

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

"Why do we stop?" "Lady, this is the end."

And though the wretches each wore troubled look,
Cold murder was to them an only friend;

They thought of pity slain, and courage took.
The maiden rose,—as if a deadly hand

Were laid on her, and with death passion shook :
Yet nothing touched her there. Only her doom
Had brushed her, on its way to chilly tomb.

And yet, she uttered no despairing prayer :—

She was too much in love to be afraid.

"You need not touch me : I, myself, will dare
To die for love." So spake the sweetest maid

Death ever drew, for love's sake, to his lair ;

And doubting not of the dear Virgin's aid,
Nor of her lover's troth, her eyes did rest
Their angel gaze upon the water's breast.