

### Memories

When lingering memories lead us o'er  
The lengthening bridge of years, once more  
To happy childhood days  
And show us scenes of long ago,  
Bedimmed, but bright'ning in the glow  
Of kindling fancy's rays,

How oft' we yearn to feel again  
Those simple joys that to us then  
Brought endless ecstasy;  
The happy, careless, carefree days,  
The faith, the trust, the artless ways  
Of true sincerity.

But when those memories fade, and we  
Return to stern reality,  
We then, perchance, may find  
A straight'ning of life's tangled skein,  
A brighter outlook brings again  
Serenity of mind.

—M., '32