

THE WESTERN SLOPE

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The western slope by Celia Parker Woolley

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CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

**THE
WESTERN SLOPE**

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WESTERN SLOPE

BY
CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

EVANSTON
WILLIAM S. LORD
1903

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EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN
WITH
ADMIRATION AND LOVE

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*Down the hill the rest of the way,
And quite past noon the time of day.*

*A gentle slope, a sunset sky,
Halting feet, but a lifted eye.*

*Body growing tired and old;
Spirit will some day slip its hold.*

*Heart that has gained and lost with the rest,
And learned just loving is the best.*

*Afternoon, and this peaceful slope;
The sunset sky with its tale of hope.*