

Memory Pictures.

of their brows like halos round the heads of saints.

Soon we feel the warm light coming, and in an instant it leaps o'er the ridge and throws its yellow radiance over all below.

Like the early morn of Life—the tints all so delicate, the perfumes all so dainty, the voices all so soft and lisping. And then, the scenes are broadened, the light grows stronger, our vision widens, we get a conception of the vastness of earth and all its greatness, and our ambitions and our hopes grow mighty with life's prime—the Noon of Life; while the mountains stand majestic, their strong, clear light reflected in undimmed splendor at the noontide—proud, undaunted in ambition, rich in beauty, masterful in power, full of satisfaction!

But the day must wane, as all days will, and toward that other side the light of life slips down. How beautiful, when the light holds strong, the power is unabated, the purity grown but clearer, the wealth still richer, the march unfaltering to the end! And still at eve, the