

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  
 clad 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,  
 ovelier 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,  
 eest it were to be like one  
 n walked amid the flowers  
 self-dwelt with the flowers,  
 ts, and know them all by name :  
 why should I weep, except  
 Antone passed away ?  
 bless of 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 forborn  
 his sunny morn,  
 fondly, for he knows  
 me from the Rose,  
 wed her head  
 n all sweetly said :  
 who loves me well —  
 n the ves-per bell  
 ne has lulled to sleep  
 owers ; and silence deep  
 th as fragrance rare  
 g blossoms fills the air,  
 sly moonlight pale  
 ny nightingale,  
 ve while all is still,

Save only the muttering 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,  
 Happly 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 Bébé 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 slumbering vice, which lurks beneath  
 The cloak of virtue and the garb of love,

So Bébé 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 ashrmed  
 To lead her into it, yet would not leave  
 A pleasant pastime ; and so days slipt 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?