

From My Gallery

He bow'd himself upon his knees,
Then rose and opened the barr'd door.
"The winds are moving on the seas,
The waves are falling on the shore.

They seem like lost and anguished souls,
Upon a vain unending quest
For peace amongst the wild sea-shoals,
But peace they cannot find or rest."

With shaking hand he strove once more
The letters of the page to trace;
Words wildly swam his eyes before,
He shuddering fell upon his face,

And on the floor his meagre frame
Lay huddled, while his feeble breath
Seemed to escape and cease,—“The shame,”
He groaned, “is mine; then welcome death!”

Like mist upon the surface of a stream
Which almost moves not, but in silence takes
A shape, the darkness grew outlined, and showed
Itself a figure draped and hooded, who
The scarcely breathing friar, stooping, touch'd;
“Martin!” she said, “Martin! O Martin! I
Am here.” The accent seem'd to steal its way
To the seat of life, like spark of leaping fire
Along a powder'd fuse. Quickly he rose
Upon his knees, and looking up amazed
And awe-struck, cried “Anna, can it be you?”
“Yes, Martin,” she replied, “’Tis I,” the while
Her hand felt lovingly the shaven crown
And forehead of the kneeling monk; “O Anna,
Anna, my long-lost Anna! O, my love!
O, Anna, Anna love, my long-lost love!”

TRUE LOVE

True love it ever gives the best,
And ever is the best its quest;
True love is ever in unrest,
Unless the best is host and guest.