

Isolation.

A little maid is mine, scarce four years old,
Eyes azure, cheeks peach-tinted, hair pale gold;
How often have I looked in those dear eyes,
And looking, longed, and longing, thought with sighs,
“ My love, my child, may I not come to you,
Across the seas of those wide eyes so blue ?”
She looks in turn—her spirit seems to say—
“ Not now, dear father, but some future day :
No soul on earth another soul may know,
The veil of flesh as yet obscures it so !”