

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN.

A bunch of flowers, by deft fingers tied,
Their way had found to where an old man sighed
Through weary hours, without a friend to cheer
The long, long days through which had lapsed a year.
By age extreme was idleness enforced—
The past his solace ; present, future lost
In retrospection—age's one great claim
When man looks back to youth's bright days again.

The old man murmured brokenly, and pointed where
A sprig of mignonette perfumed the air ;
Sweet William, too, and phlox, and shepherd's pride
Composed the bouquet which some hand had tied,
Whose owner loved the flowers which long ago
Ruled in the garden with quaint, garish show.
" My mother had a garden—such a place
For flowers like these ; I see her blessed face
In these dear flowers, friends of my boyhood's day,
When life was all a careless, happy play.
Their color: and odor, lady, mind me so
Of days long past when thro' the paths I'd go
Following mother, as she led the way
To border sweet with herbs, and parterre gay
With marigold, and rose, phlox, mignonette,
Sweet William, lily, blue-bell—I forget
The names of all. The roses grew apace
In mother's garden. I can see her face,
Delighted, smiling, as she used to bend
O'er each sweet bud, and greet it as a friend,
When, at the dawning of each summer day,
Thro' the trim path she proudly led the way."