

robes of Julia, who, sinking to her knees, held out the flaming branch and cried, "My Lord! My Lord! Hail, O great Oak! O Master of the Sky and of the Thunder! O son of the fire of the Oak!"

And all the people cried aloud, as he flung down his sword and held the bough to heaven: "Hail, O great Oak! Hail, King of the Sylvii!"

Then he raised Julia and kissed her before all the people, so that their acclamations rang again; echoes from the woods and from the hills caught up the cry; the whole of Nature seemed regenerate as the new King stood erect and cried his triumph to the world.

He laid the brand upon the hearth. It was Claudia, and not Julia, who followed him; for Julia might no more enter into the temple. In her was the royal power, and she was vowed to the new king. The younger girl seemed overcome with sorrow and anger; but her sister moved as a sleep-walker moves, automaton, entranced.

Abrasax took her by the waist, and led her to the palace. The banquet was to be their wedding, and his confirmation in the royal power. Julia lay like a dead woman against his breast; she would not eat, but drank huge cups of the black terrible wine of the country.

The ceremonies were ended; the guests departed;

the head men of the Sylvii gathered up their robes, and made their way to their homes.

Abrasax and Julia were left alone. He led her trembling to the royal chamber, still vivid with the daily chattels of her father.

"You who hate me," said he bitterly, "shall serve me as a slave." He clenched his fist; his blows rained upon her body. "Thus—and thus—and thus—will I teach you to serve me—and to love me!"

She lay back in his arms, her hair dishevelled hanging in great cascades upon the floor, her face bloody with his blows, and her eyes mad with wine. But her bruised mouth dropped words like some thick poisonous perfume from the athanor of an alchemist. "I stretched my veil between the oaks so that my father might fall—oh my lover!"

He understood.

His passion foamed over the bounds of his consciousness! Hers mastered his.

The sun was up near noon when his eyes fell upon her face; she lay like a corpse upon the straw.

He mused awhile; then decision came into his eyes. He rose and robed himself; the golden circlet twined with oak leaves bound his brows. He called together the head men of the Sylvii; he led them to the bridal chamber.

"Fathers!" he cried, "I found this woman not a virgin; let her be buried alive as is the custom; I will take Claudia to wife."

PAN.

By Vincent Starrett.

In a dim grotto of the wood, they said,
Great Pan lies dead;
And then they flew
Laughing across the sand, but paused anew,
Clad in white chastity, upon the brink—
Shy fawns at drink,
Half-frightened by
The murmuring treetops and the water's sigh—
Viewing the wood with half-alarmed grimace
For a strange face.
The goat-eared Pan,
They said in bravado, is not a man
But a dead god; an antique legend sung
To charm the young.
And then the sea
Robed them in living jewels lavishly;
Clasped his wet arms about them—ah, so slim!—
Drew them to him.
Beware, old sea!
Dost thou not fear Pan's maddened jealousy?
Dost thou think, too, that Pan is dead and cold,
Deep in the gold
Dead leaves of fall,
Leaving all this to thee as seneschal?
Long since thou heard the cloven hoof resound
Upon the ground;
Since thy pale glass
Gave back his image. Ah, the years may pass
But Pan lives yet, for love is more than death.
Hear'st thou a breath
Hot in the wood,
Where in thy youth the shaggy lover stood?
Then—not too far, thou graybeard charlatan,
For I am Pan!

IRELAND.

By Faith Baldwin.

Oh, it's you that are the Wistful Land, the Land
of Singing Winds,—
You've kissed your sorrows into stars and
crowned your black, black hair,
And Life has colored Dreams of you with gallant
scarlet blood and true,
And armed your poets with a sword . . .
those dreamers debonair!

Oh, it's you that are the Haunting Land, the Land
one takes to wife,—
You set your sweet mouth to a man's and breathe
his soul to fire.
And oh, the sea-strong surge of you, the spell and
ache and urge of you,
The Land of Beauty that you are—of heart's
most high Desire!

Oh, it's you that have the brave young voice to
cloak the bitter tears,—
And it's you that have the white, white hands
to guide your lads . . . and cling,
And oh, no man is free from you, he'll come from
land and sea to you,
The Land of Sun-jewelled waters and of wild,
wild gulls a-wing!

Oh, it's you that are the Princess in a living Fairy
tale,—
You are calling from your towers where they
hold you shackled yet,
But more sure than sun and tide and sea, the Prince
shall come to strike you free,
Oh, Land of dim green Loveliness, which no man
can forget!