STAR OF THE HERO.

(Dedicated to Nicholas Roerich's painting of this name in Benares)

BY NAIAD KEY, Texas.

Through the translucent blue of clear cold night

The Great Himalayas lift purple precipice
Tier on tier, higher—higher—
Until their serried peaks
Catch the luster of the starry sky
And stand rotund—majesty of form
Sweeping in fluent shadow
Down to earth—up to heaven.
On flow of blue-black mountain
There shines within a cave a tiny gleam
Yellow—The faint glow man has made
To meet the vast blue darkness.
There, a waiting soul
Who long has watched and prayed
Winging his intelligence with pinions of

One of thousands watching—praying—
Waiting for The Sign—
The comet that will light the world
Flooding caves and hidden places with radiance,

Illumining hearts of men with kindness—
There, the Watcher lifting his eyes from his holy book
Sees flaming across Immensity

Sees flaming across Immensity
THE SIGN—THE COMET!

belief.