



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