

HE is most truly fair to-day,
He said, who stood beside his horse,
Ready to mount but looking back
To where she stood upon the steps,
Crowned by an overhanging vine
Whose purple clusters touched her hair.
She must be very fair, he mused,
And then he glanced at her and saw
Her slender figure, clad in white,
In silhouette against the door,
Erect, with girlish dignity,
Yet bourgeoning with tenderness.
I would that she were mine, he thought,
Were mine to minister to her,
Were mine that I might weep with her,
That I might feel her tears for me
In my distress, were mine to fold
My dreams about in happy hours,
To share the silence of great joy.
But she who stood there could not hear.
The afternoon was wearing on,
The mist that fled before the sun
Lay under trees and in the glades,
And crept into the open fields,
Hiding the grain with wreaths of white.
The horse was restive for the start,
And Matthew stroked his arching neck
And patted him.

'T was Ursula