

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

And he felt in his heart their strange-
ness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the
dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door,
even
Louder, and lifted his head:
"Tell them I came, and no one an-
swered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listen-
ers,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness
of the old house
From the one man left awake;
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stir-
rup,
And the sound of iron on stone.
And how the silence surged softly
backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter de la Mare.

The Saturday Review.

THE LISTENERS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the
Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champ'd
the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret
Above the Traveller's head;
And he smote upon the door again a
second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller,
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray
eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the
moonlight
To that voice from the world of men;
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams
on the dark stair
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and
shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.