

Then again to the rail she passed.
One more look to the West she cast,
And into the East she drew away :
Backwards and forwards her brown arms play,
Forwards and backwards, till far and dim,
She grew one with the night's dun rim ;
Backwards and forwards, and then, was gone
Into—I know not what . . . alone.

She came not back, she may never come ;
But a young wife lives in a cabin home,
Who prays each night that, alive or dead,
Come God's own rest for her lonely head :
And I ?—shall I see her then no more,
My comrade, my old love, Nell Latore ?