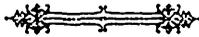


lock, and lo! he who said 'I am' suddenly became 'He was' before their vacant stares, and the horror of the things he witnessed petrified the wraith of Euclid into an angle in the stone wall in the passage, where it is sometimes seen 'right,' sometimes 'acute,' and sometimes very 'obtuse,' even as in the minds of men.

XIII.

And when all these things had come to pass, the cloud ascended and the sighs vanished in the quick breath of relief—and the eyes became filled and the air jocund, and much smartness and pertness were heard on all sides, and much assurance that all things were well and truly learned by these 'Boy Savants' who are wont to be much impatient with their seers and teachers; for they think that their vacuity was only momentary and quite an accident, but the silent witness who had seen all that passed in the Beyond of the Vacant Stare did shake his head and cry: "Charybdis in the world's maelstrom awaits them that invoke not nor cultivate the Divine gifts of memory, right well and understanding."

AIDAN.



THE TWILIGHT.

A silence like the hush of death,
 The mother of our deepest thought,
 Holds in her clasp the hearts of man
 And breaths sweet peace, the peace long sought.

The listless moon pursues her course;
 The myriad stars in heaven broad
 Appear, to light some weary soul
 To joy, to life, to love, to God.

It is the threshold of the night;
 The light behind the dark before.
 Bringing rich hope to doubtful souls
 Who fear to knock at heaven's door.