

XXIX.

Ending of the trail—for she was there !
 Sylph-like I saw her figure thro' the haze
 Made of the twilight and the camp-fire blaze ;
 And the piney odors passing thro' the air
 So pure I took for random kisses blown
 From her red mouth to mine, while yet unknown
 My whereabouts ; then wholly unaware
 I stole upon her standing there alone,
 And sudden she was mine without appeal,
 And lip to lip within my arms made all my fancies
 real.

XXX.

Shall I forget the words she said to me ?
 Nay, I believ'd them—I believe them yet !
 She told me how she dream'd that we had met
 Where dreams are true ; and then how endlessly,
 Like some lost dove, she roamed this evil world
 Seeking for me ; how now her wings were furl'd,
 And I should bide with her, till I should see
 This whitest secret in her soul inpearl'd ;
 And her songs were all for me, I heard her say,—
 For me, for me and only me, forever and a day !

XXXI.

Then pass'd the last good hours I ever knew ;
 I lit my pipe, sat on a log, and look'd
 At her and her neat hands that neatly cook'd
 A supper hot and homely—just for two ;