And Matthew riding toward the door
Heard her light step upon the stairs
And entering he found her there.
She leaned upon the banister,
With fingers clasped about the spindles;
And tears he saw were lingering
To dim her eyes.
His pulse was quick,
And yet he checked his eagerness.
"It surely cannot be," he thought,
"It could not be that she would care."
The clock beat loudly through the hall
To make the stillness yet more still.
And Ursula, with steady voice
That trembled ere the words were done,
Began: "What said you, Cousin Matthew?"
And he, as one who comes almost
To comprehend, said thoughtfully:
"I did say nothing, Ursula."
The color faded from her cheeks;



She spoke so timidly and low
He scarcely heard her plaintive words:
"'T is time you did."
A little while
Had passed, and hearing no one move,
The grave chief justice looked within.
He saw her still upon the stairs,
Sobbing as gently as a child,
And Matthew gazing lovingly
Upon her face and holding fast
Her hands in his.
And seeing this
He turned away and left them there.