

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

TO BROTHER THEODORE.

As old age advances, full often I think
Of the life that we lived when boys ;
And I long once more at the fountain to drink
Which nourished our hopes and joys.

Does mem'ry, Dear T., ever carry you back
To the time of your first recollection,
When dressed in a little calico sack
Which you fancied the "pink of perfection"

You stood by the side of your mother's arm-chair
And gazed at the babe in her lap,
And tenderly *touched* his delicate hair
And his pretty embroidered cap ?

And when old Betty P.,* with a flourish so grand,
Raised *her* black little brat from the bed,
Do you mind how you stood with your hammer in hand
And hit it a crack on the head ?

And then what a bawling and squalling there was
By the child and its terrified mother ;
And little you cared that the blow was the cause,
Being ready to give it another !

As years rolled on, and to boyhood we grew,
How pleasant a life was ours ;
With joys so many, and sorrows so few,
Our pathway seemed strewn with flowers.

Blessed by a father whose every care
To the good of his children was given ;
Blessed by a mother with virtues so rare,
They seemed less of Earth than of Heaven.

* A neighboring *gossip*, for whom and her *baby* Theodore had a most decided dislike.