LEWIS T. BRYANT OF FOXCROFT, ME.

Do you remember the good old days,
The days of long ago,
When you were building a house of spools
And I built men of snow?

Does memory hark to the spool-made top
And the way we made it whirl,
When I was a little tow-head boy
And you were my little girl?

I am moved to this reminiscent strain
By the picture shown above;
The spool so closely interwoven
With so many things we love.

Her gentle hand spun off the thread,
As she sewed by the fire-side,
When you were a youthful Benedict
And she was a happy bride.

But I'm not allowed to get off the track
Of the plain and matter of fact;
For it's business that touches the heart of things
In the modern social pact.

So, let me present the Business Man,
Who sends across the sea,
The stuff for the spools for the thread of the world,
And who suggests this verse to me.