

A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home *your faithful lovers*
 For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the downstreaming seas : 55
 And all men look'd upon 'him favourably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nest-like, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eve-tide,
 The younger people making holiday, *3000*
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him) 65
 An hour behind ; but as he climbed the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70
 All kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd ;
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75