AFTER EIGHTY.
(To Ida M. Tarbell.)

How beautiful
A living face can be,
How fair,
As though a lamp
Out of a timeless world
Was lighted there!
How wonderful
That difficult human years
Should spare
What youth commands
And shape, after long living,
New loveliness to wear!
How longingly
Our tired faces turn
To fathom and to share
The secret of the warm
And lovely heart
That makes this woman rare!

by EDNA MEAD.

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