

EVENING ON THE FARM.

Dear Prairie land! thy wide expanse
Of vision, greets my homing mind.
And far, across the mountained space,
Thy waiting welcome calls to me.
I see, in mind, the prairie grass,
And breathe the Balm of Gilead's breath,
My home-sick feet, long once again,
Thy well remembered trails to tread,
And ramble through thy wooded lanes.
I hear the cow-bell, east afar,
And watch the kine come rambling home.
Then wait in peace, until the bars
Have been let down, then haste to press
And enter in, impatiently,
While faithful Pup stands guard, to watch,
Till brother ties his prancing steed.
Now, milking time, I hear, again,
The tuneful hymn, or cradle song,
Keep time, with swishing 'gainst the pail;
Then soon, the cattle lay them down,
To quietly chew their evening cud.
And other chores must take their turn,
Till, satisfied, the jolly boys
Draw 'round the steaming supper-board.
Anon, in holy reverence,
With heads bowed low, we listen to
The father's voice in homage flow,
In thankfulness, for gifts bestowed.
Now, rest-time brings sweet organed tones
Ming'ling with voices, ringing clear,
The while the saintly mother sits,
And listens with a proud-like smile,
She breathes, betimes, a guarding prayer.
But soon the evening prayer-hour comes,
And then the Book is taken down,
And hushed, is all the Even-song,
As, one by one, we gather 'round
The humble, homely, living room.
Now, prayers are said, and up the stairs,
We, hesitantly, climb our way.
And, mayhap, e'er the boys will rest,