Weird universe, a part of each
Law's rite incomprehensible—
So simple that they each sufficed
For my companionship; and now"—
She reached her arms above the stream
And turned her pink palms toward the sun,
And her white fingers, orange rimmed,
Slowly unlocked their trellised bond
As she exclaimed, "It all is strange."
  Far down the dusty noonday road
A sound of jarring voices rose,
And Ursula heard running steps
And taunts and flouts. Then drawing near
And standing on the tangled weeds
That crept into the yellow sand
In spite of hoof and tire and heel,
She saw a motley company:
The portly constable came first,
Knitting his brows to hide the sun
That stole beneath his Monmouth hat

Which rose three-cornered on his great
White goat-hair wig; and by his side
A meek and gentle minister
Who preached God's word from out his heart
And witnessed it in every line
Of his pale face; and after him
Unflinching followers who sang
The saving grace of penitence
Nor cared for heat nor dust nor jeers.
Mile after mile the little band
Had marched—men clad in silk and lace
With men in linsey-woolsey stuff,
Women in hoops too wide for pews
Or trails that trolloped in the mud,
And rosy girls in homespun gowns.
  Through Branford, Durham, Hartford, went
The banished minister of God
From constable to constable,