

THE CITY DWELLER SPEAKS

To forage in the orchard for the first of ripened fruit,
The rapids in the river as of yore succeed to shoot,
To lie amid the grasses in the drowsy heat of noon
And listen to the tale the bees above the clover croon.

To feel that all of life is mine and all of life is good,
Unvexed by dull forebodings to calamities construed,
To live but in the present, with the hope sometimes
expressed

That the future may to me bring no stirrings of
unrest.

The past is calling me to-day, the past of home and
youth,

And I can bear no longer now the city's scorching
drouth;

The region where the air is pure, and days serenely
slow,

Exerts the old magnetic spell, and back again I go.