

Supplement.

At Parting.

Good-by ! good-by ! my soul goes after thee,
Quick as a bird that quickens on the wing,
Softly as winter softens into spring,
And as the moon sways to the swaying sea,
So is my spirit drawn resistlessly ;
Good-by ! yet closer round my life shall cling
Thy tenderness, the priceless offering
That drifts through distance daily unto me.

O eager soul of mine, fly fast ! fly fast !
Take with thee hope and courage, thoughts that thrill.
The heart with gladness under sombre skies ;
O living tenderness ! that no sharp blast
Of bitter fate or circumstance can chill,
My life with thine grows strong—or fails—or dies.

—ETHELWYN WETHERALD.