

## Memories.

A little while we sat together on the grass  
And watched, along the hills, the shadows pass ;  
And down the land crept quiet noon-tide heat  
To where a rush of waters at our feet  
Sent up a dreamy lullaby—and while we watched  
Your voice came dreamily.

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With strange and weird tales unheard by me  
Of ships tall-masted in the midnight gloom  
That steered with never a crew for broad sea-room  
Of phantom pirate-craft that reckless drove  
Across the main for golden treasure-trove  
And what not of strange tales ;  
And then the night-winds stirred with murmuring cry  
While dusk came gently 'cross the grassy dune  
And hung her star-lamps o'er the misty sea  
To light the homeward path for you and me.

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A little while, how soon the years pass,  
I sit once more alone upon the grass  
And watch again the coming of the dawn  
The white-winged fisher-fleet put out at morn  
And see the summer warming o'er the land  
And white gulls wheeling 'bove the stretch of sand  
The eventide with golden sunset fire  
Shining landward on each roof and spire.  
The night, the mists, the stars, the summer sea  
May see it all but ne'er again with thee :  
No more these eyes shall light the sombre gloom  
The dreary twilight of my lonely day.  
I fondly think of you and hope and pray  
That you have seen the harbour lights ahead  
Shining beyond the village of the dead,  
Caught the faint glint where blessed islands lie  
Far beneath the ever-tranquil sky  
Of God's great land: and on the swelling tide  
Come floating in at eve with gentle glide  
Touching the golden strand of that far sea  
Beyond the flood-gates of eternity.

J. F. M.