

can go no farther. It is no questions of the mind I ask myself now, put to that which is established merely. Perhaps I do wrong—perhaps this too is a power to be used—joy!—what may it do? I do not know—but I cannot use it—all my certainty is gone—I tamper with that which I do not understand—that bleeding feeling for another preys upon me. Let there be truth between us—all three—and then let me go.”

She broke off, leaning against the casement, staring at the floor with heavy brows, almost with the brooding lassitude of those who sink into the courts of sleep. The woman who had listened rose and went toward her quickly, and the man came out of the far darkness, his face white as ashes, with a certain look of brilliancy like a burning world. They

stood silently, all three, regarding each other. It was the woman who had listened who spoke.

“I hated you—” she said,—“but this is a greater world than mine. Side by side—” she said, breathlessly, after a moment,—“like one. What must we do?”

The woman who had spoken answered her almost with a cry of triumph. For a moment they drew close together, and then she turned to the man beside her, taking his hands in both hers and dropping her head upon them dizzily, with closed eyes and white lips.

“Cherish me,” she said, with an accent of despair so bitter, so accumulated, that it fell upon the heart with horror. “Oh, cherish me now, I shall be alone.” And so she left them together in the pale beauty of the early night.

## Buried Love

BY SARA TEASDALE

I SHALL bury my weary Love  
Beneath a tree,  
In the forest tall and black  
Where none can see.

I shall put no flowers at his head,  
Nor stone at his feet,  
For the mouth I loved so much  
Was bitter-sweet.

I shall come no more to his grave,  
For the woods are cold.  
I shall gather as much of joy  
As my hands can hold.

I shall stay all day in the sun,  
Where the wide winds blow;  
But oh, I shall weep at night  
When none will know.

# At the Land's End

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THE temperament of Cornish landscape has many moods and will fit into no formula. To-day I have spent the most flawless day of any summer I can remember, on the sands of Kennack Bay, at the edge of that valley in Cornwall which I have written about in these pages. Sea and sky were like opals, with something in them of the color of absinthe; and there was a bloom like the bloom on grapes over all the outlines of cliff and moorland, the steep rocks glowing in the sunshine with a warm and rich and soft and colored darkness. Every outline was distinct, yet all fell into a sort of harmony, which was at once voluptuous and reticent. The air was like incense and the sun like fire, and the whole atmosphere and aspect of things seemed to pass into a kind of happy ecstasy. Here, all nature seemed good; yet, in that other part of Cornwall from which I have but just come, the region of the Land's End, I found myself among formidable and mysterious shapes, in a world of granite rocks that are fantastic by day, but by night become ominous and uncouth, like the halls of giants, with giants sitting in every doorway, erect and unbowed, watching against the piratical onslaughts of the sea.

About the Land's End the land is bare, harsh, and scarred; here and there are fields of stunted grass, stony, and hedged with low hedges of bare stones, like the fields of Galway; and, for the rest, haggard downs of flowerless heather, sown with gray rocks, and gashed with lean patches through which the naked soil shows black. The cliffs are of granite, and go down sheer into the sea, naked, or thinly clad with lichen, gray, green, and occasionally orange; they are built up with great blocks and columns, or stacked together in tiers, fitted and clamped like cyclopean architecture; or climb rock by rock, leaning inwards, or

lean outward, rock poised upon rock, as if a touch would dislodge them, poised and perpetual. They are heaped into altars, massed into thrones, carved by the sea into fantastic shapes of men and animals; they are like castles and like knights in armor; they are split and stained, like bulwarks of rusty iron, blackened with age and water; they are like the hulls of old battleships, not too old to be impregnable; and they have human names and the names of beasts. They nod and peer with human heads and wigs, open sharks' fangs out of the water, strut and poise with an uncouth mockery of motion, and are as if mysteriously and menacingly alive.

This is the land of giants: there is the Giant's Chair at Tol-Pedn, and the Giant's Pulpit at Boscawen, and the Giant's Foot at Tolcarne, and the Giant's Hand on Carn Brea. And there is a medieval humor in Cornish legends which still plays freakishly with the devil and with the saints. Here, more than anywhere in Cornwall, I can understand the temper of Cornish legends, because here I can see the visible images of popular beliefs: the Satanic humor, the play of giants, the goblin gambols of the spirits of the earth and of the sea. The scenery here is not sublime, nor is it exquisite, as in other parts of the county; but it has a gross earthly gayety, as of Nature untamed and uncouth; a rough playmate, without pity or unkindness, wild, boisterous, and laughing. There is an eerie laughter along these coasts, which seem made not only for the wreckers who bloodied them, and for the witches whose rocky chairs are shown you, where they sat brewing tempests, but for the tormented and ridiculous roarings of Tregeagle and the elemental monsters.

In this remote, rocky, and barren land there is an essential solitude, which