

Conjuror's House

remained ; but now Galen Albret saw other things as well. A dim, rare perfume was wafted from some unseen space ; indistinct flashes of light spotted the darknesses ; faint swells of music lifted the silence intermittently. These things were small and still, and under the external consciousness—like the voices one may hear beneath the roar of a tumbling rapid—but gradually they defined themselves. The perfume came to Galen Albret's nostrils on the wings of incensed smoke ; the flashes of light steadied to the ovals of candle flames ; the faint swells of music blended into grand-breathed organ chords. He felt about him the dim awe of the church, he saw the tapers burning at head and foot, the clear, calm face of the dead, smiling faintly that at last it should be no more disturbed. So had he looked all one night and all one day in the