

**PICTURES  
IN VERSE**

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Pictures in verse by George Lansing Raymond

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**GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND**

**PICTURES  
IN VERSE**





THE DESTINY-MAKER

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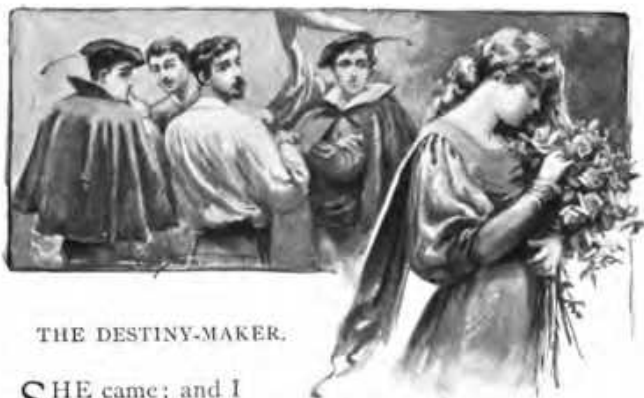
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## PICTURES IN VERSE



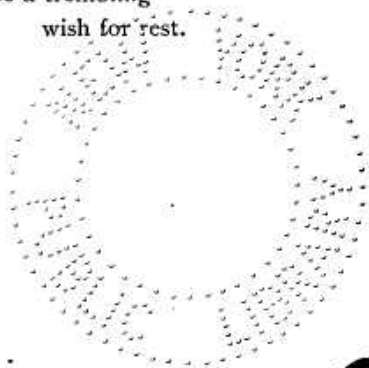




THE DESTINY-MAKER.

SHE came; and I  
who linger'd there,

I saw that she  
was very fair;  
And, with my sighs  
that pride suppress'd,  
There rose a trembling  
wish for rest.



But I, who had resolv'd to be  
The maker of my destiny,  
I turn'd me to my task and wrought,  
And so forgot the passing thought.

She paused ; and I who question'd there,  
I heard she was as good as fair ;  
And in my soul a still, small voice  
Enjoin'd me not to check my choice.

But I, who had resolv'd to be  
The maker of my destiny,  
I bade the gentle guardian down,  
And tried to think about renown.

She left ; and I who wander, fear  
There 's nothing more to see or hear ;  
Those walls that ward my paradise  
Are very high, nor open twice.

