

**UNDER
PINE AND PALM**

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Under Pine and Palm by Frances L. Mace

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BY

FRANCES L. MACE



BOSTON
TICKNOR AND COMPANY

211 Tremont Street

1888

E. S. B.

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TO

My Father and my Mother.

*WHEN first your dear eyes look upon this page,
Remember not that I am far away,—
Bid all the long years vanish, and look back
To that white cottage where the willows grew
And the pomegranates ripened in the sun;
Where, just below the broad piazza, bloomed
A terrace with the tangled cinnamon rose.
Think of that early home, and me, a child,
Calling your names and running down the stair
Expectant of your praises, as I read
My latest verse to those who loved me best.*

*There is no change; with every thought of you
Childhood perpetual rules my inmost heart.
Though now you sit beside your evening hearth
Hearing the winds lament of winter near,
And I, on the Pacific's summer shore,
Write beneath spicy branches not akin
To trees my father planted,—yet to-day,
As the last page is folded, my strong love
Bears it across the continent to you;
And at your feet I sit and read once more
My latest verse to those who loved me first.*

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Author acknowledges the courtesy of Messrs. Harper and Brothers in granting the use of the following poems which originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine*: "The Kingdom of the Child," "A New-World Legend," "Midsummer on Mt. Desert," "Alcyone," "A Rose of Jericho," and "In the Garden."

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