

The Meeting.

It is night in the quiet garden
Lit by a waning moon,
The cedar stands like a warden
Of the wide-flung wealth of June.
O night! so blessed of lovers,
What secrets thou hast known!
What fragrance round thee hovers
From the faded years long flown!

A dark form stands by the cedar,
Deep in the shade is he,
Full long has he been a pleader
For the meeting soon to be;
He watches the open casement
- The ladder is there in place -
And waits in his dim effacement,
For the long-deferred embrace.

Now his throbbing heart grows gladder -
A shadowy form appears,
It creeps down the waiting ladder,
Not a sound the watcher hears.
It softly steals through the bushes,
The danger is all but past -
"Nabbed!" the policeman rushes,
And soon has the burglar fast!
