

RECOLLECTIONS

Oft at eve I sit and ponder, and in retrospect I wander
Back again to scenes of childhood, and the happy days of
old;
See the dear familiar faces, and the well-remembered
places
That fond memory clearly traces on its brightest page of
gold;
Traces out in magic letters on its brightest page of gold.

There I see my mother sitting in the rocker with her
knitting,
Father with his pipe and paper in his armchair in the glow
Of the fire brightly blazing; children round the hearth are
gazing
At the flames, while whispering 'mazing fairy tales of long
ago,
Fearfully delightful stories of the mystic long ago.

Or sometimes the vision changes, and my unleashed fancy
ranges
O'er the meadows where I roamed beneath the sunny
summer sky,
Held communion with the flowers, or whiled away the
hours
In sequestered orchard bowers, where the little stream
flowed by;
Dreamed away the idle hours while the stream flowed
gaily by.

And to me this 'chanting picture is more precious, purer,
richer,
Than the golden touch of Midas, or King Croesus' glitter
ing hoard,
For it thrills my heart with pleasure, gives my cup of joy
full measure
Of a dearer, more prized treasure, than mere riches could
afford;
This picture of the days now gone in fondest memory
stored.