

I'm Short a Letter

I'm short a letter — what that means
Is subject not for words, but feeling ;
For all day long I pass through scenes
Where not one sunbeam's glint is stealing.
There's no one but the lover knows
How much to Mulock* he's a debtor,
Until he finds, at some day's close,
He's short a letter.

'Tis not that we expect a check,
Or princely gift, or special ticket,
When we so stretch and crane our neck
When waiting at the P. O. wicket :
It is that we expect from Her
Something we prize than all things better,
And feel most sad, when we most fear
We're short a letter.

But wisdom says : " Possess your soul
In patience — it may come tomorrow."
Ay! so may death, meanwhile the goal
Must now be won through joy or sorrow :
And nothing can supply the want,
When our Belovéd is the debtor,
And fails to write us, and we can't
Receive our letter.

It seems as if we must away,
And know the cause of her condition ;
For sure she must be ill, and may
Be needing much her own physician.
Oh! foolish boy, she'll write in time,
And make you feel so much the better.
That you'll confess, in words sublime,
You've got your letter.

*Sir William Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada.