

TRUE LOVE

TRUE love is lowly as the wayside flower,
That springeth up beneath the traveller's
tread,
And lifteth trustfully its lovely head,
Content to bless therewith the passing hour ;
Unheedful of the wealth of heavenly dower
It lavisheth upon a path bestead
With the coarse trafficking of sordid
meed,
So it lie open but to sun and shower.
And love no less deals with unstinted hand :
Lavish to others, heedless of reward :
Deeming no sacrifice of self too hard,
So that, with fruitful arms outspread, she
stand
Sowing around home's hearth her harvest
treasure :
Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered
down in affluent measure.