

MEMORY.

WRAPT in the misty veil of years,
With the darkness round my head,
I call up dear departed faces
Of the absent loved and dead.

Memory opens wide her gates,
That I may tread her stately halls,
And view again the pictures bright,
That beautify her lofty walls.

I see each long remembered path,
The dear familiar haunts of yore,
With buoyant step and spirit light,
I tread again my native shore.

I see the quaint old home again,
Round which the sunbeams linger long,
Where fair fresh flowers their fragrance shed,
And birds carolled loud their songs.

I see my mother's loving face,
I hear her gentle voice again,
Telling of a Saviour's dying love,
And of a Father's home above.

Ah mother ! dearest of earthly friends,
Enshrined within the heart thou art,
Even now thy spirit seemeth near,
To cheer my lonely stricken heart.