

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

But, quick, her soul grew faint with deathly sight,
And all her heart rushed out in anguished cry.
Yet 'twas a moment only she had fright;
For see, her lovely face is lit with joy.
She knows those rayless eyes that seek the light,
And whose red lips are paler than the sea:
It is her waiting lover Theodore;
Soon will her arms enfold him evermore.

She is so eager for her breathless weal,
The murderers forget why they were sent,
And both stretch forth their hands with mercy's zeal.
"Ah no!" she said,—and they 'gan tears to vent—
"Do not be sad for me. Death cannot steal
The love to which I go." And down she went;
Nor any bubble came, of her sweet breath,
To tell those sin-saved souls that she met death.