

My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more. 60
That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never
would pass.

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the
glass,

And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness
without ;

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife, 65
And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape
with her life ;

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me
and smiled,

And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the
child.

VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep
again—

Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane ; 70
Say that His day is done ! Ah why should we care what they
say ?

The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past
away.
