



## FRAGARIA VESCA.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

As the floral disk of the morning flower,  
Turns aye to the sun in its onward course;  
As the strawberry, blossoms where glaciers tower,  
Or the gentle streamlet derives its source,  
Thus constant, the light of the truth we should trace,  
Nor shrink from a rugged or even obscure way,  
If duty should clearly appoint us a place,  
Where toil is our portion through life's transient day.