

VI.

FLOWER SONG.

THE Life Supreme, that lives in all,  
Gives everything its own ;  
A soul remains itself despite  
Life's ceaseless shift—Death's sure, cold might  
*Itself*—though changed or grown.

And something to a soul akin  
Looks out from every flower ;  
A lily is a lily still,  
On mountain bleak, by meadow rill,  
In sunshine or in shower.

Ten thousand roses June may boast,  
All differing each from each ;  
And still the rose-soul in each one  
Glow's fervent, as if there alone  
Its silence had found speech.

The importance of cultivating the senses has been suggested in my commentary on the Taste Song. In the same commentary I have pointed out the peculiar significance of the sense of taste as the organ through which the inmost nature of external objects is suggested to the percipient subject.

Closely allied to the sense of taste is the sense of smell. Indeed, these senses are like twin sisters in their intimate union and their reciprocal influence. By complementing each other they enable us to recognise external objects as bene-