

A Woman's Love-Letters.

Parts the dense cloud-forms, leaving
naught behind
But shapeless vapor, through the budding
trees
Drifted some force unseen, and from my
sight
Faded my god into the morning light.

Again alone. With wistful, straining eyes
I waited, and the sunshine flecked the bank
Happy with arbutus and violets where I
sank

Hearing, near by, a host of melodies,
The rapture of the woodthrush ; soft her
mood
The love-mate, with such golden numbers
woo'd.

He ceased ; the fresh moss-odors filled the
grove
With a strange sweetness, the dark hem-
lock boughs
Moved soft, as though they heard the
brooklet rouse
To its spring soul, and whisper low of love.