

THE CHURCH TIMES
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REVIEWS.

The Soul of Osiris, by Aleister Crowley (Kegan Paul, 5s. net.), is a volume of ambitious verse, exhibiting considerable technical skill and a blatant disregard of good taste. What shall be said of a writer who puts into the mouth of Elijah such lines as these:—

Now let me die, to mix my soul
 With thy red soul, to join our hands,
To weld us in one perfect whole
 To link us with desirous hands.
Now let me die, to mate in hell
With Thee, O harlot Jezebel!