

## THE CLUE.

Life from sunned peak, witched wood, and flowery dell  
A hundred ways the eager spirit woos,  
To roam, to dream, to conquer, to rebel ;  
Yet in its ear, ever a voice cries, Choose !

So many ways, yet only one shall find ;  
So many joys, yet only one shall bless ;  
So many creeds, yet for each pilgrim mind  
One road to the divine forgetfulness.

Tongues talk of truth, but truth is only there  
Where the heart runs to be outpoured utterly,  
A stream whose motion is its home,—to dare  
Follow one faith and in that faith be free.

O Love, since I have found one truth so true,  
I would lose all, to lose my loss in you.

LAURENCE BINYON.