

AFTER LONG YEARS.

I GAVE her fresh violets long ago,
As blue as the sky above,
And to them I tied with a ribbon bow
A boy's simple note of love.
"These violets bring you my heart," it said;
She read it and blushed till her cheeks grew red.

But I went away, and long years flew past
Before I returned, and then
The call of my home-land grew strong at last
To see my old friends again.
The church door was open. I went inside,
And learned that my violet girl had died.

I found in her Bible the dry, pressed flowers,
There, too, was the note signed "Jim";
And as I remembered youth's love-lit hours,
My eye with a mist grew dim.
I knew that the love she had never told,
Had lived through the years, and had not grown
cold.