

A poem in the second issue of Rosebuds which explains the name of the publication:

We offer you a wreath of flowers
Culled in recreation hours,
Which will not wither, droop, or die,
Even when days and months pass by.

The tiny buds which here you see
Ask your kindly sympathy;
View them with a lenient eye,
Pass each fault, each blemish by.

Warmed by the sunshine of your eyes
Perhaps you'll find to your surprise,
Their petals fair will soon uncloze,
And every bud become—a Rose.

Then take our wreath, and let it stand
An emblem of our happy band;
The Seminary, our garden fair,
And we, the flowers planted there.

Like roses bright we hope to grow,
And o'er our home such beauty throw
In future years—that all may see
Loveliest of lands,—the Cherokee
Corrinne