



"Pan mutely listens to all that is said,  
And smiles at the quips René fancies so neat,  
So well does he know how the youth and the maid  
Are playing at 'Hearts' on the Old Garden Seat."

## THE OLD GARDEN SEAT.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY T. C. DUGDALE.

IT faces the south, 'neath the sheltering wall,  
A garden seat built in archaic design,  
Where columbines bloom, and the hollyhocks tall  
Nod welcomes to those who to rest there incline.  
The grey of the stonework with lichens is flecked,  
And many a chip tells of Time's rapid feet ;  
If age be considered to merit respect,  
'Tis certainly due to the Old Garden Seat.

Carved high on the back, with a leer in his eyes  
The truculent face of the river-god Pan  
Looks down, contemplating in tolerant guise  
The latter-day species of woman and man.  
In musical tinkle three paces away  
A fountain adds charm to this quiet retreat ;  
And from the wide basin the gold-fish at play  
Seem keeping an eye on the Old Garden Seat.

A flickering network of shadow and gleam,  
The light-hearted child of the sun and the trees,  
A saraband dances o'er all, to the theme  
Of the somnolent murmur of wandering bees.  
The pigeons flock here for their bath 'neath the spray  
That cools this oasis in summer-time heat,  
They flutter, and pout in their snowy array,  
And preen without fear on the Old Garden Seat.

Yet, all said and done, 'tis a thing of the past,  
The day of its fame is a day that is dead,  
But over it age a soft glamour has cast,  
And round it dwell scenes of a time that has sped.  
Again can we René and Colline behold  
In ruffles, and delicate satins complete,  
In powder and patches, and—must it be told ?  
Affectation—approaching the Old Garden Seat.

What exquisite bowing, what curtsying low !  
Ere Colline be seated, while he, hat in hand,  
Turned compliments pays, or his keen wit to show  
Repeats the impromptu he's carefully planned.  
And Pan mutely listens to all that is said,  
And smiles at the quips René fancies so neat,  
So well does he know how the youth and the maid  
Are playing at " Hearts " on the Old Garden Seat.

Or is it a student come thither to read  
The wisdoms of Plato and Sophocles old ?  
To whom his surroundings are nothing, indeed—  
The bygone alone does existence enfold.  
The trees may be leafless, the fountain run dry,  
An arid Sahara this pleasance so sweet ;  
He sees not, he knows not—his mind passes by  
The modern-day life of the Old Garden Seat.

Or, summoned by Memory's magical spell,  
The form of the châtelaine, last of her race,  
Draws near, as when living all knew her so well—  
The Lady of years, and ineffable grace.  
With heart full of love for all things small and great  
Her pets by the fountain she daily would greet,  
And they, at her coming, her doles would await,  
A fluttering cloud round the Old Garden Seat.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.