

THE OLD HOME.

(Written for THE UNIVERSITY REVIEW.)



LITTLE house set in the shade of the maples,
 What would I not give to behold you once more :
 To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
 And the starry clematis embowering your door.
 To see the south windows thrown wide to the sunshine,
 Or the porch where we sat at the close of the day ;
 Where the weary foot trav'ler was welcome to rest him.
 And the begger was never sent empty away.

The old rough log walls, and the bacon-hung ceiling,
 And the broad hearth aflame with its family glee,
 Where our friends swapped their jests and told story for story,
 All return to-night in fond fancy to me.

Yes, down where the meadow grass waves in the valley
 And the buttercups banded flaunt shimmering bloom,
 The barn stood once where we loved well to rally
 And swing at our ease in the hay-scented gloom.
 Behind where the hill slopes as steep as a rafter
 When the ice came we launched our fleet sleds with wild din,
 Ah, where are the children who joined in the laughter ?
 They are dead and forgot, or have wandered since then.

O bright little garden beside our old cottage
 Where the sunflowers so bravely their banners unfurled
 And the humming-birds flashed where the rare blooms grew
 I would you were all I had known of the world ! [thickest,
 My spreading pea-clusters ! my tall honeysuckle !
 My mignonette beds whence the soft pertumes flow !
 In a garden of dream I still pass and caress you,
 But your beautiful selves are forever laid low ;
 For your walls, little house, the long years have crumbled,
 Alien feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod ;
 And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
 Reposing in peace on the bosom of God !

C.

Ottawa, April, 1902.