

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

So from her father, tremulous and bent,
She took the sacred flowers. And like a bride
Going at last to life's great sacrament,
She on the death-boat stepped, and down to the tide,
To love's eternity, all joyous went, —
And to her happy heart the oars replied :
For she was dreaming of the latest kiss
Upon her lips, and of returning bliss.

Long while she dreamed, — with her great dreamy eyes
Upon the flowers, red as the Virgin's heart, —
Till, on a sudden, she felt strange surprise ;
And looking round, she said : " Have you your part
Mistaken ? Towards the sea my journey lies :
But this goes to Murano's loveless mart. "
" Lady," the boatman said, " You need not fear.
Your father ordered thus. Your way lies here. "