

The Un-used Pathway.

We live to-day! tomorrow lies before  
Us like the pathway from my cottage door  
All smooth and white with newly fallen snow  
No foot-prints mar the beauty of its glow.

Tomorrow's Sun may melt the snow away  
And all this beauty that it bears today  
But in my heart I'll have the memory  
No new born day can take life's dreams  
from me.

The coming days may bring me little mirth  
Or burdens that will crush me to the earth  
But e'er again I'll build my dreams,  
and rise  
To see the beauty that before me lies

- C. S. D.

March 1928