

He paused ; I left him smiling at the scene
The flowers had conjured up. The days had been
So dull and weary ; now a boy again,
Forgotten for the nonce were age and pain ;
He walked thro' mother's garden as of yore,
In fancy all the old-time flowers saw.

That gift of flowers, born of kindly thought,
To one poor suf'rer pleasant memories brought.

