BESIDE THE FIRE

WITHOUT, the storm-wind fiercely blows,
The brooklet runs, a swollen stream;
From yonder home the firelight throws
A friendly gleam.

Within is comfort, shelter, rest,
It is the haven we desire;
’Tis good to be a welcome guest
Beside that fire.

While hastening to that dear abode,
The thought to those in pity turns,
For whom, along life’s weary road,
No hearth-fire burns.

We sit within the ruddy glow
That softly lights each kindly face;
And sometimes, one will bend to throw
A log in place.

We picture forms that come and go
The glowing, shifting coals between,
And memories bring from long ago
A changing scene.

We chat of all things, old and new,
Or pause at times, in thought apart;
And oft in friendship tried and true,
Speak heart to heart.

Though countless joys with summer bide
And of her charms we never tire,
’Tis good to sit with friends beside
A winter’s fire.

ELLA HOWARD HUGHES.