

TO E. R. Y.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.

WE give you greeting, sweetest friend,
On this glad morning of the day
We keep in memory of Him,
Whose gentle sway

Has blessed the centuries ; and taught
That selflessness of purest mould
Can make of life, a worth—not coined
In yellow gold.

Your fair, full life,—a help to all
On whom its essence fine descends ;—
Is such to us the latest come,
Of all your friends.

From each day's intercourse, a hope,
And wingéd aspiration rise,
Till thought mounts up to touch the stars
And range the skies !

We pray you, take this little gift ;—
This gift of love,—the shadow-face
Of him who sang of noble lives
And deeds of grace.

And so, sweet friend, this Christmas morn
While gladsome folk about the town
Greet friends, we kiss your hands, and lay
Our tribute down.