

THE FORTY-SIXTH DAY.

“Because I love you, I will let you know :  
..... my wife .....  
... like a fountain with a hundred spouts  
Did run pure blood.”

*Julius Caesar.*

WAS it a sense of uttermost relief  
We gladdened with, and bade our fears forget ?  
Was there no subtle fragrance of regret ?  
For me, at least, a pang of perfect grief ?  
Had it been otherwise, I would be chief  
And drive her to abandon all things yet  
In mere despair, that by-and-by shall get  
Young comfort in a babe beyond belief.

God would not curse and bless us to such measure ;  
We were not sad enough nor glad enough !  
A little time of misery and pleasure ;  
Pain strangling half the ecstasy thereof—  
Such all our gain, who gained the utmost treasure,  
Gift of the wizard wand and cup of love.