

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Love's ferryman is wandering on the shore,
Fretting the time with empty happiness.
Love's passenger, though in her heart she bore
Her lover's heart, doth in the temple miss
His presence so, she prayeth: "Heaven no more
Were heaven, if we should be in separate bliss!
Ah Saints, and holy Virgin! ease my eyes
With sight of wedded love in Paradise!"

And lo! a raptured ray descended there,
And more than mortal loveliness enshrined
The maiden Adeline. She rose from prayer,
—An angel vision to the pious blind—
And in her passing, blessed the very air
With charity of love to all mankind:
'Twas told, how beggars at the temple gate
That day were clothed and fed in royal state.