

OH, CARRY ME BACK!

Oh ! carry me back to my childhood's hours,
When I from care was free,
When the swift-winged days as they fled along
Were golden days to me.

Oh ! carry me back—for the fairest flowers
Have lost their fragrance now ;
And I pine for the cool refreshing breeze,
That fann'd my childish brow.

Oh ! carry me back to the green old woods,
Where once I loved to roam,
For I've sought in vain for a tranquil spot
Like these old woods at home.

Oh ! carry me back to the household hearth,
And 'mid the household band,
Let me gaze once more on a mother's face,
And clasp her loving hand.

Oh ! carry me back, for my heart grows faint
With this world's weary strife ;
I sigh for one ray of those hopes so bright,
Which gladdened my early life.

Oh ! carry me back ere my eyes wax dim,
Or aching heart grows cold,
Oh ! carry me back to my childhood's hours,
Those precious hours of old.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE FARMER'S BEST FRIENDS.

Destroy not the birds—
They are our best friends ;
For the little they spoil
They make ample amends.