

**THE BOOKSELLER  
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(page 16)**

**RECENT VERSE.**

Songs of the Spirit. By Alasteir [*sic*] Crowley. (Kegan Paul and Co.)

Whoever else may have been idle, the poets have not sat with folded hands of late, as the list of new publications herewith given abundantly shows. If the quality is sometimes a little far to seek, the supply, at all events, leaves nothing to complain of.

In the epilogue to his "Songs of Spirit," Mr. Crowley tells us that

The garland I made in my sorrow  
Was woven of Infinite peace,

And he prays that "for an hour Let my rhyme be not wholly unsweet." Nor shall it be, seeing how rich and melodious are many of his poems, besides being full of powerful and original thought. Their tendency is that of occult philosophy, of a wild and lurid colouring enough it may be, but in no instance devoid of the marks of a true poetic imagination.