

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS.

PANSIES for thoughts! Ah, in their bed they lie,
 So still and free, beneath the open sky—
 Yellow and purple, crimson, velvet-white,
 In their dim eyes, the glory of rich night.

Pansies for thoughts! And how the old thought
 burns

Within my soul; star unto star returns
 A smile. To me, the past brings happiness;
 My lips are silent, yet my fingers bless.

The yellow pansies bring me thoughts of dawn,
 Bright-faced dreams, a-striding 'cross the lawn;
 The eastern daybreaks, and the song of birds,
 The young Hopes passing down Life's lane in herds.

And, from the purple, thoughts of dark night
 throng—

The little sorrows that made light hearts strong;
 The starless skies—the tears—the bitterness,
 The painful longings, life's wild storm and stress,