

For mine. How strange that she should bear your
name,

Valoria; your buried name, you called
It once. I hope the grave wherein it rests
Is not so dark that it will cast a shade
Upon your daughter's name; it is so sweet
To me. To-night, dear mother, she shall put
Her hands in yours to be your child, her heart
In yours to fill the place a daughter has
Not filled before.

In hope and love, yours,
"co."

This lady, let us look at her and watch
Her as she moves amid the halls and rooms.
Those who had seen her cross the threshold as
A bride said that the blood had never seemed
To touch her face, and that for years before
Her early widowhood, she had ever been
A woman with great depths of patient eyes,
Who never told the story of her wedding
Day to girls. Now from the balcony she lifts
Her eyes, which look as though great fires had
burned

Themselves to ashes there, to the bright woods
Where Nature's funeral fires were burning on
The hills and dying in the vales; then let
Them fall upon the waters gliding past
Her feet, whispering so softly to the leaf
Whose flushed cheek lay upon its breast, whispering
Maybe such comfort to the dying leaf
As we to our beloved, that there will be
A resurrection, and that it may be
In the blessed time after the snow pall shall
Be gathered up, the selfsame leaf may hang
Again over the same clear stream, where it