

YOU

One day, when fields were all aflame

With golden carpeting,

Before I dreamed, you came.

One day, too delicate to name,

One sun-splashed day—Dear Heart—you came,

Filling my lonely heart with flame,

That golden day.

Today a darkening cloud hangs low

Of blackest threatening.

A hallow wind from the East does blow,

Singing despair with a chanting slow,

“Thy love from thee must ever go;

“Thine no delight of love to know—

“No golden day.”

But a break in the storm's lair

Brought a glint of your golden hair,

And gilded my love anew.

So sweet a light it blinded me;

So fleet, and yet it minded me

Of you—Beloved—of you.

J.R.H.F.



Fame is the shade of immortality,

And in itself a shadow, soon as caught

Contemn'd, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.—*Young*

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of to-day.—*Johnson*.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—*Johnson*.