

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the
priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and
future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for
within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the
music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepres-
sible sadness
1025 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-
lous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit.
1030 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their
prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent
Carthusian.¹
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with
shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and
the magical moonlight
1035 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable
longings,

¹ *Carthusian*. The Carthusians were an order of monks who lived in almost perpetual silence.