

I know not where the long years go
That vanish as we dream again ;
If on that streamlet's silver flow,
Lost where it finds the silver main,—

Or, if like snow that hid the bloom
Within dear seeds unfolded yet,
They melt where all these lights illumine
Those grassy meads we ne'er forget.

I only know that everywhere
This strange dumb life hath found a tongue,
And in this breath of May-day air,
God once again hath made me young.

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

