

I pray the years to lightly touch
 All things you love and bring to you
 All hope and happiness—as much
 As if you had been always true . . .
 Shall we go now . . . and will you lean
 Upon my arm, fair Jaqueline?

(Last stanza here is as in original—sure)

Very truly,

J. W. R.

INDIANAPOLIS

May 11, 1907.

BLISS CARMAN, ESQ.

Dear old friend:

Wonder where you're at! Will this ahoy reach
 you at lands'-end o' No-where or

"Sailing on Fonesca Bay."

Anyway I've been missing you for many a lonesome
 later year. For a long time I've been *wanting* to
 write; but, persistently in only average low health
 and spirits, I've waited and *waited* and likewise
 WAITED till, veritably, the epoch-breaking cow has
 came home! I've been holding for you here—for a
 year at least—A Homestead Edition set of my price-
 less works. Won't you please come personally and
 git 'em—or must I *send* 'em to you—where and
 when? Lor! how I would like to see you now, and
 rest—and talk at you! . . . *Dear old Poetic Tar-*