

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

For was not Theodore—the gift of God—
To be her pilot on the holy way !
Already there, bending his shoulders broad,
With hurried ease he steers, and now doth stay
His eager boat with loop of silken cord ;
And now doth re-arrange, with seeming play,
The cushioned seat ;—while Adeline will read
Her missal book with eyes that do not heed.

An age she waited in a moment's dream,
Until his hand, trembling with gallant haste,
Had led her safe. And now upon the stream,
Swan-like, they glide, leaving a splendid waste
Of mingling beauty, million-hued, to gleam
In ripples o'er the mirrored way effaced :
And yet would Adeline and Theodore
See in their whispered nothings sweeter lore.