

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

With clasped hands and raptured upturned face,
She kneels awhile in silent adoration,
Before the blessed Virgin's pictured grace,—
Lit with the glory of divine creation,
By some great artist soul inspired to trace
The Motherhood of God in mediation.
Ora pro nobis ! O thou Queen of Heaven,
Who hast to countless hearts love's comfort given !

O heart of love ! What mayst thou confess,
But that thou knowest nothing else save love,
And that to love is only happiness !—
The great white flame, wherein life's splendours move
In ever burning, unconsuming bliss ;
The call of heaven to earth—which all may prove :
O heart of love, thou art as strong as death !
Thy spirit liveth in love's fleeting breath !