

EPILOGUE TO "GREEN ALPS."

FAREWELL, my book, whose words I have not given
One tithe of those fierce fires that in me dwell!
Now, after these long nights that I have striven,
Farewell!

My spirit burns to know, but may not tell,
Whether thy leaves, by autumn breezes driven,
Fly far away beyond the immutable;

Whether thy soul shall find its home in heaven,
Or dart far-flaming through the vaults of hell—
To him that loveth much is much forgiven.
Farewell!