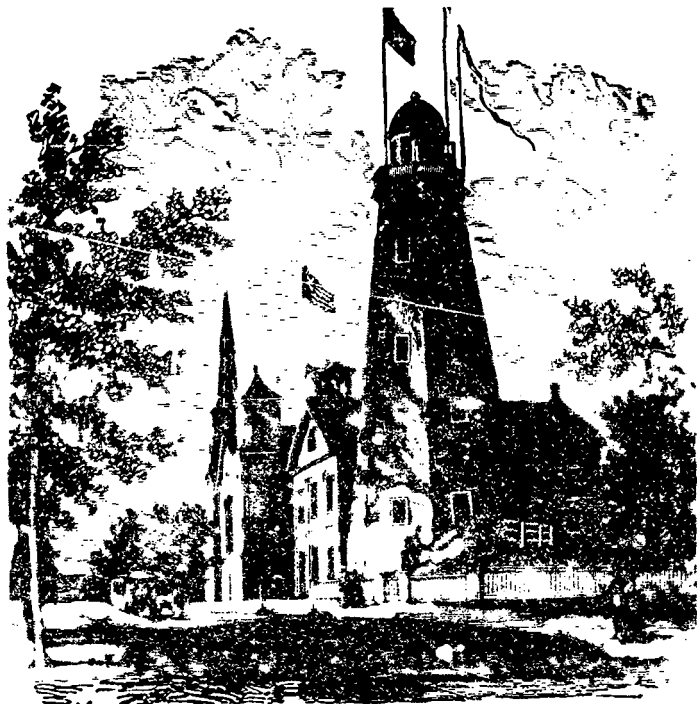


seen in the beautiful poem entitled, "My Lost Youth," of which we quote a few lines :—

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated beside the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.



OBSERVATORY, PORTLAND.

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

I remember the black wharfs and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.