



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 interweaves
 With so many things we love.
 Her gentle hand spun off the thread,
 As she sewed by the fireside,
 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.