

Voices that were lost in sadness  
Break as through the startled air,  
Voices once so full of gladness ;  
Fancy fills the vacant chair.

Friends with whom in life we parted,  
Whom in knowing fairer grew,  
Rise before us open hearted,  
Loved and loving, ever true.

Little hands and tiny fingers  
Press upon our bended knee ;  
And the voice in echoe lingers  
Once so happy full and free.

Treasured in the heart's recesses  
All our tender memories lie.  
Shall they live? The soul expresses  
Hope that they will never die.

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### ON THE STREET.

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SCENE—*King Street, Toronto.*

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The little roughened legs were clad  
In stockings nature gives to all,  
No shoes—no, neither good nor bad,  
And his thin form was far too small  
To suit the vesture that he wore ;  
Beneath his little cap a store  
Of curled locks his brow had graced,  
But all unkempt ; with eager feet  
A newsboy thus alertly paced  
His way along the city street,  
With stock in trade he entrance gained  
A restaurant where fashion reigned.