

er call to one another in the dusk lest the foot stumble and the step be false "what exile from his father-land can flee also from himself?"

They have gone over to the majority—a myriad summers, a myriad winters, a myriad souls. You see, my master builder, you should be careful in your weaving. You had the right colours you say? I know you had the right colors and the right pattern but your shuttle was so worthless. The spider makes his web as clean and careful as a Saint's. You make yours as full of snaris and tangles as a Sinner's. Is it because the spider is a better weaver? You think not. Ah no! Then when the looms are stopped by the running waters let it be said that he has passed away who was a careful weaver and left us cloth for coil.