

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

The red sun roused them on the morrow morn,
And they rose up as on a holiday;
The red blood tingled with a joy new-born,
As with their jewelled daggers they did play;
And when upon their searching eyes did dawn
The love-light of their sister gloriously,
With ruddy zest, they mocked her love divine,
In golden loving-cups of blood-red wine.

And then they sought their aged father's ear,
And told him all that they had seen and heard;—
Saying they deemed it wise that he should hear.
Their father's pallid face to marble stirred,
And his thin voice came deadly cold and drear :
—As though a frozen heart were in each word—
“If in your veins a drop of my blood flows,
This man shall die the death that no one knows.”