

THE LOST LETTER

The seasons came, the summers fled ;
Their flowers were gone, their leaves were dead.
A faded letter long forgot,
Was found one day in a careless spot.
The maiden's name was on its fold ;
She opened it ; love's tale it told.
For this she'd waited many years,
And read it now with blinding tears ;
" Now answer, love," were the words it said,
" For you alone will I ever wed."