

OLD AGE'S GARLAND.

While resting in my easy chair,
With closed eyes. I hear them there,
Gowan, with the golden hair—
Golden hair and starry eyes,
Blue as his lovely western skies,
Whispering softly, " Grandma, rise ! "

Here's Frankie, Jack, and Geo. and Chris.,
And Susie, too, our little sis,
Waiting to give Grandma a kiss;
For this was Grandma's natal day,
And they had twined a garland gay
To make old Grandmamma a Fay !

So to the bower I had to go,
Quite pleased to think they loved me so.
How could I say the darlings, no?
And full of glee they marched along,
A little regiment twenty strong,
A laughing happy, merry throng.

And there a wreath awaited me
As lovely as a wreath could be,
Of Daisies, Jasmine, and Sweet Pea ;
They placed it gently on my hair,
Then hip, hurrah ! rose in the air,
But, oh, my heart it felt sae sair.

I wept and laughed, and laughed and wept,
A sad, sad anguish o'er me crept.
My slender thread of life nigh nipp'd.
A tower of memories on me piled,
I thought I was again a child
Roaming 'mang the heather wild.

Laving in my native linns.
Gathering bloom frae off the whins
And rashes, where the burnie rins.
A moment, and the spell was o'er.
Old Grandma was their Fay once more,
The blithest of the pigmy corps.

With crown of flowers upon her brow
Her staff was turned to sceptre now,
And then was held a grand pow-wow.
I wished to see them all rejoice,
But, oh, the wild discordant noise
That came from those wee drummer boys !

Enough to throw their Fay in Fits,
Rosy, rollicking, darling pets,
Splendid five-year-old cadets !