

upon the arm of a girl whom he calls his Scholar, his disciple, and his child. His face is serene : he is perfectly happy : the Advent of that Kingdom whose glories he preaches is very nigh at hand. He lives in the house of his disciple : he has forgotten the very existence of his lawyer : he goes no more to Lincoln's Inn : always he is lying, night and day, before that miracle of carven work in Ivory. There he watches—it is his Vision—the long procession of those who work and sing at their work and are happy, work they ever so hard, because they work each for all and all for each. And there is no more sorrow or crying and no more pain. What hath the Gate of Horn—through which is allowed nothing but what is true—bitterly true—absolutely true—nakedly, coldly, shiveringly true—to show in comparison with this ? A crowd trampling upon each other : men who enslave and rob each other : men and women and children lying in misery—men and women and children starving.—Let us fly, my brothers—let us swiftly fly—let us hasten—to the Gate of Ivory.