

ABLE to hold a pen once more !—
But many months have passed away
Since I an entry made before,
And now how much I have to say !
And all I say is glad and bright,
For all the wrong has turned to right !

I well remember that sad life
When Rose and I were kept apart,
But now my loving little wife
Is one with me in hand and heart !
I've won my wife !—I know not how !—
But nothing's sad or gloomy now !

There was a weary time of pain
And heavily the days went by,
I seemed to doze and wake again,
And lay in bed I knew not why ;—
At times I did not know or care
What happened then, or who was there.

Until one evening I awoke
And saw dear Rosa near the bed.
I gazed upon the sun, and spoke,
Remarking it was very red.
And then she came and looked at me,
And something, when she looks, I see !