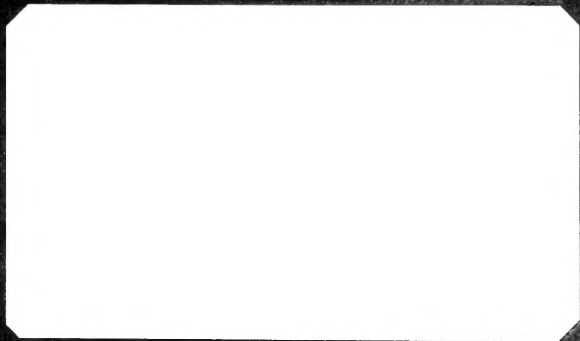


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878

NASTURTIUMS
bright and gay.

Gray, Bessie



L. P. WARD & Co. BOSTON U.S.A.

Spread thy green
umbrella, little flower;
crouch and cover
neath its shielding
surface from the
eager silver shower.
See, the great tears gather at the
edge, and trickle over:
Dost laugh, O little flower,
at the baffled rain,
thy lover?

.Bessie Gray.





And across the garden borders,
in a sunshine gay and golden,
See, a gallant army marches
with its gonfalons unfolden.

As when from
cloistral coolness,
underneath
Green-tented leaves,
some fervid flower-sheath
Doth, clambering to the light,
unfurl and spread
Its blazoned banners prick'd
with gold and red,
Before the Sun-god's shrine.

Bessie Crary.



Don't you love the time of
nasturtiums? their pungent scent
and their colours? They seem to
penetrate and glow through everything,
and make the time their own.

SARAH GRAND



Nature, noiseless, weaves her fabrics,
Now an arras rich and rare,
Now a dainty dainty carpet, gold brocaded
everywhere;
Here a fringed velvet petal, and a broidered
blossom there.

BESSIE GROSS



And nasturtium's flaming torches
light fair Summer
on her way.

BESSIE CURRY



24,3.



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