

Window light, and another choose a cloth
Of emerald and gold to spread upon
A couch, while all applaud the taste of him
Who furnishes, and marvel at the rare
Wrought beauty of design."

A sound of wheels,
Tramping below of feet upon the stairs,
And a clear, ringing, manly voice calling
Her "mother," brought the light upon her face,
The love within her eyes; and when Wendal
Said, "Mother, I bring my wife to you to set
Beside me in your heart," the lady took
Her daughter in her arms, then laid her hands
Upon her glowing cheeks, and kissed her eyes
And lips. The life rushed up and struggled with
The death upon her face, conquered, then took
Its old place on her cheek again while her
Voice said,—

"Oh, my Evangel! come to make
Me sure God's love is not forgetting, though
He seems to live so far away, and that
The right side of the web of life unrolled
Is perfect in design and wonderful
In all completeness of broad purposes.
Valoria! the name I buried with
My girlish dreams. Valorial my rose
Of life sprung from its grave to bloom and bud
About our house. Valorial the past
Gives back its dead."

When the moon was high that night and everything
Was silent in and out the house, Valoria
Entered the lady's room and placed within
Her hands a small and curious ivory box,
A bit of Venice carved upon its lid,