

# **A GARDEN OF YESTERDAY**

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A garden of yesterday by Edith Livingston Smith

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**EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH**

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BY  
EDITH LIVINGSTON SMITH

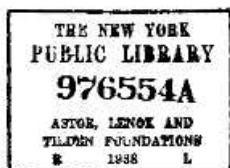


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The author wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of the proprietors of *Good Housekeeping* and *House and Garden* in whose columns respectively appeared the verses and the story which follow.



*The cookies that my grandma baked  
were under lock and key,  
But just a little word of "please"  
was open sesame,  
And grandma's smile was sunshine  
to a little girl like me.*

---

*My grandma had a garden with a  
picket fence around  
Where grew the sweetest flowers  
that a honey bee e'er found,  
And a brook that got our feet wet,  
'way at the farthest bound.*

---

*The trees in front of Grandma's  
house had roots that stayed  
right out*

*To make us homes for paper dolls,  
while birds sang high about,  
And fairies danced at night-time  
there, I'm sure without a  
doubt.*

---

*If I could have one single wish come  
true and always stay,  
I'd wish to be just little and that  
we could move away,  
And live in Grandma's house with  
her for ever and a day.*

## A GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

*When a story-book Grandmother planted Sympathy in the heart of a little girl she did not know it would grow two flowers:—Remembrance and Understanding.*



WHEN Now walks down the lane of Long Ago and sees there a little girl who is a woman to-day, there steals over the memory a sense of unreality of the changes and chances of time which weigh events in the scale of importance. It is as easy for recollection to say