

All the subtle airs are proven
 False at dewfall, at the dawn
 Sin and sorrow, interwoven,
 Like a veil are drawn
 Over love and all delight ;
 Grey desires invade the white,
 Love and life are but a span ;
 Woe is me ! and woe is man !'

"In conclusion, as far as descriptive power and beauty of thought are concerned, we consider that the author of 'The Tale of Archais' holds the first place among the latter-day poets."—*Cambridge Magazine*.

Songs of the Spirit. 3s. 6d.

A collection of delicate lyrics, illustrative of the vague yet holy aspirations of adolescence.

"We shall be sorry if any one who cares much for verse in itself, who is curious of new tendencies in contemporary poetry, and values the articulate expression of an individuality, should miss a little book of unusual quality called 'Songs of the Spirit,' by Aleister Crowley (Kegan Paul and Co., 8vo, pp. 109, 3s. 6d.). We have read it with admiration for its intense spirituality, as well as for its technical superiorities, and with sympathy for its spontaneous reflection of certain moods—byways of poetry, no doubt, that Mr Crowley pursues almost without variation except in the movement of his rhythms, now swift as desire and now slow as remorse, with an utterance at once mysterious and vivid. Visions of temptation and of beatitude, wavering aspirations to serenity and knowledge, hymns and rhapsodies of a devout mysticity, emotional descriptions illustrating that saying of Amiel's, 'Les paysages sont des états d'âme'—such are the contents of this volume, in which we are sure of having heard an impressive and an original voice dominating diverse echoes that we hesitate whether to ascribe to literary influences or to coincidence of temperament. For there are things that suggest the names of Goethe and of Baudelaire; others, such as 'The Quest' and that strange 'Philosopher's Progress,' which begins

'That which is highest as the deep
 Is fixed, the depth as that above ;
 Death's face is as the face of Sleep ;
 And Lust is likest Love.'

share at least Blake's impenetrable simplicity of form, and their symbolism is, like his, curiously seductive, even where it seems