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By MARVIN LUTER HILL

This is a house with the evil in it
Of men, long dead, who lived therein;
Pause by the hearth, the bed, the spinet,
You think immediately of sin,

See before your mental vision

Ghastly things that make you creep;
Though you laugh out in derision,

They will haunt you in your sleep,

Turn away, and let the swathy Silken-fringèd curtains fall At your back, and pass the frothy Witch-brewed bitters in the hall,

Where, at times, unhallowed fingers
Dip within the jeweled urn,
And the poisoned touch still lingers,
Causing them to hiss and burn.

Walk down the steps that are made of marble—
Three round steps like a soldier's tomb—
You will hear the ghost of a linnet warble
Out in the depths of the cedars' gloom,

Feel the silent tread behind you
Of stark feet, bone-white and cold;
Do not look, or a face will blind you
That is too hideous to behold.

This is a house the dead inhabit—
Come outside where the moon is clear;
Think of a dove, or a snowy rabbit,
Leave the thoughts of the dead men here.