

All the while Prospero, in the distance, is looking on and here calls Miranda's attention to the young prince.

"The fring'd curtains of thine eye advance  
And say what thou seest yond."

Miranda:—"What is 't? A spirit?  
Lord! how it moves about! Believe me sir,  
It carries a brave form—but 'tis a spirit."

It is Prospero's wish that the two shall love one another and his plans work well; for Miranda, never having seen so young and handsome a man, thinks him a superior being at first, but in a few minutes has fallen deeply in love. Ferdinand, coming upon so rare a specimen of womanhood in so unexpected a place, loves her from the first and takes little pains to hide his feelings. Prospero is delighted with the success of his plans, and by pretending to be displeased and severe he binds them together with the chords of pity and sympathy on the one hand and those of gratitude and admiration on the other. He does not let Ferdinand toil long at his arduous task, but in the scene before the cell gives him the hand of Miranda. Their betrothal is celebrated by a quaint exhibition of Prospero's art. He sends Ariel to summon other spirits, and presently Iris enters, calling on Ceres to follow.

"Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease,  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;  
Thy banks with pion'd and twill'd brims,  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns, and thy broom-  
groves,  
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,