

## FOURSCORE.

Though anticipative creatures,  
 On the past we love to look,  
 Its events stand out before us,  
 Like the pages of a book,  
 Early scenes around us gather,  
 For their impress on the mind,  
 Is move vivid and distinctive,  
 As we leave them far behind.

Home is sweet, but never sweeter,  
 Than it was in days of yore,  
 Youth's enjoyments were abundant,  
 But how quickly spent the store !  
 From the tree of knowledge gathering,  
 Life's realities soon came,  
 Ardent toiling for a living,  
 Failed to check ambition's flame.

But abounding mental vigor,  
 And a genuine gospel hope,  
 Winged the soul with earnest effort,  
 With all hindrances to cope,  
 Found no time to waste in sowing,  
 Wild oats for the harvest time ;  
 Kept by grace from paths declining,  
 To the lurid realms of crime.

Alpine heights of knowledge gaining,  
 Higher yet, resolved to gain ;  
 Not by college influences,  
 Ardently desired in vain ;  
 Many pleasing elevations,  
 Met my warm aspiring thought ;  
 With much effort came so slowly,  
 Nevermore to be forgot.

I would not recall the morning,  
 Or the brilliant noon of life,  
 For the afternoon is pleasant,  
 Less unrest, ambition, strife ;