

The Wisconsin Horticulturist.

MRS. VIE H. CAMPBELL, EDITOR.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

HORACE SMITH.

'Neath cloister'd bough each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to those domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the wind and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade, I wander
Through the lone aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loneliest nook.

THE WAUPACA MEETING.

The summer meetings of the Wisconsin State Horticultural Society are always interesting, always enjoyable. Coming, as they do in June, in the midst of the busy berry season it is difficult for our small fruit growers to attend, but the busy horticulturist, who does run away for this brief respite, always finds physical and mental refreshment, and goes home with a keener zest for his work, and he feels that he has made a gain that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

We missed, this year, the friendly greetings and the wise counsel of friends Hirschinger, Hatch, Hoxie, Johnson and Tuttle and several others whom we are accustomed to have with us.