

But pages on pages  
In those dashes I read,  
And while reading I often  
Discover my need.

So poor and so fruitless,  
Empty vases stand by  
Without flowers or grasses  
Stored up for the sky.

I've the roll out to-day,  
And bend over the same,  
As I linger beside  
A lovable name.

And the margin-note says  
On this part of my scroll :  
So fearful of wounding  
A sensitive soul.

How I wish I could paint  
This aged friend's face,  
So beautified was it  
By heavenly grace.

Conversations come up  
That we had ere she died,  
As we sat by the hour  
Near her bright fireside.

Her home always tasty,  
So cosy and neat,  
Good pictures and flowers  
Decked her sunny retreat.