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The Old Home Haunts.

There's a sound that rings in my ears to-day,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth-washed clay,
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass
play,
That makes me yearn, in a quiet way,
For my old fly-rod again.

Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies ;
Back through the woods
Where the blackbird broods,
Back to my rod and flies.

I'm longing to paddle the boat to-day
Through water-logged grass and reeds ;
Where the muskrat swims and the cat-tails
sway ;
Where the air is cool, and the mist is gray ;
Where the ripples dance in the same old way,
Under the tangled weeds.

Back on the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook ;
Back to the bait,
And the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge,
Where the fallen leaves drift by ;
Just to see, in the shadow of the ledge,
How dark forms glide, like a woodman's wedge,

Through driftwood piles and the coarse marsh
sedge,
And to hear the bittern cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and sink,
Back where the bullfrogs sob ;
Back just to float
In the leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

Oh, it's just like this on each misty day,
It's always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To carry me off for a little stay
By the water's edge, in sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long black rubber boots,
Back to my old patched coat ;
Back to my rod
And the breath of God—
Home—and my leaky boat.

—F. Colborn Clarke.

Life.

" Life is a leaf of paper white,
Wherein each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin ! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."