

DEDICATION

*All, all was yours ; no word or thought
Of best endeavour or of daily things,
But had in you its deep and secret springs,
Whence such intarissable flow was brought
To feed my life-stream sparkling on its course,
That it must mount high as a fountain flings
Its spray to find the level of its source.*

*Fair stream from out life's very inmost heart,
Now, where the carven channels overthrown
In wasted lands from ways of men apart,
Where once the rose to fullest joy had grown,
In drifted sands choked and unfruitful sinks,
Nor ever slakes the bitter galling smart
Of desert-thirst that all its fulness drinks.*