

From Carmel's Mount they pass to Juda's Hill,
From Nazareth's night to that dear midnight still
When angels hovered in the heaven-lit skies.
And to the simple sang high mysteries.

They kneel and ponder where the Christ-Child sleeps,
Here will they tarry till the day-star peeps ;
They join the Magi ent'ring Bethlehem--
The Day-Star shineth ever on for them.

They grope unceasing in the noon-day dim,
Till they have clasped the Blood-dyed Cross of Him
Who now and ever is their only quest,
Their goal His wounded Feet, His pierced Breast.

No rack of riot pleasure comes anigh,
Or at the dawn, or when the day doth die :
E'en when a moonless sky the vigil mars .
" The night of Contemplation hath its stars."

WHO IS THE " DREAMER ? "

The eighteenth century, when dying, left us by will the habit of associating the idea of a *dreamer* with the man who believes in the invisible and who relies on it.

It failed to perceive, however, that a dream is connected with illusion, and that illusion is the share of the man who *denies* the invisible. *To be duped* means to believe nothing but what is seen. Illusion consists of mistaking phantoms for reality, and reality for phantoms.

The dreamer is one who never awakens, who never turns to the Uncreated Light, who dwells continually and exclusively in the land of shadows ; and yet, human speech, deceived and deceitful, has, especially during the last hundred years, designated as a *dreamer* the wide-awake man who sees and knows.

ERNEST HELLO.
