

**WHAT THE WOOD
WHISPERS
TO ITSELF**

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What the Wood Whispers to Itself by E. E. H.

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E. E. H.

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TO ITSELF**

2376

WHAT THE
WOOD WHISPERS TO ITSELF.

*TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
GUSTAV VON PUTLITZ.*

BY

E. E. H.

With Illustrations by

ELISABETH MURRAY.

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THE POPPY.

THE POPPY.

We are mistaken if we think that the Flowers do nothing but bud, bloom, exhale sweet perfume, and then fade away. This opinion, however wide-spread it may be, springs only from our own egotism, which would make us believe that all things in Nature were created expressly for us, and that, because we perceive their outward life only, they must necessarily have no inner one. But, as I have just said, this is not true, and as every Flower has its own character, and one is modest while another is vain and haughty, one merry and fond of display, and another, perhaps, sweet and shy, so has each its own wishes, longings, sorrows, and loves. All, however, have an unbounded patriotism, or, in other words, a deep attachment not to the land alone, but to the very place which gave them birth, so that they cannot exist elsewhere—a pe-