

## "GLORY-ROSES."

"Only a penny, sir!"

A child held to my view  
A bunch of "glory-roses," red  
As blood, and wet with dew.

(O earnest little face,  
With living light in eye,  
Your roses are too fair for earth,  
And you seem of the sky!)

"My beauties, sir!" he said,  
"Only a penny, too!"—  
His face shone in their ruddy glow  
A Rafael cherub true.

"Yestreen their hoods were close  
About their faces tight,  
But ere the sun was up, I saw  
That God had come last night.

"O, sir, to see them then!  
The bush was all aflame!  
O yes, they're glory-roses, sir,  
That is their holy name.

Only a penny, sir!"—  
Heaven seemed across the way!  
I took the red red beauties home—  
Roses to me for aye,—

For aye, that radiant voice  
As if from heaven it came—  
"O yes, they're glory-roses, sir,  
That is their holy name!"

THEODORE H. RAND.