

## 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.