

the warm weather has really come, and then they should be put out against a wall looking well south. In a wet or bad summer, with only the ordinary attention, they very often fail entirely.

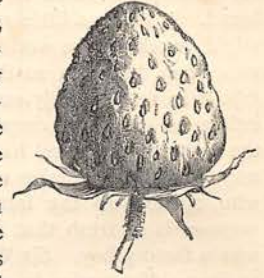


BUNCH OF CURRANTS.

Our vine under glass will soon want careful and increasing attention; those delicate shoots will require gently bending, by being tied in the direction you would have them to go; take care that you do not snap them off in the process. They grow very rapidly, and you will often, if you neglect them for too long, find here and there one that has pressed its head against the wood-work of your lights, and decapitated itself in consequence; hence the importance of this training, a fit emblem of the gentle, firm, and judicious guidance incumbent upon those who have to do with the more precious sapplings of humanity.

Gooseberries and currants will require attention also. Of late years, many have remarked the some-

what increasing devastation of the caterpillars upon their leaves. True, they confine their attention to the foliage, but the fruit terribly suffers in consequence. If you have time, gather the enemy by hand; this is certainly a difficulty if the caterpillars are not early discovered; the bushes might be shaken, and then syringed with lime-water; do not, then, forget the old proverb about "a stitch in time." Strawberries, when in bloom, may require some watering if very dry, but it is better to avoid beginning this practice as far as possible. Do not neglect, either, to give some sort of light protection to the peaches and nectarines if the nights are cold. In fact, you must now be always on the alert, when the season is making up its mind how and when to change. It is time, however, that we conclude, and we will do so with another old proverb—"Prevention is better than cure."



STRAWBERRY.

SONNET: THE WHITE ROSE.



MILK-WHITE rose! all pure and stainless white,
Without a tinge of colour, or a taint
Less exquisite than snow, no shade, no light
Other or else than white; like a fair saint,
With all the sanctity of beauty bright.
I'll call thee my beatitude, sweet rose!
Smiling but pale, and thy head meekly bent,

Gently and silently thy charms disclose,
And softly breathes thy aromatic scent.
Thou art a model of the pure in heart,
Moulded and sanctified by love divine,
And stamped with royalty in every part;
God's own white rose celestial, made to shine
In His own hallowed radiancy benign.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

SOME TRIUMPHS OF POOR MEN.



O have to make notes of a lecture upon oyster-shells and the shoulder-blades of oxen, for lack of money to purchase proper tablets, would seem an impossible hardship to the luxurious students of our day. Cleanthes, a celebrated Greek philosopher, was so poor when he commenced his studies as to be obliged to do this, while working as a labourer, literally "a drawer of water," to get his daily bread. The same indomitable spirit, which will not be stayed by any obstacle, and which works, not for immediate personal and pecuniary gain, but for the sake of art or science itself, appears to have characterised Mr. Thomas Edward of Banff, to whom a pension has recently been granted. Perhaps few of the many gracious acts of Her Majesty the Queen exhibit her well-known desire to seek out and reward merit in a more pleasant light than this

gift. The letter announcing the pension of £50 per annum, stated that the Queen had been touched by his successful pursuit of natural science under all the cares and troubles of daily toil. Mr. Edward is a shoemaker, and was wholly dependent—like Cleanthes—upon the labour of his hands for his livelihood. He devoted all the time that he could spare to natural history, and accumulated a fund of original observations, without a thought of attaining notoriety. Without any expensive instruments, such as costly microscopes, or the other helps which wealth supplies, he searched and reflected silently; making no effort at publicity, but studying for study's sake. He was himself at last discovered, so to say, and appreciated by scientific men, who gave the name of *Praniza Edwardsii* to a new species of crustaceæ which he had found.

Not for yourselves, said the ancient poet, ye bees store up your honey, and in the spirit of true genius there is something of the same *sic vos non vobis* simplicity of purpose. Amid the exciting and selfish pursuit of money which is so marked a feature of the

age, when the "almighty dollar" of the typical Yankee is the one great object of life, the career of such men as Edward stands out in marked and noble contrast.

An intense earnestness in art or science gives almost an heroic character to life. Men have been known to sacrifice themselves entirely to their one great idea. So the antique sculptor perished of hunger while finishing a statue into which he had thrown all his power, and which he could not leave to work for bread. It is not a little remarkable that most of the mighty works of the world have been accomplished by poor men, but men so thoroughly absorbed in their labour as to ultimately exercise the most wide-spread influence. David Livingstone for instance, and Smith the Assyrian explorer, have recently shown that it is not wealth which makes a man famous. Livingstone, who opened up the interior of Africa, and whose memory is so fresh that it need not be dilated upon, was a factory boy. Sir William Herschel, who made so many discoveries in astronomy, actually came to England when a youth from Germany as a street-musician. It was a great step when he became organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath. Unable to buy a telescope he made one, and while in these humble circumstances discovered a new planet, then called the Georgium Sidus. From that moment he became famous; but it is certain that it was not the hope of public applause that sustained him previously, but pure love of science. Jenner, again, the inventor of vaccination, which at this moment is being so carefully enforced in London, worked for twenty years in the obscurity of a country village before his theory was accepted—and in addition was bitterly satirised and scorned. Sir Humphry Davy was an apothecary's apprentice, and at first worked at his ideas with no better materials than such small pots and bottles as he could find in the kitchen. There is a whole muster-roll of celebrated names in science of men poor in their youth, whose disinterested labours pursued under every difficulty have afterwards yielded benefits to the world at large. The steam-engine itself was brought into practical use by James Watt, who had to earn his daily bread by making mathematical instruments, and repairing fiddles, and indeed seems to have been glad to get almost any employment.

Only lately an exhibition has been opened at Burlington House of the works of John Gibson, the sculptor. This artist was the son of a gardener, and worked as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker in Liverpool. One of his groups in marble, "Hylas and the Water Nymphs," may be seen in the National Gallery. Turner, the painter, whose pictures are now by a leading school of art-criticism applauded and held up for imitation above all others, was a barber's son, and at one time was glad to work for half-a-crown. Burns, the poet, was the son of a day-labourer. "Rare Ben Jonson" worked, trowel in hand, as a bricklayer.

It almost seems, indeed, upon looking back and reflecting on the extraordinary results achieved by men in the lowest condition of life, that every single person, no matter what his or her station, has the power of adding to the progress of the human race. Let the

mason on his scaffolding, the gardener with his spade, the very labourer cleaning out a ditch, only have some object in his mind—something above and beyond his mere labour—and in time they will achieve a notable success. Especially will this be the case if, as with Thomas Edward the shoemaker, or Herschel the street-musician, the aim pursued be totally distinct from pecuniary gain. Great fortunes have been built up by inventors and discoverers, but such instances must of necessity be few in number. A fortune, or notoriety, should not be the ideal end. When that is chosen alone, the powers of the man become cramped and narrowed. Napoleon Bonaparte is, perhaps, the most striking example of a poor man rising to autocratic power—for a time the master of the world. But his intense selfishness, which he displayed in the coarsest manner, neutralised his otherwise undeniable genius. If he had been animated by even the slightest desire to forward the good of the human race, he would probably have retained the throne. There is a rising belief in the peoples of Europe that the man who adds an item of knowledge to the common stock, who gives us but one new discovery, is greater and more glorious than the leaders of victorious armies.

In the old times of ignorance there was a plea for the poor—they could do nothing because they knew nothing. Now education supplies all with a thousand objects to choose from—with an aim to pursue. The very stones by the road-side will yield instruction. The distinguished geologist, Hugh Miller, worked as a stone-mason in a quarry, and there noticed the fossils and facts which afterwards gave him his reputation. The distinctive characteristic of modern science is its minute observation. Nothing is too small for science—nothing despicable. The ancient philosopher who spent fifty years watching the habits of bees, precisely represents the true spirit of science. The poorest man or woman can do something of this kind, and what a relief it will afford them after the monotony of daily toil! The human mind, indeed, imperatively demands relaxation. Many gentlemen, after the cares of the day, find this in their greenhouses among their flowers, tending, watering, and watching their growth. The poor cannot have greenhouses, but any one can have a plant or two, and from that single plant may learn the mystery of life. Tennyson, in a beautiful little poem addressed to "the flower in the crannied nook," says that if he could really understand that simple flower, its way of life, he should know what God or man is. Not all the learned men who have lived, with the aid of wealth, of microscopes, and telescopes, and endless instruments, have been able to exhaust nature. There is as much to be found now, as beautiful and as grand, as ever there was. There is room for a hundred Thomas Edwards yet—and each may find something new. The motto of Michael Angelo, "Still I am learning," is at the bottom of all greatness.

It is a strange thing, and yet it is true, that the Queen in a measure owes the new title of Empress of India to the authority of a once poor man, whose books are now consulted by the highest dignitaries.

This man was John Selden, author of "Titles of Honour," and many other works equally important. When the measure conferring the title was under discussion this book was incessantly quoted, and upon the facts recorded in it the arguments in favour of the proposal were chiefly based. Rarely indeed does a great legal matter come before the judges without an appeal being made by the counsel on one side or the other to the authority of Selden. His books almost form a code of abstract law, so to say, and have influenced the most momentous decisions. Yet Selden was born poor, according to some records the son of a common fiddler, and at all events of a yeoman in a very small way. The little thatched cottage in which his birth took place was still in existence not many years ago. It is difficult to understand how he accumulated such wonderful stores of learning.

The great names of literature who were originally poor would form a catalogue in themselves, from John Bunyan the tinker, and Milton the tutor, to Goldsmith, who travelled through France playing the flute to pay his way. If such men as these had worked wholly and solely with the object of obtaining money, they would have chosen far different paths. "Paradise Lost," the epic of Christianity, which was sold for £15, was certainly never written for gold; nor the "Pilgrim's Progress." Homer himself, says the legend, gained a

living by reciting his poems, and was poor. To confer the divine spark upon a work it must be written for itself, just as in another way Edward, the naturalist, studied even "creeping things" with an enthusiasm which was its own reward. There have been physicians who have inoculated themselves with dreaded diseases, the effects of which they well knew could not be thrown off for years, in their earnest desire to watch the minutest symptoms, and to ultimately conquer these terrors of man. This was not done for money. What amount of gold could compensate for years of suffering, confinement, and disfiguration?

The desire of independence cannot be too much cultivated, but to accumulate a fortune is not the sole purpose for which man was created. Edward, the shoemaker, while engaged in his researches did not neglect his business. It was the employment of his leisure hours in study that finally led to the Queen's recognition of his merit. Haydon, the painter, on the other hand seems to have continually lived in debt, always borrowing, never working, and consequently never achieved anything substantial. The conclusion appears to be that the poorest of men, if industrious, by bending the mind upon something above daily toil may ultimately shine as an ornament of art, science, or literature, and be deemed worthy of notice by the highest rank of society.

MY GUARDIAN.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH. LEAVING THE OLD HOME.



WHILE Jack went out to meet his visitor, I retired into the kitchen to consult with the cook; and as it was churning-day, and she had had a great trial of patience over the butter, which wouldn't come, and was therefore very busy and not as amiable as she might be, I stayed to make such extra preparations for

lunch as I considered necessary, under the circumstances, for the honour of the house. I made some rissoles from cold beef, and I found some remains of roast chickens, which I fricasseed. I went into the back garden myself to get a bunch of herbs, and saw Jack and Mr. Pelham walking round the premises and inspecting the new stock, with their hands behind their

backs, regardless of the east wind, and courting the sun, which was just beginning to shine.

"There's a capital opportunity for speaking about Audrey," I said to myself. And I returned to my stewpan and mixed the ingredients for my gravy, full of the notion that that was sure to be the subject of their conversation. I stayed in the kitchen fully an hour, not caring much for Mr. Pelham's company, and very much liking a turn at cooking whenever I had the chance of it (for Jack always liked what I made); and then, when rissoles were ready, and chicken-joints laid out, and gravies had come to their proper flavour and richness, I went to the dairy to get cream and eggs, and give last directions to the cook, and then up-stairs to dress myself.

When I had cooled my face and made myself respectable, I came down-stairs softly, and went to see if the fire was burning in the drawing-room. Before I reached the door, which was standing ajar, I heard the voices of the two gentlemen within, and paused, thinking that, if they were talking about Audrey, I had better not disturb them. I did not mean to be an eavesdropper; but, in the moment of my hesitation as to whether I should go in or go away, Mr. Pelham said something which rooted me to the spot, and made me listen in spite of myself.

"You see, my good fellow, it's no use our shutting our eyes to the fact that Daisy is grown up, and a