

The Crocus's Soliloquy.



DOWN in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me ;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get¹ out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head,
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart young buds diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus ;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful Crocus !

Gaily array'd in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene,
Came from so dismal a prison ?

Many perhaps, from so simple a flower,
This little lesson may borrow ;
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow.

"The Saturday Magazine," February, 1836.

* I came across these lines in an old volume of *The Saturday Magazine* of 1836. I was only three years old then, but since I have always had a few Crocuses growing in my lawn.

C. J. FOX, DELAWARE.

