

MISCELLANEOUS



SUMMER.

DEDICATED TO MRS. R. JACKSON BY A LOVING LADY FRIEND.

Are you longing for summer, dear friend of my heart,
 For the scenes and companions of yore?
 For the birds and the flowers and green leafy nooks
 That in childhood your feet pattered o'er?

What wonder at times that our thoughts wander
 back.

To the old happy days of the past—
 To girlhood's fair dreams in their beauty and light,
 And memories too lovely to last!

Swift memories of home, of a mother's fond love,
 Of summer days gleeful and bright,
 Of hearts that beat truly—forevermore still—
 Loved forms that are hid from our sight.

O days of our childhood, bright days of our youth,
 Can they never revisit us more?
 Will the pain and the care and the unrest of life
 Be ours till we reach the blest shore?

The gifted have sung of the Sweet By-and-By,
 And the theme is quite glorious we know;
 But the tired heart turns in the autumn of life
 To the spring-time—the sweet long ago.