

THE PASTURE THISTLE.

CNICUS PUMILUS Torrey.

THE THISTLE FLOWER.

My homely flower, that blooms along
The dry and dusty ways,
I have a mind to make a song,
And make it in thy praise;
For thou art favored of my heart,
Humble and outcast as thou art.

Though never with the plants of grace
In garden borders set,
Full often have I seen thy face
With tender tear-drops wet,
And seen thy gray and ragged sleeves
All wringing with them morns and eves.

Albeit thou livest in a bush
Of such unsightly form,
Thou hast not any need to blush—
Thou hast thine own sweet charm;
And for that charm I love thee so,
And not for any outward show.

Alice Cary.

I NEED hardly make a point of formally introducing the Thistle to my readers. It has a faculty of pointedly introducing itself, and,