

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

“But I perceive in you so excellent a touch
of modesty that you will not extort from me
what I am willing to keep in.”

Twelfth-Night.

A CURIOUS conflict this of love and fear,
Honour and lust, and truth and trust beguiled ;
One in the semblance of a rose-bright child :—
The other in a shape more gross and clear,
A fiercer woman-figure crowned severe
With garlands woven of scourges, but whose wild
Breast beat with splendour of sin, whose looks
were mild,
Hiding the cruel smile behind a tear.

So she : “I now you never would ;” yet did
Such acts that no end otherwise might be.
So I : “I will not ever pluck the flower ;”
Yet strayed enchanted on the lawns forbid,
And bathed enamoured in the secret sea,
Both knowing our words were spoken—for an
hour.