

the shadows and the clouds which robed his soul in gloom. The pedestrian passed him softly, and written in their faces he saw stories of strange sympathy and a hungering after happiness, and in their eyes he read the language of yearning—a longing, unsatisfied yearning for the light he vainly sought.

"Light, did you say?" answered a pedestrian in response to his strange inquiry. "You do seem a trifle light; try the asylum—the lunatic asylum," and he hurried away to join the companion from whom he had been parted for a moment.

The explorer for light continued his journey, and paused before a building from whose doors there floated nervously along the quivering rays of softened light the sweet echoes of airs of music which trembled and fell upon his ear.

"Perhaps there is light within," he murmured as he saw tired faces going by him and disappearing within the doors,—“light, and peace, and rest.” So he ascended the steps and opened the door, and threw himself in a seat apart from the others. And the musician at the organ continued playing, and soft steps hurried down the dimly-lighted aisles and disappeared in the distance, and the candles burned faintly before him, and flung a quivering and uncertain light upon a few of the white waiting faces; and then the music trembled,—trembled and echoed and ceased, and all was quiet, and the shadows stole over the soul of the seeker after light, for he was in church.

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"Is it over?"

He heaved a sigh of relief—a sigh of sweet relief—as he rose with the others after the long, long sermon; the sermon and the sighing, the sorrow and the sobbing were done. And all was dark and gloomy, and no ray of light was left. The dark and cruel shadows stole down on the waves of air as they beat from the organ, and floated along the aisles, and hovered and fell around the pillars and arches, and windows and doors; they swept and rolled down the storm of words which echoed from the lips of the speaker, and they clustered in clouds of darkest gloom round the voices and songs of the singers away in the choir above. It was gloom, gloom, gloom, and darkness; and he felt a secret yearning for light, light, light.

The evening was falling on the city when he had entered the sacred walls, and now the night was far advanced. So he followed the others down the aisle clouded with mist and with memories, and passed through the open door.

And standing there on the threshold of the sanctuary, light dawned on his brow and filled the heart of the searcher, for a thousand electric lights burst into brilliance, and shed over the city and over the soul of the searcher a luminous refulgence—a rare and brilliant light, and filled his soul with peace and his heart with joy. And the door closed behind him, and deep darkness dwelt within the sacred sanctuary.

ENDYMION.