

## L' Envoy.

(A Good Wish for My Reader.)

God bless thee, brother! May he give  
Softly the treasure of the years  
Into thy bosom; make thee live  
The life that knows and sees and hears  
The brightest, fairest, of the earth—  
The certainties of hope and time,  
Till that supreme, immortal birth  
Wherein the soul shall reach her prime;—  
Give thee his patience, kindness, truth,  
His wondrous, sacrificing love;  
The stainless innocence of youth,  
The gentleness of lamb and dove.

And when to thine Emmaus dim  
Thou goest sadly, drooping-eyed,  
O may the hallowed feet of him  
Come after, in the eventide,  
And join thee in the way, and make  
Thy heart within thee glow and burn,  
And then to be his guest thee take;—  
Soon to a shape of glory turn  
And vanish: may thy sorrow still  
Be comforted; thy labor blest;  
And may his peace thy bosom fill,  
When thou shalt enter to his rest.