

THE OUTLOOK
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(page 725)

A FIRST GLANCE AT NEW BOOKS.

Verse, Belles Lettres, &c.

"An Appeal to the American Republic," by *Aleister Crowley*.
A very pretty ode *in re* the Anglo-American "alliance." We quote
the final stanza:—

"O child of freedom, thou art very fair!
Thou hast white ropes on thy eager breast,
The scent of all the South is in thy hair,
Thy lips are fragrant with the blossoms rare
Blown under sea waves when the white wings rest!
Come to our warrior breast, where victory
Sits passionate and free—
Ring out the wild salute! Our sister over sea!"

Don't blush, Uncle Sam, please! (Kegan Paul. Pp. 12. 6d.)