

turned to obscurantism ; elsewhere Mr Swinburne is (if only superficially) recalled ; and 'Vespers' is by no means unworthy of Rossetti. Similar preoccupations, again, direct the muse of Mr Francis Thompson ; but the verse of 'Songs of the Spirit'—essentially intimate, introspective if you like—is also free from obvious artifice and eccentricity, it is fiery and clear-measured and easy of phrasing. We venture to quote from a poem dated 'Amsterdam' some lines exemplifying Mr Crowley's talent :—

'Let me pass out beyond the city gate  
 Where I may wander by the water still,  
 And see the faint few stars immaculate  
 Watch their own beauty in its depth, and chill  
 Their own desire within its icy stream.  
 Let me move on with vacant eyes, as one  
 Lost in the labyrinth of some ill dream,  
 Move and move on, and never see the sun  
 Lap all the mist with orange and red gold,  
 Throw some lank windmill into iron shade,  
 And stir the chill canal with manifold  
 Lays of clear morning ; never grow afraid  
 When he dips down beyond the far flat land,  
 Know never more the day and night apart,  
 Know not where frost has laid his iron hand,  
 Save only that it fastens on my heart ;  
 Save only that it grips with icy fire  
 These veins no fire of hell could satiate ;  
 Save only that it quenches this desire.  
 Let me pass out beyond the city gate.'

We should like to give other examples, but we can only name some of those pieces that seem to us the most remarkable. Such are 'An Ill Dream,' of which the glowing imagery seizes and holds fast the vagueness of shifting impressions ; a 'Farewell of Paracelsus to Aprile,' containing some fine lyric flights ; 'The Initiation,' and 'Succubus,' a record of fearful obsessions in a metre which, in spite of a few unaccountable lapses, we think extremely effective." —*Manchester Guardian*.

**Jezebel, etc.** 21s. during 1904, afterwards 42s., if any remain.

Very few copies remain of this book, of which only a small private edition was issued. It is a masterpiece of antique printing, and the subject-matter is of unusual interest to all students of human nature in its moods of darker hue. A few of the poems have never been reprinted.