

## The Rockwood Review.

### THE OLD GARDENER.

Always I saw him there  
Among the flowery race,  
The frost in his silver hair  
And the wrinkles in his face :  
The days are soft and fair,  
And the plants that knew his care  
Are green, and thrive apace,  
I miss him from the place.

Early amid the dew,  
And morning mists his feet  
The fields and pastures knew,  
And garden blossoms sweet.  
The waste and wild lands grew  
Golden with sun-kissed wheat,  
And roses and pinks and rue  
Sprang up his hands to greet.

He sowed the seeds and grain,  
And watched in sun and rain  
The daily miracle of birth and growing, —  
Red peonies, and lilies blowing ;  
Along the wall tall hollyhocks,  
Blue periwinkles, purple stocks,  
And all the homely flowers he knew,  
Daisies, and starry asters grew,  
And rows of ribbon-grasses set  
With marygolds and mignonette.

The timid grass bird did not fly  
From her low nest when he came by .  
The goldfinch and the throstle came,  
And the oriole with his breast of flame  
And year by year built in his trees :  
Their curious bright eyes surveyed  
Each sod uplifted by his spade ;  
They gathered fearless round his knees,  
And delved and foraged quite at ease,  
Beside him unafraid.

Lilies and roses blow  
Above his quiet head,  
He will not hear nor know  
In his low bed.  
Something of love and grace  
With that old kindly face  
Is missing from the place  
Since he is dead.

K. S. McL.