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BOOKS AND READING

Of "Aleister Crowley's" gloomy but indubitable talent we shall speak more fully on another occasion. A second volume, privately printed, by the author of 'Osiris,' shows the same qualities of excessive morbidness and of precise expression of mood that were shown in the earlier volume. No English writer has so nearly reproduced the mood of Baudelaire, and whether this is a commendable achievement or not, it is too uncommon and distinguished a quality to pass unnoticed. Some idea of Mr. Crowley's exceptional lyrical gift may be had from the opening chorus of "The Mother's Tragedy."

THE SPIRIT OF TRAGEDY

Here, in the home of a friend,
Here, in the mists of a lie,
The pageant moves on to the desolate end
Under a sultry sky
Noon is upon us, and Night,
Spreading her wings unto flight,
Visits the lands that lie far in the West,
Where the bright East is at peace on her breast:
Opposite quarters unite.
Soon is the nightfall of Destiny here ;
Nature's must pass as her hour is gone by.
Only another than she is too near,
Gloom in the sky.
One who can never pass over shall sever
Links that were forged of Love's hand;
Love that was strong die away as a song,
Melt as a cable of sand.