

MEMORIES.

Forms are in the distance fading,
There are forms that never fade;
Time may cast its misty shading,
Still we see them through the shade.

Years may roll with care engrossing,
Yet unchanged our hearts remain;
How a thought the memory crossing
Wakes the past to life again!

Voices that were lost in sadness
Break as through the startled air,
Voices once so full of gladness;
Fancy fills the vacant chair.

Friends with whom in life we parted,
Whom in knowing fairer grew,
Rise before us open hearted,
Loved and loving, ever true.

Little hands and tiny fingers
Press upon our bended knee;
And the voice in echo lingers
Once so happy full and free.

Treasured in the heart's recesses
All our tender memories lie.
Shall they live? The soul expresses
Hope that they will never die.