

And out in God's sweet air, beside the fire,
Where comrade ways but strengthen'd Love's desire,
We made it up to marry then for true,
And I thought how all my life I'd never tire
Of loving her, her eyes, her voice, her form,
Her charm of something unreveal'd forever young
and warm.

XXXII.

But at last, as night drew on, she rose and said :
" I'd talk with you till dawn, dear, if talk
Could hold my audience or charm the clock,
But I musn't miss my turn, so come ahead !"
Down at the theatre the crowd was thin,
Perhaps two score, no more, as we went in ;
But the manager was hanging out his red
Big-letter'd signal-lantern to begin,
When from the street, crescendo, came a roar,
Nearer and still nearer, till it reach'd the dance-hall
door.

XXXIII.

Beulah stood ready on the stage, and the black
Professor at the crack'd piano play'd
His overture twice through, but no one stay'd,
So I joined in where all were crowding back
To where the row was on. "Speech, Mac, speech !"
They cried, as up the aisle they rush'd to reach
Where Beulah stood, confused. "It's Hellfire
Mac !"