

This eventide with its tale of years  
And rush of its memories rare,  
That stealing and thrilling compell the tears  
For those days beyond compare.

Beyond compare! and each well-known face  
Of the friends of the long ago;  
Half dreaming, half waking, their names I trace  
In the flame of the fireside's glow.

And ever, ever, while the long days fly,  
Comes the time of the fireside's glow,  
'Tween waking and sleeping I sit and sigh  
For the friends of a long ago.

Robert. Naum

I have always felt and  
suspected that the poems  
of Miss. Pennie in this  
collection were written  
by C. S. Vernon.

Robert. Naum.