

far from its being super-rational and super-natural to sacrifice oneself for the sake of others, it is most rational and most natural for "such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present," to avail ourselves of the opportunities for such sacrifices. In other words, it is not super-natural and super-rational to show a great deal of unselfishness, but it is perfectly natural, perfectly rational, even without any intrusion of what is ordinarily called the super-natural elements of faith and grace, to do so. There would be nothing for faith and grace to take hold of in man, if there were not in his nature,—even at its worst, even at its lowest point,—a great deal of that unselfishness which it takes a divine mind to evince in the most exalted form. We do not think that the Calvinists themselves have done more to defame human nature than the biologists who lay so much stress on the rivalry and internecine conflicts to which we owe so much in the evolution of the higher characters, and so little on the self-sacrifice and devotion by which men are gradually fitted for those highest feats of heroism. All human nature, all human reason, is moulded by the help of these nobler ingredients, and it is these which fit us to receive the influence of that which is super-natural and super-rational. But it is a misunderstanding of the nature of man, and even of the nature of many of the lower animals, not to recognise the naturalness and the rationality of the instincts by virtue of which sacrifice establishes itself as the keynote of every great religion. Super-natural religion vastly enhances the function of sacrifice in human nature, but it certainly does not originate it. Man is not man without it.

ROSES.

IN a garden of peace which the birds haunt there is a verandah from which the 'Maids of the Village' hang in great white clusters, and a 'Crimson Rambler' sends up vigorous shoots to meet the snowy fringe, and a loose 'Rève d'Or' in golden splendour climbs another pillar trying to outshine its neighbours, while between them a soft blush rose blooms in gentle competition, but failing in the attempt, hides humbled behind its leaves, little dreaming that all the while it is sweeter than the rest. This verandah leads to a rose-garden circling an old sundial, sheltered by a belt of shrubs, and partly shadowed by Spanish chestnuts. Tall white Madonna lilies in stately grandeur stand sentinel at each entrance, and near by a jewelled bed of white irises and orange Iceland poppies shines and glitters in the sun; mauve and white campanulas ring their bells for joy, sweet-bergamot raises a red tassel of a head, and pale larkspurs borrow a little blue from the sky to help to bring it nearer the earth. On the sundial a fly-catcher sits unmindful of the quick flight of Time, while "everywhere are roses, roses;" and it is difficult to choose at which shrine to worship first. Wordsworth's "budding rose above the rose full blown," is exemplified among the hybrids, as, for instance, sturdy 'Captain Christie,' or by virtue of merit, 'Margaret Dickson,' a giant white rose with a faint blush centre, resting in its framework of green. As each glory unfolds itself, Edmund Waller's advice to the maiden in his poem comes to mind and wonder ceases that he chose such an object-lesson as the rose. The old reign of cabbage-roses and China roses is over now, and the beautiful soft, delicate, loose tea-roses carry off the palm, with their additional beauty of red-brown foliage and crimson stems. It is no longer a case of "gather ye rose-buds while ye may, Young June is still a-flying," for they bloom generously from May to October. Tawny-yellow buds of 'Madame Charles' and the soft flesh-colour or coppery-rose of the sweet 'Comtesse Nadaillac' vie with 'Jean Ducher' and 'Francisca Kruger' in tint and absolute perfection, while a blushing bunch of 'Madame Lambard' makes the pure whiteness of the 'Hon. Edith Gifford' more pearly-white than ever. It is when standing in the rose-garden by the sundial, with an armful of precious blooms, that the old legend of the rose can best be appreciated: "The Rose came of nectar spilled from heaven; Love, who bore the celestial vintage, tripped a wing and overset the vase; and the nectar, spilling on the valleys of the earth, bubbled up in roses." This is easily understood by those who love their gardens, and each rose-tree typifies intense sacrifice by blooming its heart away, giving out the fullness of its being at the sun's behest. Alfred Austin's love of the tea-rose is easily traced in his fascinating book,

"The Garden that I Love." Faultlessness in flowers, he says, "is almost as rare as in human beings; but tea-roses are absolutely faultless. Their stems and their leaves are as graceful as their buds; not one of them is of a bad, vulgar, or tawdry colour," and they are found in the garden that the present writer loves, though the poet can sing their praises with a truer ring. "Poetry is a luminous halo which makes thought clearer as well as larger," and can paint the flower with a truer touch than an artist's brush. On the window-sill, near the rose-garden, was a forgotten heap of rose-leaves, and when the human world was still, a blackbird came and laid a mottled green-grey egg among the leaves, thinking perhaps the world was a hard world even in a moss-lined nest, and at all hazard, one nestling should be reared on a bed of roses. A nature lesson for Ruskin to ponder over and turn into the language beautiful, for parent birds had best be content with what the Creator provides, and a bed of roses is not always a criterion of peace. Addison, in the *Spectator*, written in 1711, tells us that "a cloudy day, or a little sunshine, have as great an influence on many constitutions, as the most real blessing or misfortunes;" so with the roses, a shower or a day's sunshine influences the life of a rose. After a shower, soft buds droop their heads and rose-leaves cover the brown earth hurt by the lightest touch of wind or rain. "Listen to the garden talking while it rains," writes Phil Robinson. "The roses are weeping their pretty flowers away, drop, drop, drop, one petal at a time, and then, on a sudden, a whole sob-full." Golden 'Etoile de Lyon' petals, 'Anna Olivier's' flesh-tinted fallen leaves, and an orange litter from the over-blown blooms of 'William Alan Richardson' carpet the beds. After the rain, thrushes come listening over the grass as worms are tempted to the surface, and family conclaves of red-starts and robins are held under the bushes. "I imagine it would be delightful to study roses for a decade, and then write a book," says an American author; but a study of decade upon decade would never reveal half the varying beauties centred in all tea-roses. There was a time when it was said they were too delicate to grow in the open border, but that time has passed, and a scatter of withered bracken proves sufficient shelter for the tenderest plant. Of course amateur rose-growers possess Dean Hole's excellent book on roses, full of good advice, pithy sayings, and quaint humour, but rose-culture has advanced, and his knowledge is hardly up to date; besides, experience is the best teacher, and success must be won through failure. For exhibition, roses should be plucked with the dew on them, for "the rose is sweetest washed with morning dew," as it lies like the faint blue bloom of a peach on the dark crimson satin leaves of 'Prince Arthur' and 'Fisher Holmes;' at 3 o'clock in the morning, when the lark is singing its sweet welcome to the dawn—before the sparrows begin to chirp or the first thrush awakes—the anxious rosarian must be busy in his rosary. But what true lover of the queen of flowers can have the heart to disbud and prune and "prink" unmercifully for the empty glory of having perchance for one day in the year a finer rose than a neighbour's? After the rose is dead the fragrance lives, for the leaves, gathered and blended with sweet spices, make again the pot-pourri which our great-grandmothers made in the olden time, and which haunts by its sweetness old blue jars on the oaken chests. And roses—whether monthly roses, or yellow and white Banksia clusters, or the old-fashioned rose of Provence—make a pot-pourri of sweet memories in hearts, and conjure up shadows on the grass long vanished away. By the old moss-covered grey sundial, as the sun marks time, and thoughts of wild roses climbing the hedges outside, or a waft of sweetbriar on the air, bring other dreams, every bloom in the rosary "by human love made doubly sweet," begs for love in return, "eternal vigilance," and gentle worship.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE VACANT SEE OF BATH AND WELLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—May I add to the remarks, in the *Spectator* of July 14th, on the translation of Dr. Kennion from an Australian to an English See, a further comment? Four years ago your indulgence published in your paper some remarks of mine on the relation of the Anglican Church with the young democracies of Australasia, and I would venture again to iterate