

STRAY BIRDS

320

THE prelude of the night is commenced in the music of the sunset, in its solemn hymn to the ineffable dark.

321

I HAVE scaled the peak and found no shelter in fame's bleak and barren height. Lead me, my Guide, before the light fades, into the valley of quiet where life's harvest mellows into golden wisdom.

322

THINGS look phantastic in this dimness of the dusk — the spires whose bases are lost in the dark and tree tops like blots of ink. I shall wait for the morning and wake up to see thy city in the light.

[90]