

# A MAN'S HEART.

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## Prologue.

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HOW oft through maze and wilderness of Art—  
Through regal and imperial galleries—  
The traveller roams for half a summer's day,  
Vacant and listless ; looking with strained eyes  
At landscapes worthy of Salvator's hand,  
At sweet Madonnas such as Guido loved,  
Or on such eloquent portraits, spirit-eyed,  
As great Vandyke or Rubens might have drawn.  
Yet though he looks, he sees not, save a crowd  
Blent as the sands on shore, or leaves in wold ;