

INSCRIPTION.

DAY after day,
As I have wandered thro' the fields of life—
Gay, happy fields, bright with the sun and sky—
Flower after flower
Has bloomed beside my path ;
And I have gathered them, a long-loved handful,
Which I offer now
To the unpitying, cruel-laughing world.
And some are gay,
Sparkling with joy and the bright sun of hope ;
And some are sad,
Dipped in the crimson of the setting sun,
Or blasted by the cold of winter winds ;
But all the roots
Are down, far down, within the spirit's depths,
Amid the voiceless shadows of the soul,
And each has sprung
From the warm life-blood throbbing in my heart.