



## LIFE'S MORNING AND EVENING.

“GRANDMOTHER, tell me, were you young once, and little, like me?  
Golden and brown was your hair? smooth and unwrinkled your skin?  
Could you once frolic and run round in the garden, like me?  
Grandmother, had you a doll? Did you love flowers and birds?  
Shall I a grandmother be? totter along with a cane?  
Might one not stay ever young on this bright, beautiful earth?”