

ing to the maid. "Yes! I saw him go right up the chimney like a puff of smoke."

"Why, to be sure," said the doctor, "no doubt you did, for it must have been dear old Father Christmas, who came to pay you a visit in France, and wanted you to tell him what nice present you would like for next Christmas."

"But I thought he always had a long white beard, and this man was not dressed up like Father Christmas, and was just an ugly big giant like Muriel's burglar."

"Ah!" said Dr. Durnford, "he had to disguise himself, no doubt, and besides, what would have brought him to see you? Perhaps Father Christmas may have left something for you. Just look! What is this?" picking up something from the floor. "A gold coin. Ah! well, little boy," said the doctor, "when he comes again you won't be afraid of him, will you?"

"No!" said Gerald decidedly. But he never came again, and the villa was left in peace.

THE TENT

By ALEISTER CROWLEY

ONLY the stars endome the lonely camp,
 Only the desert leagues encompass it;
 Waterless wastes, a wilderness of wit,
 Embattled Cold, Imagination's cramp.
 Now were the Desolation fain to stamp
 The congeal'd Spirit of Man into the pit,
 Save that, unquenchable because unlit,
 The Love of God burns steady, like a Lamp.

It burns! beyond the sands, beyond the stars!
 It burns! beyond the bands, beyond the bars!
 And so the Expanse of Mystery veil by veil
 Burns inward, plume on plume still folding over
 The dissolv'd heart of the amazèd Lover—
 The angel wings over the Holy Grail!
 CHOTT EL HODNA, SAHARA DESERT.