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## The Old Back Yard at Home.

JULIA R. GALLOWAY.

Oft when life's mysterious changes  
Cast a shadow on my heart,  
And from out the soul's deep fountains  
The rebellious teardrops start,  
Comes a vision sweet to cheer me  
Of a little garden gate  
Where the maples nod and whisper  
While the robin woos his mate;  
And I seem to catch the fragrance,  
Sweet and light as ocean's foam,  
Of the flowers that used to blossom  
In the old back yard at home.

There the careless, wild petunia  
Raised her chalice to the sky,  
Filled with nectar and ambrosia  
For the gypsy butterfly;  
And the gorgeous yellow sunflower,  
When the peaceful day was done,  
Turned her face in adoration  
Toward her lord, the setting sun.  
All the old familiar favorites,  
Springing from the sandy loam,  
Grew in riotous profusion  
In the old back yard at home.

There were marigolds and zinnias  
Standing stately in a row,  
Flaunting gold and crimson banners  
O'er the pansies, crouching low.  
There the staintly valley lily,  
Like an angel from the sod,  
Brought me first the tender message  
Of the Fatherhood of God,  
All the genii of the wildwood,—  
Fairy queen and wicked gnome,  
In my fancy lived and flourished  
In the old back yard at home.

Blessed memories of childhood,  
Full of pleasure, full of pain,  
How they soothe the night of sorrow,  
How they calm the weary brain!  
Still I hear the violets whisper  
From their hiding in the grass,  
And the hollyhocks and roses  
Nod in greeting as I pass.  
Oh the world is full of beauty,  
But no matter where I roam,  
My heart shall keep the vision  
Of the old back yard at home.  
—*Western Christian Advocate.*