

## THE EQUINOX

wedding-ring, clasps earth and sky. Under the moon a line of wild swans drifts with shrill melancholy piping. The moonlight touches the coves. The water waves from gold to silver. Sea and earth are still, as in an enthrallment.

The vision of the woman floats to my memory—Diane of the Inlet. Her voice clear and thrilling echoes its own fateful story. Beside her comes a man with splendid strength of limb and primitive mind. I hear his deep, tender calling to the rising moon.

“Diane! Diane!”

All the changing scene and colour of the Inlet rises again before me, and the idyll of the madman of the Inlet and the Diane of his imagination.

FINIS

## SILENCE

AMID the thunder of the rolling spheres,  
Herself unchanged despite the changing years,  
    She stands supreme, alone.  
With trembling hands tight pressed to rigid ears,  
Deaf to all prayers, and hopes, and human tears,  
One voiceless Horror—louder than all fears,  
    Filling the great Unknown.

ETHEL ARCHER.