

Castleton Water Island May 23rd 45.

Dear Helen,

In place of something
poetic I send you the following verses
from my journal, written some time
ago.

Brother where dost thou dwell?
What sun shines for thee now?
Dost Thou indeed farewell?
As we wished here below.

What season didst thou find?
'Twas winter here.
Are not the fates more kind
Than they appear?

Is thy brow clear again
As in thy youthful years?
And was that ugly pain
The summit of thy fears?

Yet thou wast deemed still,
They could not quench thy fire,
Thou didst abide their will,
And then retire.

Where chiefly shall I look
To feel thy presence near?
Along the neighboring brook
May I thy voice still hear?

Doth thou still haunt the brink
Of yonder river's tide?
And may I ever think
That thou art by my side?

What bird wilt thou employ
To bring me word of thee?
For it would give them joy,
'T would give them liberty,
To serve their former lord
With wing and minstrelsy.

A sadder strain has mixed with their song,
If they've slower built their nest,
Since thou art gone
Their lively labor rest.

When is the Finch - the Thrush,
I used to hear?

Wh! They could well abide
The dying year.

Now they no more return,
I fear them not;

They have remained & mourn,
They'll else forget

[Henry D. Thoreau]

Mr. John S. Thomas
No. 112 Broadway

