

AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN.

In an old fashioned garden I wander,
All sweet with the fragrance of June,
Where the woodbine and roses are nestling
And earth's songsters are liltng a tune.

There's a little brown thrush there above me
And a blackbird pipes forth from a bush.
A breeze murmurs softly in passing—
Just a stir in the trees then a hush.

The lily in brightest of colours
Is nodding across to the rose,
While the peony stately and blushing
A kiss to the wee pausy throws.

The mignonette shy and retiring
Has eye sfor none but the bee.
The forget-me-not, modest and simple,
Is wooed by the slender rose-tree.

There is joy in that old-fashioned garden ;
It breathes of a world free from care
Where the dreamer may linger in silence
Weaving day-dreams enough and to spare.