

impressed such a man at any time, but sung incomparably by the woman he loved, they stirred every fibre of his soul. He trembled as the sighing, yearning notes floated out of the shadows. Then, for an instant, a curious feeling of resentment possessed him. So the syrens sang to shipwrecked men, luring them to madness and death, weaving the spells of the might-have-been upon stricken, tempest-tossed bodies.

Téphany began *Har Dyal's Love Song*. It is an inexplicable fact that sound can create colour and atmosphere. In particular, a perfect voice would seem to have power to bear the listener whither it pleases. *Allerseelen* had transported Michael to the cemetery at Nizon, upon the day when all graves are gay with flowers. And the voice had been the voice of a spirit, coming from immeasurable distances, and to Michael—as has been said—mockingly cruel.

The *Song of Har Dyal* had precisely the opposite effect. From death Michael felt that he was whirled back into life. No spirit sighed its passionate requiem of the past, but a living woman summoned her lover to come to her from pole to pole, if need be, across all obstacles. The shadows of the quiet garden of sleep vanished beneath the blazing rays of an eastern sun. . . .

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid ;
Far, far below the weary camels lie—
The camels and the captives of thy raid ;
Come back to me, beloved, or I die !
Come back to me, beloved, or I die

Michael arose as if in obedience to that thrilling summons. So standing, the penultimate line of the last verse came to him—

My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears.

Then again, the call, the pitiful entreaty, subtly conveying the woman's doubt, her weakness, her loneliness, her poignant protest against destiny. Lastly, the repetition of the call,