

To slumber. But her rest was much disturbed;
For, her thin robes ill sheltering her limbs,
She froze e'en as she slept. Her weary head
Was filled with dreams; for, lo! with tearful eyes,
And solemn countenance, her father stood
Close by her pillow. "One false step," he cried,
Hurled me into a deep ravine, where now
Thick brushwood holds me that I cannot move
Forwards, nor backwards. Thus three weary days
I've suffered: thirst and hunger fill my frame
With martyr-pains of hell, till in despair
I pray that I may lose my wretched life."

Whiteaster rose, striving to catch his coat,
And question further; but he vanished
Quick as he came, and left no trace behind.

The night was still: no sound fell on the ear:
The Temple slept in peace, save here and there
A gentle breeze up-springing moved the crowns
Of jewelled bamboo-stems, that answering
Rustled with gentle whispers. Thus the night
Passed, and the moonlight faded, and the panes
Began to gleam, as through them, westward, passed
The first faint glimmers of the orient day.

