L'ENVOI.

The old man ceased his reading, and there fell
Over his shoulder on the faded page,
A heavy tear drop, full of sympathy
And warm with passion, from the eye of May,
Who overlooked him—flushed and tremulous
As eager for the crisis of the tale,
Which struck her like an arrow— now it came.
' Good Uncle Clifford ! ' said she, winding close
Her dress as she sat by him, ' I have read
That story many times ; but only now
In your recital do I seem to feel
Its meaning to the full—as one who sleeps
On some perplexity, and waking finds,
With morning light, its disentanglement.
The sequel of the story—tell me pray ! '

He glanced at her with understanding eyes
That read her thoughts ; but nothing said.   He saw
A gentle turbulence of maiden dreams
And fancies in a heart, no fowler yet
Had taken like a bird of woodnotes free,
And taught to sing one strain of love for him.
' I know no sequel to it—lovely May !
But in my youth have heard, there was a grave
Made wide enough for two, beneath the thorn,
The oldest and the inmost of the group
With memories of evil sore accurst,
That stand so weirdly there, outlawed, apart
From other trees in ragged age forlorn.
It long was visible ; and even now, ·
An eye that searches may find out the spot,
With crimson sanguinets like drops of blood
Much dotted on the grass that greener grows—
Kind nature's covering for all of us,
When our life's work is done, and we lie down,
And sleep our last on earth, to wake in Heaven,
At sunrise of our new creation's morn !

And so, dear May ! keep well your heart in trust
For love that shames not, when your turn shall come
To be sought out and won with all delight
Of purity and true affection's gift.
But those who haply sleep beneath the thorns ;
Search not the mystery of their fatal love,
Whose final issues none may judge aright ;
But leave them to the mercy of the Lord,
Who pardons much where love is much ; for more
Than man's compassion is the grace of God,
And his forgiveness greater than the world's,
By law not love, which judges and condemns.'

NIAGARA, January 1, 1881.