

Thoughts were with the dead; twice her father spoke
Her name before she found the fitting words
To answer greetings from a gentleman,
Who said,

"I have been most anxious we should meet,
Miss Mooer. I wished to say how much I am
Your debtor for two pictures from your hand—
Gems, I assure you, and not I alone—
Your mother has not written, then? Oh! she
Said perhaps she would reserve it for a great
Surprise."

Then he told how a month ago,
Being in Wales, he called upon his old
Friend Mooer, was grieved to find that he was
absent,

But felt repaid at sight of two rare works
Of art—Miss Mooer's last paintings—which
Her mother showed. As he was on the list
Of judges for that department of the world's
Great Fair, he urged his claims at once, which Mrs.
Mooer

Had with great kindness listened to, and loaned
Them for the time. He had himself attended
To their hanging in most favourable lights:
If Mr. Mooer and his fair friend would come
Now, he would be most happy to conduct
Them where they hung.

Valoria's heart stood still.
That those two pictures painted as they were
From colors drawn, like the fine spider's web,
From her own being, should hang in mid-day blaze
Before the idle gaze of half a world!
Her lips refused to speak. Her father begged
Excuse, another time, his daughter was
Not well, had been deeply moved by the grand
Tribute to our buried Prince; and bore her clinging