

The Petoskey Record Wed 8-17-1887

Gathering Winter Sunbeams In Summer ay Petoskey.
Gather them up in the summer time,
With the winds and the waters in all their prime.
In and out on our chequered way,
Gather the bits that are bright and gay.
Treasure them up in memory's hall-
The lights of life that are free to all.
A voice from the soul uprising springs
A welcome to all those gracious things.

Over the water a soft sweet breeze,
Shimmers and shines in the maple trees.
A squirrel is peeping around the tree,
The shy little fellow is quizzing me.
The birds come down to our very feet,
Twitter and bathe where the waters meet.
The days go by in calm and peace
As the gracious lights in our hearts increase.

Here is a flock of white-winged boats,
Yonder a stately steamer floats,
Outlined sharp as it passes by-
A picture traces on an azure sky,
Breezy banners from stem to stern,
Wave strange devices at every turn.
Light, sound, senses, all are one-
Long beautiful day, till the day is done.

The mossy roots of the grand old trees,
Furnish a seat where we sit at ease.
Unlimited room has the all out doors,
From Heaven's own dome, to the green glass floors.
We can dream of the mountain, ocean, and plain,
Build castles in air, and castles in Spain,
Visit old countries, queens and kings,
And smile at the fashions of old world things.
Of the richest treasures, jewels and gold,
Perishing trifles to have or to hold-
Empty bawbles for hearts in pain,
Then come to the haunts of the woods again.

The romance of the woods weaves fairy spells,
As over the senses it waves and swells.
Stealing up from long buried runes,
Old-time songs and forgotten tunes.
And hark! Through the graves sweet anthems rise
Pure heart incense to clearer skies.
And the caps of the fates hang just as low
As they did in the days of long ago.
Blest be Chautauqua's mighty raid,
The noblest works in its paths are laid.
Inspiration of man's grand mind,
To no one country or age confined,
Reaching with gentle, gracious hand
To remotest dolls in this northern land.
Then come to Petoskey hills once more,
Partake of the riches held in store.
So much to see, and so much to know,
'Till the heart feels full to its overflow,
While sight, sound, sense, all are one-
Long beautiful dream 'till the day is done.

MARY A. STRANGER.