

HOME GARDENS.

In every garden, bright with blossoms fair,
Sun-kissed, wind-fanned—tended with loving care—
 Some flowers fade and die ;
It may be they droop, and slowly pass away,
Or close, n'er to open, as wanes the day,
 Mayhap the gardener culls them suddenly !

A bud unfolds, shy in the morning sun,
To fade, half-opened, e'er the day is done ;
 Hanging its stri'ken head
It falls e'er long, dry, lifeless to the ground,
Its sister-buds still blooming fair around
 It—numbered with the dead !

So 'tis in our home-gardens, tended with loving care,
Our children gather round us, blossoms fair,
 Gifts from the Father's hand ;
In love's great sun they grow from day to day,
Careful we watch lest wayward feet should stray
 From out the little band.

As days pass by our blossoms seem to grow
In grace and beauty—we tend, we love them so,
 They are our constant care ;
We greet each dawning day, by them made bright,
We watch their slumbers thro' the quiet night,
 Each precious blossom fair.