

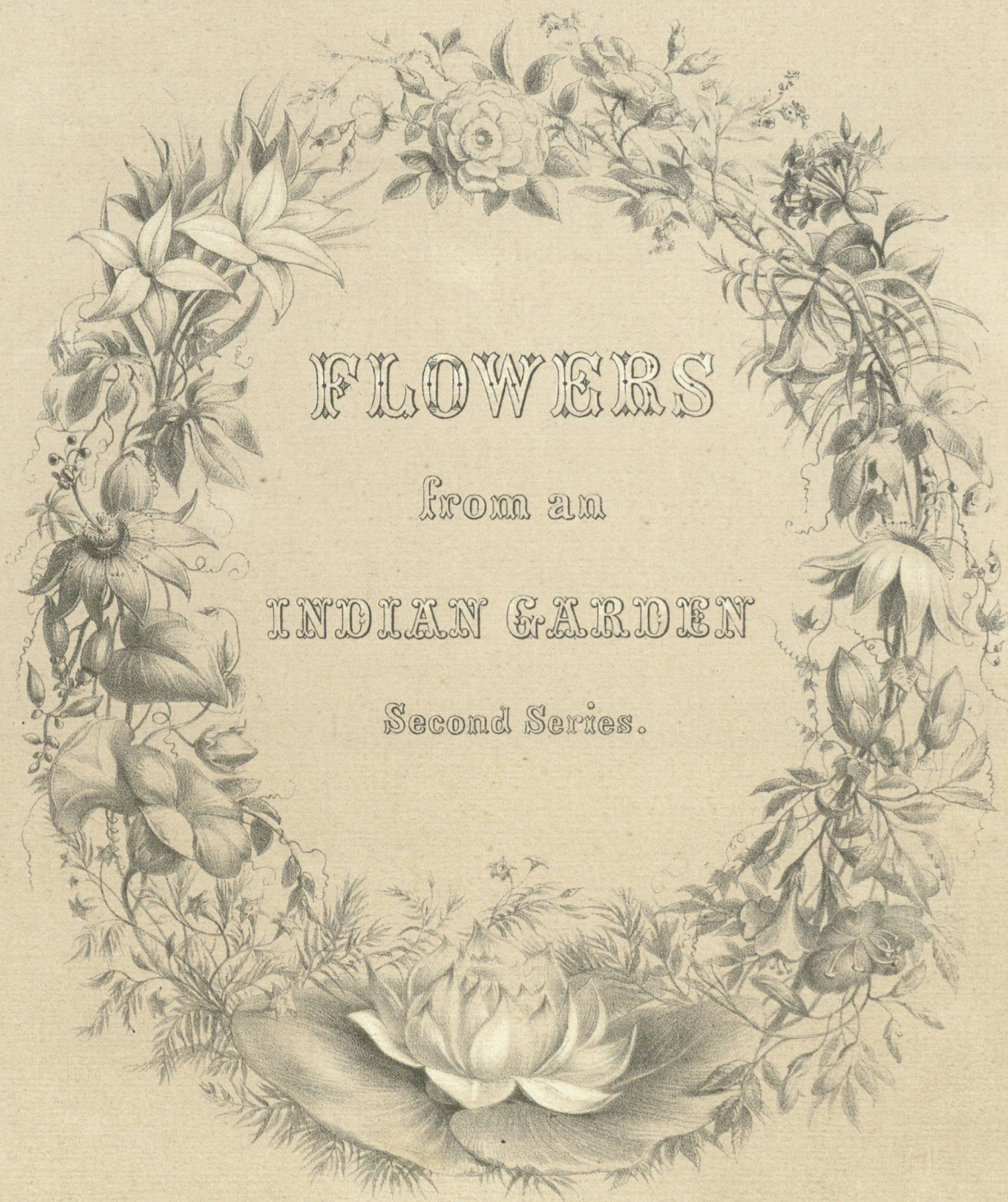
FLOWERS

from our

INDIAN GARDEN.

Hope





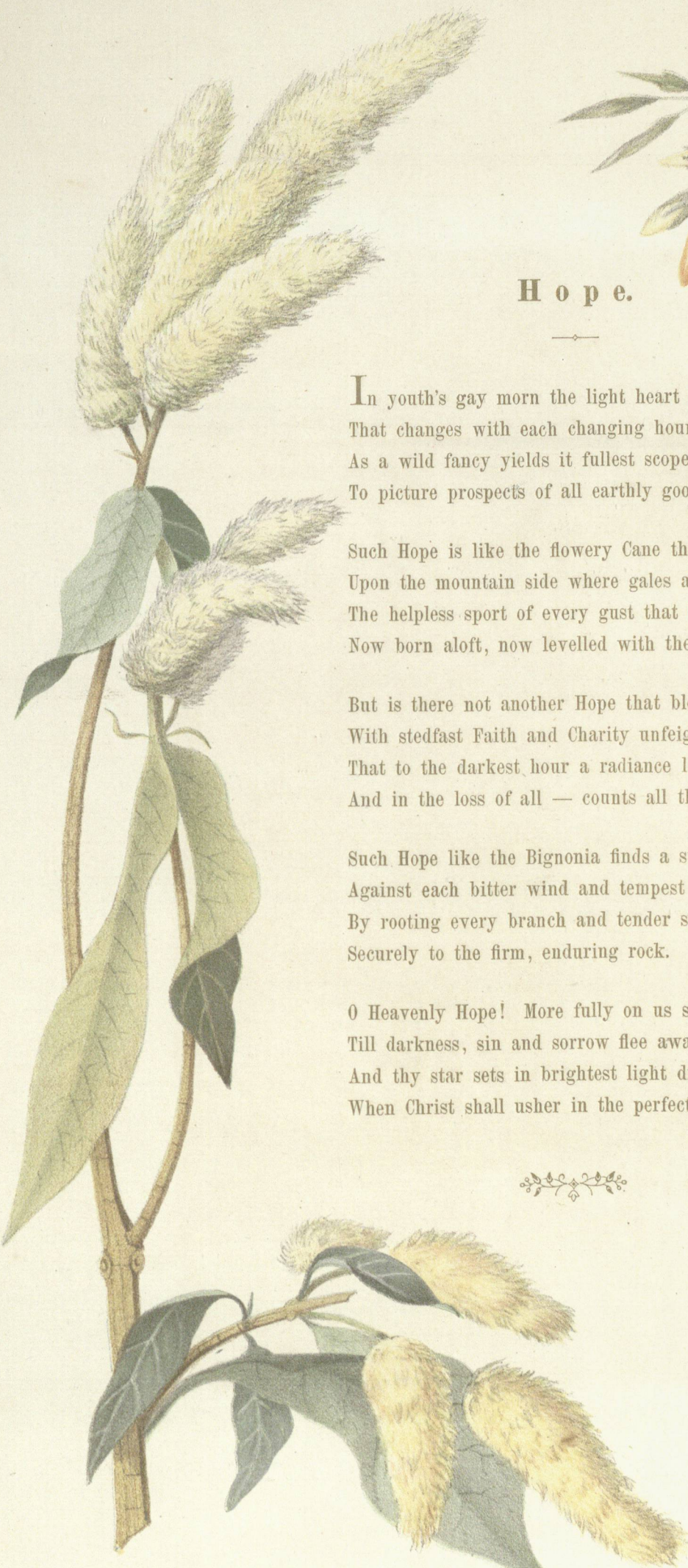
FLOWERS  
from an  
INDIAN GARDEN  
Second Series.

Executed by Breidenbach & Co Dusseldorf.

The Profits of this Publication are to be given to aid the  
Fund for rebuilding a Village Church in an Agricultural Parish  
where there is no resident landowner.

Price 35/- reduced to 31/6-





H o p e.

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In youth's gay morn the light heart bounds with Hope,  
That changes with each changing hour its mood,  
As a wild fancy yields it fullest scope,  
To picture prospects of all earthly good.

Such Hope is like the flowery Cane that grows  
Upon the mountain side where gales abound,  
The helpless sport of every gust that blows,  
Now born aloft, now levelled with the ground.

But is there not another Hope that blends  
With stedfast Faith and Charity unfeigned?  
That to the darkest hour a radiance lends,  
And in the loss of all — counts all things gained?

Such Hope like the Bignonia finds a stay  
Against each bitter wind and tempest shock,  
By rooting every branch and tender spray,  
Securely to the firm, enduring rock.

O Heavenly Hope! More fully on us shine,  
Till darkness, sin and sorrow flee away,  
And thy star sets in brightest light divine,  
When Christ shall usher in the perfect day!

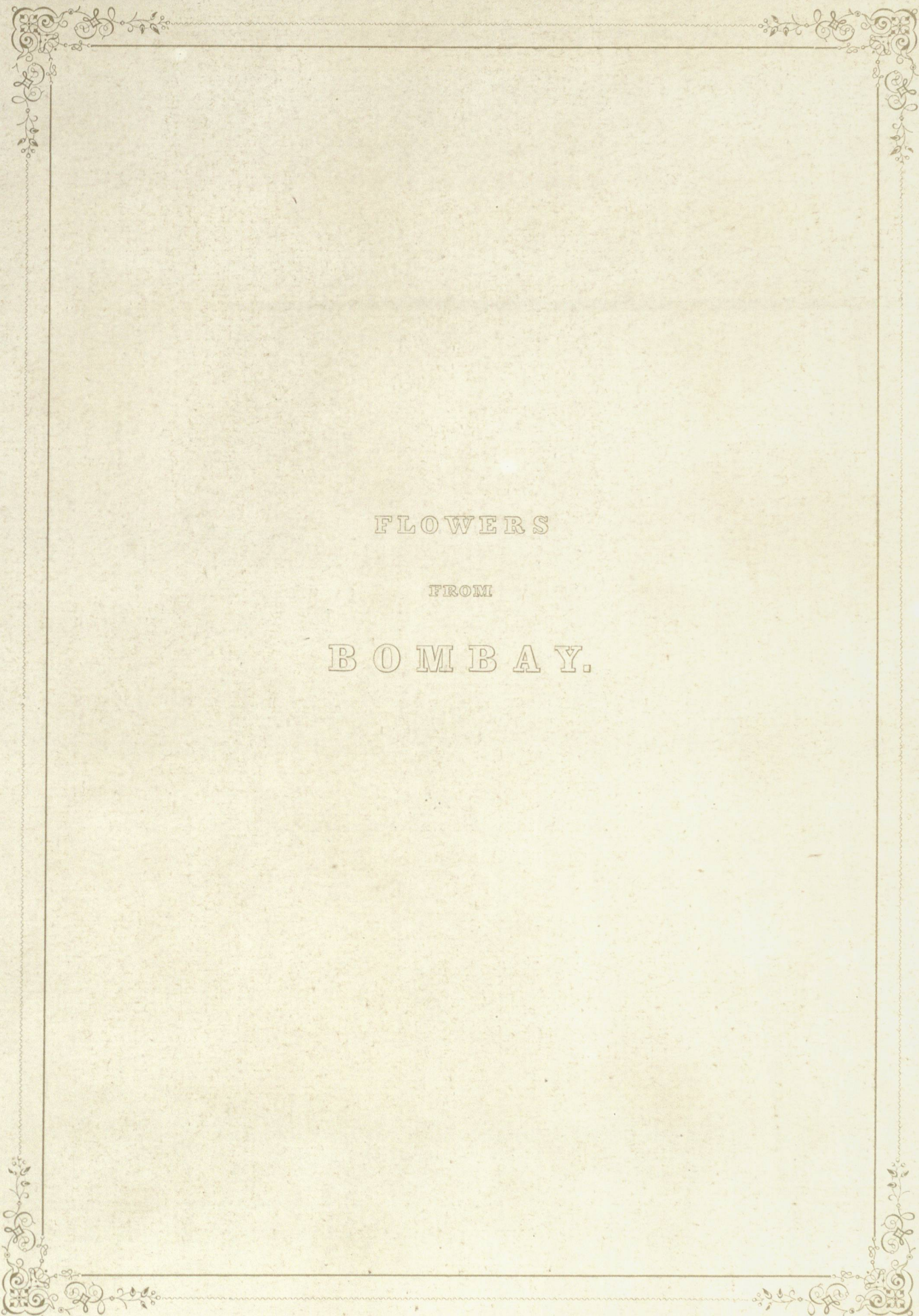


Getonia Mutans.



Bignonia Radicans.





FLOWERS  
FROM  
BOMBAY.



## The Floweret Symbol of the Highest Hope.

Within a spacious garden,  
Long time before the flood,  
A grand and stately Temple  
Adorned with beauty stood.  
More than mere mortal wisdom  
Was his — the builder sage,  
That he might leave rare models  
To each succeeding age.  
More than mere mortal power  
Was given him to invent,  
Such mingled grace and grandeur,  
Such wealth of ornament.  
Leaves, tendrils, fruits and flowers  
Upon its walls had grown,  
Festooned each arch and pillar,  
And then — had turned to stone.  
Firm as the eye enduring hills,  
They could not know decay,  
They perished only when the flood  
Had swept the earth away:  
All but their memory perished,  
And mortals strove to trace  
On other shrines faint shadows  
Of their enchanting grace.

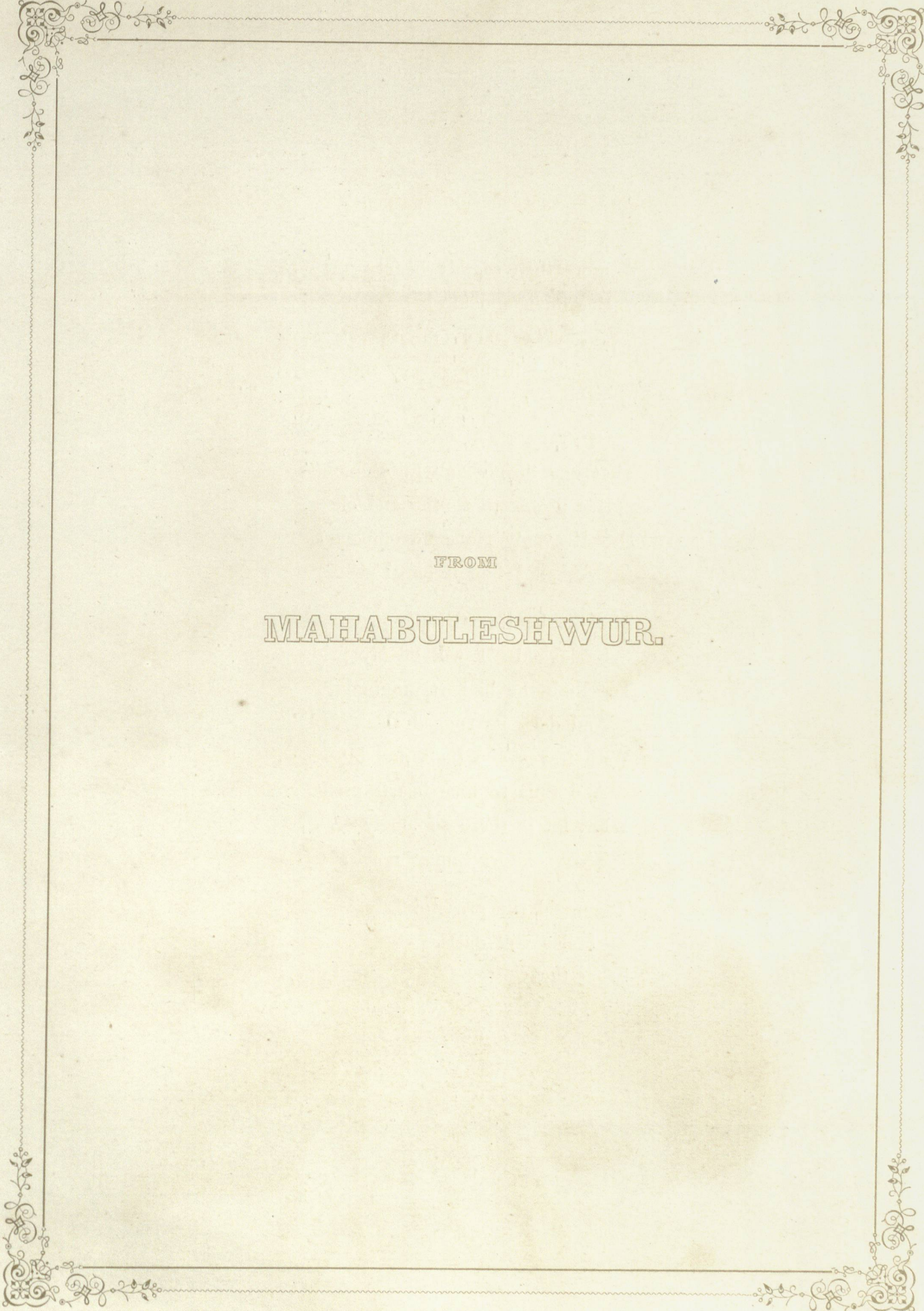
The *Gloriosa Superba*, the purple and small yellow flowers and the *Thunbergia alata* are indigenous to India; the golden Chumpha, the lilae Hybiscus and the pink flower, through common in Indian gardens, were introduced from China.





Flowers from Bombay.





FROM

MAHABULESHWUR.



And in that spacious garden  
A lovely Lady strayed,  
A more than earthly beauty  
Her mien and air betrayed;  
"Ye Flowers", she said, (sweet music  
Breathed in her silvery tone,)  
"Our Temple bears your symbols  
Of every grace save one;  
That one through all life's changes  
Has power to soothe and cheer,  
Has Heavenly Hope no emblem?  
Or shall I find it here?"

The Elephantine Creeper  
Exclaimed "I will be my pride  
To climb the highest mountain,  
And deck its rugged side  
With leaves and buds and blossoms,  
And thus to lone hearts preach,  
What lot is there so lonely  
That comfort cannot reach?"

Then said the graceful Lily,  
"I also will declare  
From the waste, dreary mountains,  
'Hope blossoms every where!'"

All the flowers that form the group on the opposite page, grow wild on the Mahabuleshwur ghats, with the exception of the Berberis, which grows on the hills of China.





From Mahabulashwur.





POLIANTHUS TUBEROSA.



“Both just and kind your wishes,”  
The lovely Lady cried,  
“Henceforward from the hill tops  
Proclaim ye far and wide,  
(As on waste lands grow blossoms  
So delicately fair,)  
All spots, however lonely,  
In God’s great goodness share!  
But Hope’s best, highest emblem —  
The flower for which I seek —  
Must of a greater mercy,  
And deeper mystery speak.”

“In hours of gloom and darkness,”  
The stately Tube-Rose said,  
“My waxen flowers gain perfume,  
And sweetest odours shed;  
Soon as the sun has shaded  
His fierce and garish light,  
I reign as Hope’s best emblem  
The ‘mistress of the night.’”

“Nay! nay!” the Lady answered,  
“The Highest Hope has power  
To brighten e’en the brightest,  
And cheer the darkest hour.”

Moore thus sings of the Tube-rose —  
“That in the gardens of Malay  
Is called the Mistress of the Night,  
So like a bride, scented and bright  
She comes out when the Sun’s away.”





*Polianthus Tuberosa.*





LIRIODENDRON GRANDIFLORA.



"T is vain and idle folly,"  
Thus sighed the Tulip-tree,  
"To deem when sorrow binds us  
That Hope can set us free:  
Behold my drooping branches,  
And say, has Hope the power  
One pallid leaf to brighten,  
Or raise one fading flower?  
Has Hope a touch of magic,  
That can at once fill up  
With all its fragrant petals  
My desolated cup?  
How can she then to mourners  
With her soft balm restore,  
One of the least, lost treasures,  
That gladdened them of yore?"

"She grants them greater blessings,"  
The gracious Lady cried,  
"For highest Hope is ever  
With Love and Faith allied,  
And ills she cannot banish  
She gives them strength to bear,  
She stems the floods of anguish,  
And reigns above despair!"

This variety of the Tulip tree forms an apt representation of Melancholy from the fallow hue of its flowers and the pale tint of its large drooping leaves. It is indigenous to the East-Indies.





*Liriodendron Grandiflora.*





DELITRYA SPECTABILIS.



“We'll make our home in marshes,  
Midst bog and swamp and fen,”  
Thus cried the fair Delitrya,  
“And thence we'll speak to men  
Of Hope, with voice of power,  
And bid them do and dare,  
Though lowly be their station,  
Though crushing be their care.  
We'll say, if fragile blossoms  
Can spread their lovely show,  
And flourish midst the vapours  
Of spots so vile and low,  
Should fate or adverse fortune  
Have power to mar or chill  
Man's proud, aspiring spirit,  
Man's firm, determined will.”  
“E'en flowers,” exclaimed the Lady,  
“That seek a source so low,  
Shall bear its noxious odour  
Wherever they may grow:  
True Hope is pure, and finds not  
With evil to abide,  
She shuns degrading influence,  
She flies presumptuous pride!”

The native haunt of the beautiful *Delitrya Spectabilis* is the swamp and fen, its leaves and flowers emit a rank odour. It is now well-known in English gardens having been introduced by Mr. Fortune from China.





*Delitrya Spectabilis.*



A decorative border with floral motifs in the corners and a wavy line along the sides, enclosing the text.

IXORA COCCINEA.

THEVATIA NERIIFOLIA.



"I", sighed the pensive Exile,  
"Should never thus aspire,  
Earth has not one distinction  
For which I feel desire:  
In duty and in pleasure  
I feel no zest, no mirth,  
I pine for Eden's garden,  
The loved place of my birth."  
"But we" said the Ixoras,  
"Content with what is given  
Will gladly do our duty,  
And leave the rest to Heaven;  
We'll haunt the rocky lowlands,  
And beautify their scene  
With bright and starry blossoms  
And leaves of evergreen."  
"Wise hearts" the Lady answered,  
"Who on plain duty bent,  
Waste not life's precious moments  
In pining discontent —  
Yet should not rest contented  
With only earthly bliss,  
For highest Hope is nourished  
By nobler aim than this."

The Ixora spreads over many parts of waste land in India and flowers freely during the greater part of the year.

The Thevatia Neriifolia received the name of the Exile from the resemblance of its leaves to the weeping willow and the sickly hue of its pendant flower, suggesting the idea of one pining from home-sickness.





*Ixora Coccinea.*  
*Thevatia Neriifolia.*





LAPEGERIA ROSEA.



Then said the Lapegeria,  
"The object of my theme  
Is the high-wrought aspiration  
That forms the Hero's dream:  
Who in the hour of danger  
With courage nerves his heart,  
Regardless of all peril  
To bear a noble part.  
And in the cause of duty,  
Without one selfish fear,  
Not only life endanger,  
But all that life holds dear.  
Inspired by stedfast purpose,  
Unmoved by praise or blame,  
To uphold his country's honour,  
And win a glorious name."  
"Most blessed" cried the Lady,  
"Those nerved by courage high  
To obey stern duty's summons  
To suffer or to die!  
But yet to be Hope's emblem,  
And win her highest crown,  
The heart must even vanquish  
All thought of earth's renown!"

The beautiful flowers, from which this drawing is made, are indigenous to Patagonia, not to the East Indies, but having been most kindly sent for the purpose of embellishing this work, the drawing is inserted.





*Lapegeria Rosea.*





LAGERSTRIMIA REGINA.



“Are not the trees, fair Lady,  
The truest types of Hope?”  
Enquired the Lagerstrimia,  
“And show its fullest scope?  
When winds with raging fury  
Sweep through the wintry sky,  
And all our flowers and foliage  
Strip from us as they fly,  
We wait in faith and patience  
Till the wild storm is o’er,  
For well we know the springtide  
Our beauty shall restore;  
And thus when stern death cometh,  
We point amidst its gloom,  
To light that conquers darkness,  
To life that bursts the tomb!”  
“Yes” said the gentle Lady,  
“The Hope is true and high,  
That speaks to all the faithful  
Of life beyond the sky;  
But there is Hope far higher,  
That tells of errors stain  
Washed out — and in the contrite,  
An Eden formed again!”

The Lagerstrimia Regina is a forest tree of great beauty indigenous to the East Indies.





Lagerstrimea Regina.





THE  
BENGAL FLORIDA ROSE.



“Fair Lady” sighed Love’s emblem,  
The red and blushing Rose,  
“The flower you seek we know not,  
On earth it never grows;  
If even in this garden  
It struggled to appear,  
It would at once be blighted,  
It could not blossom here.  
This air is far too deadly,  
Too full of poisonous taint  
To nourish such a floweret —  
E’en Faith grows cold and faint,  
And Love itself full often  
Is whelmed with doubt and pain,  
Its roses quickly perish,  
Its cruel thorns remain.  
This foul’ soil must be cleansed  
By mighty floods from Heaven,  
The world’s foundations shaken,  
The hard earth rent and riven;  
E’re Life’s eternal fountain  
Can ever be unsealed,  
And Hope’s best, highest blessing  
On earth shall be revealed.”

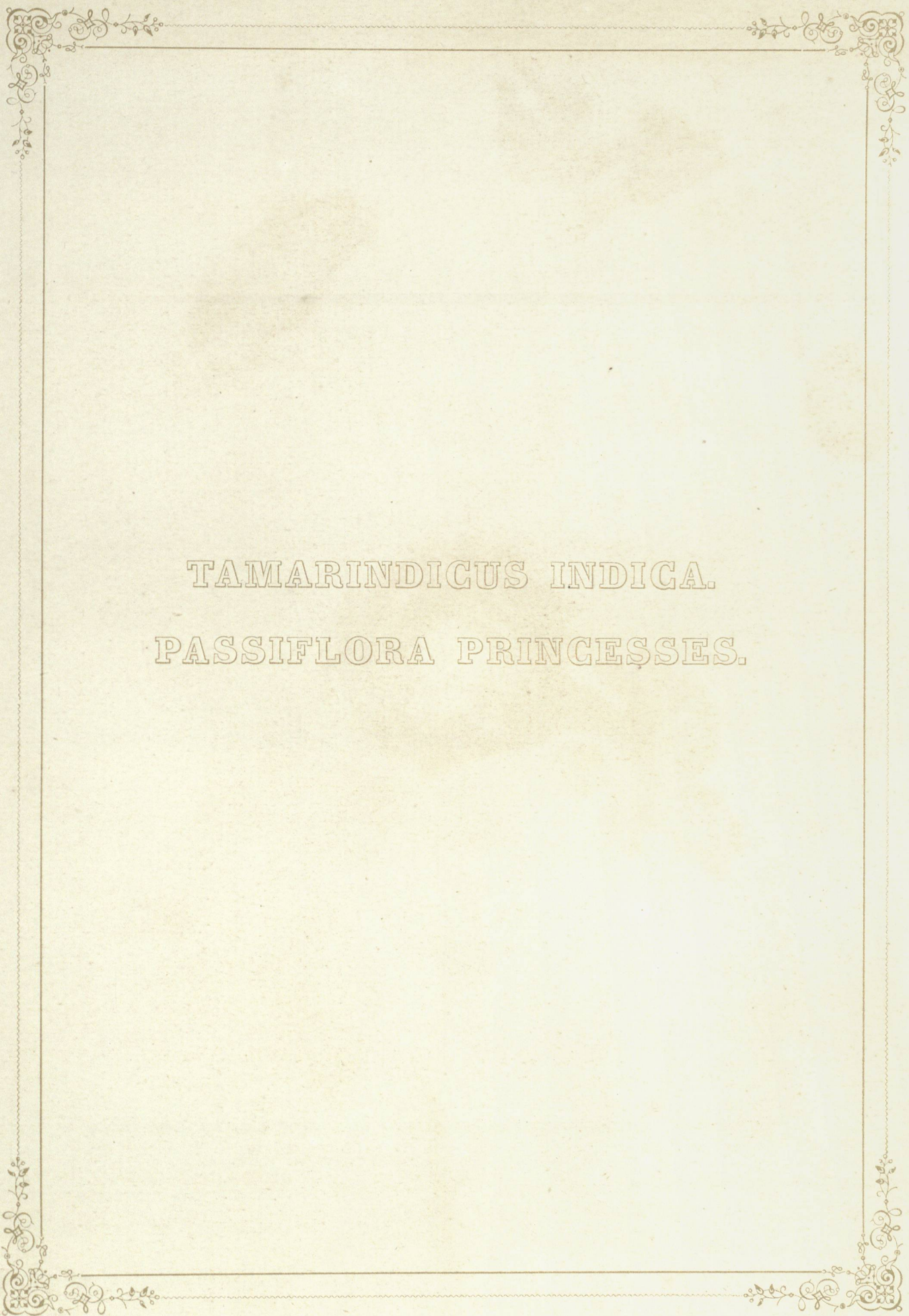
The Rose is said to be known in all lands as the floweret symbol of love and joy; and to have been thus designated also in the earliest ages.





The Bengal Florida Rose.





TAMARINDICUS INDICA.  
PASSIFLORA PRINCESSES.



“Vex not thyself fair Lady”  
Cried the dark Tamarind tree,  
“As all things are, or have been,  
So shall they ever be;  
For nature’s rules are stedfast,  
She changes not her plan,  
For any cause or purpose,  
For either God or man.  
Vex not thyself with gazing  
On mysteries such as these,  
This life is meant for pleasure,  
Eat, drink, and take thine ease!”  
“Thy branches forth thou spreadest,”  
The gentle Lady cried,  
“Thou haughty tree, and boastest  
With unbelieving pride;  
And vauntest, in thy blindness,  
Of joys so mean and small,  
One single glimpse of Heaven  
Were more than worth them all!  
What canst thou know of wonders  
So far beyond thy scope,  
Though still in darkling shadow,  
Shown forth by Heavenly Hope!”

“The Tamarind tree is sacred to the chief of the devils — it is supposed by pundits that the scriptural simile of the wicked in great power spreading himself like a green bay tree, is an allusion to the tamarind tree. The wood is exceedingly hard and it never sheds its leaves.”

*Ed. Sullivan's visit to Ceylon.*

The Passion flower, the floweret emblem of Faith, is introduced in contrast to that of Atheism, the Tamarind tree.





Tamarindicus Indica  
Passiflora Princesses.





NELUMBIUM SPECIOSUM.



Beside the crystal waters  
Of a secluded lake,  
The Lady sat in sadness,  
Entranced — and yet awake.  
Soft waves upon the surface  
Of the glittering waters played,  
And these the words prophetic.  
Their murmuring music made.  
“By us shall righteous judgment  
O'erwhelm this guilty earth,  
And when again it riseth,  
Restored in Second birth —  
Hope's mystic flower shall open  
In beauty on our breast,  
Blest type of full renewal  
That gives the weary rest;  
And blends with the dark record  
Of the avenging flood,  
The pledge of wondrous promise  
Of His, the Saviour's blood,  
Which cleanses all, and quickens,  
And gives them strength to cope,  
With every form of evil,  
With scarce one earthly hope!  
Regenerating waters  
Shall then bear seeds of power  
To raise in mortal bosoms,  
True Hope's immortal Flower!”

“The Lotus has been considered with religious veneration in India from the remotest antiquity; and makes a conspicuous figure in the mythology of that ancient country. It is a native of pools and recesses in the margin of running streams.” *R. Wight's Indian Botany.*

The Chinese Gods are frequently represented floating on the waters, on a Lotus flower, it is supposed as an emblem of the earth issuing from the bosom of the deep after the Deluge.





*Nelumbium Speciosum.*