



ODE TO THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

" In the first cold night of Autumn
The Dahlia's pride was lost ;
The Hollyhock's splendor
vanished
At the coming of the frost,
Even the brave little Pansy
Hides under the leaves that
fall,

And not one flower of the summer
Answers the robins call.

" But lo ! in the corner yonder
There's a gleam of white and gold—
The gold of Summer sunshine,
The white of Winter's cold.

And, laden with spicy odors,
The Autumn breezes come
From the nooks and corners brightened
By the brave Chrysanthemum.

" Hail to thee ! beautiful flower,
With royal and dauntless mien
Facing the frosts of Winter—
I crown thee Autumn's queen.
With your gleam of late sweet sunshine
You brighten the closing year,
And keep us thinking of Summer
Till the Winter we dread is here."

—E. E. REXFORD.