



VOL. XIX.—No. 968.]

JULY 16, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

### MY LAND OF MEMORIES.

By ERIC BROAD.

I AM sole monarch of a land—  
A land of rare delight:  
And there, my sceptre owns a sway  
Of undisputed right:  
Courtiers, subjects, rule I none—  
I covet none of these!  
Without them, Peace hath ever  
blessed  
My Land of Memories!

I take my seat upon my throne  
Whatever time I will:  
When in the night I am alone  
And all the world is still:  
Or, when the day is young  
and fair  
And sunbeams kiss the trees,  
I rule within my magic land—  
My Land of Memories!

How sweet the hours, and  
passing fleet!  
How sweet the secret bower!  
How dear the heart's exultant  
beat:  
The liberty; the power,  
To know that none can come  
and tread  
My boundless sunny leas—  
That one chief beauty of my  
land—  
My Land of Memories!

No cares distract: but sweet  
content  
Dwells in each sunlit close:  
Life, is a glad retirement  
A sweet and rhythmic gloze:  
Would I could rest for ever  
'neath  
Those never leafless trees  
Which grace and shade my  
dream-filled land—  
My Land of Memories!

*All rights reserved.*



[From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.  
"HOW SWEET THE SECRET BOWER."]