

Him bids go forth : a thicket green he turns,
 When, lo ! before him, that for which he yearns,
 So passing fair, so pure, so wondrous she :
 A sinless soul, a perfect being, he,
 As in a dream, each, silent, gazing stands,
 Till God, well-pleased, descends and joins their hands.

And now he knew his thoughts had not been vain,
 He knew the Lord had heard his heart's refrain :
 He saw, as side by side the paths they trod,
 His mute desire had been the will of God.
 He clearly saw his kind Creator would
 Ne'er aught withhold but for his creatures' good.

Her tender tones his inmost being thrilled ;
 With purest joys, her love his bosom filled :
 The livelong day they sweetest converse hold,
 Till soothing sleep their drooping eyelids fold.

These sinless souls with lasting pleasures blest,
 Thus pass the day ; thus sink at night to rest.
 At rosy dawn they rise and wend their way
 Through dewy dales, where Pison's ripples play.

Surprised, she stoops, a lily white to cull ;
 The breezes cease ; a most propitious lull
 Each wavelet smooths, and turns the pool to glass ;
 And smiles ecstatic o'er her features pass—
 For as she stoops, she views her own sweet face,—
 So passing fair, so filled with matchless grace
 She scarce dares breathe lest it away should flee :
 Was all a dream ? Could this an angel be ?
 She moves ; it moves ; each motion that she makes,
 Beneath the pool that mystic creature takes.

A fading petal from a flow'ring thorn
 Now noiseless falls—is on the mirror borne :
 A gentle zephyr wafts it towards the brink
 A *pair* of petals, purest white and pink.

And now a bird ceased singing 'mong the trees—
 Alit upon the unplucked gem, it sees