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The Marriage of the Roses

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One day, a bee was buzzing from flower to flower in a garden when a big red rose said to him, "Do you expect to visit the white rose today?"

"Yes," answered the bee. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I should like you to tell her I send my love to her," said the red rose.

"Yes, indeed, I will tell her," replied the bee. "I have made a great many matches in this garden."

"Oh, I am afraid I never shall win her!" said the red rose. "She is so cold and stately looking."

"Leave it to me," said the bee. "I can find the heart of any flower."

So away he flew to the white rose.

"Good morning. You are very sweet," he said, as he sipped the honey. "I know of someone who thinks you the sweetest flower in the garden." The white rose blushed a faint pink and turned her head. "Don't you care to know who it is?" buzzed the bee.

"Oh, I suppose it is that horrid hollyhock," said the naughty little rose, knowing quite well who it was that loved her. The bee buzzed closer and said, "The red rose sent his love," and then he flew off a little way.

White rose tossed her head from side to side, trying to hide her blushes and smiles. The bee buzzed back and said, "I'll tell him you send yours to him," and he flew away a short distance.

"Oh, please come back!" cried the trembling white rose.

The bee flew back.

"I do not send such a message," she said. "My love is not so lightly given."

"Very well, I'll tell him you do not love him!" buzzed the bee, and away he flew.

"Oh no, no!" she cried. "Come back! Come back!"



The bee flew back to her. "Well," he said, "what is it? Have you changed your mind and want me to tell him you do love him?"

But the white rose would not say.

"If you do not want me to tell him you do not love him, then you must love him. Which is it? I have work to do, and this is your last chance; I shall not come back again. He loves you. Shall I tell him you do not love him?" The silly rose hung her head. "Give him my love," she said, faintly.

Away flew the bee as fast as ever he could go. "She will change her mind if I do not hurry," he said.

Red rose was watching for him.

"She loves you," buzzed the bee. "I told you I could find out what was in her heart."

"Then we will be married," said the red rose.

The wedding took place one morning when the dew was on the flowers and the sun was shining its first rays. The lilies-of-the-valley were the bridesmaids, and a tall, stately lily was matron of honor. Jack-in-the-pulpit performed the ceremony, and the daintiest little moss rosebud was flower-girl. The tiger-lilies were the ushers. The morning-glories were up bright and early and stayed awake longer than usual. And all the flowers had on their prettiest dresses.

The bee was the first one to offer congratulations after the ceremony. The modest little violet cast a sly glance at the bride and groom and sighed as she thought she very likely never would marry.

The bee buzzed around, looking for another chance to make a match, for he was a very busy bee and wanted to make everybody happy because they gave forth more sweetness for him to make honey from.

And this is the reason you see him buzzing from flower to flower—he is

whispering love messages and bringing sweetness into the hearts of all the flowers to which he whispers.

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