

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΞΞ

SIC TRANSEAT —

“ At last I lifted up mine eyes, and beheld ;
and lo ! the flames of violet were become as
tendrils of smoke, as mist at sunset upon the
marsh-lands.

“ And in the midst of the moon-pool of silver
was the Lily of white and gold. In this Lily
is all honey, in this Lily that flowereth at the
midnight. In this Lily is all perfume ; in this
Lily is all music. And it enfolded me.”

Thus the disciples that watched found a dead
body kneeling at the altar. Amen !