

THE COMING OF LOVE.

Now linger'd Love upon the wanton wind,
Wild Love, with glistening tresses tost and blown,
Laughing delightful music,—not alone,
For clear, soft voices floated far behind.

High sate great Jove in glory,—'round reclined
In joyous bowers 'neath his gleaming throne
The lesser gods,—their stately-sounding tone
Made solemn echo, then came mute and blind,—

For Love's wild pæan now had stormed the sky,
And hushed the hearers with a strange alarm,
Who thrill'd in sweet expectancy and charm,—

So, with the sound of rapture, Venus came
And, smiling at their awe, said: "Love am I!"
And all the gods laughed at the pleasant name.