

Margaret : A Pearl.

(To M. E. MACDONALD.)

THERE is within the pearl so soft a hint
Of rarest beauty, that the eager sight
Finds more of wonder in its sheeny tint,
Than in the diamond flashing to the light :
Like the sweet moon that comes the dusk to
 bless,
So beams its unassuming loveliness.

She was a pearl : about her was the glow
Of some pure radiance from a holier sphere,
The People's crown of thorns she chose to know,
And gladden for a while the sorrowing here.
The casket of a thousand hearts shall shrine
Her life, her love, her sympathy divine.