

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,
8. Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
85 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in
the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by
a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the
roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image
of Mary.
90 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the
well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough
for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north,
were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the
antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in
his feathered seraglio,