

And then he told her that he must depart
 Upon the morrow, with the earliest light ;
 And it displeased and pained her at the heart.
 And she went out to hide her from his sight
 Aneath the cedar trees, where dusk was deep,
 And be apart from him awhile to weep

And to lament, till, suddenly aware
 Of steps, she started up as fain to flee,
 And met him in the moonlight pacing there,
 Who questioned with her why her tears
 might be,
 Till she did answer him, all red for shame,
 "Kind sir, I weep—the wanting of a name."

"A name!" quoth he, and sighed. "I never
 knew
 Thy father's name; but many a stalwart
 youth,
 Would give thee thee his, dear child, and his love
 too,
 And count himself a happy man forsooth.
 Is there none here who thy kind thought hath
 won?"

But she did falter, and made answer, "None."
 Then, as in father-like and kindly mood,
 He said, "Dear daughter, it would please
 me well
 To see thee wed ; for know it is not good
 That a fair woman thus alone should dwell."
 She said, "I am content it should be so,
 If when you journey I may with you go."

This when he heard, he thought, right sick at
 heart,
 Must I withstand myself and also thee?
 Thou, also thou ! must nobly do thy part ;
 That honor leads thee on which holds back
 me.
 No, thou sweet woman; by love's great in-
 crease,
 I will reject thee for thy truer peace,

Then said he, "Lady!—look upon my face,
 Consider well this scar upon my brow ;
 I have had all misfortune but disgrace ;
 I do not look for marriage blessings now,
 Be not thy gratitude deceived. I know
 Thou think'st it is thy duty—I will go !

"I read thy meaning, and I go from hence,
 Skilled in the reason; though my heart be
 rude,
 I will not wrong thy gentle innocence,
 Nor take advantage of thy gratitude.
 But think, while yet the light these eyes shall
 bless,
 The more for thee—of woman's nobleness."

Faultless and fair, all in the moony light,
 As one ashamed she looked upon the ground,
 And her white raiment glistened in his sight.
 And, hark! the vesper chimes began to
 sound,

Then lower yet she drooped her young, pure
 cheek,
 And still she was ashamed, and could not speak.

A swarm of bells from that old tower o'erhead,
 They sent their message sifting through the
 boughs
 Of cedars; when they ceased his lady said,
 "Pray you forgive me," and her lovely
 brows
 She lifted, standing in her moonlit place,
 And one short moment looked him in the face.

Then straight he cried, "O sweetheart, think
 all one
 As no word yet were said between us twain,
 And know thou that in this I yield to none—
 I love thee, sweetheart, love thee! So full
 fain,
 While she did leave to silence all her part,
 He took the gleaming whiteness to his heart—

The white-robed maiden with the warm white
 throat,
 The sweet white brow, and locks of umber
 flow,
 Whose murmuring voice was soft as rock-dove's
 note,
 Entreating him, and saying, "Do not go!"
 "I will not, sweetheart; nay, not now," quoth
 he,
 "By faith and troth, I think thou art for me!"

And so she won a name that eventide,
 Which he gave gladly, but would ne'er
 bespeak,
 And she became the rough sea-captain's bride,
 Matching her dimples to his sunburnt cheek ;
 And chasing from his voice the touch of care,
 That made her weep when first she heard it
 there.

One year there was, fulfilled of happiness,
 But O! it went so fast, too fast away.
 Then came that trouble which full oft doth
 bless—
 It was the evening of a sultry day,
 There was no wind the thread-hung flowers to
 stir,
 Or float abroad the filmy gossamer.

Toward the trees his steps the mariner bent,
 Pacing the grassy walks with restless feet;
 And he recalled, and pondered as he went,
 All her most duteous love and converse sweet,
 Till summer darkness settled deep and dim,
 And dew from bending leaves dropt down on
 him.

The flowers sent forth their nightly odors
 faint—
 Thick leaves shut out the starlight overhead ;
 While he told over, as by strong constraint
 Drawn on, her childish life on shipboard
 led,