

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Jesus, the name I'd love to preach
To all the sons of men;
I'd grave it on the heart of each,
As with an iron pen.

Jesus, the name I'd love to teach
To every little child;
I'd woo with tender tones of speech,
And win with accents mild.

Jesus, the name I'd love to sing
In every human ear;
With silver clarion voice I'd ring
Its music round the sphere.

Jesus, the name I'd love to speak
In everlasting lays;
Time is too short, and flesh too weak
To utter half its praise.

TIMOTHY HARLEY.

St. John N. B.

THE LOST SHEEP.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
And one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare—
Away from that tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed
through.
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray!
Ere the Shepherd could bring back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"
—Little Sower.

Religious.

THE LOCATION OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

There is a beautiful tradition in regard to the location of Solomon's temple. The spot was owned by two brothers, of whom one had a family, the other none. The ground was sowed with wheat. One evening in harvest time, when the wheat was bound in bundles and laid in two heaps, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is not able to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise and take my sheaves, and without his knowing it, lay them beside his."

The younger brother, moved by the same benevolent impulse, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family, but I have not. I will contribute to his support. I will arise and without his knowledge lay my sheaves beside his."

We can conceive their mutual astonishment, when, on the following morning, each of them found his sheaves again, as if they had not been removed. This was repeated several nights in succession, till they both resolved to watch, that the secret might be unravelled. So said, so done. The next night they met half way, each with his arms full of sheaves.

On the spot sanctified by such affection Solomon's Temple was erected,—a building so splendid and magnificent that it became one of the wonders of the world.—Translated from the German.

Begin all thine actions with prayer, that thou mayest be able to accomplish them.

IRELAND, AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S BOTANIC GARDENS.

THIRD LETTER FROM F. H. RAND, ESQ.

Mr. Editor,—

In a previous letter I promised, perhaps somewhat rashly, to give you some account of the Royal Dublin Society's Botanic Gardens, at Glasnevin. I have already expressed my great obligations to Dr. Moore, curator of the Gardens, for his kindly attentions; but notwithstanding my favourable opportunities for observation, I am quite unable to do any justice to the extensive and varied subject covered by my promise.

The GARDENS were begun under an act of the Irish Parliament, and are now maintained by funds annually voted by the British Parliament for Educational purposes in connexion with the Science and Art department of the Committee of Council of Education. The grounds, thirty-one acres in extent, were once the domain of Tickell the poet, and here he enjoyed the society of Addison. Near by was Delville, the residence of Delany, the friend of Swift and Stella. Steele and Parnell also resided in this neighbourhood. On entering the gate the Conservatories are in full view. Passing into

THE OCTAGON HOUSE

I came upon the hardier sorts of treeferns, mostly natives of Australia and New Zealand. What miracles of vegetation are these treeferns! What luxuriance, and richness, and softness of apparel! Under these branches bending with great feathered leaves, one feels as if one were in the presence of strange and conscious existences. To me, in my simplicity, it was as if the Great Author of all beauty and gladness had surpassed his former handiwork, and given a glimpse of "the new earth." Here flourish the *Allophila*, a plant of one species reaching thirty feet in height; the *Dicksonia*, among them the great bush treefern so well known to settlers in Australia, and another and rarer species bearing the name of *Youngia* in honor of Sir John Young, Governor General of the Dominion; and the *Cyathea*, some with great black stems, and others with large silver-frosted leaves. The Vegetable Lamb of Darwin's poem, a beautiful fern, is here; but the resemblance to a lamb, even of the young rhizomes emerging from the earth, is as far-fetched and fanciful as many phases of Darwinism itself; and I am very sure that the development of these pot "lamb" into good fat mutton is quite as hopeless as that of certain Darwinian lambs which bleat about the pastures of modern thought, into full grown Darwins. Some rare cone-bearing plants from southern climes are also reared in this house. The celery-leaved pine, and the fern-leaved pine are both very strange looking plants, with singular foliar organs. The New Zealand *Dacrydium* are remarkable for their graceful habits of growth. One of this species commemorates by its name the devotion and sacrifice of Sir John Franklin to the cause of science. The curious Hand Tree, sacred in the eyes of the Mexican, with its long curved anthers projecting beyond the rich purple blossom, seems at first sight to be nourishing hands or claws.

THE VICTORIA REGIA HOUSE

contains the magnificent Water Lily which bears the name of our Sovereign, *Victoria Regia*. The seeds, about the size of a common garden pea, are sown in January, and the young plants are placed in the large tank in April. The plant begins to flower in the latter part of July. The great buds bursting into rose-coloured blossoms three feet in circumference, floating amid smooth green leaves whose rims measure from eighteen to twenty-four feet, are worthy of the queen of lilies. The margins of the leaves of those plants about to flower become elevated, and disclose a prickly under-surface of fine purple. Several kinds of red, blue, and white Water Lilies, natives of the tropics, were also in blossom in this house; but none of them had a fragrance at all comparable to our own white water lily. The same remark is also true of all the white lilies I have seen growing in the Lakes

of Ireland. In tanks near by the great South American lily grows the Sacred Bean of India. This plant is supposed to be the Egyptian Lotus, figured on the ancient sculptured monuments. I believe the Hindoos to this day sculpture the leaves and flowers on the ornamental parts of their temple.

THE NEW HOLLAND HOUSE

is a beautiful structure 100 feet long, with a curvilinear roof, and is occupied principally with plants which are natives of Australia and the Cape of Good Hope. Two forms of blossoms prevail among them; one with flowers in round-tufted heads resembling somewhat our common thistle; the other with pea-blossom flowers. Both are in profuse variety. The leaves of the *Bank-sia* and *Dryandas*, two families of the thistle-headed group, are remarkable for the regularity of their curiously cut edges. It would puzzle any lady to imitate these leaves in rice paper. The blue-flowered *Hardenbergias* which twine around the supporting pillars of the house are among the prettiest of the pea-blossom families. The fleshy-leaved plants from the Cape are very curious. They are chiefly natives of the hottest sandy plains, and survive exposure for months to a burning sun without receiving any moisture from rain. Most of the group flower at mid-day. Their seed vessel open only after rain-fall, when the ground is in a state to favour germination.

THE HEATH HOUSE,

50 feet in length, is a wing of the preceding. Here are heath in great variety, but none of them more beautiful to me than that of the British Isles. The varieties from the Cape of Good Hope are numerous, and many of them are finely coloured. Europe and Africa enjoy an almost entire monopoly of these delightful plants. Dr. Moore informed me that nearly four hundred different sorts are found at the Cape. Only one species is found in America, in Newfoundland, where it grows but sparingly. Dr. Lawson, you may remember, found a few sprigs, some years ago, at St. Anns, Cape Breton.

THE CENTRAL HOUSE

is devoted to plants from Australia, South America, and Mexico. A few of the hardier Palms are cultivated here. Conspicuous among them is the Date Palm, the true palm tree of Scripture. A large palm with fan-shaped leaves, the *Corypha Australis*, is a magnificent plant. The feather-leaved palm, *Scaevola elegans*, is another beautiful species. The singular cycadaceous plants, whose flowers strikingly resemble the cones of pines, are seen here. The Grass Tree, the "black boy" of the Australian colonists, flourishes beside the palms. The full grown plants are from four to ten feet high, having a bunch of long grass-like leaves at the top. When the ground on which it grows is burnt over, the blackened stems and heads remain, and when seen at a distance are said to look not unlike the aborigines of the country. Among the Pine family are the "Bunya Bunya," with prickly leaves and great cones filled with edible seeds; the *Dammara*, natives of the New Hebrides, some of which droop like the weeping willow; the Kauri Pine, famous for its poles, spars, and gum; Cunningham's Pine, named in honor of a colonial Botanist; and Cook's Pine, for the "circumnavigator."

THE CACTUS HOUSE

displays a remarkable exhibition of nature's caprice in the formation of plants. Some of the cactus host appear like great snakes, others like sea-urchins, more like greywigg heads, and all like clouds when one thinks of the delicate tree ferns. They are chiefly from Mexico and the warm highlands of South America. The variety is great, though not at all equal, I suppose, to the far-famed collection at Kew. But very few of these plants were in blossom, and their glory was hidden from me. The group of Carrion Plants closely resemble some of the cactuses. Their thick, fleshy, hairy flowers look like pieces of the skin of an animal, and the disagreeable odor they emit is so like that of putrid flesh, that flies lay their eggs on them—a curious example of erring instinct. Eight kinds of the night-blooming *Cereus* are also in this

house, and I was informed that the flowers of each kind are white.

THE STOVE HOUSE

is filled with a miscellaneous selection of plants, requiring a considerable degree of heat. The sugar cane, coffee tree, rose apples, allspice, cajuput, and the plant whose root yields the cassava bread so extensively used in the West Indies for food, are reared here. The yam is trained round the supporting pillars. The cinnamon and india rubber trees stand side by side. The poplar tree, with spreading branches and long pointed shining leaves, a young banyan tree, and the sycamore of the Bible, thrive in the warm atmosphere of this house. The climbing plants are very interesting. Some of the passion flowers are very gems; and the flowers of the *aristotolias*, and Rope plants, which hang from the roof, are remarkable. One species with its curious, grey, reticulated blossoms is conspicuous, and well deserves its name *ornithocephala*, birds-head. Humboldt says that the flowers of one of the South America species of this climber are of a crimson colour, and seventeen inches in diameter. The Indian boys use them for caps! The cotton and indigo plants, and the ancient papyrus have a place here. There are also some rare medicinal plants. Many of the ginger plants have flowers of singular beauty,—one sort displaying large, showy, scarlet bracts on a setting of dark green leaves. Space would fail me were I to specify the numerous trees which thronged this house, but among them where the cinchona, quassia, mahogany, logwood, tamarind, the lace bark tree, and the fabulous upas. The skeleton plant from the hot swamps of Madagascar is a wonder in its way. The leaves are a tubular web of veins, like lace, resembling in a marked degree, in size, colour, and form, the beautiful specimens of Venus' Flower basket lately secured by Dr. Honeyman for our Provincial Museum.

THE ORCHID AND FERN HOUSE

is a large building divided into three compartments, and occupied chiefly with exotic Ferns, and the tribe of Orchids. Darwin and his flock must revel here, for the flowers of these orchids seem bent upon mimicking the shapes and forms of insects and animals. The butterfly plant looks like a large locust, with wings expanded, a perfectly formed body, head and antenna. Others of the family have flowers which look like yellow and brown flies. The pretty dove plant has marble-looking flowers, sculptured in the form of a dove in miniature, with wings partly expanded as if about to rise in flight; and the swan plant shows flowers with one of the parts forming a long gracefully curved neck and head. The blossoms of others are remarkable for the delicious perfume they emit. There are other singular and beautiful plants here. One from the East Indies has white soft flowers not unlike large moths. Some species of *Anacochilus* are clad in variegated leaves of the richest velvet splashed with gold and silver. A group of Pitcher plants is also seen in this house. The large and finely formed pitchers with perfect lid hang from the stems. I opened several of the pitchers and found them nearly full of a liquid which looked like pure water. This liquid seems to be secreted by the plant. Our Nova Scotian pitcher plant, one of the *Sarracenia*s, sometimes called side-saddle flowers, which grows abundantly in some of the swamps in Cornwallis, is turned to good account in these conservatories. The hot-houses are frequently infested with a small ant, and the fluid contained in the tubular leaves of our pitcher plant attracts them. The rough inverted hairs which beset the mouths of the tubes, prevent any insect that enters from making its escape. Several hundred dead ants are frequently emptied out of a single leaf. The collection of Ferns, I was informed, is one of the finest in the kingdom. Nothing can exceed the beauty and variety of the fronds of this tribe of plants. Some are covered underneath with a yellow powder like the richest gold dust, while others are white as silver. Every imaginable form is perceptible among them, from the flat stag's-horn ferns which cover the trunks of trees with their barren fronds and push out fertile ones like elk's horns in miniature, to the tiny and elegant fronds of the rare *Gleichenias*.