

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

UNCOUNTED hours are shrined in numbered years,
 That wove their fame in days that are forgot !
 One hour may wing away man's happiest lot—
 Leave weary moments meted out by tears ;
 One hour may bring the smiles that banish fears—
 And flush with hope a shadow-haunted spot !
 Yet, whelmed in years, the hours are heeded not,
 Or memory on days her temple rears !

Remembrance vaguely dreams of long gone hours,
 The waking years are minutes laid asleep :
 Griefs pass like storms—joys bloom and fade like flowers ;
 'Tis not for years, but hours, we smile or weep ;
 Gems on Time's golden circlet, they are ours ;
 Yet, what a careless count of them we keep !

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M.

