

## 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.

October, 1885.