

## Laverockdale\*



I saw it first a bare wide waste,  
A grassy slope with fringe of trees,  
A purling burn along its side,  
With sedges waving in the breeze.

To-day a stately home looks out  
Across a field of smiling flowers ;  
The burn sings in a rocky glen  
Through lakes, and waterfalls, and bowers.

Transformed it is by loving hearts  
Who planned with taste, and wrought with care ;—  
No other garden ever held  
Such flowers ; so tall, so sweet, so rare.

I asked a foxglove nine feet high  
To tell me why so tall it grew ?  
“ They love us, so we do our best ;—  
Were you a flower, sir, wouldn't you ? ”

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*\*Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivory, Colinton, Scotland.*