

## YOUTH AND AGE.

BY REV W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

HE sat upon a mossy stone  
 Beside the river's brim,  
 And wondered why the rapturous scene  
 No rapture had for him ;  
 The creeping willows lined the banks,  
 The flowers stood tall and fair,  
 And o'er his head the poplar leaves  
 Were beck'ning to the air.

He summoned up his vanished youth  
 To breathe once more the bliss,  
 For never had his eyes beheld  
 A brighter scene than this !  
 Where was the spirit that of yore  
 Kindled at such a theme,  
 And wove poetic fancies  
 In the texture of his dream?

The river babbled in its glee,  
 A babe that ne'er grew old ;  
 And the tall nodding August weed  
 Played with its plumes of gold :—  
 'Twas not in these—'twas in himself  
 That fire and fancy slept,—  
 And there beside Yamaska's wave  
 The old man sat and wept.

"Come back, come back, my youth!" he cried,  
 "And live one glowing hour ;  
 And let my heart once more dilate  
 At Nature's sweetest power !  
 Come, clothe these banks with greener trees,  
 Each flower with fairer hue,  
 And tint the overarching skies  
 With deeper dyes of blue ;

"Give to the song of every bird  
 The 'added line' of bliss,  
 And let the world of Fancy teem  
 Its stores to add to this :  
 Let Autumn never sweep these fields—  
 These skies ne'er tempest-crossed—  
 Nor let this Summer greenery  
 Be ever kissed by frost !"

Ah ! pilgrim to the sunny banks  
 Of bright Yamaska's stream,  
 For all the decadence of age  
 Thou still canst sweetly dream !  
 'Tis Heaven, not Earth, thou'st pictured so,  
 For thus it comes to be  
 That glory from the coming day  
 Breaks on the day we see.

We leave behind the best of Earth  
 Adown the darkened past,  
 And upward with the brightening day  
 We press to peace at last ;  
 And often find that glory mix  
 With scenes we earthly deem—  
 As with the Bard who musing sate  
 Beside Yamaska's stream.

But come it shall, that sweeter day,  
 Thy flowers shall fade no more,  
 And thou shalt list a Summer's song  
 Upon a brighter shore :—  
 Thy vanished youth be thine for aye  
 On hills thou ne'er hast trode,—  
 The land of light and liberty—  
 The bosom of thy GOD !