

MY
FLOWER-POT.



CONCORD, N. H. :
RUFUS MERRILL.



CHILD'S
PICTURE BOOK.



CONCORD, N. H.:
RUFUS MERRILL.



I love the flowers, the fragrant flowers!
They're fairy things to me;
They seem like angels sent to bless,
And teach of purity.



Minds soon are roving
To lands that are blooming
Afar from the glooming
Of woe and despair,
Saying, "Come to the bowers
Filled with rare flowers —
Nature's kind dowers,
Free as the air."

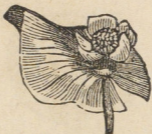


Come, my love, and do not
spurn
From a little flower to learn:
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest
head;
While it scarcely can be
seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.



Yet we love the lily well,
For its sweet and pleasant
smell,
And would rather call it ours
Than many other gayer
flowers;
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

'T is not beauty that we
prize, —
Like a summer flower it
dies.



But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past;
And the Saviour, from above,
Views a humble child with
love.

Come, my love, and do not
spurn
From a little flower to learn:
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet;
Be as gentle, be as mild:
Be a modest, simple child.

The Forget-me-not.

There is a sweet, a lovely
flower,
Tinged deep with faith's
unchanging hue,
Pure as the ether in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest
blue.

The streamlet's gentle side
it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded
grot ;
And sweetly to the heart it
speaks —
Forget-me-not, forget-me-
not.



See the flowers, how they
grow ;

Hear the winds that gently
blow.

Bird and insect, flower and
tree,

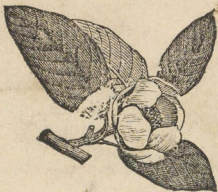
Know they must not idle be;
Each has something it must
do —

Little children, so must you.



The buds and the blossoms,
How bright to the view!
Like jewels and diamonds,
They sparkle with dew.

The sun's rising beams
Have greeted each flower:
How lovely the scene,
How peaceful the hour!



All nature awakens
From a night of soft sleep,
And the insects once more
From their hiding-holes
creep.

The old birds have flown
Far away to get food,
While anxiously wait
Their timid young brood.



WHO MADE THE FLOWERS?

Say, Ma! did God make all
the flowers

That richly bloom to-day?
And is it he that sends sweet
showers

To make them look so gay?

Did he make all the moun-
tains

That rear their heads so
high?

And all the little fountains
That glide so gently by?

And does he care for children
small?

Say, Ma! does God love
me?

Has he the guardian care of
all

The various things we see?

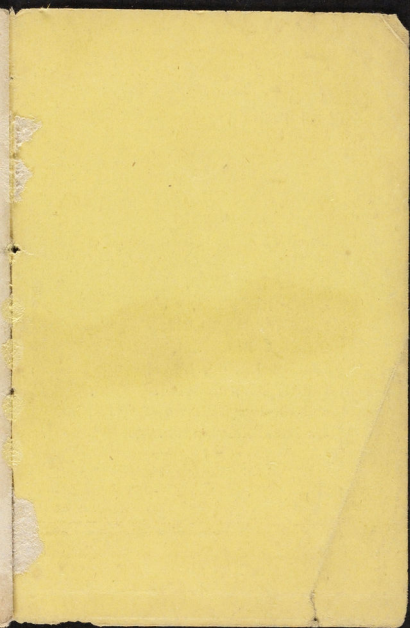
Yes! yes! my child, he made
them all, —

Flowers, mountains, plants
and tree;

No man so great, no child so
small,

That from his eye can flee!






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