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A FLORAL LESSON.

I WALKED in the garden one summer-time,
And talked with the blossoms there ;
The roses blushed with a shy, sweet grace,
And their breath was in all the air.
The lily flaunted her banner forth,
So snowy, and soft, and light,
And said to the pansies in purple and gold,
" My dears, you should dress in white !"

The columbine lifted its spires and cells,
The tulips were all a-flame,
And the delicate bloom of the apple-boughs
Fitfully went and came.
And after them came the king-cup, and phlox,
And asters, and London-pride :
Ye comfort the hearts that had sadly watched
While the others had faded and died.

And each had some charmed grace of its own—
Or leaflet, or soft perfume,
Or sweetness, or grace, or gorgeousness,
Or delicate-tinted bloom,
Save one, an awkward and homely flower,
In a niche of the rugged wall,
That had sprung from some chance-sown seed, and grown
Till it overtopped them all.

Its form was gaunt, and its broad, coarse leaves
Made a scant and uncouth gown ;
And its face that was set in pale gold hair,
Was tanned to dusky brown.
Yet, patent and steadfast, it worshipped alone
All day by the tangled hedge,