

moral-passion swept
 er the vault of heaven,
 ed, and a holy calm,
 rept o'er my soul, and then
 distant age was borne
 strangely sad and sweet,
 ear than it was sad,
 ould ask the central flower
 ery and of its meaning there,
 ht and shadow found no place
 was changed, and in its place
 elad in simple white,
 ie outline, but whose face,
 n the visions Raphael saw,
 ears: with tumult heaved her breast
 . And I spoke with her
 own by those weeping eyes,
 or on this earth I know
 ner will the heart unlose,
 bond of sympathy—
 is as pure elegy,
 overlier in her tears,
 len's upturned gaze met mine,
 sweet tones to make reply,
 and voice became thine own,
 out still kept thinking of
 e who seemed a larger flower,
 left me since I rose:
 when I sang the mass,
 ering with her pretty smile,
 veet it were to be like one
 n walked amid the flowers
 self-dyed with the flowers,
 ts, and know them all by name:
 why should I weep, except
 Antone passed away?"
 bless'd the child again,
 d heart, for still the dream
 as he thought of her,
 man all shake off a dread
 might befall the maid,
 ing, tript along and took
 own, and as she went
 way the peasants sing
 e had heard the maidens sing.
 ers plied among
 ms at the market stand:
 proudly said
 dear," then tost her head,
 e of crimson hue
 ers would come to sue,
 says love to see
 you now see me,
 den all forlorn
 his sunny morn,
 fondly, for he knows
 me from the Rose,
 wed her head
 n all sweetly said:
 who loves me well—
 n the vesper bell
 ne has lulled to sleep
 owers; and silence deep
 th as fragrance rare
 ng blossoms fills the air,
 ly moonlight pale
 ny nightingale,
 ve while all is still,

Save only the murmur'ing crystal rill.
 A maiden I am, and love to be
 All clothed with the garb of purity,
 While the moon and the stars they smile on me
 As my lover sings on yonder tree,
 And I blush not with a crimson glow,
 Lest his liquid music cease to flow,"
 Then the rose blushed with a deeper red,
 And haughtily tossed her saucy head,
 But the lily, stately stood and smiled
 On the rose as on some angry child.

All radiant with the glow of budding health
 And out of breath, at length, she reached the town
 Where oft-times she had sat, and trade was brisk,
 Which made her glad, for on this day she longed
 To gain her home, where children waited her
 To be partakers of her birthday gifts—
 And as the moments fled she mused upon
 The beauty of the place, and wondered if
 The carven figures o'er her head shared in
 Her joy this day; for so it seemed to her
 That all those solid shapes which downward looked
 Must somehow understand an I feel with her
 How good it was to be no more a child.
 And when her flowers were almost gone, she left
 And hastened, as her wont towards a church,
 To thank the saints that she had fared so well,
 And thus she met her fate, for as she rose
 From off her knees, a stranger met her gaze
 And asked her of her name and of her birth,
 Caught by the beauty of her face and form,
 And when in simple faith she answered him,
 Believing all men true as she was true,
 He longed to hear her more, and thought to play
 Upon her innocence, for unto him
 All women were no more than pretty toys,
 With hearts that beat the quicker for a kiss,
 Yet as she pleased his fancy for a while,
 He talked to her of that she longed to know,
 And dazed her simple mind with wondrous lore
 And gilded dreams: too skilled, alas! was he
 In frivolous arts and all those subtle wiles
 Which steal a woman's heart and make the past
 A blank, the present bliss, the future hell.
 Happily at first he thought it was no harm,
 And loved in artist way to watch the dawn
 Of love rise with the dawn of womanhood,
 But nevermore would Bêbee know again
 The simple pleasures of her simple life,
 But strove to gain in knowledge so she might
 Be more like him the idol of her heart;
 While he to please himself would watch her moods
 That so he might catch somewhat of the grace
 That lingered over each most simple act,
 And oft they strolled in woodland glens, and talked
 Of all the beauteous life beyond her reach,
 Till she looked on him as a god who came
 To lead her thro' some blissful path of life,
 And thought no ill, for how could evil dwell
 In one whose life was lovely as the flowers,
 To which she more belonged, than to a world
 Made up of shamb'ring vice, which lurks beneath
 The cloak of virtue and the garb of love,

So Bêbee dreamed with dreams that were as life
 Delirious, while thro' her mind there rang
 The mystic voices from those unknown lands
 Which called as 'twere to fields Elysian,
 And still he spared her, feeling half ashamed
 To lead her into it, yet would not leave
 A pleasant pastime; and so days slipped on
 And then, when tiring of the child, with smiles
 He left her, promising to come again
 Nor doubting that he would, she watched in vain
 Thro' days which lengthened into months, and still
 No tidings reached her, and her heart misgave,
 With hope deferred. And then the neighbors came
 And strove to comfort her, but all was vain,
 What comfort was there when the sun was gone
 But darkness, void and silence as of death?