

# Untitled

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

*'Dear! Is the distance vast? I cross it here.  
The chasm fathomless ? I span it thus.  
The silence dread? I break it. What is fear?  
When only our own hearts can sever us.*

*The gold and frankincense I should have given,  
Envy the myrrh I lay within your hand;  
'Dearer to me than fame of earth or heaven  
It is, to know that you will understand.*