

## Looking Backward.

Memory, like moss,  
Wraps itself round the roughened trunks of Time,  
Whose branches cross  
And interweave the merry wedding chime

Of early days,  
With sadder tolling of our riper age.  
Stray, slanting rays  
Of Hope creep slowly on life's darkened page.

Within these shades  
We walk through columned arches to the goal,  
Where darkness fades  
Before the flood that lifts the trusting soul.

Memory's soft hands  
Cast a fine halo o'er the knotted path,  
Her trailing strands  
Enshrine the Father's love, and not His wrath.

The spectral shrouds  
That held us long in doubt, now turn and change  
To sunset clouds,  
Where rests our Faith in sight of broader range.

Memory's key  
Of finer gold unlocks the battered gate  
Of mystery.  
We turn, and o'er the narrow path of fate  
We gaze, and see  
'Twas God's decree.