

Remenyi's Violin.

PRETTY jewelled thing ! It seemed
To flash upon us, then to turn and
wait

In sympathy upon his downcast face,
Speak back again, and laugh and weep and
rave

With him, as if it had an answering soul.
And as the heart, deep-stirred,
Turned tremulous to rest when silence came,
Awe seized me, and I marvelled how
The hand that fashioned it with curious care
In old Cremona, nigh two hundred years ago,
Reached deftly past the gulf of space and
time,

And with the artist wrought to make this
tumult in my soul.