

THE NUPTIAL FEAST.

T the altar rail a fair maiden knelt ;
 And her face was so bright
 With celestial light
 That the angel spirit who in her dwelt
 The charm of his presence concealed not.

'Twas her nuptial feast, but she stood alone—
 E'en deserted she seemed—
 Yet her eye with joy beamed
 As its glance was bent on her Lover's throne
 Whose drap'ries his glories revealed not.

Whilst she bends profoundly in silent prayer,
 A gay world from its folds
 Its allurements outholds
 To her parting gaze, and it bids her share
 Its lavish, enticing concession.

But a whisper comes from the Bridegroom's bower,
 And the world, now so gay,
 Like a dream melts away :
 In her soul she feels but that mystic power
 Which gently confirms her profession.

C. C. DELANY, '91.

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