

Queen Flora's jewels are passing fair,  
With their delicate tints and fragrance rare,  
Bright "nurslings of the skies;"  
But thou wilt not deem their charms complete,  
As the lovely blossom tiny and sweet,  
That on thy bosom lies.  
And oft for this cherished Lily of thine,  
For all needful blessings and favors divine,  
Thou'lt breathe an earnest prayer;  
That when its dear presence the loving shall miss,  
It may be transplanted to regions of bliss,  
To bloom in beauty there.

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WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

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In this delightful cool retreat,  
We're sheltered from the noon-day heat,  
The whispering breeze that fans our brow,  
The rustling leaves doth gently bow:  
A gay-plumed humming-bird comes near,  
Then flashes past in needless fear.  
The lovely flowers their fragrance shed,  
In grassy nook, and "cultured bed,"  
And o'er the blossomed-burthened trees  
With murmuring music rove the bees:  
The gorgeous butterflies are seen  
In robes of purple, gold and green.  
Fair Nature here so charming seems,  
One might indulge in pleasant dreams,  
But we behold the "Serpent's trail,"  
And a "lost Paradise" bewail:  
If found in Christ, we shall regain  
An Eden free from grief or pain.