

But love no longer could resist, and now

Beside him seated 'mong the flowers, Lulu
One long and lingering kiss upon his brow

Impassionately pressed,—then back she drew,
As fearing love too bold, while a warm glow

Suffused her cheek ; then o'er his face anew
Her own she leaned, as Pasco, waking, seemed
As if he doubted if he lived or dreamed.

"Is it a dream? No, no. No dream could trace
Such wondrous beauties as my Lulu grace:
No vision paint an image half so fair
As thou, my idol,—and thou sought me here,
Thou, beauty's self!" Then in one long embrace,
Upon his breast pillowed her lovely face,
In speechless joy her idoled form he pressed
Close to the heart which trembled in his breast.

"Not *here*, my Pasco—*everywhere* this heart
In spirit flight hath followed where thou wert,
At morn and eve,—and through night's vision still,—
The paths exploring of each neighboring hill,
As hope still promised with each coming day
Thy watched return—how oft but to betray,
Yet when its voice with less assurance came,
And busy memory ceaseless called thy name,
Love, trembling, sank on sorrow's pallid breast,
And there, disconsolate, sobbed itself to rest.
But this no more ;—sorrow shall wait on joy,
Which must alone the hours now employ
With thy return, thou truant wanderer ;
And first account thee since we parted here.