

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

But ha, the brothers had no glee that night!
Such ghostly knowledge came upon them there,
The hot blood in them went all cold with fright,
And they quick crossed themselves in chattering prayer.
God's truth! It was a murdered man did plight
Great love unto their sister, who did spare
No tenderness of word or sweet embrace,—
Saying she'd kiss the sea-chill from his face.

"It is the gondolier!"—they whisperèd—
"The loving youth we stabbed last night to death!
Curse him! Why hath he left his watery bed
To woo our sister with a ghastly wraith?
We should have shrouded him in coffin lead,
And with an Ave sealed his mortal breath!"
So muttered they, and stole below to hide,—
Shivering with grave-yard fears, yet eager-eyed.