



### AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer  
My little Margaret sits me near,  
And begs me tell of things that were  
When I was little just like her.

Oh, little lips you touch the spring  
Of sweetest sad remembering,  
And hearth and heart flash all aglow  
With ruddy tints of long ago.

at my father's fireside sit  
Youngest of all who circle it,  
And beg him tell me what did he  
When he was little just like me.

JOHN D. LONG

E.H.S.