

SUNDAY SCHOOL BARRER

for
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AND
YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Wings of Memory.

AUGUSTA HELEN THOMPSON.

I spread out my wings, and I quickly fly
Over years of struggle and pain,
And the joys I have known and the friends
I have lost
Are real and living again.

The wings carry me to a far-off life,
Where I try in vain to see
What I once used to know so well, but now
The knowledge has gone from me.

The shadows around me are dark and deep,
But sweet sounds I have heard before,
I know not when and I know not where,
Seem to come to me once more.

And through the mists I can sometimes see
A face or a flower that seems
To be part of a life that I lived long ago,
And that comes back in my dreams.

The mists become denser. No musical
sound,

No face, no breath of perfume,
Could pierce these dark clouds, and the air
all around

Is filled with a vague, dim gloom.

Then the clouds are all gone, and the faces I
see

Are those that I knew as a child,
I live in the sunshine of school-girl days,
And fancies so glad and wild.

But my toys become broken, my school-
books are lost,

And the dear eyes I loved so well
Are closed, and the secrets that they have
found out

The white lips refuse to tell.

Enough, O my wings, I know of your power,
But the feelings you give are too great;
The precious things of life, I believe,
Will come back to us soon or late.

In some far, future life—I know not when
or where—

I shall see the dear lost ones again;
Till then I have wings, but the joy they give
stings,

For memory is mingled with pain.

Clayton, B.C.