

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

This little flower with azure eye,
You love it, lady, tell me why ;
It seems to me nor rich nor rare,
It breathes no fragrance on the air,
Nor splendid form nor colors bright,
May give it value in thy sight.
If not for perfume nor for show,
Pray tell me why you prize it so.

It is not rich, it is not rare,
This little flower—yet, ah, how fair.
Though it no merit else may claim
But this, “the magic of a name,”
Each tiny leaf into my ear
Is breathing names to memory dear ;
The dead, the absent, the forgot,
Are whisp’ring here, “Forget-me-not.”

—GEORGE PIRIE.

