


And a man's foes shall be they of his own household



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OVERHEARD IN ARCADY

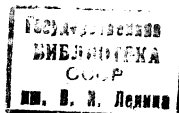
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## To My Mother

*Long years you've kept the door ajar  
 To greet me, coming from afar;  
 Long years in my accustomed place  
 I've read my welcome in your face,  
 And felt the sunlight of your love  
 Drive back the years and gently move  
 The tell-tale shadow 'round to youth.  
 You've found the very spring, in truth  
 That baffles time—the kindling joy  
 That keeps me in your heart a boy.  
 And now I send an unknown guest  
 To bide with you and snugly rest  
 Beside the old home's inglenook.—  
 For love of me you'll love my book.*