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The language and poetry of flowers

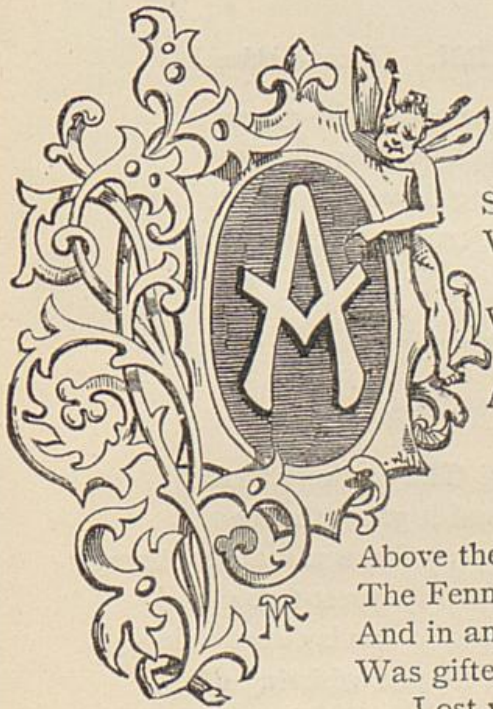
London, 1877

Fennel in Life's Goblet.

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Pale little Dandelion,
 In her white shroud,
 Heareth the angel-breeze,
 Call from the cloud !
 Tiny plumes fluttering
 Make no delay !
 Little winged Dandelion
 Soareth away.

Helen B. Bostwick.



FENNEL IN LIFE'S
 GOBLET. (*Worth.*)

As it mantling passes round,
 With Fennel is it wreathed and
 crowned,
 Whose seed and foliage sun-
 imbrowned
 Are in its waters steeped and
 drowned,
 And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
 The Fennel, with its yellow flowers,
 And in an earlier age than ours
 Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
 Lost vision to restore.

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

Then in Life's goblet freely press
 The leaves that give it bitterness,
 Nor prize the coloured waters less,
 For in thy darkness and distress
 New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know
 How false its sparkling bubbles show,
 How bitter are the drops of woe
 With which its brim may overflow,
 He has not learned to live.

Longfellow.

THE LADY FERN. (*Fascination.*)

WHERE the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 There the Lady Fern grows strongest.

Scott.

THE FERN. (*Sincerity.*)

THE feathery Fern ! The feathery Fern !
 It groweth wild and it groweth free
 By the rippling brook and the whimpering burn,
 And the tall and stately forest-tree ;
 Where the merle and the mavis sweetly sing,
 And the pheasant flies on whirring wing,
 And the blue jay makes the woods to ring
 Beneath a verdurous canopy.

The feathery Fern ! the feathery Fern :
 An emerald sea, it waveth wide,
 Or seems to flash, and gleam, and burn,
 Like the scatter'd spray of a golden tide ;