

THE TERROR

THE night is dark ; the night wind moans ; the clouded
stars hide in the sky ;
A rasping insect somewhere drones his mate a mirthless
lullabye ;
The hinges creak without a cause ; the frost-sweat
gathers on the door ;
A mouse in the partition gnaws, and shadows sneak
along the floor.

The night is dark ; a she-wolf howls ; strange noises
mingle in the air ;
Who knows what form of demon prowls to drag
despondents to his lair ?
It is no night for man to sleep ; the rafters rattle over-
head,
And formless spirits gawk and creep from out the
prehistoric dead !

I hear them ride the chimney-tin—they sit astride the
collar-beams—
Through wooden walls they flutter in and light the place
with baneful gleams ;