

That raged relentless towards the Eastern shore.
He stole to bid his chosen one farewell,
Once more his vows to breathe, his love to tell.
They met, as oft before, beneath the moon, —
It gilded then the sapphire skies of June.
How short the time since they had seen its light,
With hearts as cloudless as that summer night!
Now dark clouds veiled their youthful hearts in
shade,

But hope and love a silvery lining made.
She heard with sinking soul he must depart,
Yet bade him keep a brave and loyal heart;
Heirs was no whining, soft, romantic strain, —
She stifled sobs and tears to save him pain,
And told him for his good her fervent prayer
Should pierce the sky, and find acceptance there.
He deemed the deadly conflict soon must cease,
The land ere long be hushed again to peace;
And when was calmed the rage, and roar, and strife,
Then would he claim her for his wedded wife.
She promised that where'er his lot might be,
In their own land or o'er the wide blue sea,
'Neath tropic sun, or at the farthest pole,
She would his pleasures share, his pains console.
They parted thus with spirits firm and strong,
With hope to meet again on earth ere long, —
Parted as those who feel the lofty faith
That naught can sever their fond hearts save death.
What need have I to trace the devious road