

THE FORTY-SECOND DAY.

*Pol.* No longer stay.

*Leon.* One seven-night longer.

*Pol.* Very sooth, to-morrow.”

*Winter's Tale.*

I COULD not let her leave me the day after.

Also we *must* wait till the month decide

Whether the mother stood behind the bride.

In any other case what love and laughter

Such tidings of an angel's birth would waft her ;

Now, what a fear! And so she would abide

Another vessel and another tide,

Until we held the key of the hereafter.

But this sad spectre could not change our calm.

The day went by more peaceful than a dream

Dreamt by a maiden in pure winds of balm ;

Love's sweet still music like a far-off psalm

Thrilled our quiet pulses : with the intent supreme :

“This one week more a century shall seem.”