

## THE OLD KENTISH CHERRY.

BY A FELLOW WORKER.

When now I look back to when I was a boy,  
And muse on those objects that then gave me joy ;  
Though few things of childhood in manhood will please,  
There's sometimes a life-long attachment to trees.  
Some flowret or shrub in our garden or lawn  
Oft carries us back to life's earliest dawn ;  
And there's nothing impress'd on my memory more plain  
Than the old Kentish Cherry that grows in our lane.

The Snow-drop and Crocus, the vanguard of spring ;  
What bright recollections these little flowers bring.  
The Daphne Mezereon, whose venturesome flower  
Sends forth its fragrance with the first April shower.  
Our own native Balsam with its silvery spray,  
And that noble old evergreen Spruce of Norway ;  
These all have their charms, but my thoughts turn again  
To the old Kentish Cherry that grows in our lane.

Through association some objects we prize,  
Though the sight of them start a tear in our eyes ;  
Yon grapery Janet planted, south of the hill,  
Though long she's been dead, and her voice is now still,  
'Neath that vine fancy sees her, and hears as of yore,  
When sweetly she sang "Stilly Night" of Tom Moore.  
And when I first heard her, oh, I mind it so plain,  
'Twas beneath the old cherry that grows in our lane.

But apart from all this, I admire thee, old tree ;  
Through many long years thou hast fruit yielded me,  
Which for canning, and drying, and baking in pies,  
From thy high titled cousins thou bearest the prize.  
And could I induce thee, ere saying adieu,  
To marry thy flowers to some rich Bigarreau.  
Throughout our lov'd country, through time, shall remain  
The fame of the cherry that grew in the lane.

PARIS, October 18th, 1878.