

## THE MICHAELMAS DAISY

Last simile of the departing year,  
Thy sister sweets are flown ;  
Thy pensive wreath is far more dear,  
From blooming thus alone.

Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,  
Unnoticed might have past ;  
But now thou contest with softer claim,  
The loveliest and the last.

Sweet are the charms in thee we find,  
Emblem of hope's gay wing ;  
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind,  
To promise future spring.

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