

THE BIRDS AND THE POND-LILY.

FOUR little birds came out to greet
The first pond-lily, so fair and sweet,
The first that opened its petals white
To the wooing breeze and the golden light.
They flew around, then sat on the tree,
And sang, "You are sweet as sweet can be:
O dear Pond-lily! we do not jest:
Now, which of us all do you love best?"
Pond-lily spoke not, but, instead,
Dipped in the water her beautiful head,
As much as to say, "I'm well content
In this my own pure element."
The birds they sang in their very best style,
But got no answer, not even a smile;
For Pond-lily knew it was safest and best
To keep where she was, on the wave's cool breast,
And never to listen to flattering words
From idle suitors and wandering birds.

EMILY CARTER.

