

PREFATORY.

These words I write as one that through a wood
Takes his enforced way to goals unknown,
And, as he struggles onward rood by rood,
Leaves signs whereby his labored path is shown;
So that if chance should lead his steps astray,
And the compulsion of his soul be lost,
His lighted path may on some future day
Be by his erring feet again recrossed;
And being then upon a charted ground
May look about him and begin anew,
Either avoiding what too hard was found,
Or joying what before he labored through.
 So these are landmarks of my struggling soul
 That moves through doubt to its victorious goal.