

will be found so profound, so true,—nor, because of its alternating playfulness and grimness, so endlessly attractive—as the concluding paragraphs of the chapter on “Conscious and Unconscious Knowers” in *Life and Habit*. There is a fine passage in Lange—the author of *History of Materialism*—which comes to pretty much the same thing; but if ever you compare them (and, remember, Lange was a very great man) you will find that I have not been extravagant in praising the resources of Butler’s mind, and you will yield higher tribute than you have ever yet done to Butler’s style.

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## DEEP IN THE DUSK

CHARLES T. BRUCE

Deep in the dusk that dims the mystic years  
 The wistful shadows of old dream-days pass;  
 Their pensive eyes alight, yet dark with tears,  
 Like silver gleams of glory in the grass.  
 Old melodies grow still in broken bars;  
 Gray shadows linger by forgotten streams;  
 They stretch veiled hands, and fade beyond the stars—  
 To leave me nothing but the drift of dreams.

These are the threads of mystery in my heart  
 That bind me to the dusk of yesterday.  
 This breathless hour a moment lives apart,  
 And then is cast upon the common clay.  
 I cannot tell what truth the old days knew;  
 I only know the dream is always true.