



*Flowers are love's truest language.*—PARK BENJAMIN.

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
 Without a flower at all.  
 He might have made enough, enough  
 For every want of ours;  
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
 And yet have made no flowers.

Our outward life requires them not—  
 Then wherefore have they birth?  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth;  
 To comfort man—to whisper hope,  
 Whene'er his faith is dim;  
 For whoso careth for the flowers,  
 Will much more care for H'm!

—Mary Howitt.