

from the sofa and made for the door. 'That's right!' my mother called after him. 'Go out now and fill yourself with rum!' And behind her back I exchanged with my little brother a grin of triumph.

ALEXANDER HARVEY.

A RONDEL

Rest, like a star at sea
Thrice loved, thrice blest,
Burns. Will there come to me
Rest?

By these suppressed
Desires my soul must flee,
By heaven's crest,

I pray that secretly
Toward God's breast
I draw, to find, maybe,
Rest!

ALEISTER CROWLEY