

## *An Old Tree*

With outstretched arms you stand,  
Like a giant in days of yore.  
To guard and hold the land  
Against wind, and rains that pour.

Your mien to some is charming,  
To others you seem old;  
But to yon friend that's farming,  
You're worth your weight in gold.

His home to you doth he trust,  
For safety in the storm;  
He knows, in times the worst,  
Your help in many a form.

The storm may rage with power,  
Your mighty limbs may bend;  
But you never yield or cower,  
When dangers you must fend.

With crowns of praise we wreath you;  
The maiden, youth and swain,  
Delight to rest beneath you,  
In sunshine or in rain.

Your vesture old and torn,  
Hangs limply on your frame,  
While many hearts do mourn  
That beauty you may not claim.

Tho' gnarled and bowed and shaken,  
Your strength is great as old.  
You will fore'er be taken  
A type of manhood bold.

*X. Ray.*