

THE GARDEN GATE.

PRETTY garden gate, we pray you
Open wide, and let us go
Where the merry fountain dances,
Where the sweet white lilies grow.
Open, pretty gate, we pray !
Open, flowers, for now 'tis day

In the wind so gently rocking,
Here the mother rose is seen ;
And her baby buds are peeping
Through their blankets soft and green.
Baby buds, make haste to grow
While the summer breezes blow !

Darling violets, are you hiding
In the grass your eyes so blue ?
Never fear that we shall harm you—
We will only smile on you.
Roses red and lilies white,
Violets sweet, good-by ! good-night!

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



THE LITTLE GARDENER.

COME, children, with me to the garden away;
The plants are all waiting our coming to-day;
In heat and in sunshine is drooping each leaf,
But the children are coming to bring them relief.

Trinkle trink! trinkle trink!

How the drops shine and wink,
As the poor thirsty plants hold their heads up to
drink!

“All thanks, little children!” each bud seems to
say;

“All thanks for the love that you show us to-
day!

Now beauty and perfume shall bless you each
one,

In loving return for the good you have done.

Twinkle twink! twinkle twink!

Now like stars see us wink!

For kindness brings kindness, so flowers all
think.”

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

