

## To Dr. James Newton Matthews

All round about, the clouds encompassed me;  
On every side I looked, my weary sight  
Was met by terrors of Plutonian night;  
And chilling surges of a cruel sea  
That beat against my stronghold ceaselessly,  
Roared rude derision at my hapless plight;  
And hope, which I had thought to hold so tight,  
Slipped from my weak'ning grasp and floated free.

But when I thought to flee the unequal strife,  
As wearied out I could not bear it more,  
Fate gave the choicest gem of all her store, —  
And noble Matthews came into my life.  
He warmed my being like a virile flame,  
And with his coming, light and courage came!