

Set in the rock a crucifix antique,
From which the wounded Christ bends down to
speak.

“Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For My sake
Thou didst forgive thine enemy ; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin.”

White flashed the angels' wings about his head,
Rare, subtile perfumes through the place were shed;
And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,
Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's constraint,
Gualberto the sinner into John the saint.—

ELEANOR DONNELLY.

THE END.