

FIRE FANCIES

OH, give me a wood-fire burning bright!
It's the best of all fires I know,
When the year is old and the winds blow cold
And the skies give promise of snow.
There's a genial warmth in the golden flames
As they roar up the chimney wide
That fills you with cheer when the season is
drear
And they mock at the cold outside.
What matter it then if the winter reign
Or how the temperature turns!
Just pull up your chair; such comfort is therE
Wherever a wood-fire burns.

We gather around on a winter night,
When the work of the day is done
With family and friend, in joy without end
And laugh while the gay hours run.
Forgotten the cares of a busy day!
They're gone with the winter's gloom—
Four spirits are bright as the warm fire-light
As it dances about in the room
What matter it then how the world goes on,
Or whatever fortune betide!
For hours of content may always be spent
At home by the old fire-side.

Oh, give me a wood fire dying low—
With shadows upon the wall—
In the fire's red gleam 'tis the time to dream
Of things that you love to recall!
How sweet the mem'ries that troop all around,
And tap at the door of your heart!
In the soft fire-glow, the days long ago
Of your life once again seem a part.
What matters it then, how the years go by,
If our dreams are left to us still,
They can never depart, but will live in the
heart,
To banish away life's chill.