

THE BUTTERFLIES

To live in vain, and die unsatisfied!

A mournful world if only one must crave,

Then hopelessly alone sink to his grave.

But what floats up? With wings outstretch-
ed in pride!

A message from the dead that comes to me,

This living sign of joy and hope fulfilled

Which upward flies as though some Master
willed

That I myself assist its destiny.

For straight to me the butterfly now heads,

Alights upon my lap with airy grace

And there stays perched upon a fold of lace,

A refuge from the breeze the filmy threads!

A great brown butterfly with jewelled wings!

The mate, which seemingly it was designed,

That I, through sympathy, should truly
find,

Serenely poised! New confidence it brings

That somehow, somewhere comfort ever waits

As rests this burnished butterfly! And now