

and mysterious the shadowy walls stand to-day testimonials of the heart, not of the sense. Dim, slumbering cloisters, the rich softness of the frescoes, the indescribable grandeur of the tracery are to-day manifestations of the feeling, not of the intellect. They died to know all. We live to know all. Happiness is not the main object of life. Happiness was all the monks wanted. We prefer Unrest.

Eighteen hundred years have passed away. Eighteen hundred years may yet pass away. Whether it be eighteen hundred years or a day the spirit of Mediaeval Christianity is eternal. The adoration of St. Peter is the adoration of the druid-priest. The sweet illusion has not ceased : it is not ceasing : it never will cease. Yon sleepy burgher wonders at the penciled spire. It might be grand and beautiful to make a spire like that. It might be grand and beautiful to labor under so sweet an illusion. To me sleepy but reasonable it is a mockery. Perhaps on some feast day when the censers are swung low in the sanctuary and out of the almost angelic stillness come the voices of the Cloister, chanting as it is in their breviary the Litany of the Blessed Virgin—

Pater de coelis Deus, miserere nobis
 Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis
 Spiritus sancte Deus, miserere nobis
 Sancte Trinitas unus Deus, miserere nobis—

the same dreamy burgher may feel that he too is worshiping a divinity of which he knows nothing.

Ah ! the Twin Sisters are deceptive ; the Twin Sisters are immortal. Body of one body, spirit of one spirit, together constituting one great essence of Eternity, they are themselves Eternity ; for Truth is infinite and Beauty is Truth.

The House of Sleep

A MONOGRAPH

I stood on the edge of the moor ; weird, desolate, silent. The heart of a fog-spirit that wrapt it round seemed covetous of its love, for no gable parted the tapestry or deepened its sullied color. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but stagnant waters, stretching out into the unconfined distance like the barren wastes of the sea. He was the only living creature there and in his step there was no vitality and in his voice no sound. Long, lean and invisible fingers threaded the draperies of the dying Day. On the threshold he halted, for down the long, windy corridors came the echo to his cry, and the deadened foot-falls of his Welcomer. Nearer and nearer crept the Apparition and as the features grew discernible in the dusk the wanderer knew—what he always supposed—that the House of Sleep was Death.