

❖ THE SANCTUARY ❖

piece and cross-bars stole strange colors to illuminate the Thing of fancy or reality. It seemed to her that along the headpiece in a strange vividness of gold there walked the great intellects of the world; that they passed before her in a strange review — the St. Pauls, the Platos and the Hugos and the Bacons; the Mozarts and the Wagners; the Angelos and the Galileos and the Brunos and the Pythagorases. Somewhere from their midst there looked out at her Venusti, the Great Cardinal, as she had seen him one spring morning at the altar rail, his hands on the boy Anthony's hair. From the right arm there came to meet them at that glowing Heart the Center, in a stream of palest green, the souls of action — the Elijahs, the Marthas, the Booths and the David Livingstones; and somewhere, almost hidden in all that great procession, but still there, it seemed to her she saw the faces of Lamoré and of Stone. Then it was that slowly from the cross's left arm, wrapped in a blue softer, more intense than even the southern sky without, there came to mingle in that Central Light, the high types of the world's servants of devotion: the St. Johns, the Marys of Bethany, the St. Francises and the Teresas and the à Kempises — all those on whom the seal of mystic longing had been set, and among them for a moment there came to her, as they passed, the impression of Cecile. Again she watched them mingle, melt into that One Center, and a light such as one sees at sunset sometimes behind the Matterhorn — a pale crimson toning