Wild Flowers from Palestine

Gathered and Pressed by

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Palestine is a land of ruins, but the flowers of its fields are as beautiful as when they were looked upon by the Master Himself; and it was a happy thought of Mr. H. B. Greene to arrange in this attractive form these precious souvenirs of the home land of Christ. This gentleman has made, at different times, three journeys to the Holy Land, covering not less than thirty-five thousand miles of travel, solely for the purpose of studying its floral wealth and of gathering specimens by which the variety and beauty of that wealth could be illustrated. This labor necessitated living in the fields, and the hardships and exposures were by no means slight. The Christian world always appreciates any effort that is made to bring it nearer
to its divine Lord, and on this account the present volume will be welcomed and prized. In our time, men are seeking in many ways to illustrate the Bible by study of races, languages, monuments, and buried treasures, all of which are commendable; but the department which Mr. Greene has chosen is no less important than the others, while it appeals to a different side of our nature. Amid the desolation of that land, the flowers of Palestine are almost the only objects which symbolize to us the living Christ; they remind us of His spirit, which, we believe, is to overcome all discord and sin and fill the world with heavenly peace.

Selahammel
And why take ye thought for raiment? 

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Matt. 6:28, 29
Wild flowers of the holy Land
sacred flowers from hill and plain!
What visions come to me,
That I may look on Olivet
And over Galilee.

No better gift hath Palestine
Than you, O flowers fair!
Endeared to Him whose tender eyes
Looked on your beauty rare.
The pathos of His life is yours;
you move us, as if we
did in you, all His smiles of love
And tears of pity see.
You tell of Him as nothing else
Of Holy Land can tell;
The beauty in the Gospel found
Is in your page as well.

Ralph H. Shaw
A Little Faded Flower

Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's Goodness

Wilberforce

Flowers are words, which even a babe may understand

Bishop C. Oxe

For the Infinite has sowed his name in the heavens
in burning stars, but on earth He has sowed His
name in tender flowers

Richter

'Is but a little faded flower, but Oh! how fondly dear

Kowarth
Flowers of Palestine

Oh, beautiful flowers of Palestine, flinging sweet, subtle odors round you everywhere;
We come like holy angels with you bringing Bright memories of that Sacred land, so fair.

We love to see you, as with glorious lustre, All interwreathed and intertwined you shine;
For flowers like these, perchance, adorned the pathway Of footsteps sinless, holy and divine.

Christina D. Freeman
Madonna Flower
Ardedia squamata
Hymn to the Flowers

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

Moral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
Deep without woe and blush without a crime,
May I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!
In the sweet-scented picture, Heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall;
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Horace Smith.
Passion Everlasting
*Helichrysum sanguineum*
Flowers

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
Then he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.
Wondrous truth, and manifold as wondrous, God hath written in these stars above; but not less in the bright flowerets under us stands the revelation of His love. Bright and glorious is that revelation, written all over this great world of ours, making evident our own creation, in these stars of earth—these golden flowers.
Everywhere about us they are glowing;
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o’er flowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.
Not alone in Spring’s armorial bearing,
And in Summer’s green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn’s wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield.
Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top and by the brink
Of the sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone.
In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection;
Emblems of the bright and better land.

H. W. Longfellow
The Use of Flowers

God might have made the earth bring forth enough for great and small, the oak-tree and the cedar-tree, without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough for every want of ours, for luxury, medicine and toil, and yet have had no flowers.
Papyrus
Cyperus papyrus
2 John 12
Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Uprising day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?
Hemlock
Conium maculatum
Matt. 27:34
Our outward life requires them not-
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth:

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
When'er his faith is dim.
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

Mary Howitt
Carmel Daisy
Scabiosa prolifera