

But he came then . . . and now her pale lips
smiled,

And yet she grieved as she had not before
That she had stolen this joy from her child
To know how sweet and tender love may be. . . .

Well she remembered how he often spoke
Of that small cottage builded pleasantly,
Amid the fields and far from noise and smoke,
Where the green days deliciously would glide,
And where winds tarried 'mid the ripened
grain

Until it rippled as a golden tide.

And she would plant bright flowers behind
each pane,

For children love to watch a flower unfold,
And then with trembling joy her heart would
fill . . .