

SCHOOL IN RUE D'ISABELLE, BRUSSELS 159

Soft fluttering in the summer breeze,
The storied walk, th' enclosing wall,
That high above looks over all—
That casement, whence the light would stream
Still on such romance as our dream,
O spells of radiance ! ever be
Enshrined in sweetest memory !

Of the gifts that God's most gracious hand
Strews, bounteous, o'er a smiling land—
THIS bears the sweetest, holiest powers,
TO LIVE IN OTHER LIVES THAN OURS !

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A nook, grown heavy with the Past,
Stagnant 'neath Belgian sky :
The touch of GENIUS came at last,
And now—it will not die !