

THE REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTH IS A SIGH.

Youth '—of every season sweetest,
Youth '—I love thee and regret thee '
—I would not for the world forget thee.
Wheresoe'er thou Memory meetest,
By the tree—or by the brook
Revisited when long forsook,
There thou art with rosy face,
Eye of glee, and heart uncumbered,
Sporting in thy day of grace,
Running round thy busy race,
With a hope that has not slumbered.
Scattering flowery joys unnumbered ?
What is knowledge—thought—experience '—
These in age will waste away,
As an old tree's boughs decay ,
But, while nature has adherence
In the heart—the will—the mind,
As at the old tree's root we find
Tiny infant shoots up-springing,
Round the withered parent clinging
Q2