

LI.

Weeping, the old Nestorius held her hand,  
And whispered loving words of hope and cheer,  
Whereat she smiled, and seemed to lose all fear,  
As one who waits with calmness on the strand  
Before embarking on an unknown deep.  
The moonlight, like a watching presence lay  
Upon the floor, a square of silvery grey,  
And night-air murmured, with Æolian sweep,  
The maiden's dirge.—So Lois passed away.

LII.

They buried her, and o'er her humble grave  
Suns rose and set, the seasons went and came,—  
Her few short years of life, her very name,  
Forgotten soon by all, e'en as a wave  
That rises for a moment, and is gone.  
Yet, who can tell? Perhaps, the shade passed by,  
She merged in light, and rose triumphantly,  
To outlive Sirius and Oarion,  
Crowned with the amaranth, no more to die.

LIII.

Darkened in spirit, stricken down by grief,  
Nestorius sought again the ancient Nile,  
And found beside its flowing, as erewhile,  
A balm of consolation and relief.  
Antæus-like, he touched the kindly earth,  
And felt the loving sympathy that lies  
In Nature's mystic depths, and seemed to rise  
With strength renewed, sending his spirit forth  
To face, as man, the chance of destinies.