

Q U A T R A I N S.

"What is Truth?" asked jesting Pilate. Neither Roman, Jew nor Greek
Would frame an answer for him, lest the others, standing by,
Should say, "Not so." None thought of him whose life said; "An ye seek,
Truth is what each doth live by, though through seeking it, he die."

Aimée Tourgée.

(2)

The man who scowls at you with muttered curses,
Makes better claim for trust than the silent friend,
Whose heart some fault or fancied grievance nurses,
Which, unconfessed, in a broken trust will end.

Aimée Tourgée.

Call not that the lucky man on whom the gods bestow
All treasures of the earth and air that mortal dreams can show.
Say, rather, it is he who when misfortune wrecks
His dearest hopes, yet hopes again, and finer things expects.

Aimée Tourgée.