LOVE-LETTERS

worn so weak with useless lamentations. If I had your hand, or even a word from you, I think I should not be afraid: but perhaps I should. It is all one. Goodbye: I am beginning at last to feel a meaning in that word which I wrote at your bidding so long ago. Oh, Beloved, from face to feet, good-bye! God be with you wherever you go and I do not!