

MEMORIES

A Reverie - Thoughts suggested by the laying of the new corner stone of the new Methodist Church at Delmer, May 24, 1905.

You are building a fair new Church to-day,
You are building it staunch and strong.
The old one is falling into decay,
It has served you well and long.
I gaze through the maples leafy sheen,
To where its white walls stand,
And memories come like a tender dream,
And a place in my thought demand.

I fancy I sit in the straight-backed pew,
As in childhood's carefree days;
And join my childish treble too,
In the good old hymn's of praise.
Or lowly kneeling with reverent air
I listen - a child again-
While a well known voice leads in fervent prayer,
And other's respond "Amen!"

Or in the Sabbath School with my class-mates dear,
Suppressing our youthful mirth
Awile,, God's blessed word to hear-
We had yet to learn its worth-
While just within the altar rail,
Our superintendent stands,
A man of God with kindly smile,
Plain garb, and toil-worn hands.

Yes! in memory I see each well-known face,
Our grandsires with silvered hair,
And grandmothers wearing their caps of lace,
Strong men, too, and women fair,
Young men and maidens, in the pride,
The beauty and bloom of youth,
And little children, side by side,
Listening all to the gospel truth

But where are they now? those friends once dear;
They are not in the old-time place.
So I look around, only here and there
I see a familiar face.
There are silver threads on each care-lined brow,
That was youthful - not long ago -
And their children's faces remind me now,
Of the playmates I used to know,

"The others have gone," I hear you say,
Some with strangers have made their home;
Some are winning honor and fame to-day;
Some Alas! in the broad way roam,
But wherever they dwell under Heaven's blue arch,
Though scattered far and wide,
Fond memories of home, and the old white Church,
Go with them on land or tide.

And some have gone to return no more,
When the sun sinks low in the west,
The old White Church casts its shadow o'er
The spot where their ashes rest.
So I wander again in that quiet place,
The engraven stones recall
To memory each dear familiar face,
And my tears unbidden fall.