

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY E. C. K.

A WOMAN with a gentle face,
And hair as white as snow,
Sat silent by a glowing fire,
Thinking of long ago.

The dusk had gathered, 'twas the time
T'wixt afternoon and night ;
The room would have seemed dark and drear
Save for the fire's light.

And as she thought, she seemed to see
A shining light to grow ;
And in its midst she saw herself
Just fifty years ago.

And as she gazed, she sighed and thought
How changed her face was now ;
Her glorious golden hair was white,
And lined with care her brow.

How careless was her spirit then,
Her youthful heart how light ;
What compliments were paid to her
That well remembered night.

How proud her parents seemed to be
To know it was their child
Whose face was fairest in the room,
On whom the noblest smiled.

One voice alone she still doth hear
In accents soft and low ;
Which took her maiden heart by storm
Just fifty years ago.

T'was Allan's, pleading for her love ;
She could not well say "no ;"
So she became his happy bride
Just fifty years ago.

And then the vision died away,
And dark became the room,
The fire seemed struggling faintly now
To chase away the gloom.