

MASKS.

O God ! the mask our face is !
With its smiles and laughter lit !
While beneath, like some wild ocean,
Our heart, in fierce commotion,
Writhes, tortured under it.

How we speak, with quiet voices,
And no tremor of a breath
Tells of all the grim restriction,
Hiding pangs of crucifixion,
And worse agony than death !

Look up ! O poor masked faces,
Where the clouds the Heavens hide ;
All your heart-wrung smiles and laughter
Shall be *understood—hereafter*
When the masks are laid aside.

June 11th, 1884.