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REVIEW OF *SONGS OF THE SPIRIT*

This modest little volume contains many beautiful thoughts expressed in delicate phrases: daring verses too, which cannot lightly be overlooked. "The Farewell of Paracelcus to Aprile," "The Initiation," "The Philosopher's Progress," are finely-wrought images from Mr. Crowley's vivid mind. Little lyrics of sunshine and wind; "Vespers," with its chant-like march:

The censer swings to slower time,
The darkness falleth deep;
My eyes, so solemn and sublime,
Relent, and close, and weep:
And on the silence, like a chime,
I heard the wings of Sleep.

"The Quest" is another poem to ponder over, and to understand with difficulty:

Now backwards, inwards still my mind
Must track the intangible and blind,
And seeking, shall securely find
Hidden in secret places
Fresh feasts for every soul that strives,
New life for many mystic lives,
And strange new forms and faces.

Each page is impressed with the stamp of an individual mind. Facing the title-page is a verse from *The Tale of Archais*.