

THE WAY OF THE SOUL, a legend in line and verse. By WILLIAM T. HORTON.

A little while ago I begged the Deity to forbid that William T. Horton should become vocal. My prayer was not heard. Again, William T. Horton begged the Deity not to let the Equinox review his book.

His prayer has not been heard.

Enough to shake anybody's faith!

There is a most illuminated forward by Ralph Shirley, a thing I could wish to have written myself.

And now for the Reverse of the Medal.

The principal subject of illustration is a series of accordion-pleated cliffs made of Sunlight soap, waters made of vermicelli, suns indicated by circles drawn with a compass surrounded by lines drawn with a very unsteady hand to represent rays—surely a ruler would have been neater?—moons cut out of cardboard probably by his little sister, trees rather well done as they are accurately copied from Morris & Co., flaming swords like fly-switches, roses and stars and the rest, all conceived and executed with inconceivable coarseness, banality, and an absolute lack of any sense of beauty on the one hand and technical skill on the other. Such drawing would be rejected by the vulgarest comic papers; the best examples do not reach the standard of Ally Sloper, though the feeling approximates to that journal's at its nadir.

I did not mention that there are numerous attempts to represent divine, angelic, and human forms; the subject is beyond my power of expression.

As it is, I can only beg my readers to buy this book, for these drawings must be seen to be believed. And even then? Their existence is incompatible with that of God.

The only other way to save my credit is to quote (without comment; I am only human) the "verse"; it is better than the drawings, but it will give an idea of what

William T. Horton really can do.

Isis-Osiris, Lo! on Thy throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone,
Breathe on us of Thy might;
Ruler of Love and Light
Isis-Osiris on Thy golden throne
Two-in-One, apart, alone.

* * *

The future hid,
The Soul in Love,
Goes where 'tis bid.
By Love above.

* * *

Within a cold and barren land,
Whereon, at times, a moon doth shine
A tree of Life doth upright stand,
Close by a gap, near a deep mine.

* * *

I know that over there,
Behind the crescent moon,
There waits for me somewhere,
One I shall meet full soon.

* * *

Thy heart shall weary
And thy Soul shall cry,
Till thou findest me,
Thy Bride from on high.

* * *

Star of my Hope to thee I call
Upon the way I stumbling fall
Shine thou upon my weary soul
Disperse the clouds that o'er me roll.

I faint for thee with dear desire
My heart with longing oft doth tire
To thee I climb—ah! shine on me
Disclose thyself, revealed be.

Why hidest thou from me thy face?
Come forth, thy hand in mine, Sweet,
place;
I stand where many cross roads meet
Oh! guide and guard my faltering feet
* * *

Within it's Crystal House the Soul,
Made perfect, sits enthroned in joy,
Around it all Earth's clouds may roll,
But nought can harm it, or annoy.
* * *

Isis, Mother of all the gods,
By Thee th' aspiring Soul doth rise;
No more on Earth it blindly plods
But, Spirit-freed, mounts to the skies.
* * *

The late Leonard Smithers once told me an anecdote, for whose truth I do not vouch.

William T. Horton was walking across a moor (I think it was Clapham Common) at night to be an architect, when he heard a voice,

" Turn again, Hor-ton,
Ar-tist of Lon-don!"

He turned. But I don't agree with Leonard Smithers' comment that William T. Horton could have made a good architect; I prefer the sober judgment of Ethel Archer that he might have been trained to be a brick-layer.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.