

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

SUNSET! The sky o'erhead trembled in waves of pink and saffron, shedding a ruddy glow upon all the vast plains of green that undulated from my feet to the distant, gold-crowned horizon. Near by, a silver stream, flecked here and there with threads of failing sunlight, wound in and out in fantastic arcs and finally lost itself among the misty, indistinct, emerald mounds in the east. Glorifying in the panorama of changing colors, the birds sang their songs of farewell to the swiftly dying summer day,—songs filled with sorrow and pathos, as if their tiny, trembling hearts were all but broken at the loss.

Entranced, I stood and drank in the beauty of my surroundings, while a rich violet hue, such as Nature herself can only reveal gradually predominated; and, as I stood there, a medley of emotions struggled in the innermost depths of my soul, emotions so deep-seated that even the magnificence of the falling day failed to soothe me. For a short time I was infused with a sense of pleasure, of happiness, of perfect bliss; the whole world seemed in harmony. All its sordidness and guilt appeared o'ershadowed by Beauty and trampled under her dainty feet. With the approach of dusk, however, this feeling slowly decreased, and then changed into one of overwhelming scorn. I was impelled by the desire to shriek with disdainful laughter, to demolish the beautiful dwelling place Nature had created, to efface the bright tapestries that hung down from above. A moment later dusk settled into night!

Jealousy! Dark, ugly, forbidding, it crept into my soul, with the same silence, the same secrecy, the same stealth that night crept over the earth. I felt it coming, I fought against it in silent agony, rebellious and stubborn as I am, but at last it conquered. Hesitatingly it came for a time, as if feeling its way in the darkness. Then it gripped me tightly and finally surged over me like a great tidal wave. I weakened in its embrace, and, shuddering with cowardly fear, I sank to the earth; but even then, as throughout the last five hours of that day, I kept my eyes glued steadfastly on the two who, on the