



Chrysanthemums.

With summer and sun behind you,
With winter and shade before,
You crowd in your regal splendor,
Through the autumn's closing door,
White as the snow that is coming,
Red as the rose that is gone,
Gold as the heart of the lilies,
Pink as the flush of the dawn,
Confident, winsome, stately,
You throng in the wane of the year,
Trooping an army with banners
When the leafless woods are sere.

Sweet is your breath as of spices
From a far sea island blown ;
Chaste your robes as of vestals
Trimming their lamps alone.
Strong are your hearts, and sturdy
The life that is root and stem
Smoulders and glows till it sparkles
In each flowery diadem.
Nothing of bloom and odor
Have your peerless legions lost,
Marching in fervent beauty
To challenge the death-white frost.

So to the eye of sorrow
Ye bring a flicker of light ;
The cheek that was wan with illness
Smiles at your faces bright.
The children laugh in greeting,
And the dear old people say,
" Here are the self-same darlings
We loved in our own young day,"
As summer and sun behind you,
Winter and shade before,
You crowd in your regal splendor
Through the autumn's closing door.

Margaret E. Sangster.