

THE EIGHTH DAY.

“A certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal throned by the West.”
Midsummer Night's Dream.

HERE in the extreme west of all the earth
This Vestal sate ; and I from Cupid's bow
Loosed a fair shaft of verses shapen so
As to fling love through the chaste girdle's girth,
And show my love how meek was my love's birth,
How innocent its being : thus arow
Stood the mild lines, immaculate, to show
My harmless passion and her own great worth.

She could not be offended : and moreover—
When at the nightfall I sought Heaven's light,
All my work grew unspotted, done aright !
The high Gods came above my head to hover,
Because I worked with a diviner might,
The perfect sage being the perfect lover.