

“ Good-bye, Mr. James.”

Their hands touched, he turned and went out. She stood listening to his retreating footsteps, and the future became a long cold path of pain and monotony, ready for her to tread alone.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ A MERE MAN.”

## THE THREE WITCHES



ALL the moon-shed nights are over,  
And the days of gray and dun,  
There is neither may nor clover,  
And the day and night are one.

Not a hamlet, not a city,  
Meets our strained and tearless eyes,  
In the plain without a pity,  
Where the wan grass droops and dies.

We shall wander through the meaning  
Of a day and see no light,  
For our lichened arms are leaning  
On the ends of endless night.

We the children of Astarte,  
Dear abortions of the Moon,  
In a gay and silent party  
We are riding to you soon :

Burning ramparts, ever burning !  
To the flame which never dies,  
We are yearning, yearning, yearning,  
With our gay and tearless eyes ;

In the plain without a pity  
(Not a hamlet, not a city)  
Where the wan grass droops and dies.

ERNEST DOWSON.