

"Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing." ¹

And when life is thus divorced from rational purpose,
all significance vanishes out of the universe too ; the
external objects of thought become fictions as meaningless as the internal objects of the will ;

"This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty, such as lurks
In some wild poet when he works
Without a conscience or an aim." ²

¹ *Macbeth*, Act V. Sc. 5.

² *In Memoriam*, 34.