

such despair as induced me to quit Wales precipitately. I arrived in London."

Mary was kneeling upon the grave of her mother. She plucked a blade of grass and began to bite it nervously.

"Well?"

She looked up into Shelley's face with a twitch at her mouth.

"I arrived in London," went on the poet, mopping his perspiring brow once more. "I was shocked at observing the alteration in Harriet's looks. Little did I divine its cause."

"What was the cause?"

Mary had risen to her feet. She placed a hand upon his arm.

"Harriet had become violently attached to me," Shelley spoke simply. "She feared that I could not return her attachment."

"Did she say those things of her own accord?"

"Prejudice," said Shelley, "made the confession painful to her."

"Did you ask her to marry you?"

"It was impossible to avoid being much affected," said Shelley evasively, mopping his brow more energetically than ever. "I promised to unite my fate with hers."

He gulped down a raisin. She stared fixedly at the little circle of edibles that had accumulated around the spot on which they stood. Mary suddenly left Shelley's side to reach the head of her mother's grave. She knelt quickly upon the granite slab which recorded the name of the immortal dead. Her lips moved in prayer. For a long time no word was said by the poet. He seemed infected with the devotional spirit of the mood of his fair friend. He had taken from his waistcoat pocket a fresh handful of the raisins with which he seemed inexhaustibly supplied and was now chewing them moodily. Mary got upon her feet.

"Shelley," she said, "I was praying to my mother's spirit. Do you think me superstitious?"

"How much worthier of a rational being is skepticism," sighed the wan Shelley, "which, though it wants none of the impassionateness which some have characterized as inseparable from the superstitious, yet retains judgement —"

"Judgement!"

Mary's tone in saying the word was almost scornful.

"Judgement," repeated Shelley. "Judgement is not blind, though it may chance to see something like perfection in its object, which retains its sensibility — but whose sensibility is celestial and intellectual — unallied to the grovelling passions of the earth."

"Yet the world seeks perfection in prayer."

"I feel a sickening distrust," Shelley declared vehemently, "when I see all around me, all that I had considered good, great or imitable fall into the gulf of error."

He stared wildly about like one who saw that gulf at his very feet.

"Shelley!" cried Mary, looking straight into his eyes as she confronted him. "Have you ever given a thought to a woman's heart?"

He ceased chewing the raisin in his mouth.

"Have you not seen how my heart has responded to your appeal?" she asked him, her dark gray eyes flashing. "Shelley, I have grown to love you. The fault is yours."

For a full minute their eyes did not cease to pour themselves out, the one pair into the other. Mary seemed to be waiting for a word from him. It remained unspoken.

"The fault is yours," she proceeded. "You have made me love you."

She looked at him for another moment. Then she covered her face with her hands. He seemed like a man in a trance. Mary sank upon her knees beside the grave of her mother.

"Ah! my dead mother," she cried, lifting her hand to the sky. "Wherever you be, you at least understand your child."

She bowed her head. He leaped across the grave. Mary could feel the tangled mass of the poet's hair as it brushed her cheek. In a trice he had put an arm around her waist. She yielded to its pressure with a sob. Her head sank upon his shoulder.

"My Mary!"

He murmured the words into her ear. She made no effort to disengage herself from his embrace. Beneath the tree that cast its shade upon them and across the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft they exchanged the kiss that ranked them with Heloise and Abelard, with Paolo and Francesca, among love's immortals.

## A SONNET.

By A. NEWMAN.

There are no dreams of my imagining  
Which shall encompass all your loveliness.  
Never hath spirit worn a fairer dress,  
Nor flesh contained so beautiful a thing.  
You are all hallowed from the Heavenly King;  
And His choice angels round about you press  
Lest even the shadow of unrighteousness  
Should shade your form, or set you sorrowing.

Less fair in lustre is the Evening Star;  
And yet you shine upon my darkened ways,  
And step down from your firmament for me,  
Glittering with love, as saints and angels are!  
For this I'll worship you while I have days,  
And when days end, till ends eternity.

## VISIONS.

By ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Heal thou my spirit, Sister of the Sun!  
Sore wounded by the tusks of the boar Life,  
Hurt by mine own spear in the sacred strife,  
From five great gashes see the black blood run!  
Mocked in my purple, scourged and spat upon,  
Hither I bore my cross — the Hill uprears  
Its skull-dome to the storm. They are not tears  
That clot upon my cheek, Hilarion!

I gave mine spirit up into thine hands.  
Still on that mountain of the Lord there stands  
My crucifix. Four suns revolving roll  
About my central sphere of radiance —  
Oh miracle of thy one golden glance,  
And honey of thy kisses in my soul!