

The seals, on the other hand, are supposed to be the transformed souls of Pharoah and his host, who were drowned crossing the Red Sea, and their number is always being increased by the souls of those who drown themselves. It is only on Christmas Eve that they regain their human shape.

Amongst the Icelanders, as amongst all races, there are legends about the devil. With one of these I will close. The devil had a great hatred for a certain priest called *Saemunder*, and

was always seeking to do him an injury. One day he turned into a fly and hid under the skin of a bowl of milk, hoping that *Saemunder* would swallow him, so that he might do him an injury from within. *Saemunder*, however, noticed him at once, caught him up in the skin of the milk, and carried him in a bladder to church. There the poor devil had to stay till the end of the service. It was a very long sermon and, the historian pathetically adds, the devil never enjoyed himself less in his life.

IN LACRYMAE HORTO

By J. D. LOGAN

I WALKED in the Garden of Weeping,
Where passeth the train of Hearts Broken:
Wearily their way they wended,
With heads bended,
Companions of Grief, seeking some token
That Love somewhere lay sleeping
In the Garden of Weeping.

But one there was, and one only,
Of that Lacrymose train,
Whose soul was darker than her dark tresses.
Alone she went, and lonely,
Crooning in minor strain
This song of melancholy:

O cruel Love—Love that blesses!
O cruel Love—Love that stresses!
Daily in my swart hair
The Black Rose of Life I bind and wear
For him, Fond Heart! who sought me,
For him, False Heart! who forgot me.
O cruel Love that leaves me ever reaping
In loneliness
The bitterness
Of thy excess
Here, unwept, in the Garden of Weeping.