

By struggle with despair at mankind's fate,
I felt it now to be a vital truth
That woof and warp of every human life
Are fashioned by the loom of our thoughts :
And that man's circumstances but reflect
His soul's development, his spirit's growth.
No longer weary I, nor sick nor poor,
No longer woe-man, but Prometheus free'd !
I looked to heaven, gazed in extasy
At the effulgence of the legions bright,
And, as my soul embraced the Macrocosm,
I had a vision of the man divine
In trailing robes of stars, and on his head
The aureola of a thousand suns !

HEDWIG SELMA ALBIVUS, B. A.

