

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
 Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
 Consecrating Love our own for ever,
 Crowning it eternal and divine,

So when Fate would fain besiege our city,
 Dim our gold or make our flowers fall,
 Death, the Angel, comes in love and pity,
 And to save our treasures claims them all."

We have the same thought, expressed as perhaps Christina Rossetti alone could express it, in the beautiful 28th Sonnet of 'Later Life,'

" In life our absent friend is far away :
 But death may bring our friend exceeding near,
 Show him familiar faces long so dear,
 And lead him back in reach of words we say.
 He only cannot utter yea or nay
 In any voice accustomed to our ear;
 He only cannot make his face appear,
 And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.
 The dead may be around us, dear and dead;
 The unforgotten dearest dead may be
 Watching us with unslumbering eyes and heart
 Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,
 Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
 Brimful of love for you, and love for me."

For selfish exclusive love she can find no excuse, but hers is the very *ideal* of loving. Summer and stars and noble souls, all come within the radius of her enfolding affection, and in nearly all her poems the keynote still sounds clearly, dominating all their music — bringing back every discord into melody — Love.

"Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies;
 That which makes this life so sweet, shall render heaven's joy complete."

The land of far distances was very near to her at all times, and she seems to have caught something of its spirit. We all know the undefinable atmosphere that surrounds certain personalities— it is indescribable, but *it is there*. A subtle influence emanates from them, and harsh voices grow sweeter, earth's vexations more bearable in their presence. That is just the spell which the poetry of Adelaide Anne Procter possesses. There is no profundity of expression, no varied imagery, no catching refrains, but the common-places of life gleam into beauty, and every theme is burnished as with a touch of sunlight.

Of the legends, perhaps the most perfect in construction and musical thought is the "Legend of Provence"— the story of a novice who, during one of the French wars, was given the charge of a knight whose "wounds were painful, but whose danger slight." The beautiful convent-bred girl is fascinated by his stories of the world outside, and when the knight leaves the convent he does not go alone. Poor Angela, who has given up all for love, soon finds herself forsaken amid the dangers of a cruel city, and the glories which he had painted fade into the misery of a cold bleak world which knows no pity for an outcast. After long years, when her face had lost all trace of the pure happy girl who was known as the novice Angela, she determines to make her way back to the white

convent in the hawthorn wood. She rang the bell, and laid her weary head against the iron bars until the pitying portress should open the gate,—

"But what soft voice was that which sounded near,
And stirred strange trouble at her heart to hear?
She raised her head; she saw— she seemed to know—
A face that came from long, long years ago :
Herself; yet not as when she fled away
The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene.
The outcast knew *it—what she might have been.*
But as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;
The Nun was there no longer, but instead,
A figure with a circle round its head,
A ring of glory; and a face so meek.
So soft and tender. . . Angela strove to speak,
And stretched her hands out, crying, 'Mary mild,
'Mother of mercy, help me !—help your child.'
And Mary answered, 'From thy bitter past,
Welcome, my child! oh, welcome home at last!
I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,
For all thy daily duties I have done—
Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sung, and slept;
Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*
Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none,
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means *crowned*, not *vanquished*, when it says "Forgiven!"
Back hurried Sister Monica; but where
Was the poor beggar she left lying there?
Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the place
For that wan woman with the piteous face;
But only Angela at the gateway stood,
Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.'