

From mighty Oak to Hazelbush that grew on hill and plain.  
Her playmates were the lambs that skipped on meadows wide,  
And then came in, from storm or play, to rest at eventide;  
Or watching birdies build their nests with things that they could bring-  
Then count the eggs and "take a peek" until they found their wings.  
In nutting time 'twas her delight to roam the country o'er,  
And vie with squirrels, in their task to lay in Winter's store.  
One of the things she loved the best - be it sunshine there or rain  
Was to go and get the cows and drive them up the lane.

The church - it was her pride and joy - the Sunday School, too,  
Where she traveled every Sunday, her lessons there to do:  
With her teachers, oh, so fine, and music and sweet song,  
That taught her more about her God and how to shun the wrong.  
And as time passed on, and those wonderful days-  
There was a song in her soul that made music always!

To school this young miss went a mile a half each way-  
Sunbonnet worn on the back of her neck every day.

Another change: the dear father passed on  
To mingle his voice with the Heavenly throng.  
The sad mother and child, who was still only nine,  
Must seek a new home, at least for a time.

Several years quickly passed; another school must be found,  
So to Pontiac they moved, 'twas the finest around.

E'er long came a man, the dear mother to claim,  
And so, very soon they were moving again.

So many great changes as the years glided by:

The telephone entered, bringing neighbors so nigh.

Electric light soon stepped in with its power for our need,  
To help lighten our labors, <sup>and</sup> heal the sick, as decreed.