

She knew her graces and the witching power  
Of dreamful, dark grey eyes o'er manhood strong.  
The day, mayhap, will come, she mused, when I  
Shall lean on some strong arm, the arm of one  
All worthy of my life and deepest love.  
So saying, half in mirth, she tossed her head  
With conquering air, and, blushing, smiled.

With satchel scratched and worn  
The maiden passed alone into the street.  
Her pure, undaunted heart, in full accord  
With brightness near, regarded not the cloud—  
Portending storm—that hid the distant east.  
In that direction lay the lodging place  
To which the girl, expectant, made her way.  
Arriving pale and tired, she was received  
With doubt, tho' she had shown the written proof  
Of health. . . . From that abode she went each morn  
Adown a narrow lane to needlework  
Within a high-walled factory.

But overstrain at work awhile  
Had lowered her vital tone, and night's chill breath  
Embraced the chance the tender bosom gave.  
A little cough, subdued in vain, a flush