

::R0236 : page 6::

The desert rose, though never seen by man,
Is nurtured with a care divinely good.
The ocean gem, though 'neath the rolling main
Is ever brilliant in the eyes of God.

Think not thy work and worth are all unknown,
Because no partial pensmen paint thy praise;
Man may not see nor mind, but God will own
Thy worth and work, thy thoughts and words and ways.

N. B. Cobb.

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— June, 1881 —



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