

night, old man, and forgive this rambling epistle, which is more of an essay on religion, or ethics, or anything else than a letter to a friend. But I like to pour out my ideas to you as you know. I enclose some verses which I wrote in a pious mood on the train to town. Your mother may like to see them. Again good-night.

Your affectionate friend,

E. H.

The verses enclosed were the following. I am not a judge of poetry, so I cannot pronounce on their literary merit, but they seem to me to be very beautiful, and because they come from they go to the heart.

“Behold I stand at the door and knock.”

REV. III. 20.

“I heard a voice at midnight, and it cried,
O weary heart, O soul for which I died,
Why wilt thou spurn my wounded hands and side?”

“Is there a heart more tender, more divine,
Than that sad heart which gave itself for thine?
Could there be love more warm, more full than mine?”

“What other touch can still thy trembling breath
What other hand can hold thee after death?
What bread so sweet to him that hungereth?”

“Warm is thy chamber, soft and warm thy bed,
Bleak howling winds are round the path I tread,
The son of man can nowhere lay his head,