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MEMORIES.

Over the distant hills of blue,
In a quiet valley beside the sea,
Lieth the world of my infancy,—
The old happy home that my childhood knew.

Over those distant hills of blue,
On the wings of memory oft I fly,
To dream once more 'neath the fairest sky
That has ever smiled o'er a perfect view.

Over those hills of blue, I hear,
Music sweeter than seraph's song;
On the waves of time it floats along,
With harmonies blended of smile and tear.

Over those distant hills, I see
The fairest picture the Master drew;—
For what is fairer to me and you,
Than the "Home sweet home," of our memory?

Over those hills my heart is tied,
With chords so strong they can never break;—
With a love the world can never wake,
Though I travel it over far and wide.

More beautiful music I perhaps may hear;—
More perfect pictures I perhaps may see;
But they can never be so to me,
For as time rolls onward year by year,

It thrills the past with chords more sweet,
Than ever again I hope to hear;
And touches the scenes so strangely dear,
With a beauty where tears and smiles must meet.

MABEL V. JONES.