

## VIOLETS.

BEAUTIFUL Violets!  
In boyhood's days  
You were but spots of blue  
In woodland ways.

As the rich years go past,  
In you I see  
Beauty unseen before  
Revealed to me.

Test of my growing soul,  
I come to you,  
Hoping each year to find  
A beauty new.

Grateful am I to you,  
For now I know,  
New vision ever comes  
To those who grow.