

COMPENSATION

To Marie Joussaye.

The shadow of a giant grief was flung
across thy soul,
Nor tears could give thy heart relief, nor
years could bring control.
Still clings that shadow round thy heart,
into thy verse it creeps,
For love forbids it to depart and hallows
her who weeps.
The earnest years have come and gone,
and left thee still the same
Save in thy mind a purpose born, to win
a gracious name.
To touch with wand of poesy the foun-
tains of the heart,
And bid the base and trivial flee by magic
of thine art.
And Sorrow thus her lips shall press on
hand of recompense
And years of peace shall prove and bless
thy truth and innocence.

ALFRED A. FIRMAN,
Clifton, New Jersey.