

Sketches from Life.

A LETTER WHICH NEVER CAME.

September's sun was shining red and hazy ; for the day
Was softly, slowly, closing, passing stealthily away ;
Past the long, straight rows of beds—in order, clean and
white—

A lady with a basket came slowly into sight ;
To right of her, to left of her, smiles met her friendly eye,
Tho' all were sick and suf'ring, and some were there to die ;
A smile was seen on every face—grateful every one—

For flowers she gave to each poor soul, a word denied to
none.

Athwart one white and narrow bed, a sunbeam bright had
crept ;

Yet, spite of all its tender light, the man who lay there
wept.

He wept and sobbed as if he were in dire distress and pain,
But the sunbeam danced, and flickered, and went, and
came again.

The lady pausing, gently said to the poor suf'rer there,

“Why George, why are you weeping? Is your pain so
hard to bear?”

“You have come without a letter,” he said with broken sigh ;

“I've waited many a weary hour, and now I have to die

Unpardoned ; it is cruel, can he not forgive?

Tho' lady, had I my choice I could not wish to live.

Read me about the beautiful land with mansions free and fair ;

Would I could enter, be at peace, pardoned forever there.

Each day I've waited for father to send, one short line to say

He'd forgive me for my sin, long past for many a day.