

## 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.