

INDIVIDUALITY

Your garden is sweet with lily and flag;
 Mine has but a single rose,
But, oh, the joyous memories
 It spreads at daylight's close!

Your garden is fair with aster and fern
 That wave in stately grace;
My garden boasts of a single bloom
 Of Queen Anne's dainty lace.

Your garden is bordered with evergreens,
 Well noted for their flocks;
My garden's hedged with altheas
 And quaint old hollyhocks.

And thus they have grown since the world began,
 And thus till the end of time—
You representing the soul of yours,
 And I the soul of mine.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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