



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Moorish Maid.

Above her veil a shrouded Moorish maid  
 Showed melting eyes, as limpid as a lake;  
 A brow untouched by care; a band of jetty hair,  
 And nothing more. The all-concealing haik  
 Fell to her high arched instep. At her side  
 An old duenna walked; her withered face  
 Half covered only, since no lingering grace  
 Bespoke the beauty once her master's pride.

Above her veil the Moorish maid beheld  
 The modern world, in Paris-decked Algiers;  
 Saw happy lad and lass, in love's contentment pass,  
 Or in sweet wholesome friendship, free from fears.  
 She saw fair matrons, walking arm in arm  
 With lifelong lovers, time-endear'd, and then  
 She saw the ardent look in the eyes of men,  
 And thrilled and trembled with a vague alarm.

Above her veil she saw the stuccoed court  
 That led to dim secluded rooms within,  
 She followed, dutiful the dame unbeautiful,  
 Who told her that the Christian world means sin.  
 Some day, full soor, she would go forth a bride—  
 Of one whose face she never had beheld.  
 Something within her awakened and rebelled;  
 She flung aside her veil, and cried, and cried.  
 By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,  
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