The Language of the Flowers

O you know the language of the flowers? Some of the most beautiful of the old English fancies are in danger of extinction through the lack of someone to record them for the future. It is said that the younger generation of today is sophisticated, but who could resist the charm of these old-world flowers, and their romantic meaning? Romance is often scoffed at in public, yet it is often very much alive even in the hearts of the scoffers. Apple-blossom, hawthorn, and roses: they conjure up an age of shy-eyed English lasses, of quiet days, of the sound of lapping waters, the purl of the running brook, the whirr of the grasshopper's fiddle, the lazy twitter of birds, and the glory of the English countryside.

The English countryside today may not be quite the haven of contentment and enchantment that it was in those long-ago days, yet the flowers still bloom—despite the bombs, there is still apple-blossom in spring, roses in summer, chrysanthemums in autumn, and

How to Get On

"Tell me how to get on in life," said the kettle.
"Take pains," said the window.

"Take pains," said the window.
"Never be led," said the pencil.
"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the glove.

"Reflect," said the mirror.
"Be sharp," said the knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to
it," said the glue.

"Try to make a good impression," said the sealing wax.

while the flowers themselves live, then will their language still whisper soft secrets from lover to lover. And although there are realists who will laugh at it, there are amongst us many who agree with the old Hindu saying: "If I had two loaves of bread I would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed my soul."

Here are the meanings of some of

the flowers:
Apple-blossom: You are preferred.
Iris: Have faith in me.
Bluebell: Tender and true.
Red carnation: My heart is broken.
Primrose: Don't be so bashful.
Lavender: Sweets to the sweet.
White heather: Good luck,
Hawthorn: Courage in adversity,
White clover: Think of me.
Daffodil: Welcome.
Petunia: I believe in you.

Sweet pea: I long for you,

Verbena: You have my confidence. Yellow rose: Why wanes your love? So next time your lover sends you flowers, perhaps you will be able to

translate his thoughts.

Flowers—they have been with us all down the ages of the world, and they will always be with us, as an everlasting reminder that life is good and beautiful, and surely it is a lesson to us all that if a fragile flower can with-

stand the stormy winds and cold of winter and yet still bloom bravely when spring comes, then surely we can too?

Marion Acton-Bond wrote a very lovely little piece about rosemary, and here it is for you to share: "The scent of rosemary is like incense, and its upthrust fronds like branches of green candles, which seem to burn with a grey-green flame. Always they point to the sky. It is this intensity of worship which gives rosemary its aura of holiness, and sets it a little apart, as though rarefied."



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