

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

She held her peace, though it distressed her why
Her father had not told her all his will ;
And to herself she oft made gentle sigh,
And in her heart she prayed : " O thou art still
My guardian, blessed Virgin, ever nigh !
And thou wilt shield thy helpless child from ill.
Forever with my love, I nothing crave ;
For thou dost know I love beyond the grave."

Above the walls of dark Murano's isle,
The cypress trees uprear their heavy gloom :
The dying maiden looked on them awhile,
And thought of lovers sobbing at the tomb.
" Dear God !"—she murmured, with love's pitying smile—
" For him and me death hath no severed doom."
And yet, she shudders. Ah ! the boat moves slow ;—
Through water thick with crime 'tis hard to row.