

## “AN ANGEL DARKENETH THE POOL—”

the strength and power of speech she had so desired. She felt words at her command which were as detached shreds of her soul, words which could fly like the spray from a torch in the wind illuminatingly through darkness. She knew that if she chose to speak now she could show her husband by mere force of word all the muffled instincts of years back, all the longings for years to come.

But with this revelation of power came also a pitiless clearness of vision. She looked beneath the moment and saw the stamp it would press on her husband's spirit. He had failed her unknowingly and beyond recall—she could now fail him deliberately in return. She stared about her. The room with its home-made curtains, bright gaslight, carefully chosen books and ornaments, her husband's desk piled with scribbled notes and manuscript, her workbox, the children's coats—all these things seemed to appeal mutely to her. She turned from them to her husband. He appeared suddenly very small and gentle and eager to serve her as he knew service.

Then as she looked at him, her eyes grew dim and tender, and like a thick soft cloak, something of no name descended, enveloping, upon her. She felt her nakedness blend mysteriously with its quiet covering, and it was as if she had said aloud—“I shall know myself, but no one else shall know me.”

Slowly she sank into her own chair near the table.

“No, David,” she said, “I won't go to bed yet, but you shall read to me.”

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**T**HAT there may be no picturing to read,  
No glimpse of coming grief,  
Nor dazzle of a joy for us to heed  
Before its meted hour—  
For this, the angel darkens now  
The waters of the pool  
And none may question when nor how  
The Vision-depths will clear.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.