The Dorrset.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come twirling past
Like Jason's birds willing to mate.

But before he that leads the way
By cool mornings flashed a stony gaze
Than I, who stepped before them all
Was long to see me get the meaning.

And as, she blushed and took my arm!
We left the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm,
Being a kind of covered by way.

I can't remember that I said—
Twas nothing until a song or story:
For the miles past by shudder and
Seemed all transformed and in a gory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming.
Dear Fair[...]

Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff, —
A sculptor, if you could but mind it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-room door
Where the delicious money sailed.

The old folks, too, were almost gone;
They stumbled and the ladder sagged,
We heard the fox voices nearer come,
Yet as we descended still or lingered.

The kiss her tongue felt from her hand
And with a "thank you, lad," whispered,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed swiftly overhead
The moon was brightly gleaming through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said
"Come and never! do it! do it!"

My life till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But on the road, full upon her face,
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — Miss Mabel!

Perhaps time to bid her. Yes, still,
O little woman, weary love!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I do give, but who can live with me?