

A Woman's Love-Letters.

Each breast showed letters bright as crystal-
talled rain,
The fair bird bore "Delight," the other
"Pain."

Then came thy voice: "O Love, wilt have
my gift?"

I stretched my glad hands eagerly to grasp
The heaven-blown bird, gold-hued, and
longed to clasp

It close and know it mine. Ere I might lift
The shining thing and hold it to my
breast

Again I heard thy voice with vague unrest.

"These are twin birds and may not parted
be."

Full in thine eyes I gazed, and read therein
The paradox of life, of love, of sin,

As on a night of cloud and mystery

One darting flash makes bright the hid-
den ways,

And feet tread knowingly though thick
the haze.