

*Still giveth He his own beloved sleep
 Who willeth all things best:
 Abide His times, O weary heart,
 And in the sweet asylum of the tomb
 Thou too shalt soon
 Find rest.'*

So shall I duly tread,
 Beyond unwonted ways of men,
 In the dear sequestered Garden of the Dead,—
 When I go home again.

MEZZOTINTS OF LOVE.

*These many years since we begun to be
 What have the gods done with us? What with me?*
 —Swinburne.

(I.)

FRUITION.

I waited, wistful, through the envious years
 Till all thy Spiritual Springs were rife:
 I sought thee Sweet! at their fountain-rise,—
 I drank of Love. and Love was Life.