

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Sweet Adeline, the fairest loveliest maid
In Venice,—nobly born to wealth untold—
And Theodore, a gondolier by trade,
—A handsome youth of nature's finest mould—
Looked in each other's eyes, and straight betrayed
That each the other loved. It is an old,
Old story, how these lovers conquered death
With one last lingering sigh of mortal breath.

'Twas early on a radiant Easter morn,
When Adeline, in maiden-white attire,
With jewelled girdle flashing like the dawn,
And nestling rose that blushed with heart's desire,
Adown the marble stairs pride's tread had worn,
Passed silently ; her veiled soul afire
With zeal, to tell a rosary of love
To all the blessed saints in heaven above.