"Their overzeal, their ecstasy,
Their bold assurance that the truth
Is theirs alone, will strain the cords
Which gird our freedom of belief,
But when their hearts are calm again
These slackened cords will bind no more.
A tidal wave sets wider bounds
To hem a tranquil sea."
"His face,"
Cried Ursula, "his face was pale
And marked with pain; I did so grieve
For him." Her eyelids filled with tears,
And his kind hand upon her cheek
Bespoke his tender sympathy.
Silence, that husbandman of thought,
Kept equal ministry with each,
The grave chief justice pondering
On weightier matters than the law.
A solitary darkening cloud

Eclipsed the sun, and thunder crashed
And rumbled ominously on.
When they had gone a little way
They stopped beneath a farmer's shed
Whose terraced sides were witnesses
To their first century of rain.
Each shingle, fluted deep along
The softer grain with sharp-edged channels,
And hollowed out beneath the drip
From tier to tier, was stained with years
And shaded to a silver gray.
Then through her memory there ran
An ancient song of childhood days:

The dew in the grass
Hung pearls on its spears,
And we loved them, alas!
Till the sun in its pass
Decoyed them away.
But the sun when it seres