

of them again; he sticks closer than the glove. What a business it is to get away from one another!

"'Romeo!' cries Juliet, to her departing lover.

'My dear!' says Romeo.

JUL.—At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

ROM.—At the hour of nine.

JUL.—I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. I have forgot—why did I call thee back?

ROM.—Let me stand here till thou remember!

JUL.—I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, remembering how I love thy company.

ROM.—And I'll stay to have thee still forget, forgetting any other home but this."

Time, however, and the world's movements don't wait for them any more than for others. Parted they must be, and then how they chide the lingering hours!

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaëton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtains, love performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.
* * * * *
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
* * * * *
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night;
And give me *again* my Romeo."

After that, chatter about vivacity! What do children know of those rapturous hours when two human spirits mingle, and they

"Talk until thought's melody
Becomes too sweet for utterance, and it *dies*
In words to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tones into the voiceless heart,
Harmonising silence without a sound!"

In view of "the transports of a virtuous love," the pleasures of their play are no more than is the water trickling from a straw of a thatch roof on a rainy day to the mighty flow of the Amazon or Mississippi.

But, lest some malignant bachelor might say, I perceive that thou too, like other silly creatures, art in "the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity," I turn and ask once more, what, for depth of intensity, is the happiness of childhood compared with