;
And primroses and virgin cowslips mingle,
Where April waters run.

And the dear CELANDINE is come to scatter
The clouds by Winter piled;
While in the trees the noisy rooks still chatter,
As if the woods were wild.

The fields are lovely with thy starry brightness,
Gone when the moon is up;
Tissuing the vales and hills with hallowed whiteness
Out by the harebell's cup.

Nothing is vain in ravine or by river,
By fountain or by flood:
All is the bounty of the gracious Giver
For man's especial good.

And so, dear CELANDINE, a cheerful greeting
I fain would offer thee,
While hope and joy and youthful love are meeting,
Where Nature's songs are free.

From March till the end of May the Celandine gleams among the grass of the meadow, studding every hedge-bank with stars of gold. It is one of the gayest of our spring flowers; though it is a

true lover of the sunshine, opening only on bright days. It is said to close its flowers from five o'clock in the evening until nine on the following morning.

THE COLT'S FOOT.

UNNUMBERED echoes travel in thy wake,
Clear voices, calm and sweet,
Uprising softly from the leafless brake
And the old woodbined seat.

O'er pleasant pastures of the pregnant past
I see thy form once more
Look forth with pity on the powerful blast
Beside my childhood's door.

Alone thou comest with the lark's first song
In Winter's footsteps rude ;
Foretelling days when summer steals among
Thy smiling sisterhood.

And though the winds moan in the solemn woods
From eve to eve unstilled,
And drive their coursers down the tumbling floods,
Thy mission is fulfilled.

So teachest thou that nothing comes in vain,
Let it be great or small:
The tenderest bud, the COLT'S FOOT in the lane,
God careth for them all.

The Colt's Foot is the earliest of our spring flowers, blossoming in moist clayey soils and coarse grounds. The flower is yellow, and the large leaves are very handsome; the under part being covered with a thick cottony down. It is often found on the sides of abandoned quarries.

THE COWSLIP.

I HAVE a holier sympathy with winds and waters,
With the still glade and glen,
With flowers and blossoms, Nature's darling daughters,
Than with my fellow-men.

Hence when the Cowslip of the meadow cometh
Upon the southern lea,
And in the sun the toiling ploughboy hummeth,
I hasten forth to see.

On the low fence the gay stone-chat rejoices;
Young leaves glow in the light;
And through the dells a hundred happy voices
Are pouring forth delight.

Ye hang your yellow heads in modest meekness
From morn till shut of day,
With loving lessons of all human weakness
Passing your lives away.

And thus ye answer your benign creation,
Earth-bending and sincere;
Asserting sweetly your Divine relation
To all things lovely here.

The Cowslip blossoms in our meadows during April and May. When fully blown, it hangs its head to the earth, as if in humility. It is a source of much delight to children, who make the flowers into balls. The Cowslip-gatherer is a familiar name.

THE CUCKOO FLOWER.

OUR Father's love in every flower is shining,
And gilding every stem,
Where lily-leaves are on the banks reclining,
Or glows the woodland gem.

Though various hues and various forms are granted,
In bower or dingle dim,
To cheer the eye until we are enchanted,
'Tis all the gift of Him.

And he who reads their simple beauty rightly,
In grove or thicket's gloom,
On grassy lawns and pastures shining brightly,
Sees GOD in every bloom.

'Tis thus the CUCKOO FLOWER in marshy places
Its Maker's love reveals,
While dainty May-buds show their glowing faces
Where the sweet zephyr steals.

Its silvery blossoms scattered in the grasses,
Out-shining in the reed,
Or peering forth beside the mountain passes,
Confute the sceptic's creed.

The Cuckoo Flower is very plentiful in moist meadows. It blossoms from spring till almost the end of the summer. Its flowers are white, and its height varies from four inches upwards. It looks exceedingly beautiful in the sunshine.

THE DAISY.

CLAMOUR on the cold highway
And through the haunts of life:
So let me once more turn away
From scenes of noise and strife,
To walk where waters murmur low
Amid the violets blue,
Where many tender wildings grow,
To muse awhile with you.

Thou shinest on the mountain side,
And in the valley deep;

Upon the mystic moorland wide,
And by the dungeon-keep,
High o'er the ponderous prison-bar,
But half-revealed to sight,
Outbeaming like a lovely star
Within the blue of night.

In garden plots thou hast thy home,
Where gorgeous flowers are piled,
And where the pilgrim's footsteps roam
On boundaries weird and wild,
To sun and rain for ever true,
Or by the brooklet's wave,
Or underneath the solemn yew
Upon the maiden's grave.

On boulder ridges rent and bare,
Or by the meadow streams,
O everywhere, O everywhere
The darling Daisy gleams:
In heat, in cold, when days are drear,
When skies are black or bright,
Charming the musing eye and ear
With lessons of delight.

Thy hues are painted by His hand
Who flung the rainbow's form,
Begirt with many a glittering band,
Athwart the driving storm.
In every line His love is seen,
In every shade His power:
Thy Maker shineth in thy mien,
Dear little DAISY flower.

No flower is better known than the Daisy. It belongs to all times and all places,—in the garden, in the meadow, on the grave. It is the delight of childhood and the pleasure of age, and one of God's fairest, freest gifts to mankind.

THE DODDER.

'ER moor-paths musing, when the twilight blended
With Eve's bright bars of red,
Came a soft sound, as the green rushes bended,
A wing-sweep overhead.

A wild bird's wing across the landscape sailing
Where airy phantoms roam,
Or tread the moonbeams on long grasses trailing,
Seeking his mate and home.

Yes, seeking home, as darkness gently falleth
Upon the moorland lake,
And the strange DODDER, where the fern-fay calleth,
Clings to the lonely brake.

And well that wing through twilight chambers sweeping
Reminded me of rest,
'Neath some green hillock with the willows weeping
And daisies o'er my breast.

Still by the red threads of the DODDER'S tangle,
Which float or fall or cling,
Or from the upland prickly gorse-bush dangle,
I hear that wild bird's wing.

The waxy-looking flowers of the Dodder are seen on heaths and open downs during the months of August and September. It is one of our few native

parasitic plants, often entwining the furze and heath with its long leafless red threads, which are exceedingly beautiful. Though it takes root in the ground, it soon disconnects itself from the earth, and derives its nutriment from living juices.

THE DROPWORT.

HOW costly are the temples of man's building,
Where waiting ones convene!
The stained glass pane, oak carving, painting, gilding,
Altar, and shining screen.

God is as near, in majesty supernal,
To heed the wanderer's hymn,
Where Nature teaches through the Voice Eternal,
As in cathedral dim.

And he who worships where the flowers are lowly,
And murmurs fill the air,
Feels in his heart the presence of the Holy,
Although no priest is there.

The voice of prayer is evermore ascending
Whene'er the sun is up,
And summer music with the morn is blending
From every floweret's cup.

The smallest leaf has more Divine outbeaming
On hill and grassy glade,
Where brooks are bubbling and white DROPWORTS gleaming,
Than domes of cedar made.

Few flowers are more graceful than the Dropwort or Meadow Sweet. It blossoms in June and July, and the stem is from two to four feet in height. The flowers are white; and it grows in gravelly pastures.

THE EYEBRIGHT.

OW profuse are Nature's wonders !
Down where foaming water thunders,
In where shady woods are quiet,
Out where boisterous billows riot,
Up where wild winds toss and tumble,
Forth where rolling cataracts rumble ;
Back where boulders bind the bushland,
Forth where lichens line the rushland ;
Here where glow-worms shine and glitter,
In the lanes where linnets twitter,
On the heights and in the hollows,
Where the wakeful echo follows ;
In the fields and by the fountain,
Down the moorland, up the mountain ;
By the byeways, dikes, and ditches ;
Out where wave the hazel switches,
Where the golden furze-bloom blazes,
Where are ranked the snowy daisies ;
Where the lambkins dance and amble ;
Where the angler loves to ramble ;

Everywhere Divinely showing
Nature's wonders, glory-glowing.
Thus the EYEBRIGHT pale and lowly
On the cliff-side groweth slowly,
Studs the short grass of the mountain,
Blossoms by the silver fountain,
Gives its glow to districts stalky,
Shows its green in regions chalky ;
And bedecks the land with wonder
Down where foaming waters thunder.

Few who love flowers would look upon the pretty little Eyebright without intense gratification. Its pale lilac blossoms are sprinkled over the sides of the chalky cliffs, studding the short grass of the mountain, and hiding among the herbage of the pasture land. It is sometimes no more than an inch in height, and flowers from June to August.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

THERE are tall wildings of the glen abiding
A-near thee neath the spray,
So that full often thou thy face art hiding
Amid their colours gay.

And yet no name or look or line is sweeter,
No flower in fairy grot
For youthful bride or queenly hand is meeter,
Than the FORGET-ME-NOT.

How beautiful thy simple modest blushes
Where the clear waters shine,
Murmuring their way among the emerald bushes
In many a silver line!

The eye of man is often won by coarseness,
By tinsel's false degree,
By noisy cymbals cracked with utter hoarseness,
Whilst merit lies like thee.

So let me call thee my especial treasure,
Dear emblem of my lot!
Bringing to man thy share of simple pleasure,
Lowly FORGET-ME-NOT.

This beautifully bright blue flower is a universal favourite, and, when once looked upon, is not easily forgotten. During the summer months the Forget-me-not is very common in our humid meadows, bogs, banks of rivers, rivulets, and ditches. There are eight native species of the genus, and all have blue blossoms.

THE FURZE.

HERE the water flags are thickest,
There thy blossoms burn,
And the brooklet floweth quickest
Down by many a turn.

Near the channels of the mountain
There thou beamest well,
And beside the lonely fountain
In the dreamy dell.

Where the welcome daisy springeth,
There thy glow is spread,
And the skylark sweetly singeth
In the blue o'erhead:

Shining where the alder swayeth
Ever long and late,
And the blue-eyed maiden playeth
By the meadow gate.

In the crooked lane and narrow
Thy full glory burns,
Where the titlark and the sparrow
Chirrup forth by turns.

Ranked beside the rabbit's burrow,
With a glow untold,
Hanging o'er the new-made furrow,
Gleam thy bells of gold;

Burning by the broken ledges
With soft moss between,
Flaming on the woodland hedges
Like the sunset sheen;

And when Eve sings in the rushes
Which the poet paints,
Then we deem thy flowery bushes
Are the robes of saints.

Much rich interest dost thou render
For the air and light:
Thank thee for thy golden splendour
On the upland bright;

Beaming here and there so brightly
Where our footsteps roam:
We omit to prize thee rightly,
Like a bard at home.

The common Furze is to be seen on almost every heath, and gladdens many a sunny bank. It begins to bloom in April, and attains its greatest beauty about the middle of May. The dwarf species blossoms in Autumn, and its golden flowers may sometimes be gathered throughout the winter.

THE GROUND IVY.

THE green hedge-banks have many cells
of wonder,
Where golden garments gleam
Among the moss, outside the leaves
and under,
As rich as queens beseem.

Why travel far for loveliness outbeaming
From Nature's choicest store,
When Beauty's self is evermore forthgleaming
Even at our very door?

To him whose eyes are open to the glory
Of sunset in the wood,
There is a moral, and a poet's story,
In every bursting bud.

Nor least among the children of the morning
By mossy stone and stream,
Bright with the beauty of the sun's adorning,
Does the GROUND IVY gleam.

So there is nothing in the distance hazy,
Where'er our gaze may be,
Through valleys deep or fay-filled landscapes mazy,
More fair than what we see.

The Ground Ivy has a strong aromatic odour, and both its flower and foliage are very pretty. The flowers appear in April and May, growing in threes between the stalk and leaf, and are generally of a pale lilac colour, though occasionally quite white. They are more fragrant on the hedges.

THE HAREBELL.

I HAVE dear friends on the mountain,
In the valley, near the fountain,
On the highland, in the hollow,
Where the sounding echoes follow:
Down in dingles deep and shady,
Out where ferns are crisp and fady;
On the sea-shore, where the hull is;
Up the cliff-crags, where the gull is;
In by pools where wave the rushes,
Down beside the blossomed bushes,

In the long lane leading seaward,
On the coarse carn sloping leeward;
In the shadow of the boulder,
Where the peaks are growing older;
By the church-stile where the yew is,
Near the dike where silver dew is;
In the wood and meadow hedges,
Smiling where the waving sedge is,
Telling truthful tales together,
Chiefly in the summer weather:
For they love the light and air well
As my pretty graceful HAREBELL,
Ever bending meek and lowly,
Cheering weakness, toiling slowly.
And I ask, when death shall take me,
That a wild flower grave you'll make me.

The Harebell is one of the loveliest and most graceful of all our wild flowers. It is just as common as it is lovely, blooming on heaths, cliffs, and wayside banks. The leaves on its tall stem are slender, like those of grass, so that it bends to every breeze. The azure flowers are bell-shaped.

THE HAWTHORN.

THE poor man stands amid the forest's wonders,
Under the pine trees tall,
Or by the crashing of the cataract's thunders;
And feels he's heir of all.

The gift of beauty is alike the treasure
Of cottager and king;
And he whose soul is lighted finds a pleasure
Even in an insect's wing.

The winds are free, the waters of the river,
The field-paths daisy-starred,
And murmuring ocean, the great pleasure-giver;
Although park-gates are barred.

For all the wildings of the wildwood glimmer,
The thorn-flowers milky white,
For all the tree-bound village waters shimmer,
For all the hedge-rose bright.

On fence and fenland, where the banks are showy,
And where the glens are gay,
The HAWTHORN shows its honied blossoms snowy,
The princess of the May.

Who does not rejoice to see the white buds of the Hawthorn in the pleasant month of May? or later in the season, when young and old meet in its shadow on the village green? It is variable in the form of its leaves and the colour of its flowers and fruit. It is sometimes found with pink blossoms. The haws afford food for the autumn birds.

THE HEATHER.

GOD'S gifts are free: the breeze that fills the dingle,
And fans the fragrant bower;
The sea-waves breaking on the shining shingle,
The light, the moss-bank flower;

The river rushing to the restless ocean,
The blue expanse above,
The forest murmurs through the pine trees' motion,
The daisy's look of love.

Last eve I met a little cottage maiden,
In weeds of linen dressed,
With white May-buds and humble hedge-flowers laden;
And, O, she looked so blest!

And days of old were round me thickly thronging;
My youth was with me still,
When I beheld with all a lover's longing
The HEATHER of the hill.

And still it fills me with a holy feeling,
Like some old poet's strain
Through the dim twilight of my memory stealing,
Or sounds of April rain.

There are five species of Heather, all of which may be found on the moors of Cornwall. It affords much honey to the bees, which they extract from the little bell-flowers; and it greatly adds to the

beauty of the barren hills. One tall beautiful specimen grows abundantly in the neighbourhood of the Lizard.

THE HOLLY.

THE day is lovely. Sunshine fills the laurel,
And hangs upon the stream,
Where the forget-me-not and the wood-sorrel
In golden grandeur gleam.

The crowds are out, clad in their gayest dresses,
Thronging the dusty street;
Whilst I am here, where Nature's self caresses
Her favourites at my feet.

I always loved the chambers of the dingle,
Where roses long have blown,
More than great squares, where pride and penury mingle
By walls of brick and stone.

So, when the dainty May is out a-budding,
The HOLLY has its gem,
In snowy coronals the green boughs studding,
Like wax upon its stem.

And here, to Christmas berries slowly turning,
They hang above the flood,
Until they are in crimson glory burning,
The beauty of the wood.

The green prickly Holly needs no description. Its red shining berries are the delight of Christmas. The flowers grow closely round the stem in May and June, and are white as if cut out of wax. It is frequent in woods and hedges, and is very ornamental.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

DOROUS climber of the wildwood,
With thy breath of balm!
Let me, as a singing child should,
Greet thee with a psalm:

In the meadow, on the moorland,
By the bog of peat,

Scenting all the sandy shoreland
From thy urns of sweet:

Loved by matron, man, and maiden,
With a free goodwill;
And the old and heavy-laden,
Creeping down the hill.

On the hedges of the highway
Where the carriage glides;
In the narrow bending byeway,
Up the castle's sides;

Twining in the robe of Summer
With the rose's leaf;
Bright with many a fair new comer,
Dear to child and chief.

Reigning on the royal ruin,
Thou art quite a queen;
O'er the hill-side odours strewing,
And the coppice green.

Thus the HONEYSUCKLE bringeth
Nectar to the breeze,

Where true poetry ever ringeth
In the trembling trees:

Failing in thy mission never,
True to Nature's sign,
Teaching man to trust for ever
In the Power Divine.

No flower delights us more than the Honeysuckle. During the whole of summer its fragrant blossoms wave about the bushes, crags, and ruins of every part of our island, making the lanes lovely. When the flowers disappear, clusters of dark red berries take their places, beautifying the autumn.

THE HORNWORT.

HOW are the narrow paths of earth forsaken!
How thronged the wide ways be!
And tinselled trash for gold is often taken,
The shackled for the free.

Men look at what they term ancestral glitter,
Gay halls and chariots grand;
Despising him whose birth-lot has been bitter,
Some hovel of the land.

But Nature in her wild and wasteful places
Has many a favourite gem,
Which bringeth sunshine to sad human faces
In the full walks of men.

And still throughout God's beautiful creation
All creatures of their kind,
Both small and great, of every grade and station,
Attest the power of mind.

So walk I here, where gentle streams flow dreaming
By many a lichened cave,
Well-pleased to mark the emerald HORNWORT gleaming
Beneath the silver wave.

All true lovers of Nature are lovers of the streams which murmur through the grass and sedges. And here the Hornwort grows entirely under water. It has a long slender stem around which the forked thread-like leaves grow in whorls. The green small flowers appear in July, and are very close to the stem.

THE KING CUP.

AME a shower o'er rush-lands moory;
Came a rainbow stained with glory;
Came a sun-flash shining,—streaming;
Came the moonbeams softly gleaming;

Came dim eve, when flocks were folden,
And at morn a KING CUP golden.

Old men saw it, smiled, and blest it;
Children lovingly caressed it;
Joyous maid and matron knew it;
Schoolboys clapped their hands to view it;
Mothers sang the ditty olden
Of the shining KING CUP golden.

Lovely sunsets sunsets follow:
Then they glowed in every hollow,
In the meadows, dells, and ditches,
Under thorns and hazel switches,
Where the nightly flocks were folden;
Everywhere,—the KING CUPS golden.

Care went forth and wept for gladness:
Sunshine is no time for sadness.
More than books of song or story,
Penned by bards and sages hoary
In the mighty centuries olden,
Learn we from the KING CUPS golden.

The King Cup, better known as the Buttercup, is one of our gayest spring flowers, which May

scatters in thousands over the land. Its yellow blossoms, glistening in the grasses, and spreading their golden leaves to the sun, are equally well known both to childhood and age.

THE KNOT GRASS.

HOW often are our holiest intentions
Miscalled, misunderstood!
Unselfish deeds, "the hypocrite's inventions;"
And "evil," what is good.

And it is hard to lay our simple treasure
Down at the world's cold feet,
To lie unnoticed in its paths of pleasure,
Like daisies on the street.

The rude, the rough, command eternal wonder;
The noisy nothings please:
Ten thousand ears are open to the thunder,
Which scarcely hear the breeze.

Why come not forth where loving Nature teacheth
Sweet lessons night and day,
And every wild flower of the land beseecheth
Men in His name to pray?

So sighs the KNOT GRASS in its emerald tangle
With unassuming mien,
Where brighter flowers the summer pastures spangle,
Modest, and mild, and green.

The Knot Grass is a very common plant, and has but little beauty to recommend it. Its small pinkish-white flowers are seated closely on its stem from May till September. Its stem trails pretty much on the ground, and thousands of birds are nourished by its seeds.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

SWEET the echo ringeth,
LILY OF THE VALE,
As it slowly springeth
In the wooody dale,
Fairer than a princess in a maiden's tale.

Wave the trees above it
Like the sound of strings;
All the breezes love it,
Where the throstle sings,
Kissing off its odours with their silver wings.

Where the wood-dove hummeth
By the waterfall,
There the LILY cometh,
Like a seraph's call,
With the tale of summer and a love for all.

Blooming by the angle
Where the waters run,
And the stonecrops spangle
Many a crevice dun,
How it loves the shadow as it loves the sun!

Evermore it lendeth
Beauty to the scene,
Whilst to earth it bendeth
In its bower of green,
Teaching man how fatal on himself to lean.

Sorrow loves the LILY,
Pensiveness and woe,
In the covert stilly,
Where the runnels flow,
And the twilight glimmers through the woodbine low.

In the morn's full glory,
In the evening's calm,
It has still the story
Of a higher balm,
Of a sweeter fragrance, of a loftier psalm.

Sweetest thoughts are blending
With its snowy bells,
Bright with blossoms bending
Over Eden wells,
Where the angels mingle in the golden dells.

One thought, like the morning,
Makes all others pale ;
Bright with truth's adorning,
Which we joy to hail :
CHRIST is called for ever LILY OF THE VALE.

The very name of the sweet Lily of the Valley is pleasant to mention. It is the flower of the woods, and the daughter of May; chiefly flourishing in shady and moist places. Its leaves spring from the root, and berries succeed the bells. No flower is more prized.

THE LING.

THE LING! the LING! I bend o'er thee;
Yet I cannot tell what my lay may be,
Whether smooth or rough, whether
weak or strong,
Whether high or low, whether short or long.
But fail it must my love to show,
Where moorland breezes fan thee low.

The LING! the LING! I have known thee long,
When the flowerful earth was rich with song,
And Hope, like a bard with his harp unstrung,
Stood under the trees, when the world was young,
And filled my path to the land unknown
With roses that never on earth have blown.

The LING! the LING! Thy bells of gold
Still chime with song like the dells of old,
Which soars at eve from the ferns and moss,
And floats along by the curious cross,
When the purple light is on the seas,
And the fays are climbing the hamlet trees.

The LING! the LING! The wastes through thee
Are fragrant fields for the honey-bee:
Thy simple flowers on plain and height
Make meads of perfume and delight;
Like many a humble child of care,
Who from his little a little will spare.

There is but one species of Ling, which flowers from June to September, and is found on almost every heath throughout the land, forming a low tufted shrub with small leaves close to the stems and branches. The barren moorlands are beautified by this plant, making them sweet gardens of delight.

THE LOOSESTRIFE.

THE flowers how beautiful! and their discourses
Are eloquent and clear,
On ledges lonely, and where water courses,
If we but pause to hear.

And how they bloom in solitary places,
Where not a sound is heard,
Raising to heaven their beautiful bright faces,
By the soft breezes stirred!

They seem to whisper by the banks, and under,
Where Love her couch has made,
That Eden has its solitudes of wonder,
Where blossoms never fade.

And thus the LOOSESTRIFE, rising in the rushes,
Or by the silver stream,
So richly tinted mid the tangled bushes,
Speaks with a power supreme.

And its bright scarlet bells, by west winds shaken,
While sky-larks soar above,
And in the glens a thousand mysteries waken,
Ring of the land of love.

The Loosestrife is the most richly-tinted of all the flowers which grow among the rushes and sedges of our streams. The square stem is from two to four feet high ; and in July and August the upper part is crowned with whorls of purple blossoms. Its tall rich spikes can be seen at a great distance.

THE MADDER.

E call our children flowers which deck our dwelling,
And hang around our hearth :
And truly they are buds, where waters welling
Make green the darksome earth.

They beautify the cottage of the peasant,
Bring sunlight to the hall,

And make the prison and the palace pleasant,
Where'er their glances fall.

The hardest heart is softened by their sweetness,
Their look of trustful rest;
And heaven itself has much of infant meetness,
For He their beauty blest.

And so the lilac-blossomed meadow Madder
Upon its trailing stem
In simple lowness makes the sad heart gladder,
More than some costlier gem:

Unnoticed oft mid those of higher orders
In more superb attire,
Like some true poet in unkindly borders,
Neglected with his lyre.

The little Madder, with its small tufts of lila blossoms, often escapes the notice of many ever who love wild flowers. It blossoms in the field from May to August. The stems are all spread around the roots over the ground, and the little clusters of flowers are at the end of the stems.

THE MILKWORT.

THE field-flowers figure a diviner meaning
Than oft to us it seems,
In bowers reclining, or on moss banks leaning,
Like stars when midnight dreams.

And he who marketh most their pleasant features
Hears some old poem ring,
Or text of truth ne'er taught by human teachers,
To the eternal King.

Nor does the MILKWORT on the pastures hilly,
Decked in its purple bloom,
Speak the least powerful, on the moorland stilly,
Or in the brake of broom.

Its sisters are the eyebright small and snowy,
The dog-rose, and the thyme,
Where they converse in undisturbed alloy
From morn till even-chime.

And when the winds pause on their summer travel
O'er fields of emerald hue,
The MILKWORT's music, which the bards unravel,
Still swelleth sweet and new.

The pretty Milkwort is very frequent in hilly pastures, where it blossoms from May till July. Its crested flowers form patches of a deep blue, purple, pink, or white tint. It is a great favourite, and very ornamental to the landscape.

THE ORCHIS.

NOT in the cold, like an orphan lone ;
Not on the moors, where the March winds moan ;
Not on the hills, where the billowy blast
Howls to the hurricane hurrying past ;
But where the May-queen trills her song,
Dances the ORCHIS the whole day long :

Still looking forth where the waters play
In the deep woodlands far away,

On the sod-crowned hedge of the moorland mead,
At the sedgy feet of the rustling reed,
Where the field-birds sing, and the brooklets sigh,
In the marshes whispering, "Here am I!"

Thy purple bells ring out all day
Where the village maidens make the hay.
Thou givest song to the rough wayside,
And lays of love on the uplands wide;
Sweet warbles in the watching wood,
For ever uttering, "All is good."

We have ten species of the genus Orchis. Several native plants are in flower in May, blossoming in almost every wood and every hedge-bank: and they are not uncommon in chalky meadows. The flowers put forth a strong but not pleasant scent.

THE PERIWINKLE.

IN a corner moist and shady,
Where the willows grew,
And come forth the lord and lady
With the sun and dew,

Climb the velvet PERIWINKLES
In their robe of blue.

Forth they look where moss is tender,
And the grass-blades low,
While the sun hides half his splendour,
When the great winds blow,
And the blue-bell and the primrose
Their dear faces show.

Stars ye shine amid the ruin
Where dead feet have trod;
Stars ye are, the rill-side strewing,
Stars on burial sod;
Stars where valley ferns are shaking,
And the hill pines nod:

Ever clinging, ever shining,
In your lowly sphere;
To a stronger closely twining
With a clasp sincere.
So would we lean on the Master,
Till life's latest year.

The rich blue flower and glossy green leaves of the Periwinkle are very beautiful. It is found in

woods where the ground is moist, though we can hardly call it a common flower. The stem is trailing, and the wood tough. It blossoms during May and June.

THE PIMPERNEL.

COME from the south, O billows,
Spell of the spicy breeze,
Here where the PIMPERNEL pillows
Under the leafy trees,
Making the bank a brightness,
Making the brake a bower,
Filling the land with lightness,
Cheating the summer hour.

Food to the birds thou bringest,
Light to the gladdened eye;
Rays to the reaper flingest,
Love to the passer by.
Joy from thy bells is streaming;
Mirth has a tuneful hum;
Hope in thy leaves is dreaming:
O for the time to come!

Out of thy crimson arches
Many a fairy calls,
While the gay flower-queen marches
Over thy burning halls.
Sensitive child of gladness,
Whether on down or dell,
Shutting thine eye in sadness,
Beautiful PIMPERNEL!

Every one knows the scarlet Pimpernel. It grows almost everywhere,—on the sandy heath, on the bank of the roadside, and especially among the ripening corn during July and August. It is so sensitive that at the approach of rain it closes up. Whether the sky be cloudy or clear, however, it always closes its petals about two o'clock every afternoon, which remain folded until about seven the next morning.

THE PRIMROSE.

GLAD am I to meet thee
By the gentle stream,
Bringing, as I greet thee,
Bowers where blossoms beam,
And bluest violets blush, and dainty roses gleam.

There is much of wonder
In thine opening eye,
Where the leaves asunder
On the moss-mound lie,
And Spring's tender music fills the earth and sky.

Shall I call thee maiden
Lost amid perfume,
With more treasure laden
Than the dells consume?
Or a river fairy, in thy yellow plume?

Shall I call thee daughter
Of a line of peers,
Dwelling by the water,
Knowing nought of fears,
Where the sunshine stealeth kissing off thy tears?

Princess shall I call thee,
In thy green domain?
May no ill befall thee,
From the sleet or rain,
Or the rising north wind driving o'er the plain!

But no words of meetness,
Though they echo well,
Shadow half thy sweetness,
Darling of the dell,
In thy fern-grown queendom, where the wildings dwell.

Thus my musing endeth,
As the curfew peals,
Blue with purple blendeth
Where the great sun wheels:
Yet I cannot utter half my spirit feels.

The Primrose is the first of our woodland flowers, often blossoming in February. It is so well known that the mention of its name brings it to view. It loves the hedges and sheltered banks and mounds under the trees; and when they stand up in yellow armies in early May, the sight should remind us of the land of Eden.

THE RAGGED ROBIN.

THE sound of song is in my ears for ever,
Divinely understood,
At eve and morn, low-toned, unmurmuring never,
Like music in the wood.

Hence I converse with flowers where water falleth
In sweetness down the hills,
And the quaint cuckoo to the titlark calleth,
Which follows where she wills.

The very children love the RAGGED ROBIN,
Which to the ruin clings,
When sunshine streameth, or the breeze comes sobbing
With rain-drops on its wings.

In the farm-lane, out mid the moorland bramble,
Up on the craggy ground,
Where rabbits play, and dainty fairies ramble,
Its crimson crest is found ;

Cheering the soul of man with simple beauty
From Nature's low estate,
Whose highest honour and sublimest duty
Is to submit and wait.

The Ragged Robin grows abundantly in moist meadows, and on the hedges; and rises above the grass so as to be conspicuous. It blooms by the latter end of May and during June; and the rose-coloured petals are so deeply jagged as to have quite a ragged appearance. We have four native species.

THE RIBWORT.

RICH men have gardens, where the budding branches
Are trimmed and trained with care:
Mine are the lowlands, where the free breeze launches
Its odours on the air.

Its walls are blue hills, where the glow-worms glimmer
When the white moon appears ;
Its walks are brooklets, where the waters shimmer ;
Its lakes, the mountain meres.

Its trees are forests of the Father's framing,
Lifting their heads on high,
In tuneful transport evermore acclaiming
The Presence of the sky.

Its statues are the marvellous boulders hoary,
The wild walls of the main ;
Its gates, the bright bars of the sun's red glory
With morn or evening's stain.

Nor least within my garden's grand enclosure,
Where million mysteries gleam,
And Nature works her wonderful disclosure,
Does the tall Ribwort seem.

The Ribwort is chiefly found on our meadows and pastures, flowering during June and July. When it is sheltered, it sometimes grows very

high. The leaves are often very beautiful, as well as the seedy flower. We have five wild species.

THE SANDWORT.

THE flowers prolong their Sabbath, ever chanting
In aisles of heavenly light,
Precepts Divine in human hearts implanting
From morn till hush of night.

From roadsides lone their silent prayers are welling,
From green sepulchral mounds,
Where waters fall and woodland songs are swelling,
Or human footfall sounds.

Theirs is a weekly worship without ending,
A ceaseless work of joy,
A yearly incense evermore ascending
Without the least alloy.

Their vestments, fabrics of the down and dingle,
Wrought in the loom of Love,
Where rain and air and golden sunbeams mingle
In earth and heaven above.

So does the SANDWORT by the sea-waves springing
Upon the marshy sod,
Or crimson-coloured to the cliff-rock clinging,
Teach us to worship God.

The Sandwort is chiefly found on the sea-coast hanging down in tufts from the crevices of the cliffs, or growing on the sand of the shore. Its little star-like purple blossoms gleam forth from June till August. We have ten species.

THE SILVER WEED.

HAIL, my little SILVER WEED!
Growing on the upland mead,
Holding out thy yellow flowers
In the roadside's broken bowers,
Blooming on the brooklet's bank
Mid the mosses smooth and dank,
And along the lone highway
Where the swallows sport and play,
And the ivy climbs the tree:
I will sing for love of thee.

Country children know thee well:
For thy roots they search the dell,
Which they roast and eat with joy,
Many a girl and many a boy.
Matron meek and maiden young,
Age with wisdom on his tongue,
These who follow, those who lead,
Love the darling SILVER WEED.
Thus, when swallows skim the mere,
In the summer of the year,
And the sunshine hangs its beams
O'er the channels of the streams,
Let me tune my simple reed
To the shining SILVER WEED.

The Silver Weed is very common by road-sides and on moist meadows. Its leaves are very numerous and covered with silky hairs. They have a silvery hue, and may be seen during the greater part of the year. The flowers are yellow, soft like velvet, and appear in June and July.

THE SLOE.

N the green fields April walketh
Where the whistling ploughboy stalketh:
Shining rain-drops gem her tresses,
As the flowery sward she presses.
Small the leaves the apple showeth;
Scarcely yet the strawberry bloweth;
And the fitful sunlight flingeth
Bars of fire where water singeth;
Then withdraws its splendour quickly,
Leaving hill and valley sickly;
Like a lover smiling, frowning,
Then in tears the maiden drowning.
Blushing buds the boughs are bringing,
In the sun and shadow swinging;
And the Sloe, where hedges falter,
Where lies low the Druid altar,
In waste ways where dearth abideth,
Where the ploughshare never glideth,

On the fences of the woodland,
In dry patches of the floodland,
Up and down, and in and under,
Where the timid dormice wonder,
Where the furze-chat watch is keeping,
And the blue-bells are a-peeping,—
Shows its blossoms to the dingle,
White as robes where angels mingle ;
Though its limbs are dusk as winter,
And few leaves adorn the splinter ;
Like Content, though sorrows sadden,
Waiting till the morn shall gladden.

Every country child knows the Sloe-bush, so frequent in the hedges, and so prized in autumn for its small harsh fruits. Its flowers are of snowy whiteness, often blossoming in March before a single leaf is on the spray ; though in the month of April both leaves and flowers may be seen on the bough.

THE SNOWDROP.

QUEEN Frost is out, and through the northern doors
King Cold comes clad in snow;
The wind rolls raging down the ragged moors,
And fills the vales below.

A pure white SNOWDROP smiles beneath two trees,
Whose limbs are weird and bare;
Like Love, with tearful face and trembling knees,
Watching the couch of care.

My friendship wanes not for thee and thy race:
Each wilding of the glen
Brings beams of gladness to my pensive face,
More than the praise of men.

How fair thy robes, how beautiful thy form,
As here thou bendest low,
The watching angel of the wintry storm,
Which o'er the waste doth blow!

By bitter tempests beaten? So am I,
Over life's toilsome wold,
Dreaming of lands where fragrant lilies lie,
Unblighted by the cold.

The lovely white Snowdrop needs no description. It is found in woods, old orchards, and rustic places. It not unfrequently looks up out of the snow, and is hailed with delight, as the harbinger of Spring. The tender little flower is evermore bent to the earth, and is greatly cultivated in gardens.

THE SPEEDWELL.

SPRING-MADE music fills the breeze
Where the rose reclineth;
Zephyrs murmur through the trees;
Out—the SPEEDWELL shineth,

Like a diamond in the grass
By the watercourses,
Where the silver brooklets pass
Downward from their sources.

O, how pleasant thus
to stray,
Cheered with Na-
ture's praises,
Where the gentle
lambkins play
In the fields of dai-
sies!
Much divinity hast
thou,
Much superior rea-
son,
Ever kindling on thy
brow
Through the vernal
season,
On the May-kissed
meadow-slope
In thy blue robe
shining,
Teaching man to live
by hope,
And to cease repining.

Among our spring flowers the Speedwell is very conspicuous, its brilliant blue blossoms lying like gems among the bright May grass. It is also common in cultivated lands and hedgerows. It is truly beautiful, and we have no less than eighteen wild kinds.

THE STITCHWORT.

COMELY maiden, clothed in white!
When the plover takes his flight,
When the woods have full employ,
When the cuckoo sings his joy,
When the bursting May-buds shine,
Then the STITCHWORT looks divine.

How thy white robes seem to be
Tissued o'er with mystery!
Kissed by breezes slow with sweets,
Where fond lover lover meets;
Sky and earth, in gladness dressed,
Glow with beauty unexpressed.

Oft hast thou my spirit cheered
In life's byeways lone and weird,

When pale Evening, like a saint,
Walked among the hamlets quaint:
Yet no word had I for thee,
For thy gifts of grace to me.

Beauty beams in every leaf;
Love outshines from every sheaf;
Truth is taught by reed and rock;
Every fern-leaf by the loch,
Every wilding of the wood,—
All that He has made is good.

Few flowers delight us more than the pearly Stitchwort, blossoming by the wayside, and among the primroses of the wood, in the month of May. It is sometimes called Adders' Meat. The delicate green leaves and white flowers are very lovely. There are several species which are found on heaths, pastures, bogs, and ditches.

THE STONECROP.

THE waste is full of voices uttering knowledge,
Issuing from fold and fen,
Ungathered in the cloister or the college,
Untaught by selfish men.

God is not prisoned in the temple's plaster,
Or in the pulpit boards;
And he who reads his Bible finds the Master
Among the fens and fords.

More truth is often taught by birds and bushes
In Nature's sacred fane,
Where the thrush warbles and the wild flower blushes,
Than 'neath cathedral vane.

'Tis thus the yellow STONECROP is a preacher
Upon the rocky down,
Or in the waste, where scarce a living creature
Breathes mid the bracken brown;

Speaking from ruins and rude boulders broken,
With a prophetic voice,

Where the free winds are evermore outspoken,
Bidding the wilds rejoice.

So let me learn to be for ever lowly;
Nor closely here entwine,
But seek to climb, although it be too slowly,
Up to the life Divine.

We have eleven British species of Stonecrop. Some of them are handsome plants, and the flowers vary in colour, though they are generally yellow. They are only found in rough places, clinging to old walls, rocks of the moor, and stones, thus converting the wilderness into a garden. They bloom in June and July.

THE STRAWBERRY.

THERE is a work for all in God's creation,
The lowly and the high:
No matter what our title or our station,
We have a tear to dry.

We have some isolated heart to gladden
With the sweet balm of love;

Some sighing spirit, which the world doth sadden;
Some lorn, forsaken dove.

Eyes look to us out of the mists of sorrow,
Out of the gloom of night,
To lead them on to a more bright to-morrow,
Whose morn now glows with light.

Thus, when the Spring puts on her wealth of greenness,
The STRAWBERRY blossoms shine
In all their snowy promising sereneness,
Where bursting buds recline.

Their glad eyes meet us in the woodland thicket,
In mead and moorland bowers,
By the mill stream and the rude wayside wicket,
And greatly gladden ours.

The Strawberry is to be found in most of the woods and thickets of our island; its white blossoms being among the beautiful buds of May. Our native fruits are few, and the Strawberry is the sweetest of them all, ripening about the beginning of July.

THE SUNDEW.

I STOOD beside the doorway of the dingle,
And heard the lark's sweet lay,
Where quiet Nature's loveliest colours mingle,
And clearest waters play.

And everywhere, on arch and pillar leafy,
On tree and stone and sod,
Or where the rising river-banks were reefy,
I read the name of God.

Here angels come, when twilight droopeth dreamy,
And star-fires burn above,
In garments pure, with bars of splendour beamy,
Striking their lyres of love.
This the true temple, where Jehovah's glory
Shines with a power supreme,
Beyond the glow in aisles of structures hoary,
Though gold and stained glass gleam.

Here let me worship, when my tears flow slowly,
Or when my spirit thrills,

Where no priest stands beside the SUNDEW lowly,
With God among the hills.

A very curious and pretty little plant is the Sundew, which is found on bogs during July and August. Its leaves are thickly covered with red hairs, having a small drop of clammy fluid at the tip. The small stem is from two to six inches in height, and the little white blossoms are found at the top, from nine in the morning until noon.

THE SWEET BRIER.

OUR years pass on like swift feet through the gloaming,
Yet earth remains the same:
The poet rambles where the rills are roaming,
The heights yield loud acclaim.

In wild-rose lanes, where bud-zoned fancy pleasures,
And oft in youth we strayed,
The mother walks with her dear household treasures,
The lover with his maid.

THE SWEET BRIER.

The joy of childhood o'er the fields is ringing;
The harvest whitens still;
The belfry bells are in the ivy swinging;
The full moon tips the hill.

Sweet whispers tremble, where the moss scarce hideth
The glow-worm's lamp of fire,
Filling the hollows, as the runnel glideth
On by the fragrant BRIER.

Old age comes swifter than we dare believe it,
With snow-marks on the ground,
Till in the dusk we prayerfully perceive it,
And yet the world goes round.

The Sweet Brier Rose, the beauty of the lanes and woods in summer, may be easily recognised at once from all others by its sweetly scented leaves. It is a great favourite with young and old, and is supposed to be the "eglantine" of ancient writers.

THE THRIFT.

THERE are more children than the fire-
side cheereth,
Bright-eyed and beauty-born,
Where'er the light in living lines
careereth
Forth from the doors of Morn.

They line the leafy forest's solemn dwelling,
Play by the rippling rill,
Lift up their faces where green corn is swelling,
Bloom by the echoing mill.

We know them by their purity of features,
Where'er they smiling stand:
God's gentle, star-eyed, innocent, sweet creatures,
The wild flowers of the land.

Nor is the THRIFT less lovely by the shingle,
Or near the sea-bird's nest,
Than blushing buds where reeds and rushes mingle
Upon the valley's breast.

On the salt marsh, amid short grass, it springeth,
Where the shy otter feeds,
Like the lone heart where one stray sunbeam wingeth,
Or worth in homely weeds.

The Thrift blooms in large patches on the salt marshes, on almost barren sand-banks, and far up the crevices of the high cliff. The flowers appear from June to August, forming round heads of blossoms. It is called in some country places the Sea Pink.

THE TRAVELLER'S JOY.

IF men loved flowers, then greater love would kindle
In every human breast,
And hate and strife and dreary discord dwindle,
From east to farthest west.

What chords of music by the wayside tremble,
Where love makes sweet employ,
And Nature's favourites in her halls assemble,
As shines the TRAVELLER'S JOY!

It climbs the sloe-tree with its tendrils silky,
Mounts to the hawthorn top,
And from the oak-boughs hangs with tresses milky,
In green folds, as they drop.

Its tufts of feathery flowers in graceful whiteness,
Foam-edged and beauty-starred,
Create an arbour of supremest lightness,
Fit for a royal bard.

There's more divinity in the still thicket,
Forests, and fens, and fields,
Where waters murmur by the woodland wicket,
Than oft the pulpit yields.

During May and June the hedges of our chalky pastures are decorated with the white clusters of the Traveller's Joy. It is a climbing plant, entwining the bushes and trees, and is sometimes called Virgin's Bower. In autumn its light tufts of feathery seeds are very beautiful.

THE VERVAIN.

SIMPLE lesson have the smallest grasses,
The humblest flower a prayer;
And he who listens hears it, as it passes
Along the solemn air.

No spot is silent, though it so appeareth:
There angel-voices call,
Which he who loveth Nature's poetry heareth,
When golden sunbeams fall.

The lilac VERVAIN, blooming in waste places
Upon its slender stem,
Where echo answers, and the squirrel races,
Shines forth a lovely gem.

And when the sunset stains the rocking billows
Of the slow-murmuring main,
The Druid's voice is heard along the willows
From the small-leafed VERVAIN.

And so 't will be among the hills for ever:
These whisperings shall not cease,
Nor holy incense slacken to Him never,
Who fills the throne of peace.

The Vervain is a slender plant, often two feet high, with few leaves. These are rather rough, and cut at the edges; and the small lilac flowers are somewhat distant from each other. It grows on waste places, especially near houses, and blooms in July and August. It was the holy plant of our forefathers.

THE VIOLET.

BLUE thou wert when youth was golden;
Blue thou art to-day,
Though the earth is turning olden,
And my locks to gray:

Bluer than the summer ocean,
Or the sky o'erhead,
As the breeze with gentle motion
Fans thy velvet bed.

Shall we talk a little, dearest,
In this quiet glen,
Where the valley brook is clearest,
So apart from men?

Through the vale the bells are pealing,
Reaching gladdened ears;
But adown my face are stealing
Silently the tears.

Little blue-clad humble comer,
Duly in the reeds
Bringing tales of sunny Summer,
Dwelling in the meads!

Sweet it is to see thee blushing
In thy bower of moss,
While unnumbered songs are gushing
From each creek and cross.

Man has much unkindly feeling,
Much oppressive power,
Wounding hearts which yearn for healing,
Both in cot and tower.

But thou bidd'st us all be humble
In our proper sphere,
Never at our lot to grumble,
Though it seem severe.

Thus thou show'st the worth of pity
In thy moss-house lone,
Which we learn not in the city
Or the street of stone.

The Violet is among the first favourites of ou childhood. We find them in March, but they ar still more abundant in April. They grow on ever wayside and in every woodland bower, and ar ever welcome as the harbingers of sunny days.

THE WILD ROSE.

I CANNOT tell how it may be with others
Over life's sandy plain,
But I have loved the hedges as my brothers
In summer sun and rain.

And still I go to them in hours of weakness,
When overcome with fears,
Weighed down with sorrow, and beset with bleakness,
To weep away my tears.

But oftener do I seek their silent arches,
As some bright vision glows,
Cheered with the whisper of the solemn larches
And the red-rimmed WILD ROSE.

It shines among the filberts sun-surrounded,
Smiles in the brambles drear,
Outpours its sweets where dryness long abounded,
The beauty of the year.

Sad eyes turn to it, and they gleam for gladness;
Care half-forgets his woes;
It has a charm for much of human sadness,
The beautiful WILD ROSE.

In the rich hedges there is not in summer a lovelier flower than the Wild Rose, of which we have eighteen species. The rose is rightly called "the queen of flowers," and is the favourite of all lands. The hips which succeed the flowers form a valuable store of food for birds.

THE WILD THYME.

DAUGHTER of the downland,
Sister of the moss,
Scion of the brownland,
Dweller of the fosse,
Where the rock is riven, where the lichens cross!

In the solemn gloaming,
When the earth is still,
And the water foaming
Rusheth past the mill,
Come the angels walking o'er the THYMY hill.

By their mounds of sweetness,
In the fragrant dew,
Perfect in their meetness,
Shine before the view
Footsteps of the seraphs ever bright and new.

When the moon is shining
On the silver mere,
Angel groups reclining
Rest in silence here,

And their white wings tremble o'er the THYME banks dear.

Every poet greets it
As his favourite child,
Singing, as he meets it
On the fragrant wild,
Sweeter songs and stronger for its presence mild.

Solemnly it springeth
On the sounding moor,
Where the skylark singeth
Till the day is o'er,
And a thousand voices haunt the sedgy shore.

Chiefly it enchaineth
Where on banks it blows,
And its perfume raineth
Where the heather grows,
And from brier and bramble hangs the moorland rose.

When light footsteps bruise it
Where the carn-sheep bleat,

Loving hearts will choose it
For its odour sweet,
Which increases ever 'neath the traveller's feet.

So the WILD THYME singeth
Words in wisdom's ear,
Though it often springeth
In a land severe,
Like a poet crooning in the darkness drear.

The Wild Thyme blooms on the banks of the moor and in dry hilly places throughout the months of July and August, when its fragrant purple flowers are very abundant. Its odour is increased when we tread upon it. It grows highest among the furze and ling, and looks loveliest on the low mounds of the moorland.

THE WOOD ANEMONE.

IN the hollows of the moor,
By the timid rabbit's door,
Down the dells where quiet reigns,
Up the hillocks, out on plains,

Where the velvet moss-cups be,
Shines the Wood Anemone.

In thy May-bower sweet with song
Gleamest thou the whole day long,
Where the welcome blue-bells glow,
And the violets bending low,
While thy harpist is the bee,
Little Wood Anemone!

Thus thou dwellest on the down,
Where the Druid won renown,
Who perchance beheld in thee
An eternal mystery,
Whispering by the altar-stone
Of the wonderful Unknown.

Let me, to thy footstool sent,
Learn the lesson of content,
Striving ever in my sphere
To be honest and sincere;
Not in great things to excel,
But to do my little well.

No flower of spring is more beautiful than the Wood Anemone. It grows in woods, on mountains, and in sheltered valleys. There are four species, varying in colour, but all silky and beautiful. They are found abundantly near the castle on Carn Brea Hill.

THE WOODPEA.

HOW various are the bounties of the Giver!
Rock, roses, reeds, and rills,
The silver stream, the swiftly sweeping river,
The everlasting hills;

Green buds and grasses, countless atoms gleaming,
And colours without end,
To the still leafy forest-branches streaming,
Staining the valley's bend.

No matter if our willing footsteps follow
Through regions rude or fair,
The gleams of beauty gladden hill and hollow,
Infinity is there.

So are His mental gifts diversely shining
Throughout the realm of soul,
So that the feeblest may have no repining,
Working one wondrous whole.

Thus when the Woodpea hangs from living arches
Whose foothold is the sod,
Where sunlight like a mighty monarch marches,
We hear the voice of God.

The Woodpea or Vetch is a climbing plant, often winding to the topmost twig of the hedge, or hanging from the boughs of the wood in rich purplish blue blossoms during July and August. We have several species, and their long silky leaves are very beautiful.

THE WOODRUFF.

LITTLE Woodruff, fair and snowy,
Loved the more because not showy!
Blooming where the sharp crags mutter,
Shining where the sea-birds flutter,

On the chalk-banks here and yonder,
Everywhere, with eyes of wonder;
Scentless now by earth befriended,
Odorous when thy race is ended;
Like a bard among his people,
Honoured most when 'neath the steeple.
Primroses are household treasures;
Hyacinths are fragrant pleasures;
Violets are welcome ever;
Dearest daisies weary never;
Honeysuckles hang around us;
Broom and marygolds confound us;
May-buds come like living daughters,
Roses as the sound of waters;
Bugle-flowers and foxgloves showy:
But we hail the WOODRUFF snowy.

The lovely little Woodruff is found in chalky districts, putting forth its white or lilac blossoms on warm sunny banks, in the months of June and July. It is sometimes seen on the high cliff out of the reach of any human hand. It is not found in Wales or Scotland.

THE WOOD SORREL.

I CANNOT see thee by the meadow wicket
With thy green leaves outspread,
Or smiling shyly in the solemn thicket
With elm trees overhead,

But what thou comest in my father's holding
Beside a broken stile,
In all thy mystic loveliness unfolding,
Where the fern-fairies smile.

How prized thy leaves when boyhood's rainbow glitter
Hung o'er the fields of light,
Ere I had sipped the Marah waters bitter
Of murky care and blight!

Even then I watched thy triple leaflets closing
If but a cloud arose,
And marked thee on thy evening couch reposing
Beneath the woodland rose.

And now I cannot see the small Wood Sorrel
Beside the fragrant thyme,
But what old days, half hid in fading laurel,
Come in my homely rhyme.

No native plant has leaves so acid as those of the Wood Sorrel, which are often relished by the rambler. Its blossoms are seen in May in woods and shady places. When growing on high mountains, it continues in flower until August. The flower is white stained with purple.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WIDOW ERNE AND ERRY.

"Christmas story!" the reader exclaims. "Then we shall have the tale of a ghost in some lonely grange, where ivy clings to the ruin, and owls hoot to the rising moon;—where bats wheel in the twilight, and satin garments rustle when day is dead;—where doors creak, windows clap, and mystic voices gibber till the crowing of the cock." No, no; not so fast,

please: there will be little of this, but a simple rehearsal respecting a poor labourer's widow, and her daughter, who had to walk for many weary months the rough road of life. Read on, and you will find how the door of hope was opened which had so long been shut, and help came at last, though so very long delayed. And is it not fitting that we should think of the widow and the orphan at this time of holy jubilee, when woods and waters and all the sounds of Nature are vocal with His name? Surely He who was born in a stable and cradled in a manger wills it so.

"Do up the house a little, Erry; clean the table, and put the chair in the corner: 'tis Christmas Eve, and we will be as tidy as possible. Martha Moor gave me a few branches of laurel just now, and a splinter or two of box: so we will put them by the empty cupboard and in the window, to remind us of past days. But a great change has come, Erry, since we used to have our goose and sweet-pie. Now we have nothing in the larder or on the shelf, and the last penny we had in the

world is spent. Since the death of your father through falling off a load of hay, we have known more sorrow than would fill a volume. His master helped us for a little while, and then he dropped off, and said we were to go into the Union. I sighed in secret, and prayed to the God of the widow, who heareth our poor petitions on His throne of light. I went charing among the neighbours; and sometimes we had bread, and sometimes we had none. When he was old enough, your brother went to sea, and their ship was lost on the Goodwin Sands. But I have told you the story before, how soon my health failed me; and since that time we have been half-fed and half-clad. And now it is Christmas Eve; the market is full of buyers and sellers, and men and women holiday-dressed are talking over their purchases. But we have no money to buy, and no nice dinner in prospect. But He who was once the babe in the manger knoweth our necessities, and will surely relieve us in His own time and way. Clean up the house a little, Erry, and we will trust in Him."

Erry busied herself about the cottage, scouring

and scrubbing until the floor, window-seat, deal table, and stool were as nice as could be, and the blower and stove almost reflected her thoughtful face. Widow Erne sat down on the chimney-bench, took her Bible, and read the account, as recorded by the Evangelist, of the birth of our Saviour, until tears bedimmed her face for God's great gift to man. Erry, having finished her household requirements, stepped quietly out and went into the market. What a crowd of people was there! how happy they all looked, and how busy they all appeared to be! Butchers were weighing up meat in large pieces, saying it was the best they had ever known. Poultry-sellers were exhibiting geese, turkeys, dead ducks, and headless hens, vowing they had been fed with the richest food, and were almost melting in the heat of their hands. Legs of mutton hung up in rows, and rich surloins and ribs of beef looked ready for the roast. Here was an entire bullock nude of its horns, and there were fat sheep suspended by the score. And what baskets of the best meat were carried away by cleanly-clad boys, serving maids, and

matrons in motherly garb, up through palisaded gardens, along high terraces, and down through lofty squares, where large numbers of the gentry resided, who deemed it a great humiliation to mix with the poor! And even in humble homes the meat-receiver needed to be a little larger on Christmas Eve. Poor Erry! she wiped away the tears when she thought of her mother, and how there would be no butcher-boy to knock at their door on this holy tide. She loitered along by the stalls of sweetmeats and currant buns, keeping her arms straight down by her side for fear she should be tempted to steal. Frown not, gentle reader: the child was hungry, having tasted no food since the evening before. Hunger is sharp, and it is quite easy to sit in condemnation when our cup is running over. But Erry had been taught by a godly mother, and heeded that teaching, so that she would sooner die than take what was not her own. But the Infant of Bethlehem saw her and guided her weary feet.

A few yards from the poultry market were the vegetable vendors, as busy as Meg in the hay-field.

What piles of cabbages, what hills of turnips, what ridges of leeks, onions, and parsley, were there! And how busy the buyers, and how eloquent the sellers! So intent were they on their own matters that they scarcely noticed poor little Erry, who was creeping along in tattered shoes and garments but half sufficient to keep out the cold. It was evident that the bonnet and shawl which she wore were her mother's, as they were much too large for her. And yet at this holy tide when seraph music fills the earth and the heavens, and the voice of song is heard among the hills and hamlets and city aisles, the lowliest sons and daughters of poverty should feel the kindling glow of benevolence from hearts but little given perhaps to acts of charity throughout the trailing year. And so it often is; and yet here and there, in homes of desperate darkness, some poor isolated sufferer may be overlooked. O ye rich merchants and landed proprietors, whose barns are full of plenty, whose cellars overflow with choicest liquors, and whose tables are spread with the luxuries of life,—ye whose limbs are swathed in broadcloth,

who ride in velvet-cushioned carriages, and sit in the grandest pews in church,—ye who rustle in silk and satin and richest lace, who recline in drawing-rooms where blazing fires crackle music, tall mirrors shine, and rarest paintings enchain the eye; search out your poor at this season of mirth, stoop to their lowliness, and cheer their weary hearts with the good gifts of your abundance: and He shall reward you whose birthplace was a stable.

Erry sauntered on with an iciness creeping over her with which she was too well acquainted. Her toes and arms were very, very cold; the wind whistled in her ears through and under her big bonnet; and she kept the tops of the three fingers of her right hand in her mouth for moisture and warmth. She passed the monument to the memory of the great politician who had known just as much of the miseries of the poor as the block of chiselled marble which now represented his huge gifts and graces, though his praises were sounded from one end of the kingdom to the other. At the corner of the square a large concourse of people had assembled around a noisy Cheap Jack, who was bluster-

ing away at the very top of his voice, extolling his merchandise in strong and studied phrases, as the most genuine that was ever sold, when in fact it was the most worthless. Erry stood for a minute or two to look at him, still holding her fingers in her mouth; and his great red face was a striking contrast to her own pale visage. Still he shouted and roared and bawled vehemently, uttering at the disposal of every trifle, "Sold, sold, sold again! and got the money!" Yes, money—that was the life of the market. And then she turned to go; for she was absolutely useless in such a place as that. Farmers with bank-notes, landlords with heavy purses, and matrons with huge pockets of cash, were just the individuals welcomed: but a little ragged orphan, in her mother's bonnet and shawl, might shiver where she pleased, and slide out of the market whenever she liked.

As Erry turned to leave, she saw something upon the ground, and stooped to pick it up. It was a purse heavy with coin. She put it in her bosom, and held it with her cold hand. Her first impression was to run home to her mother, and tell her

the good news. She had actually taken a few steps in that direction when her conscience whispered that it was wrong; for the purse was not hers, it belonged to another. She paused, walked backwards and forwards, her heart filled with conflicting thoughts, like a bulrush swayed with the wind. Then the town crier entered the square with a great bell in his hand, which he rang with much energy, exclaiming, "Lost, between the Monument and the Town Hall, a purse containing fifteen sovereigns. Whoever will bring the same to me will be handsomely rewarded. God save the Queen!" Erry crept stealthily through the crowd, until she stood face to face with this important official; and then, looking towards him with earnest bright eyes, she faltered, "Please, Sir, I have found the purse," and put it into his hand.

The crier bade her follow him, which she did, and he walked towards the farther end of the town, where he said he lived. Arriving there, Erry was ushered into a little back parlour, where sat a gentleman with a silver-headed cane in his hand. "This little girl has found the purse, Sir," said

the crier; "and I have herewith brought it to you." The gentleman took it and counted the money,—fifteen sovereigns. He then asked her where she had found it, whose little girl she was, and what had induced her to give it up? She replied that she found the purse at the corner of the square where Cheap Jack was vociferating so wildly; that her name was Erry Erne, and that her mother had taught her always to do right. "And it would not be right, Sir," she lisped, "to keep the purse, because it belonged to you."

"Bless the child! bless the child!" said the gentleman: "she is honester than half of the men and women in the market. Erne! Erne! that name is familiar to me. Where do you live, my little girl?"

"By the great tree at the end of the lane, coming into the town, Sir," said Erry.

"Did your father ever work on the Wandon estate?"

"Father is dead, Sir, and mother is very ill, and looking so white and thin! But father used to work on the Wandon, Sir, before he fell from the

load of hay and broke his leg, from which he never recovered; and then he was carried away, Sir, and we saw him no more." Here Erry cried a great cry, which seemed to affect the gentleman's heart.

"Bless me! bless me!" said he; "the very same, the very same. Ezekiel was my hind for fifteen years, and as honest a man as ever ploughed a furrow. After the accident I lost sight of him,—I lost sight of him. He was the prime cause of inducing me to cultivate that large run of common which was for so many years a blot upon the barton. I am truly sorry—I am truly sorry; but such are the blunders we are too apt to make. And your mother is ill, my dear, and you look poorly too. How long is it since your father is dead?"

"Twelve months, Sir, to-morrow; for he died last Christmas Day. I left poor mother a little while ago reading the Bible and praying in her heart. We have had no breakfast to-day, Sir, and there is no bread in the cupboard, and we have nothing for dinner to-morrow. I cannot tell what we shall do, I am sure, unless our Father in heaven sends us something, which I suppose He will."

"Yes, yes, my little maid; He will send you something. Look here. I promised a whole shining sovereign to the person who should bring my lost purse and the money. Now this you have fairly earned. But in remembrance of your dead father, whose honesty was also a pattern, whom I have so strangely neglected, as well as his afflicted widow and orphan child, and in remembrance of your integrity, which I deem to be somewhat rare in these parts, I shall make you a present of another sovereign, and wish you and your mother a merry Christmas." Saying this, he placed the two pieces of gold in her palm, and bade her hasten to her home.

Erry closed her cold hand upon the money, and felt like one in a dream. Tighter and tighter she grasped it, until her fingers became quite warm, and the sovereigns seemed like little bits of fire. She was not long in reaching their dwelling, when she opened the door and rushed in. Her mother was just rising from her knees as she entered, which awed Erry a little. It was but a moment's restraint, however; for her arms were soon around

her mother's neck, and she was sobbing great sobs of joy. She placed the sovereigns on the table, and exclaimed, "See, mother, see!" Widow Erne gazed into her little daughter's face without speaking, and then softly said, "Tell me all, my child." And Erry told her all, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, and a rich ring in her voice like the sound of a bell. Then she clapped her hands again and again, dancing on the floor, singing as she did so, "Now, mother, now we shall have a Christmas dinner!"

We need not say how the widow wept, and how she told her little daughter that it all came from their Father in heaven. Widow Erne's clothes were rather too much worn, she thought, to go into the market by daylight; so she would wait until the evening. In the meantime a neighbour had brought in a piece of bread, which they had eaten with a cup of warm water. The light began to fade at last. Widow Erne had washed her face and hands, and had just finished her preparations, bidding Erry to mind the house in her absence, when there was a loud knock on the door. The

widow opened it, and a pleasant-looking man was standing there with a large basket on his arm. "Be you Widow Erne?" said he. She answered, "Yes." "Well, then," said the man, who was covered with a great coat from his heels to his head, and appeared as rosy as a fat cook, "Master sends you these Christmas gifts, with his compliments; and he says that when you are able to work, you will please call at Wandon House. I am to leave the basket also. Good evening. Good evening, little girl;" and he was gone.

The basket was brought in, and the astonished pair took out parcel after parcel,—tea, sugar, cheese, candles, bread, butter, &c. At the very bottom of all was a large piece of uncooked beef, and a beautiful fat goose. Attached to the leg of the fowl was a letter; saying they might soon expect coals and wood, with some vegetables from the farm. Happy widow! happy daughter! No sooner were the parcels properly placed than a cart came rumbling up the road towards their residence. Never had the crack of the whip or the "Gee ho" of the driver sounded so musical in their

ears ; and in less time than it takes to repeat this, the coals, wood-blocks, turnips, cabbages, &c., were deposited in the widow's home. A candle was burning on the table, the fire lighted, the kettle boiled, supper prepared and eaten with a gush of gratitude to the Bethlehem Babe unknown in the courts of kings. And the master of Wandon House felt a warmth in his heart to which he had long been a stranger.

What ! another knock on the door ! Yes, another knock : let us open it, and see who is there. A young man with a handsome face, in handsome clothes, with a handsome stick in his hand, a handsome hat on his head and boots on his feet ; so that in fact he is handsome all over. He does not wait to be spoken to, but rushes in with open arms to the widow, whom he is soon hugging and kissing, exclaiming, "My mother, my mother, my own dear mother !" whilst the widow continues to utter between her rending sobs, "My Reuben ! my Reuben ! Yes, thank God, my only son Reuben !" Little Erry was dumb with astonishment, until the truth gradually dawned upon her mind that the

lost was found; and she was soon conversing with her loving brother, the happiest of the happy.

And was not theirs a merry Christmas Day? Little Erry busied herself in cooking, whilst her brother sat at the end of the table, telling the tale of his travel. Widow Erne was more cheerful than she had been for many months, and already looked several years younger. The goose soon smoked on the platter, and the pudding on the board, and they sat down to this plentiful meal with the angel of contentment beside them. When the candle was re-lit in the evening, and the oak log was blazing upon the hearth, her brother made Erry tell over and over again the story of the lost purse and the two sovereigns.

We are pleased to inform the reader that if newspaper reports are true, the two sovereigns were ultimately laid out by the widow's son in the purchase of a spot of waste land, which in time proved very remunerative. He built a snug little house upon it, and soon they all went to live in it. Erry is now grown to be a young woman, as amiable and truthful as ever; and though a prosperous farmer

in the neighbourhood is anxious to make her his wife, she still clings to her mother, deferring the marriage day. And on the return of every Christmas tide, when the log is blazing in the chimney corner, and the carol-singers are perambulating the hamlet, they gather around the hearth, not to repeat a ghost story until the silence grows deeper in each tick of the old mahogany clock, but to recite with loving lips and grateful hearts the tale of the lost purse and Erry's two sovereigns.

MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BENGAL FAMINE.

THE land is large, and there is work for all,
With wages for the worker.
In his home,
Where roses cluster and dear voices ring,

The call came to him, sounding solemnly,
That o'er the seas there was a seat of power
All vacant for his sitting. So he turned
His last fond look upon his early haunts,
The wide woods wakeful with the sound of song,
The trees and rivers where his childhood strayed
In dreams of rainbow tissues, and, with tears
Upon the hearthstone of his mother's hall,
Where at her knees he worshipped, left the isle
Of isles the fairest for a foreign shore,
Where splendour tracked his footsteps. Not alone
Went he among the mighty. Sounds of prayer
Thronged the blue heavens above him from the lips
And hearts of loved ones in his English land,
Dear friends his trust had purchased, and their worth
Became his wall of strength which cannot fail.

The sun of grandeur glittered on his path,
And flashed his life with splendour such as glows
Upon the golden coronets of kings.
And yet he was not dazzled. His great soul
Forbore to worship pomp, or yield to pride,

Knowing the King had only lent him much
To be returned with interest. Thus he walked
In meek humility and Christian trust,
Still winning friends, and happy in their love.

Then rose a hideous monster on his track,
With fangs uncovered, shining sheer and sharp;
Its limbs like knotted cedars, and its glare
More terrible than night when storms are up:
And when it moaned, the very heavens grew dark,
The birds fell dead, the cattle left the stall,
The camel paused upon the heated sand,
The flower drooped by the dried up runnel's side,
The corn-ear came not forth to meet the day,
The rice-field gave no rustle, and lean Woe
With wings of metal shrouded hill and dale.
Lord Northbrook knew 'twas FAMINE.

There he stood,
Fronting the monster with a clear, calm look;
Which glared into his eyes, and stretched to him
Its long lank fingers for a murderous grip.
And now the tug commences. Foot to foot
They stand in combat, silently at first,

With pressure awful. Towered the monster high
Above Lord Northbrook's head, and seemed at times
Too sure to hurl him backwards: but his feet
Were planted firmly on the rock of truth;
Nor lost he one advantage. So he smote
As justice smites, till the huge monster roared,
Like a roused lion, startling half the globe,
When with one thrust he dashed it to the ground,
And its heart beat no longer. How all lands
Rejoiced to hear its downfall, and sent up
Warm thanks to the great Giver!

From her home
Among the palm-trees near the river side
Came forth the widow, leading by the hand
Her wasted children, thanking him for food:
For his great conquest had redeemed them all.
The student from his chamber, the fair maid
Where flowers hang o'er the fountain, the old man
With feeble footstep, he of statelier caste,
In grander weeds apparelled,—father, son,
Mother and daughter, and the busier tribes

That throng the mart or live upon the main,
Lift up their voice in loving gratitude,
And thank him as the saviour of their race.

Nor in the future shall his name be lost,
Although no swords were wielded. 'Neath the boughs
With rich fruit laden many a parent's lips
Shall murmur forth the music of his deed,
Who filled their rice-bowl in the day of dearth,
And fought with famine and o'ercame the foe.
On rivers shaded by the princely palm
His name shall float at even, when the sun
Tips with red light the merry rower's oars,
And hangs the hills in crimson. In deep glens
And jungles shady men shall talk of him
As one raised up to do a greater work
Than ever warrior mastered, and in days
Whose dawning cometh bards shall sing his worth,
Of higher import and of princelier grade
Than spears have ever yielded, and their songs
Shall decorate the walls of palaces,
And kings shall honour noble NORTHBROOK's name.

'Tis thus creation's end is sanctified,
And life is fully answered.

MY HARP.

EVENING on the woodland,
Evening on the wild;
Slowly daylight dieth
Where the clouds are piled
In the western welkin,
Glowing, purple-isled.

Far away the ocean
Murmureth in the calm,
Filling all the lowlands
With a pensive psalm,
Falling on the spirit
Like delicious balm.

In the chestnut's rustle
Comes a sad thought now:
Must my harp be hanging
On the broken bough,

Where the wild winds whistle
Round the barrow's brow?

And the streamlet's murmur
Down the dingle slow,
And the wind's soft whisper
Through the branches low,
In the closing twilight,
Gently answer, "No."

So with tears I take it
To my heart once more,
Should the waves be quiet,
Or the waters roar,
Never, never parting
Till life's light is o'er.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WITH solemn stride the OLD YEAR journeyed far,
Like pilgrim pressed with pain,
Watched in his exit by the polar star,
And the damp hill and plain.

The voice of sorrow in the heavy air
On our loved England lay,
From north to south, from Surrey's hill-heights bare
To White Sand's western bay.

Our Prince lay low upon his royal bed
Midway 'twixt day and night,
And the great nation's agony and dread
Swelled to their utmost height.

The thoughtful noble sorrowed in his hall,
The ploughman on the mead,
The loyal miner where the tin-rocks fall,
The knight upon his steed.

A people's prayers assailed the ear of Might,
And filled the solemn air;
And He who sits upon His throne of light
Heard a bowed nation's prayer.

Then rose from rural cot and carved recess
Thanksgivings loud and long,
And praise rang out from hearts of tenderness,
The feeble and the strong.

O may the Christ direct his willing feet
Along his future way,
And bless him ever on his lofty seat,
And be his strength and stay!

And as the strange gates of the mystery land
Oped to the New Year mild
In garments pure, with peace flowers in her hand,
Our good Prince rose and smiled.

December 31*st*, 1872.

BUDOCK ROCKS.

LITTLE patch of mossy moor,
Shut in by hills and hedges hoar,
Where on its way the summer shower
Falls gently down on bush and bower,
And Nature wears her moorland locks,
Is unpretending Budock Rocks.

Here gorse and heath and murmuring rills
Abound between the watching hills,
And little pools, and rushes rare,
And stonecrop, where the land is bare;

And old lays languish mid the blocks,
And fill the ferns at Budock Rocks.

And here and there a cottage gleams,
Like those which visit us in dreams,
With creepers trailing to the thatch,
And sparrows chirping by the latch,
Where baby heeds not silken socks,
And crows for joy at Budock Rocks.

The pinewood by the covert lone,
The ivy clinging to the stone,
The silence of the watching mere,
The runnel's music summer-clear,
All plainly taught me mid the blocks
The love of home at Budock Rocks.

I'm thankful that my feet have pressed
These quiet bowers of peace and rest;
That I have breathed its full, free air,
Where breeze and brake o'erflow with prayer,
And psalms are murmuring mid the blocks,
And God is felt at Budock Rocks.

MY STUDY.

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS C. WALTERS.)

THE last dear woodbine flower
Is hanging loosely in the thicket's gloom,
And time has led me on hour after hour
Into my little room.

I place the door ajar,
And comes the Muse to be my welcome guest:
Her fair white hands hold many a flowery star,
And roses gem her breast.

This is an omen good,
Although the rains fall, and the winds are sharp;
And songs come to me over wild and wood
From many a minstrel's harp.

And music fills my mind
From moors of heather and wide carns of crag,
Where moss and lichen the great boulders bind,
And ivy many a flag.

Now o'er my study walls
Dear daisies bloom and violets seem to shine,
And from my bookcase robin redbreast calls
A welcome to the Nine.

And days of old return,
When wandering songful through my father's leas,
Where skylarks carol, and bright furze-flowers burn,
And poetry loads the breeze.

My study then the heath
And the rude rock for many a pensive year,
Where wild winds wrangle, and clear waters seethe
Down precipices sheer.

The power of thought is free;
No force can bind it, and no strength enchain:
It triumphs over man's unjust decree
While moons shall wax and wane.

So here what lays have birth
Shall ring of love and peace till all things end:
Whoe'er I meet should be on God's green earth
A brother and a friend.

October, 1874.

THE BRAVE ENGINE-DRIVER.

GONE is the age of knighthood,
The palfrey and the squire;
And he who would revive it
But overstrains his lyre.

Yet there are real heroes
Their fellow men to cheer,
Without the shining corselet,
Without the pointed spear.

Where moral darkness reigneth,
Where young feet turn astray,
Where age and want are weeping,
With kind hearts there are they.
And in the path of danger
They boldly stand to save,
Through raging fire and water,
Their comrades from the grave.

Where Cornwall's rocks are rising,
Where Scotland's mountains stand,
By many a rolling river,
In many a classic land,

The true-born hero dwelleth,
Who seeks his country's weal,
Not in the soldier's glitter,
Not in the warrior's steel.

Hark! hark! the steam-horse cometh
With Westlake for its guide,
And o'er the road of iron
It stalks with matchless pride:
When down upon them rusheth
A heavy train a-head,
Like an unbridled monster
With terror in his tread.

He blanched not at the prospect,
He leaped not from his stand;
The mighty moving engine
Obeyed his master-hand,
And backward turned in triumph,
Still followed by the foe,
Which rushed along the metals
With sounds of instant woe.

Still Westlake faced the danger,
And coolly kept his place,

Forcing the mail train backwards,
Till he outran the chase,
And safely reached the station
With all his charge complete,
Who thronged around the driver
With thanks and praises meet.

If the brave workman wavered
But for a moment's space,
Who knows the fearful issue
Of that impending race ?
Even while I write, I marvel
At such a deed of love,
Which surely is recorded
In lines of light above.

How thrills the heart to hear it!
In vales where cowslips grow
The tale shall be repeated,
As autumns come and go.
Of the brave engine-driver
Beside the hearth we'll boast,
Who was a greater hero
Than if he slew a host.

THE ANGEL WATCHER.

AS eve psalms cheer me through the hollows hoary,
High o'er the west I see
My long-lost maiden by the gates of glory,
Waiting in love for me.

O, year by year, in flowers of Eden shining,
Has she been watching there,
Whilst I steal on towards the day's declining
O'er the crisp leaves of care.

Nearer and nearer come I to the maiden,
Through noon, through twilight cold;
Still watching there, in richest raiment laden,
Beside the gates of gold.

A little longer on life's highway olden,
And I her face shall see,
Beside the bright gates of the city golden,
Now watching there for me.

October 14th, 1875.

THE SHAH.

FROM his clime of silks and satins rare,
Of burning gems and faces fair,
The Shah came forth in his shining vest,
A pilgrim down to the wondrous West:
And as he stepped on our English strand,
He felt the grasp of a royal hand.

And they led him forth where the war-ships lay
Like gods asleep in the glittering bay;
And they pointed out our knights in steel,
Our forts which iron wealth reveal,
Our piles of shot, our heaps of shell,
And castles where our merchants dwell.

Who takes the Shah to the orphan's shed?
Who takes the Shah to the drunkard's bed?
Who takes the Shah to the captive's gloom?
Who takes the Shah to the poor man's room?
Who takes the Shah to the attic bare,
Where the dwellers pine for the free fresh air?

Who takes the Shah in his gilded beads,
Where the homeless sleep in their weekly weeds,
Where the supper-board is thinly spread,
Where the sempstress works with an aching head,
Where the stricken sons of penury sigh,
Where the workhouse walls are rude and high?

Who takes the Shah where the Book Divine
First issues forth on its work benign,
Where the leaflet lives neath the printer's hand
To scatter the gloom from the darkened land,
Replete with mighty moral power,
More strong than steel or loop-holed tower?

Who takes the Shah to the cottage worn,
Where the grandam's prayers perfume the morn;
A bulwark strong for England's weal
Beyond the power of sharpened steel,
Which moves the King on His throne of might,
Where the roses hang in the vales of light?

Who takes the Shah to the overwrought,
The overtasked of hand and thought,

To the factory child with his load of care,
To the mining man with his visage spare,
To the hut where the hailstone hisses through ?
And the hungry outcast answers, " Who ? "

BUDOCK BURIAL.

BESIDE the open grave we stood,
Where the loved dead was laid,
And in the silent hush of noon
He knelt him down and prayed.

And sighs arose from other hearts,
That He would guide and save
The widow and the fatherless
Beside that good man's grave.

I thought of chiefs in olden time,
Who met beside the bier
In shining casque, and glittering shield,
And sword, and pointed spear,
With eyes that shot unholy fire,
And faces dark with gloom,
Courting the spirit of revenge
Over the dead man's tomb.

But here his supplicating voice
In earnest tones arose,
That God would guide our weary feet
Till evening's quiet close;
Bind up the widow's wounded heart,
And be her strength and stay,
Until she gained the higher shore
Where tears are wiped away.

How many scenes will slowly fade,
As time goes stealing by!
But this shall evermore remain
Before my mental eye;
And should my faith at times grow weak
In Him who loves to save,
I'll call to mind that praying son
Beside his father's grave.

THE OLD MILL STREAM.

AME Darrow sat by the old mill stream,
Where the rushes grow and the fishes gleam,
Where the waters sparkle in the light
Through curious creeks and shallows bright,
Where wild flowers on its edges gleam,
And gem the banks of the old mill stream.

Here sits she at her rustic door,
While puss is sleeping on the floor ;
Plying her needles of shining steel,
While round and round goes the old mill wheel,
And gentle visions around her teem
To the sound of the sweetly-flowing stream.

And thus long years have passed away,
Till now Dame Darrow is bent and grey ;
And still she sitteth beside her door,
From morn till eve comes down the moor ;
And her greatest joy is the wavelet's gleam,
And the rushing sound of the old mill stream.

HYMN.

HELPER OF THE HELPLESS.

HELPER of the helpless!
In Thy temple met,
For a little season
We would earth forget,
And would turn our vision
From our cares and pains
To the hills of Zion,
Where our Jesus reigns.

O our best Belovéd,
Christ, the sinner's Friend!
Hear us in our weakness;
Let the shower descend;
Let the desert blossom
At Thy loving voice;
Let the waters murmur,
Let the wilds rejoice.

Thou art He who heareth
When Thy people pray:

Be our light in darkness,
Be our strength and stay.
Breathe, Eternal Spirit,
As in days of old!
Let Thy glory reach us
From the streets of gold.

HYMN.

SEE US, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

SEE us, blessed Saviour,
At Thy footstool bow;
From Thy throne of glory
Come and bless us now.
Thou Thyself hast promised,
When Thy people pray,
Thou wilt take in mercy
All their sins away.

Hear us, dear Redeemer,
In Thy home above:
Grant us living water
From the Well of Love.

Let the clouds be scattered,
Let the morning shine;
Fill our waiting spirits
With the Light Divine.

Hear us, loving Saviour:
We our sins deplore:
Let Thy precious Gospel
Cheer the sick and poor.
May Thy Spirit's brightness
Gild each gladdened face:
Mighty King of Glory,
Come and fill the place.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

(GEORGE SMITH, F.S.A.)

FROM Coalville's dells an echo
Went forth upon the air
Through palaces of princes
And by the ploughman's share.

It rang o'er moated castle,
Through city, down, and dell,
Till from the brickyard children
A weight of sorrow fell.

Kings heard, and wept to hear it;
Proud monarchs left their place;
Stern warriors wiped their eyelids;
Fair maidens wept apace.
The "Children's Cry" rolled onward
From listening town to town,
Till Mercy's mission triumphed,
And smiling Heaven looked down.

The mother with her offspring,
The grandam in her chair,
The widow at the altar
When comes the hour of prayer,
The father at the table
When light and labours end,
Invoke Jehovah's blessing
Upon the CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

And now his great soul yearneth
To aid a struggling band

Who live upon our rivers,
And have no home on land.
In lanes the wild rose groweth,
The violet neath the tree:
The boatmen in their cabins
The flowers but seldom see.

For them no walks at even
Along the sloping mead;
No schools receive their children,
And few of them can read:
No Sabbaths through the cornfields,
When bells are pealing slow.
Ye who give laws to England,
How long shall it be so?

Come forth at once to succour
The boatmen's rising race:
O, do not leave their offspring
Untaught in such a place.
Give them the open Bible,
That they His grace may see.
What England makes her children
Will England's future be.

O noble, noble nature,
  Inspired by Him above
To guide the feet of childhood
  Into the way of love!
For such thy God has made thee,
  And blest thee to this end,
That thou in lowly meetness
  Shouldst be the Children's Friend.

1874.

DOWN FROM THE WOODS.

DOWN from the woods where the blue-bells blow,
Down from the woods came an old man slow:
"Let peace for ever abide below."

He raised his eyes to the lofty sky,
Whose blue hung over the mountains high:
"Let spears for ever inactive lie."

The thunder roared in the rolling pines,
And the rain came down on the rustling vines:
"Beware, beware of the war-walled lines."

And a light broke forth o'er the southern hills,
Which fell in floods on the flowing rills :
" O rear the masts and the water-mills ! "

A strange bird dropped from the same green wood,
And perched on the edge of a moorland flood :
" O man, shed not thy brother's blood."

And a great joy rose like rushing wings
From mead and marsh and mossy springs :
" 'Tis come, 'tis come, to serfs and kings."

Then man and bird were seen no more,
A pure love spread from shore to shore,
And war's rude waste and wreck were o'er.

Each effort for our fellow-men,
In trusting grace, with tongue or pen,
Is blest—we know not where or when.

The blind shall thus rejoicing see,
The captive evermore be free,
Till heaven and earth united be.

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WAYSIDE PICTURES,

HYMNS AND POEMS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the LITERARY WORLD, *October* 23, 1874.

THERE are in England many poets whose reputation never reaches beyond the county in which they reside and labour. Their praises are seldom sounded louder and wider than the local newspapers are capable of doing. And this is oftentimes not so much on account of their productions being unworthy of merit, as from the interest in them being centred in the neighbourhood in which they were penned, the scenery, dialects, and manners and customs of whose inhabitants they seek to perpetuate. In John Harris, the author of the poems before us, we have one who has burst these circumscribed fetters. He has long been known as "the Cornish Poet," but few far away from that corner of our isle have heard the mention of his name, and fewer still have scanned the fruit of his labours. He cannot claim to be a "garret-born" genius, in the true sense of the word, for he has toiled and sung—toiled for his daily bread and invoked his muse in the most unpoetical of places—the bowels of the earth—rather from the joy it afforded him than in the hope of acquiring reputation and securing recompence.

Portions of what now appear in a quarto volume of 246 pages have been published from time to time. In his Dedication the author terms it his life-work, and it is one of which he may well feel proud. He has written much and well under what can only be termed disadvantageous circumstances. It did not fall to his lot to travel to pick up inspiration and store his mind with scenes whereon to dwell, as did Byron and other poets of his day. His education, too, was of the most limited character. But he possessed a natural gift, which only needed the moulding of a God-fearing mother to bring it into full play. He was born in a

most lowly dwelling, and at the age of thirteen worked with his father in a Cornish mine. How long, or whether he has ever relinquished this calling, we cannot say; but at all events for twenty years he laboured in Dolcoath mine contented and happy, thus providing for his family, sometimes penning his stanzas on pieces of slate two hundred fathoms below that scenery of which he was singing, where the scent of his loved flowers could not enter, and where the carolling of birds could not penetrate. But for the kindness of a gentleman (R. A. Gray, Esq., J. P.) to whom a portion of this volume is dedicated—some of the poems being inscribed to the Baroness Coutts—these productions of his pen might never have been given to the public. In his dedicatory stanzas he says:—

"Without his friendship these uncultured vines
In such a pleasant plot would not appear,
But, like the Dodder neath the lowly pines,
Supported cling amid the thickets drear."

These poems, while they vary as to merit, showing that they extend, to use his own words,

"From bursting boyhood down to eve's dim dreams,"

contain the true poetic ring. There is much in them to admire and ponder over, and the marvel is that they were written by one in such a humble sphere of life. They are homely and unassuming. Nor are they confined to Cornwall and Cornish people, though many of them have a decided local tendency. These poems are all classified; and as a specimen of the shorter ones we might select "The Dying Minstrel." Equally pathetic is the language in which our author has endeavoured to keep alive the memory of "The Heroic Miner."

In addition to the poems we have upwards of one hundred hymns, full of pure Gospel truth. John Harris has not only sung of "Old Cornwallia," whose borders he did not cross till forty years of age, but has turned many gems of Scripture into verse. Two verses from one of these hymns, with which we close, will be sufficient to make us understood when we claim for John Harris no mean place among ordinary hymn-writers:—

"Art thou tossed, my brother,
On the ocean's foam?
Is thy vessel drifting
Far away from home?"

From the SHIPPING GAZETTE.

WHETHER viewed as poetry of the true ring, or as the elevated sentiments of a refined mind, the book is a gem.

Testimony of his EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, *September*, 1874.

COPIES of your last volume have reached me here. I am sure that I shall find in it the same freshness and healthy moral tone that has distinguished all your previous writings.

Testimony of the RIGHT HON. LORD ROBARTES, *April* 6, 1874.

I ENCLOSE a Post Office Order for your Poems. I have not yet read many of them, but what I have read I *liked*, as not only showing talent for poetry, but also a good moral and religious tone.

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BULO: REUBEN ROSS:

A TALE OF THE MANACLES.

HYMN, SONG, AND STORY.

From the GRAPHIC, *February* 24, 1872.

MR. JOHN HARRIS, the Cornish Poet, has for many years attracted favourable attention from those who admire pure and simple verse; and the number of his admirers will not be diminished by his latest production. The longer pieces, which are in dramatic form, show a power over blank verse which might give a lesson to many poets of more pretensions. The Hymns are of such a fervent spirit as one would expect to find among the Cornish, and the ballads musical and in the style of Wordsworth's minor pieces.

From the BIRMINGHAM MORNING NEWS, *December* 13, 1871.

THIS is the seventh volume of poems published by the Cornish Miner. It contains four stories in blank verse, twenty shorter poems, seventy-one hymns, twelve local lyrics on Cornish themes, a prose tale, and four historical poems. It is dedicated in some strongly-affectionate lines to Robert Alexander Gray, Esq., who is also a Cornishman.

The present volume is characterised by the same excellencies which have won Mr. Harris's former poems so much praise and such a hearty welcome. He still walks among the common paths of life, and finds in every-day people and every-day events his themes of instruction and the subjects of his verse. He loves the country ramble and the wild flower growing on the bank. To him the song of the least-gifted warbler of the feathered tribe has music in it; and his large sympathising heart finds in the lowly records of the poor some of the noblest of his themes. We do not intend to quote fragmentary passages from the longer stories, which give but a faint idea of their meaning and style, but shall select one or two of his lyrics, in proof of our words that Mr. Harris is a genuine singer. Take this—"Father comes to-day." Our next specimen is called "The Pilot's Wife."

We now refer our readers to the book itself. We trust it will receive the success which it so well deserves, and that Mr. Harris will obtain a substantial return "in pudding as well as praise" for his long, persistent, and arduous labours for the improvement and happiness of his fellow-men.

From the WEST BRITON, *February* 29, 1872.

THESE Poems have freshness and life, a scent of May flowers and summer meadows about them, and, what is better still, they show that the writer has a genuine love of his kind. Like many another true son of song, John Harris has a strong local love. We are glad to find that he still continues to draw his inspiration from the romantic scenes of his native county; and as we read we are frequently tempted to ask, in the language of the author's "Woodcutter,"

"Is not this prospect charming to the eye?"

One thing is evident, these poems were not forced: they do not smell of the hothouse. There is an open-air vigour about them.

They are the fruit of much solitary musing and meditation among moorland mosses and heather, Cornish cabins and carns, and are tinged with rich colourings of seaside crags, blue heavens, and broad ocean. Now we catch the shriek of the wild storm, and now the sweet low babble of a brook. But our author is not satisfied with depicting external beauty: he is also fond of playing the sage. Of his shorter poems, a fine spirited rebuke to the destroyers of the Cornish Tolmen struck us as especially noteworthy. Like a true poet he writes:—

"Much I feel
To lose a boulder from my native moors,
As if a sister perished."

Well spoken, John Harris.

Testimony of the late RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER to R. A. Gray, Esq.

WILL you at my request say for me a kind word to the author? All poetry whatsoever that reveals character is a gift to humanity.

Testimony of his WORSHIP THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, *December* 14, 1871.

DEAR MR. HARRIS,—In compliance with the suggestion of my dear friend, R. A. Gray, Esq., I have had the pleasure of subscribing to your meritorious volume, which has afforded me much pleasure, and is highly esteemed by several of my many lady friends to whom I have presented them. I trust you may be long spared to do much credit to your picturesque county, and to enrich the literature of the century. I am truly yours, THOMAS DAKIN, Lord Mayor of London, 1871.

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From the ATHENÆUM, *from* 1856 *to* 1868.

OF John Harris we have ere this had pleasure in writing with praise as a simple natural poet, such as every race but two rarely produces, and of a kind which differs to the core from that of the sentimental and whining bards who so frequently publish what should be hidden. John Harris has earned a place by the side of Robert Bloomfield. He was until lately a Cornish miner, a hard worker who found food for fine fancies in the very bowels of the earth. He writes well. What we admire in his poetry is its simplicity, its honest piety, and the limitation of its matter to the facts of his own experience. Mr. Harris has written verses which, compared with those that spring from some ardent claimants on the public purse, are as the wine of flowers to the stagnant water of a froggy pool. His writing to any other age would have been a MARVEL, and it is a PHENOMENON even in our own. We testify fully to the freshness, vigour, and beauty of most of his verses. The recital of such deeds stirs the blood like wine, and fills us with a fuller strength.

From the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, 1856 *and* 1867.

WE heartily commend to our readers all the productions o Mr. Harris. He is a poet of no common gifts, and there is a ring of truth and genuineness in his works which convinces us that he is an honest and worthy man. We trust he is happy in his good work as a Scripture Reader at Falmouth. Men less richly endowed by nature have been placed by the patronage o the wealthy in a more conspicuous position. We thank him fo much that is good. There is real dignity in such a character Mr. Harris still delves successfully in the golden mines of fancy and some of his minor poems are of charming sweetness and simplicity.

From the LITERARY GAZETTE, *from* 1856 *to* 1860.

WE do not hesitate to call John Harris, Cornish Miner, ONE OF THE TRUEST POETS OF OUR TIME. What he has, he has seized for himself, and the result is a resonance of Wordsworth and Tennyson. The lore of books he may not have, but there is a higher education through the knowledge of nature and the human heart. He has the heart of a true poet, and, what is better of an honest and devout man.

From the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *from* 1861 *to* 1863.

OUR readers ought to be familiar with the name of John Harris. The man is a genuine Cornish poet, and one of Nature's making. His productions contain the elements of all that is beautiful and noble in poetry. Such men as he are born to sing and sing they must, whatever their fate may be. With the intuitive perception of a true genius, John Harris took the wild rugged scenery which surrounded him, and reproduced its hidden charms in verses which would do credit to a Wordsworth. John Harris is a true poet of the people, and all lovers of good poetry will find something very fresh and vigorous in his writing. He has our hearty sympathy and admiration.

From the CRITIC *from* 1856 *to* 1860.

NOT because Mr. Harris is a miner, but because he has the true instincts and perfect skill of the artist, we welcome a second edition of his poems. No man can read these poems without

feeling that at least one luminous and gifted soul dignifies daily toil in the darkness of the mine. No man can read these poems without rising from their perusal a better man. A beautiful contentment shines from every page. Would that every King were like this man! We are loth to part with these poems, which are so homely and so ennobling; but we have done good service, less, perhaps, to the author than to mankind, if we have helped the sale of them. John Harris has not written in vain, if labour needed another gifted soul of song to dignify it.

From the CHRISTIAN WITNESS, *from* 1856 *to* 1860.

MR. HARRIS is a Cornishman, and a man worthy to rank in the same class with Samuel Drew and other gifted spirits that have derived their birth from Cornwall. Beyond question a man of genius, largely endowed with the poetic spirit, and nothing but time and labour are necessary to raise him to a high place among the minor poets of his country. We are glad to have made the acquaintance of this true son of song.

From the DIAL, 1863.

THIS self-taught scholar and genuine poet comes before the public with a new volume. We can say of John Harris that it is a pleasure to meet with a book from his pen. His style is fresh, vigorous, and free from ostentation. In aiming to be a poet, John Harris has not mistaken his vocation. His poems all overflow with grateful appreciation of the good gifts that fall to his share. When writing on sacred subjects, his verse assumes a fervid and even lofty character, which leads us to believe that our modern hymnology will yet be indebted to his pen for some of its brightest ornaments.

From the BATH JOURNAL, *June* 18, 1864.

MR. HARRIS has, by carrying off the Shakespeare Prize, open to all, made a national reputation.

Testimony of the RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTELTON, *October*, 1872.

MR. HARRIS, in my opinion, is a man of remarkable literary and poetical attainments, especially considering his rank of life.

Testimony of the BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS, *October*, 1872.

JOHN HARRIS is well known to me by his writings, of which I think highly.

Testimony of the RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, *April*, 1873.

I HAVE read much that you have written with interest and pleasure.

Testimony of the late WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

A WORTHY man's poems, in which I find much to admire.

From the NEW BRITON JOURNAL (*America*), *April* 2, 1859.

A MAN of whom Cornwall may well be proud. A true poet and a pure-hearted child of nature, who has written poems full of pastoral freshness and lyric beauty.

From the BRITISH WORKMAN, *August* 1, 1858.

JOHN HARRIS is a man of whom his brother British workmen may be proud. A sweet, true poet, magnifying his lowly condition by noble thoughts and pious deeds.

Testimony of MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

YOUR "Wild Flowers" sent a breath of dewy fragrance through my room. You have not only pleased but profited many by your sweet, true, pure writings, and I trust all good for time and eternity may rest upon you.

Testimony of ELIZA COOK.

I MUST thank you for the tempting volume. I see enough in it already to be convinced that it holds attractive metal.

From ELIHU BURRITT'S "*Walk from London to Land's End, and Back.*"

JOHN HARRIS, the Cornish Miner Poet, the Homer of this British Olympus (Carn Brea), who obtained the highest prize for a poem commemorative of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's Birthday, has put many traditions in the happiest verse, which I would earnestly commend to all.

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