

THE GARDEN AND THE CHILD.

I WALKED along the well-known trodden ways
Of the bright garden of those early years.
The flow'rs were dead; there were no dewy tears
Upon their shrunken faces. The sun's rays
Made golden all the dreary land, and plays
Of music floated 'cross the empty meres.
The winds sang out their hearts' deep, hidden
fears.
O how I longed to clasp those early Mays!

There came a little child who took my hand.
"The flow'rs are gone," he said, "but lingers yet
The perfume of a Memory." And then
He crept away. "Come back!" I cried. The land
Stole in between. "No! no! Farewell—forget!
I am thy Youth! Go thou and live with men!"