

Chills all of that somehow ; I turned instead,
Thinking to leave her dreaming, I confess ;
Yet even in that gray light her loveliness,
And certain drowsy dulcet words she said,
Charm'd my heart to hers in a last caress—
Chained if you like, and clinch'd with a parting smile—
What then ? In the round of the World I've found
naught else so well worth while.

XXV.

Far up a valley, where the summer-rills
Long ages thro' the glacial-drift have roll'd,
I work'd in gravel studded thick with gold
For days and days on the double-shift that kills.
Yet oft, to hear the echoes ring and stir
That vacant valley like a dulcimer,
I flung her name against the naked hills,
And crimson'd all the air with thoughts of her ;
While 'mong the fair returning stars I'd see
Pale phantoms of her chill, sweet face receding
endlessly,

XXVI.

Till I could stand the pull of it no more ;
I, who as a fool knew every phase
Of woman's lighter love, and love's light ways,
Had felt no passion like to this before.
As the lost drunkard's longing at its worst,
And keen as the craving of the opium-curst,
Was the elemental lust that overbore