

Office of Dr. William Daniel

Bobby wrote on it:  
"Father wrote this"

Corydon, Ind., Nov. 7, 1897

The day is dark and lowering,  
The rain falls thick and fast,  
And through the mists and fog of time,  
I'm gazing into the past.  
It's stretching out before me,  
In a jostled kind of way,  
With here and there a flash of light  
Like a Panoramic play.

I cannot view it, all, at wonce,  
Dark spaces intervene,  
And now and then I approach a chasm  
Whose depths, must never more be seen.  
They are filled with many broken vows,  
Where misery gropes for love,  
With racking pains and sorrows,  
From duties unperformed.

The above poem was written by Dr. William Daniel on his office stationery.  
The original has been lost.