

III.

Sweet, as I homeward tramped the prairie
plain,
I connéd o'er thy precious script,
And every word and sentence gently lip'd
Aloud upon the tranquil air, to gain
The sense of thy heart's pulse, as thou didst
train
Thy hand to trace the thoughts that outward
trip'd.

IV.

Thus o'er the distance, that might weary be,
I sped, of time unconscious, or of place,
Or whether mine was quick or laggard pace;
And I did seem to walk ethereally,
Without a thought of earth's proximity—
'Twas thus because of thy most loving grace.