

### *Helena's Path*

the gods send me scent of it this night! But if she should refuse? Reckon not on that. For the more she fall short of her Image, the more will she grasp at an outward showing of triumph — and the greatest outward triumph would not be in refusal.

“In my human weakness I wish that — just for once — I had seen her! But in the strong spirit of the wine of life — whereof I have been and am an inveterate and most incurable bibber — I rejoice in that wonderful moment of mine to-morrow — when the door of the shrine opens, and I see the goddess before whom my offering must be laid. Be she giant or dwarf, be she black or white, have she hair or none — by the powers, if she wears a sack only, and is well advised to stick close to that, lest casting it should be a change for the worse — in any event the offering must be made. Even so the