

once over, habit has resumed its sway. He's the hypocritical bourgeois once more—but with the memory of that most fearful deed to lash him. If I know anything of men, it will prey upon his mind; and we shall have either another murder, or, more likely, suicide. Your sacrifice and Eleanor's will be useless. This is what has to be done: You and I will go to London together to-night. In the morning we will confide in two alienists. We will all go to Cudlipp House; the doctors will certify him insane; he must consent to our terms. He must put himself in the charge of a medical attendant and a male nurse, and he must go away with them, so that he never returns.

"The newspapers will be told that the shock of recent events has undermined his health, and that he has been ordered a complete change of scene.

"We shall then go to Eleanor, and tell her what has been done; you will marry her here in Paris; I will arrange with the Consulate for secrecy; and you will yourself seek change of scene for a year or so. You, Major, will supply him with money if he needs it; you can get rid of some of those canvases, I suppose?"

Major nodded.

"And you, Flynn, will invent a way up those cliffs, and a story about a maniac vampire, ending with his

confession and suicide, to round it off nicely; we must clear this lad of that ghastly 'not proven' business."

"That is a job," said Flynn, "which I shall most thoroughly enjoy doing. But now you must all come and dine with me; we have no time to lose, if we mean to catch that nine o'clock train."

VI.

Two years later a certain pretty French Countess was enthusiastic, at the Salon des Beaux Arts, over the six South Sea Island pictures of a new Sociétaire. "André de Bry?" she said to her escort, the great sculptor Major; "isn't that the young man who was accused of poor Bibi Sangsue's last murder?"

"The maniac vampire! yes; the fools! as if anyone could mistake Bibi's handiwork!"

"Truth is certainly stranger than fiction; Bibi's career sounds like the wildest imagination. Doesn't it?"

"It does," said Major solemnly. "But perhaps you knew him?"

"At one time," murmured the Countess, with a blush and a droop of the eyelids, "at one time—well—rather intimately!"

"I," said Major, "knew only his father and mother!"

A PERFECT PIANISSIMO

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

Hush to the harps and the hymns! for the soul in my
body groans.

I tremble in all my limbs! A fire eats up my bones!
My right hand's spasm seizes and shatters my moons
by scores,

And the sweat of my forehead freezes to white-hot
meteors!

I lash the horses of night, and the stars foam forth
at their flanks;

All space and time take flight as my chariot tears
their ranks.

I drink the milky mist of the starry ways like wine;
I grip God's beard in my fist, and my axe cleaves
gorge and spine;

At sight of my anguish and trouble the heavens
answer my will;

The universe breaks like a bubble—and I am lonelier
still.

Silence, and horror, the void—these are my feudals
to friend!

I, with eternity cloyed, hunger in vain for the end.
Lo! I am shrunk to a breath, a wisp of phantastical
air,

A sycophant spurned by Death, a cast-off clout of
Despair.

Send but a ripple of song, O singer, to stir my breath!
Send but a note to prolong this languorous lust of
Death!

For thou art subtle and swift, beyond my sight as a
bird

Loftily loud in the lift, a great grace hardly heard,
(So low am I, my lover!) a beatitude blazoned afar

Inaccessibly high to hover, a dream still more than
a star!

And yet I have known thee, known thine head bowed
down to thy knee,

Thy loose hair fallen a zone about the middle of me;
Bend didst thou yet lower—incarnate bliss as thou
art—

Winding thee slower and slower, yet firmer about
mine heart.

Oh but the blast of wonder when mouth with mad
mouth met,

And in one dying thunder the manifest sun-world set,
And God brake out ablaze—O sister, born at a birth!
Let us raid the mountainous ways! Let us rape the
virgin earth!

Let us set the stars to song! Let us harness the sun
for a steed!

Let the streams of time run strong, with life for a
water-weed,

And we swim free therein, as the Gods themselves,
as They

Who splash the Aeons, and spin sedge-cycles in their
play.

Come! Let us soar, let us soar, beyond the abodes
of time,

Beyond the skies that are hoar with the blossoms of
stars for rime,

Beyond the search of the sun, beyond the abyss of
thought,

Beyond the bliss of the One to the land that the Gods
call Naught;

There let us rest, let us rest—O the jasmin in your
hair

'As your head sinks on my breast—have we not rested
there?