

It was an agonizing hour;
 They felt the burning passion-power:
 They felt a dark'ning future lower.
 Out on the edge he went and stood,
 And calmer grew his fortitude.
 He felt the quiet solitude:
 He saw the grassy bank bedewed;
 The faintly spangled lake serene:
 Along the shore the pebbles clean
 And white in water crystalline:
 The shadow's shape; the misty sheen
 That lay on all: the deep forest:—
 With languid lull was all opprest.
 The moon was creeping toward the west,
 And full and cold it shone till dimmed,
 Then hid behind a cloud it rimmed
 With silver frost.

“The moon has past
 Behind the cloud, and in me cast:
 A shadow and a sense of gloom;
 Perhaps the strife shall prove my tomb:
 But why should melancholy steal
 My peace—”

An arrow made him reel.
 Unerring was the fiend's art,
 The arrow flew and pierced the heart.
 He turned about revenge to wreak,
 But fell: and then with one wild shriek
 And ere a second shaft was sped,
 She flung her from the fated peak.
 And while the startled echoes rung
 Among the rocks, the scout still clung
 To the covert: then wary crept
 Out on the edge, with stains of red
 Yet warm: but not a sound except
 The scream of hawk: 'twas sure they slept!
 And thus their plighted spirits fled,
 And thus their bitter fates were wed,
 And this their darkly tragedy unsung!

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February, 1889.