

THE CONVENT PORTER.

He was an ancient, bearded man,
Within the archway seated,
Who through the summer, lone and long,
His Rosary repeated.
He rang the bell for Matin prayers,
At noontide for the reapers,
And, when the evening shadows fell,
He rang it for the keepers;
And, sometimes, too, he tolled a knell
For everlasting sleepers.

From day to day he said his beads,
Within the archway staying;
The sun arising found him there,
And, setting, left him praying.