

### A REMINISCENCE.

I love in memory to recall the day  
When on the dim lagoon our gondola  
Crept towards Torcello; how the sudden glow  
Of far-off Alpine ridges wreathed in snow—  
Things, not of earth, but rather of the skies—  
Pierced the light haze and faded from our eyes;  
Shone out and faded, like the stainless tents  
Of some angelic army, or battlements  
Of the fair city whose celestial gleam  
Cheered the worn pilgrims at the darkling stream,  
In that immortal vision which befell  
The Bedford prophet in his prison cell.