

**THE BELFAST NEWS-LETTER  
ANTRIM, NORTHERN IRELAND  
31 JULY 1899**

**Jephthah and Other Mysteries  
By Aleister Crowley  
(London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)**

The author of this work has proved himself a considerable master of verse. He has the gift of melody, and his verses run with ease and smoothness. In a poem, entitled "Man's Hope," he says:—

Ere fades the last red glimmer of the sun,  
Ere day is night, when on the flittering bar  
The waves are foaming rubies, and afar  
Streaks of red water, gold on th' horizon,  
On summer ripples rhythmically ran,  
Ere dusk is weaned, there sails on silver car  
From the expectant East, the Evening Star,  
And all the threads of sorrow are unspun.  
So he who ordered this shall still work thus,  
And ere life's lamp shall flicker into death,  
And Time lose all his empire over us,  
A gleam of Hope, of Knowledge, shall arise,  
A star to silver o'er Death's glooming skies,  
And gladden the last labouring torch of breath.