

A MEMORY.

'TIS but an angel whisper
Of out-worn past delight,
For ever falling over us
As quiet as shades of night.

'Tis but a spirit shadow
Across the dial of life,—
Across the lingering traces,
Of joy or pain or strife.

'Tis but a treasured picture
In recollection's hall,—
A miniature expanding,
Where'er the light may fall.

'Tis but the soul communing
With visions of the past,—
The cherished touch we used to feel,
On earth too good to last.

'Tis but another phantom,
As fragile as a breath,
The fragrance of a broken charm,
More hard to bear than death.

'Tis saddest when reminding
Of by-gone better things,
For "a sorrow's crown of sorrow"
Then broods on memory's wings.