

Appendices

A. FROM THE POET'S FIRST COLLECTION, 1904-5

I.

DEDICATED TO DEAR NANA CLARKE

When looking at that picture, all the past
Life of the sweet one cometh back to me;
And with emotion deep, I think when last
I saw her, in this world of vanity.

2.

As rooms are separated by a curtain,
So are our lives; yes, like those rooms; the first
One is our present life; the second is
Our life to come,—our better life in Heaven;
The separating curtain,—it is death.