

A TOKEN.

'Tis just a bunch of blossoms,
 Of April's burst of bloom,
 Wee pink and snowy blossoms,
 Dew-ladened with perfume;
 A breath of vernal sweetness,
 A token of the Spring,
 When love awakes to passion
 And fancy's on the wing.

A little bunch of blossoms,
 So sweet, so pure, so fair,
 From out the woodland gathered
 And sent to me with care.
 What motive caused the person
 To send them thus to me?
 An offering of friendship,
 Or love,— it cannot be.

A bunch of April blossoms,
 That droop and fade and die,
 And none to mourn in sorrow,
 And no one sad, save I.
 But, though the blossoms perish
 And petals windward drift,
 I still shall love their mem'ry
 And the giver of the gift.

But who has sent them to me?
 I do not know,—unless
 It is,—well—let me see,
 I wonder could I guess?