

"I will talk to father about it first, dear," her mother answered, in her usual gentle tones. "There is no need to write before evening."

Mr. Nelson—a well-to-do gentleman-farmer by profession—was already out superintending the labours of the men in the harvest-field, so Cissy had to restrain her impatience until her father had been consulted; but it is to be feared she went about her light duties with rather a sullen expression of countenance and a heavy cloud on her brow. She had made up her mind that she would be obliged to decline the invitation, and she felt herself a much-injured maiden in consequence.

(To be continued.)

## A WATER BOUQUET.

By LADY HOPE.



OME and see our flowers."

A friend had just welcomed us to a cup of hot tea before a blazing fire in a large central hall surrounded with tapestry and fine old pictures. A carved gallery ran round the upper part of the staircase, and while our tea was being poured out—most welcome after our cold, windy drive—we took a look at the pretty things round

us. But the best was to come last. We were led through various rooms,

all shining more or less gaily with the colouring of azaleas, camellias, and various roses, placed here and there in ornamental groups throughout them. Then we entered the conservatory—literally one mass, one blaze of foliage. Oh, how gorgeous those brilliant colours looked, as they towered up over our heads in a double-mirrored light, their beauties blending one with another, till you felt as if you were in some strange dreamland!

How long we might have lingered in this little paradise I cannot tell, had not our friend raised the question—

"Have you ever seen a water-bouquet? We have just finished one, and, I think, rather successfully."

We all professed ignorance on the subject, at the same time expressing our curiosity to see it. So we were escorted up the winding stairs, and into a lovely little sitting room, where, placed upon a table in the immediate light of a window, stood the most exquisite arrangement of flowers I had ever beheld. How shall I describe it? I will do my best!

Try to picture a cluster of the lovely white spirea, grouped with maidenhair, and tiny blue forget-me-not, within a bell-shaped glass, and upon a crystal stand—the flowers appearing to be dusted all over with sparkles of the purest liquid silver. Like little spray beads, the silver garnished every stem, and

leaf, and petal. The flowers in themselves were lovely, and their grouping perfect, but their appearance in the crystal surroundings, natural and artificial, was perfectly exquisite.

They were completely enveloped in water, the glasses being airtight; and when we asked how long the bouquet would continue in its present freshness, we were told, to our surprise, that it would last one month! But no air must reach those lovely flowers, or they would instantly decay.

Our readers may imagine that it was not long before we were all eagerly trying to accomplish a water-bouquet for ourselves! I may also add that we have succeeded; and in case any of our friends should like to do the same, I will describe the process, which is an exceedingly simple one, though it requires care and niceness of touch in the first arranging.

You first of all provide yourself with four essentials. First, a crystal plate; second, a crystal bell-glass, or shade (about fifteen inches high by twelve in circumference, if you want to begin with a small bouquet; third, a glass stopper of a decanter, with a flat top; fourth, and, after all, this is the most important part of the proceeding, a cluster of flowers gracefully arranged, and delicately placed together.

These flowers must be fastened firmly to the stopper, which is turned upside down, resting upon the crystal plate. You then take your appliances to a bath filled with water, and place the crystal plate with the flowers upon it, at the bottom of the bath; then very slowly place the bell-glass over the flowers. Carry it firmly to a table, and there let it remain without being touched or handled.

And here I ought to mention that no flowers of large petal should be used for this decoration, as they get weighed down by the water, and their shapes distorted. The lighter and more graceful the sprays that are used, the better will be the results.

For dining-room or drawing-room decorations, I can hardly imagine anything prettier to look at, or more pleasant to make, than a water bouquet!

## VARIETIES.

### LEARNING AND COMMON SENSE.

Common sense is better than learning, unless learning is guided by wisdom. Listen to this Indian tale of the men who gave life to a dead lion.

There were four men residing in the same village, all intimate friends. Three of them were men of great acquirements, but they had no common sense. The fourth was an intelligent fellow, but he was destitute of learning. As they were poor, they resolved one day to go to some country where learning was patronised, for three of them at least felt sure that they would speedily be enriched with presents from the king.

They accordingly set off, but they had not gone very far when the eldest cried out—"It never occurred to me before that our fourth friend here is illiterate. He is a man of sense, to be sure, but that will not entitle him to any reward from the king: we shall, therefore, have to relinquish to him a part of what we get, and it would be fairer, I think, for him to stay at home."

The second was of the same opinion, but the third took a different view. "We have always," he said, "been friends and companions from infancy: let him, therefore, share in the wealth we shall acquire."

The other two at last agreed to this, and all went on in harmony.

As they passed through a forest they saw the scattered bones of a dead lion.

"I have met," said one, "with an account of a method by which beings can be re-animated. What say you? Shall we try the experiment, and employ the energies of science to restore life and shape to these bones?"

They agreed. One undertook to put the bones together, the second to supply the skin, flesh, and blood, and the third to communicate life to the figure.

When the first two had accomplished their task, the third was about to begin his, but the fourth stopped him.

"Consider what you are going to do," he exclaimed: "if you give life to the lion, the consequence will be that he will devour us."

"Away, blockhead," replied the sages, "are we to project things in vain?"

"Wait an instant, then," said the man of sense, "till I get up this tree."

So saying he climbed up into a tree, and his learned associates finished their task.

A substantial living lion was formed, who fell upon the three philosophers and destroyed them. And when the lion was departed, the man of common sense came down from the tree, and made his way homewards in safety.

### PLEASANT THINGS.

Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,  
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.  
*Spenser.*

**ERRORS IN STUDY.**—That time and labour are worse than useless which have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a treble fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

**EMULATION AND ENVY.**—Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes that she may lower another by a defeat.

**PLAYED OUT.**—Some people are very entertaining for the first interview, but after they are exhausted and run out; on a second interview we shall find them very flat and monotonous. Like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but, unlike those instruments, they are not new barrelled easily.

**GOOD IN EVIL.**—There is this of good in real evils—they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.

**THE END OF EDUCATION.**—The purpose of education, whether we hold what are called utilitarian views or not, is to fit its recipient for life. Education which does not fit its recipient for life, or which does so imperfectly, is to that extent imperfect, defective, mis-directed, useless.

**A PRAYER FOR THE BAD.**—A Durweish in his prayer said: "O God, show kindness towards the wicked, for on the good Thou hast already bestowed kindness enough by having created them virtuous."—*Saadi.*

**ONCE WISE.**—A professor asked his class: "What is the aurora?" A young lady student hesitatingly replied: "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "That is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor; "the only one in the world who ever knew, has forgotten it."

**IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.**—All business should be done betimes: and there's no little trouble in doing it in season too, as out of season.—*Sir R. L'Estrange.*