

THE CONVENT PORTER.

On him would little hands attend,
And little footfalls pattered
Around him; where the fig trees bend,
Where purple treasures scattered;
The whisp'ring cypress was his friend,
For him the ivy chattered.

But seldom at that Convent gate
A traveller dismounted;
The outer world of love and hate
Passed by it unaccounted,
Monotonous, and quaint, and calm,
The prayerful seasons glided,
The vesper hymn and morning psalm
The days alone divided,
That by the dial, near the palm,
Were left but undecided.

So years went by, until one day
The night cloud, westward rolling,
Came round the Friar's dim retreat,
Without the Vesper tolling.