

CHILDHOOD ON THE FARM

IN riper years, we love to turn
To scenes that in fond memory burn;
The days of youth, we'd fain embrace
While stealthy age, we hence would chase.

On the dear old farm of golden days,
We'd live again, 'mid nature's ways:—
'Mid smiling mead, 'mid flow'ry wood,
Where stately trees like sentinels stood.

In retrospect I see it all,
The old log-house, doomed, alas! to fall,
Since 'mid the scent of orchard bloom,
A new home stood, of ampler room.

The weather-beaten barn, the shed,
And ev'ry beast on farm, that's bred
Before my pleased fancy spring,
In old-time friendship's welcoming.

The gladd'ning fields, the pastures gay,
Return as 'twere but yesterday,
Not many, many years ago,
I watched their abundant fruitage grow.

And thus an image clear I see
Of ev'rything that used to be,
In those sweet days of simple life,
With rural joys and pleasures rife.

They were the days of honest toil,
The days when hardships could not foil
The hope that fills all loyal hearts,
And courage true and strength imparts.

Primeval wood, by arduous toil,
Once cleared away from virgin soil,
The varied tasks of husbandry
Called forth a friendly rivalry.