

“ Will you lend me the *Liber Inducens in Evangelium Æternum* for a few days, that I may have it examined by an expert ? ”

“ I have burned the book and flung the box into the sea.”

When I came the next day with a Jesuit Father from the College of St. Francis Xavier, the house was locked up and apparently empty once more.

W. B. YEATS.

## EPILOGUE



LET us go hence : the night is now at hand ;  
 The day is overworn, the birds all flown,  
 And we have reaped the crops the gods have sown,  
 Despair and death ; deep darkness o'er the land

Broods like an owl : we cannot understand  
 Laughter or tears, for we have only known  
 Surpassing vanity ; vain things alone  
 Have driven our perverse and aimless band.

Let us go hence somewhither strange and cold,  
 To hollow lands, where just men and unjust  
 Find end of labour ; where's rest for the old,  
 Freedom to all from fear and love and lust.  
 Twine our torn hands ! O, pray, the earth enfold  
 Our life-sick hearts and turn them into dust !

ERNEST DOWSON.