

neat and cheerful in appearance, some of them quite large and of pleasing styles of architecture, giving to the town a general air of refinement and prosperity. Its public school is a most excellent one, and offers educational advantages equal to those of many much larger and older towns. It has two enterprising and well conducted weekly newspapers, which do much toward making Medford favorably known abroad. Several good churches and a number of social and benevolent organizations attest the excellent moral, in-

tellectual and social status of its citizens. The man who brings his family to Medford and engages in business there will find that he has entered a progressive and hospitable community, while he who decides to acquire some of the land in the adjacent country will find that he has chosen a spot where a fertile soil, delightful climate and splendid shipping facilities combine to aid him in making a home where the church and school have already firmly established themselves.

## 1868 RECALL IT NOT. 1888.

Recall it not! Recall it not!  
 That summer night when shadows fell  
 On hearts and convent walls. Oh, blot  
 From memory its entrancing spell!  
 Why call the ghosts of vanished years  
 From the dark grave of dead delight?  
 Why touch the spring of bitter tears?  
 Why dream of that sweet summer night?

No more on me shall moonlight shed  
 The glamour of that supreme hour;  
 To me, though twenty years have fled,  
 'Twas of my life the consummate flower.  
 I hoped, I loved, I dared, I failed;  
 I breathed no plaint, I made no moan;  
 Thou hast known peace, if prayer availed;  
 I live—as I must die—alone!

And yet, could all those vanished years,  
 Their sins, their sorrows, their sad dole,  
 Their days of grief, their nights of tears,  
 Be rolled together as a scroll—  
 And thou couldst know, as now thou must,  
 How fond, how tender and how true,  
 The love I proffered, not in dust  
 And ashes, we the past would rue.

Still flows the river to the sea,  
 Along whose banks we strayed that night;  
 Still, type of vast eternity,  
 Each grand sierra lifts its height;  
 Still smiles the lake where last we met,  
 And wild birds sing and roses bloom;  
 But fate its adamant seal has set  
 Upon the dead past's silent tomb.

TALFOURD.