

light o'love, and at the first stroke of eleven he begins to mumble the mass backwards, and ends just as the clocks are knelling the midnight hour. His leman acts as clerk. The host he blesses is black and has three points; he consecrates no wine, but instead he drinks the water of a well into which the body of an unbaptized infant has been flung. He makes the sign of the cross, but it is on the ground and with his left foot. And many other things he does which no good Christian could look upon without being struck blind and deaf and dumb for the rest of his life. But the man for whom the mass is said withers away little by little, and nobody can say what is the matter with him; even the doctors can make nothing of it. They do not know that he is slowly dying of the Mass of St. Sécaire."

"You know," said the sad little man, "I am a good Catholic, and I sometimes wonder whether God does not now and then allow the Devil such power. Certainly Larue is wasting terribly, and I believe the priest here is a bad man."

"To hell with your nonsense!" roared the other, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you, with your scientific training! If he's a bad man, you're a bad doctor! But I don't blame you; as it happens, I'm one of about three men in France who can tell you what is wrong. Come and look at this slide!" The local man

came over. "Those things are filaria," explained the Paris doctor, "it's a kind of worm; you get it in drinking-water. Poor old Larue is dying of what the Africans call the Sleeping Sickness, and there's not a damned thing we can any of us do to save him."

"Ah!" sighed the other, "there is mercy in God; it would have been more hopeful if he were dying of the Mass of St. Sécaire!"

"Incorrigible!" shouted the man from Paris, the whole argument of the incompatibility of an all-powerful and yet benevolent deity with the existence of the plagues that torture man thundering through his ill-trained and therefore atheistic mind.

VI.

Seven years had passed. It was the high Mass of Easter in the Cathedral at Auch. In her carved oak seat, with its gilt coronet, sat the most devout and most esteemed of the ladies of the district, Jeanne, Marquise de Branlecu, her charms yet riper and lovelier than of old. Humbly she knelt to receive the blessing of François de Choisy, the Cardinal Archbishop.

And further down the nave were two others; Dufour and a woman, the long agony of her life making her look twice her age — his wife. For after the death of Pierre, Félise had bowed to the inevitable, and accepted the millions of the great silk manufacturer of Lyon. They have three charming children.

A POEM

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

I have ransacked heaven and earth,
Hilarion, for gramarye
Of words to witness to thy worth.
For incense-clouds of poesy
I have ransacked heaven and earth.

God came, and Light and Love and Life;
The mystic Rose flowered fair and fain;
All skies ensphered the worshipped wife;
All failed in fragrance; all in vain
God came, and Light and Love and Life.

Jewels and snows and flowers and streams
Lent flashing beauties to my verse;
They are but phantoms fed on dreams
To thy reality — I curse
Jewels and snows and flowers and streams.

I sought for fancy's witch-device;
Arabian fable, Indian hymn,
Chinese design and Persian spice —
Besides thy truth how ghostly dim
Is fancy's bodiless witch-device!

I love the legends of the past;
Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome,
The Celtic rune, the saga blast —
Thou art the sea, and they the foam,
The lovely legends of the past.

In the heart's wordless exaltation,
The silence of the depth of things,
There only sobs mine adoration;
There only may I wave my wings —
Silence, and love, and exaltation.

TO-DAY

By DAVID ROSENTHAL

To-day, I live again
The love of yesterday;
The rose that shed
Its petals red
Still blows its perfume on my way.

The lips I pressed one time
I press again this hour,
The vintage dead,
Still spills its red
Enchantment, like some dawn-flung shower.

Once rolled your tears, like rain
From half reluctant skies;
And now like dew,
The tears of you
Again find refuge in mine eyes.

The hours you gave me once,
Of laughter, lutes and dance,
Are gusts of song
That blow along
The years' monotonous expanse.

To-day I live the love
That was youth's major part;
The rose that died
Once at my side
Still bleeds its fragrance in my heart.