

# THE HESPERIAN.

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## DESTINY.

Whom the great goddess Destiny has kissed  
Between the brows,  
His heart shall find no dwelling place  
Wherein to house.

The ragged mists shall be his roof,  
Where mountains loom,  
And swirling winds about his face  
With words of doom;

The valleys, when he walks therein,  
Are kind and warm;  
Yet ever drift across his soul  
Strange gusts of storm.

If weary he shall stop beside  
An open door,  
Dreaming, "This hearthstone is my goal,  
To wend no more."

A tumult of snows adrift  
Shall fill his ears,  
His heartstrings feel the old time lure  
Adown the years:

And he shall turn from that warm light  
With still regret  
That dreams were made not to endure  
Nor to forget.