

WHAT FLOWERS TEACH.



OW masterful, yet gently,
 The little while they bloom,
 Flowers make our gnat-like worries less,
 Restrain our cares, our pleasures bless,
 And smile away our gloom :
 So do they prove that heavenly love
 May softly sway from doom.

How sweetly, yet how sadly,
 When Summer fleeteth by,
 And shine, bright dew, and heat are gone,
 They droop and wither one by one,
 Then shrunk and buried lie :
 So warning all that pride must fall
 And beauty fade and die.

How unforeseen, yet surely,
 Spring calls them back again
 With hues enhanced, hosts multiplied
 To deck the sward whereon they died,
 'Neath which they long had lain :
 So we may know, e'en here below
 Death has no lasting reign.

J. DANTE SMITH.

Rideau Park.