

A Woman's Love-Letters.

And as I gazed, spell-bound, it seemed to
move

Its tendril limbs, still swaying tremulously
As if in spirit-doubt ; then glad and free
Crystalled the being won from waiting
grove

Into a human likeness. There he stood,
The vine-browed shape of Nature's mortal mood.

"Now have I found thee, Vision I have
sought

These years, unknowing ; surely thou art
fair

And inly wise, and on thy tasselled hair
Glows Heaven's own light. Passion and
fame are naught

To thy clear eyes, O Prince of many
lands,—

Grant me thy joy," I cried, and stretched
my hands.

No answer but the flourish of the breeze
Through the black pines. Then, slowly,
as the wind