There's a woodland near my cottage
Which inspires me day by day
Its so like the lives of humans
In the games of life they play.

Individuals lost in masses
But in every age of time
Some great souls have won distinction
Striving for a heart sublime.

So it is with this dear woodland
One great tree stands out alone
Broader, higher than the others
Forming thus a sort of dome

Thru which I behold a vision
Oh that inner soul of mine
Cling to Christ and climb, keep
climbing
And that too, might be sublime.

- a.s.f.

Sept 1928