

THE FOURTH DAY.

“Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very
well worthy.”

Much Ado about Nothing.

I TOOK another way to shield my love.
I turned my thoughts to the abyss of sky,
Pierced the frail veil, and sought Eternity ;
Where the Gods reign most passionless above
All foolish loves of men, and weary of
The slow procession of Earth's mystery ;
Where worlds, not men, are born and live and
die,
And aeons flit unnoticed as a dove.

Thither I fled, busied myself with these ;
When—lo ! I saw her shadow following !
In every cosmic season-tide of spring
She rose, being the spring : in utter peace
She was with me and in me : thus I saw
Ours was not love, but destiny, and law.