

starting in one long embrace
and in that one kiss her soul
her own no more, save linked with mine
parted, seeing that no more
the past could ever be.

for my art, and soon the same
covets hovered o'er my name,
s hers, for she it was who gave,
see, the type I long had sought
anvils, and thus honor gain,
not with her; and I soon forgot
ack, till sickness came, and then
thin my ears her voice I heard,
the air as if in anguish sore,
ain had called her to my side,
ot, but learned that she was dead,
ore of her life you long to know,
ame to me, tho' in

ape, by an old man who lived
on her earliest years, and loved
fashion evermore to dwell
y of her life and death,
stands a lonely little hut,
ld Antoine tended to his flowers
me, by which a streamlet runs
urse between the grazing fields,
ely summer, years gone by,
assed along its banks, he saw
douting with the stream,
e lilies, and by lilies saved ;
t, and brought it to the shore,

re peeped two laughing eyes, owned by
reely more than twelve months old,
ddless, he in pity took

is good dame, who nurtured it
own, a gracious gift of God,
closing hours of fading life,
asons passed, and came again.

ch kindly care the child soon grew
d the flowers and tend their wants—
er she seemed herself that one
lieve that she was one of them.

y, when eye was come, and work
e, old Antoine on his knee
he child, and all in his rough way
d so good and Virgin maid,

some mysterious way the poor,
heir flowers, and sent the saints to guard
om harm, if only they would pray,
e flowers before the altar shrines.

or 'twas thus they named her,—learned
essons in this way, until
nd Father Francis, her good priest,
ess her childish mind with awe,

reverence, touching holy things,
Francis, being himself untaught,
n in the world of letters ran

For anger from the women who had hoped
To profit by old Antoine's well tilled ground
Tho' some, perhaps, had wished her well and spoke
In kindness, seeing her thus left alone,
And louder still the voices grew, and shrill,
Till taunts and words abusive overruled
Their wisdom, and they said : " What right have you,
Raked from the flowers, like water-mouse, to live
'Mong decent folk ? " And Bébé, half disturbed,
Mused on their words, which pricked her, for till then
She oft times in her dreams had smiled to think
Herself the daughter of some pretty flower,
Born of the pure white lilies and the sun
Her father ; and in Brussels when they asked
Her parentage, she had but one reply,
" My mother was a flower." But now there lurked
Within her breast both Envy and Disgrace,
Which dimmed her eye and dyed her cheeks with shame
For Father Francis, listening to her talk,
As playfully she prattled of the flowers,
The fairies, and of how she sprang from them,
Had thought it well to leave her and her dreams
All undisturbed, and was himself amused.
So on the morrow, when with dawn she rose,
In words familiar and with smiling face,
She talked with Mary and the blessed saints,
And asked them, as they loved the plants so much
To love her also, if but for their sakes ;
Then strong in her resolve, she braved them all
And lived her life as he would have her live
Who now was slumbering in the calm of death.
And by and by the women welcomed her
To favor, for she thought no ill of them
And ready was to tend their slightest want.

Here paused the old man as he brushed away
A tear that trickled down his wrinkled cheek —
While I, who listened to him, sadly thought
How many a noble life lives on unsung
Save where the secrets of all hearts are known,
" Ah ! sir," the old man said, " how well I call
As 'twere but yesterday,—'tho all my mind
Is clouded with a doubt on most things else—
The morn when she was sixteen summers old ;
I see her now, 'twas in the month of June,
And as a rose of June, she blushed, to think
Her childhood vanished as a happy dream,

