

MEMORY SET RIGHT.

I had thought it was the brook that charmed me then
As it slid along the grassy, level spots,
Or danced and tore headlong among the rocks ;
So I went back to that same spot in after years
To find sweet rest and taste of merriment,
But found it not.

Then I thought it was the pine trees and the wind,
That had once in summer days entranced my soul,
And that it was their whispering high o'er head
Or strewing slender shadows on the earth ;
So I sought beneath those trees again that joy,
But felt it not.

No ! It surely was the birds that made my heart so
light
That my life had seemed all song and harmony ;
And I thought to banish discord from my life,
By listening to the burst of morning song
Or the sweeter evening twitter 'mong the trees—
But care remained.

Then I *knew* it was the *friend* of those dear days—
Our souls had touched and made sweet harmony ;
The world was light because her eyes were there,
And the wood is not the same, for she is gone,
And nothing but the echo of her voice
Can I find there.