
SENTIMENT

I loathed the many messages,
And idled with my chums ;
I hated sitting still in church :
Oh, my, I hated sums !

But, looking backward through the years,
It seems to me to-day
I must have had a happy life
In those days far away.
Then I was longing for the time
When I should be a man,
And now it seems to me I'd like
To be a boy again.

I think of how on holidays
We left the town behind,
And light of heart, and gay, and strong,
With naught to fret our mind,
We wandered o'er the country-side,
From early morn till late,
In search of birds, or fruits, or flowers,
Or " worms to dig for bait."

Or loitered where the clear, cool stream
Its pebbly banks was laving,
Returning late with sunburnt backs
From surreptitious bathing,
And, oh, the appetites we had—
My thousands could not buy
A morsel with the flavor of
My mother's apple pie.

I often thought my lot was hard
In those days, when a kid,
And that I had no fun ; but now
It seems to me I did.
And looking back, although I know
I suffered (p'chaps with cause),
And wasn't happy all the time,
It seems to me I was.