

THOUGHTS.

The days filled with perfume of roses,
The nights with their scent of the sea,
Are fading away from my memory,
And leaving but shadows of thee.

The grief that we once dreamed was hopeless
Departs ere we know it is gone ;
The tears of the darkening evening
Are lost in the flush of the dawn ;

For time, who is slave of Oblivion,
Unnoticed goes by every day,
And silently mends what is broken,
And passes unseen on his way.

Thus life is away as we wonder
And call to the hours that are past,
Till far in the distance, yet nearing,
We see the white gates of " At Last. "

Yet even Oblivion's servant
Sometimes falls asleep at his post,
While the key to what-always-is-dearest
Admits a fair, wandering host

Of dreams and of faces and longings,
Of hope and of joy and of fear,
Till all the great train of remembrance
Is gathered in readiness here.

Ah, days filled with perfume of roses,
And nights with your scent of the sea,
I would you could fade into darkness
And bury your image from me.

ALICE FELICITA COREY, in *Sibyl*.