

And looks into the chambers of their house,
And saith, "This woman loved, and suffered much,"
Or, "This man's pride was wounded to the quick
In the fierce hates and battles of the world;—
This was pre-doomed to Misery as his dower!"
Or, "this died young—I see it in her eyes."
He holds communion with them on the wall,
And knows them better than his living friends.
Oh, wondrous Art! more wondrous Sympathy!

Such picture saw I in an ancient hall—
The portrait of a lady with dark hair,
And deep dark eyes, with lightnings in their depths;
And lips that seemed to quiver with a grief
That Death itself was impotent to hide.

The picture haunted me—possessed me quite,
Like some sweet tune, bewildered in the brain,