

life's fu-ture bat-tles look'd bright thro' their haze. —
 just as in those days felt hap-py and free. —
 pleas-ure were al-most too good to be real. —

Slowly. J. 24.

Dear gold-en hours, — days long a-go, Days that have

gone by for ev-er. Friends true, and mem-'ry

all that re-mains, Friend-ship that e'en time can't se-ver.