

Hoping her weakness had escaped his eye,
Yet knew it had not, and she fain had quenched
In ocean depth, the sudden fire that burned
Her cheek as she abruptly turned aside.

"My Basil!" said she, "in what wondrous way,
Not Chance nor Fate—these are blind things, indeed;
But God's own providence it was that led
The vergent currents of our lives to join!
Young Basil smiled as one at rest and ease,
Nought lacking to him; for as yet his doubts
Were robust, healthy, ignorantly wise,
Because sincere, but faith in God, a stone
Laid on his back and borne uphill with pain.
Yet full of youth, a hardy mountaineer,
He stretched his limbs and tossed his tawny locks
On crags of doubt; abysses under him
Were unregarded as he dashed amid
The thickening mists, nought fearing, life or death.
But one more fair than Hero held the torch
Above Abydos now. The Asian shore,
God's continent, seemed nearer than before!

"Yea, granted all, my Isa! if nor Chance
Nor Fate, blind forces, witless what they do,
Brought me this happiness, this sense of rest
In full assurance of thy love; why then,
An overruling God it was who led
The vergent currents of our lives to join.
And when I look into those eyes of thine,
Veiling their glance of tenderness and joy,
I make acknowledgment, and mutely own
That when that mocking master said: "*Si Dieu,
N'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer*,"
He spake more truth, and better than he knew."

"Thank God for that, my Basil!" she replied;
"He spake more truth, and better than he knew,"
And yet a good man said it not. His speech
Contained no reverence. Not so taught He
Who teaches us, as children, to believe
In God above all worlds, and things therein.
That primal truth, Science must postulate,
Or wander blind throughout the universe
With groping staff—a beggar asking alms
Of all creation sooner than of God!
If such the law, that law we must accept.
God's words and works fitly conjoin in one
True harmony. When rightly understood,
We may discern the inner side of things,