





## TO THE BUTTERFLY.

a Twas summer, all was bright and gay.

I turned among the flowers to stray;
All rich were they with varied hue
Of yellow, purple, pink, and blue,
But lo! a white and spangled thing
Was sporting there on tiny wing;
Is haste from flower to flower it flew,
And sucked from each the honicd dew,
I stood admiring all the while,
And to myself I said with smile,

"Oh, butterfly! be mine thy power
To cull the sweets from every flower."
But as I spoke, I saw it fly,
Then said with moralising sigh,
"A lesson may I learn from thee,
From pleasure's dangerous haunts to flee!"
Its wings it spread, it sped on high,
And gushing tears then dimmed mine eye;
Ah! may it thus to me be given
To soar ou rapid wings to Heaven!"