

### A Woman's Love-Letters.

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Reading my soul in these unwavering eyes.

Nay, thou hast known my hopes, my  
agonies

Through written words, and thou canst un-  
derstand.

I have kept nothing back of all the  
streams

Of my heart-flowings—doubts, nor fears,  
nor dreams.

So long my life has followed no control

But mine own impulse; now, I pray thee,  
bend

My will to thine, and so, unhindered, tend  
My soul's wild garden. I have laid the  
whole

Bare to thy sowing; and life's precious  
wine

Is of thy pouring, and thy way is mine.