

"Alas!" replied he, "vain has been all my search, nowhere can I find her, and oh! thou smooth-lipped serpent can'st thou not tell me where the nymph is concealed?"

"Too frail of heart!" again answered the serpent. "Free as the air that wanders invisibly and tastes unseen her pleasant days. By my power is she rendered thus invisible. In weird syrups I bathed her hair and thus veiled her beauty to keep it unaffronted by the love glances of Fauns and Satyrs. Thou, Hermes, shalt alone behold her, on the condition that thou shalt by a stroke of the wand give me once more the woman's form, which erst was mine ere the spell caused me to take the loathed shape in which thou seest me. Stoop, Hermes, till I breathe upon thy brow."

The god stooped and receiving her breath upon his brow, his sight was strengthened and he beheld the nymph, the object of his search, near by. Then, touching the prone serpent with his caduceus, he departed.

Being left alone, the serpent now began to change her form and at last vanished into the air, her sweet voice, as she was borne aloft, crying "Lycius, Lycius," in gentle tones. The serpent, now a bright lady, Lamia, fled into a valley near Corinth and rested close by a forest near the foot of those hills that stretch south-westward to Cleone. While she waited there, the youthful Lycius, returning from a visit to love's temple, approached and was passing by without seeing her when thus she hailed him: "Ah, Lycius! Wilt thou leave me alone on these hills? Look back and show some pity." Lycius turned and, seeing her, he exclaimed: "Ah, goddess, never can I desert thee or even take my eyes from thee, and if thou vanishest so shall I die."

Seeing he had taken her for a goddess, she kept up the illusion for awhile, but at last she assured him that she was a woman without any more subtle fluid in her veins than blood, and that the self-same pains inhabited her breast as his own. Then she expressed her wonder that he had missed her face in Corinth so long. She had dwelt happy, as far as happiness is possible without without the aid of love. She ended; and the hour being near sunset, they started for Corinth, for the way was long. But by her spell the triple leagues decreased to a few paces, not at all surmised by the blinded Lycius. So, soon they passed the city gates and noiselessly along the streets. As they proceeded, one, robed in philosophic gown and having sharp eyes, curled gray beard and smooth, bald crown, approached them. Lycius felt Lamia's hand tremble in his as she asked who yon aged man with his quick keen eyes might be. Lycius replied that it was the sage Appollonius, his trusty guide and instructor, and calmed her strange fears.

While thus speaking they had arrived before the lofty portal of a pillared porch. A silver lamp hung there whose light was