

# FARM FESTIVALS.

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THE FESTIVAL OF REMINISCENCE;

OR,

THE PIONEER MEETING.

I.

WITHIN a grove, where maples strove  
To keep their sweet-tongued goods,  
Met, worn with years, some pioneers—  
The Old Guard of the woods ;  
Who came once more to linger o'er  
The grim work of their primes,  
Renewing here the grief and cheer  
Of happy, hard old times.  
Rough clad were they—unkempt and gray—  
With lack of studied ease—  
Yet beauty-strown with charms their own,  
Like brave old forest trees.  
Their eyes seemed still to flash the will  
Of spirits sent to win ;  
Their hands were marred; their cheeks were scarred  
By deep wounds from within.

With awkward grace and earnest face  
Of effort-bought repose,  
With troubled ease and shaking knees,  
Their president arose.