

'he can not marry you. He dare not.'

'Did Mr. Grace send you to me with this message himself?'

I bent my head, in some embarrassment. The heiress walked to a door.

'Miss Spuggins!'

I raised my flushed face when, in meek obedience to this summons, the colorless woman who served Beatrice Bain in the capacity of social

secretary entered the refectory.

'Have I any engagements for this morning, Miss Spuggins?'

'You're to be married at noon to Mr. Evander Grace.'

'Indeed? I had forgotten all about it!'

And the curve of the arm of Beatrice Bain effected new triumphs of the flesh in my soul as she dismissed me with a gesture.

ALEXANDER HARVEY

THE DOME

For you I built this faery dome of words
 And crowned it with the cross of my desire.
 I circled it with songs of blessed birds
 And cradled all in the celestial fire.
 The stars enfold it; the eternal sun
 And moon give light; nor clouds nor rain intrude;
 Only the dews of Dionysus run
 In this intoxicating solitude.
 I have begemmed its marble flame of spires
 With jewels from the bliss of God, and set
 Chryselephantine columns curled like fires
 Below each misty opal minaret.
 Is there no window to the east? Behold
 The eyes of Love, your love, the essential gold!

ALEISTER CROWLEY