My Favorite Old-Time Poem

"I FOUND this old clipping inside a Bible belonging to my husband's mother," writes Alice Nemitz, Chittenango, New York.

"He is 86, and she passed away 37 years ago. I hope your readers enjoy the poem."

Give Me Your Flowers

I would rather have one little rose
From the garden of a friend,
Than to have the choicest flowers
When my stay on earth must end.
I would rather have a pleasant word
In kindness said to me,
Than flattery when my heart is still
And this life has ceased to be.
I would rather have a loving smile
From friends I know are true,
Than tears shed around my casket
When this world I bid adieu.
Bring me all the flowers today,
Whether pink, or white, or red;
I'd rather have one blossom now
Than a truckload when I'm dead.
—*Author Unknown*