

*A Meditation in Verse*

*(Dedicated to Benjamin Doolittle as showing his  
favourite weakness)*

*How can I mind the law's delay,  
Or what a jury thinks it knows,  
Or what some fool of a judge may say?  
Polly comes with the wedding clothes.*

*Time, who cheated me so long,  
Kept me waiting mid life's snows,  
I forgive and forget your wrong:  
Polly comes with the wedding clothes.*

*Winter's lonely sky is gone,  
July blazes with the rose,  
All the world looks smiling on  
At Polly in her wedding clothes.*

BENJAMIN DOOLITTLE TO BEVERLEY SANDS

[A hurried letter by messenger]

*July 10, 1912.*

Polly reached New York two days ago. I went up that night. She had gone out—alone. She did not return that night. I found this out when I went up yesterday morning and asked for her. She has not