

GATHERED LILIES.

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."—Cant. vi: 2.



BEAUTIFUL flowers, in wreath and boquet,
On casket containing one fairer than they ;
A flower celestial, that earthward did stray,
To gladden with beauty and fragrance its day ;
To bloom, and then wither, and vanish away
From earth's cold and darkness, to heaven's bright day.

Beautiful flower, more precious than gold,
Or jewels,—of worth that can never be told ;
A flower that drew its rich life from a heart
That breaks in its clinging, and effort to part
From its dear cherished treasure,—ah me, let me fold
Thee again to my bosom ;—oh, death, thou art cold !

Beautiful flower—pale lily to-day,
It was like to a beautiful rose bud in May ;
Alas, that such beauties so transient should be,
And pleasures and hopes should so suddenly flee ;
But thanks to the wisdom that orders in love,
And gathers our lilies for gardens above.

W. H. PORTER.

Brantford, August, 1894.

