Who spoke: "What said you, Cousin Mat-
thew?"
He looked at her in mute surprise
And wondered if she read his thought.
But no, there was no change in her.
He answered: "Nothing, Ursula,"
And mounting, waved her his farewell.
The road to Lyme is long and lone.
He pondered in his solitude;
And first her form appeared to him
With all its subtle beauteousness;
Her snowy dress before his eyes
Dimmed all the passing scenery—
The moon upon the eastern hills,
And its red image in the stream
Below.
Her gentle eyes shut out
The evening sky, and seeing naught
But her he knew that Ursula
Was everything and all to him.

And while he journeyed he resolved
To claim her heart when he should come
Again.
But when the moon had waned,
And he had come to stand before
Her radiance of youth and health
He faltered. Thus again it was
His lips were silent while his heart
Would bid him speak; and she again
Spoke first: "What said you, Cousin Mat-
thew?"
There was a little wistfulness
In what she said that puzzled him,
He knew not why. But he replied:
"I did say nothing, Ursula."
He fretted at the passing hours
And longed to tell her of his hope.
Must life go by unsatisfied?
Are dreams so cherished but to die?
Another day had dawned at last,