

MEMORY PICTURES.

COMES an hour when the power of other days is strong upon me, and I am carried back into their presence by swift wings of memory, or rather, these thoughts that live constantly with me—subdued and silent while the work of the day goes on, but ever alert and ready to bear me out of the dull monotony of regular toil, on the instant that some unusually powerful influence is brought to bear, and my spirit leaps suddenly toward those things outside that so draw and charm me. And thus these little winged ministering spirits—kin of the winged god himself—at the first yielding of my heart, the first turning of my thought toward these things forbidden, rise and spread their gossamer wings and bear me away on the instant—against all sober judgment, contrary