

A REMINISCENCE

Far into the years gone by when Mother Nature had her will,
And landscapes all were dotted with lakes, rivers and the hills,
Where mighty great oaks raised their arms, in defiance, so 'tis said,
While they flung on mossy banklets their acorns green and red,
The Hickory and the Maple, Dogwood and stately Spruce
Each growing in the forests for some very special use,
Where bears, foxes, and the coons, the great recesses stirred:
With the whoo-whoop of the Owl, and the sweet song of the bird
The notes of the wild Turkey's early echoes waked, and late,
As they gobbled out a message to their absent wondering mates.
The drumming of the Partridge, the Whip-poor-will's clear call,
Were placed here in the woodland by the Father of us all.
Blazed trees throughout the forest a pathway there did trace,
Where the lonely Circuit-rider, filled with courage and much grace,
Took his way to lonely dwellers, to give them each the call;
Christ died for all the people, the greatest and the small.
And the axes of the wood-man were heard by wondering bands,
As they laid low some bee tree, or cleared the forest land.
Privations, they were many, but uprose from out the ground
Through the throes of their endurance, the birth of a town
And how the place was needed, both for comforts and for trade,
And peopled with the finest stock our God has ever made.
There were two churches and a school, some stores and a mill,
A nice big pond for fishing, or grinding, at their will,
A railroad passing through with a few lone trains a day
Both a wonder and a joy as they traveled on their way.
Today upon a high hill, a homestead's standing, still,
A reminder and a tribute to the parents by whose will
This home was made a haven and a help for all good work;
With its spacious doors wide open for the uses of the church.
There were meetings, and some suppers of old New England lore,
With pork and beans, and doughnuts, and pumpkin pies, and more,
And singing schools and music, donation parties, too,
Where they filled the parsonage pantry with the best that they could do.
And when the times were hardest, no money, or good notes,
There might have been some clothing and perhaps a nice warm coat.
A homestead without children doesn't always seem the best,