

yet again, and worse than before? And shall there not be solace in the midst of the desolation and peace in the soul though the body perish? Do I not know, for have I not lost part of my body, and shall I fear to lose it all? Were I a lobster I would grow a new claw. Think you I shall not be able to grow a new body at my need? I have read; I have heard; and I know.

ARMAND WAS FIFTY WHEN he told the Cure, who came to talk to him once about his soul, that he was not troubled about his soul at all. Did you ever hear about Orpheus? he asked the Cure, and the Cure admitted that he had. Armand believed that Orpheus was a saviour of the world, and that he brought the divine gift of music. Did he not enchant the earth with his new song? And what is enchantment but the singing of the chanter? The old Greeks knew of Orpheus, but they did not preserve his wisdom. It belonged to the Keltic race and came down through thousands of years. His lyre had seven strings, but no one knew how it was made or how he played upon it. It might have been like the harp, but the harp did not sing as the strings should do in sustained cantabile, like the song of the morn-