THERE is a time in every day
When I have had enough of play,
And go wherever she may be
To hear the tales she tells to me.

Her voice is low—her hands are cool:
She seems so sweet and wonderful
I like to sit there at her feet:
Are Mothers always made so sweet?

She tells me fascinating things
Of birds that talk and elves with wings
And Dryads and the Shadow-man:
But most she tells me about Pan.

Pan is a god: that is to say
He was once—in a faraway
Wild hilly country by the sea:
She always calls it Arcady.

The strange thing is that though they said
Long, long ago that Pan was dead,
She thinks somehow he still lives on,
When all the other gods are gone.

She says he only asked one thing
Better than all the worshiping—
BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

To be remembered: for he knew
Remembering was loving too.

If you but care for him instead
Of telling people he is dead,
She says that almost anywhere
You may surprise him unaware.

And when I asked her if she thought
He would be kind to me—if caught—
She said that Pan—as I should find—
Quite made a point of being kind.

Since then I’ve hunted high and low
For Pan. No matter where I go
The garden wears a curious look
Of hiding him in some queer nook.

She said that if I were to hear
Soft laughter—then old Pan was near.
But to be sure you really need
Three piercing notes upon a reed.

I search for him and wonder why
A god so old should be so shy?
And all the time it seems so odd
To think my garden holds a god!