

**THE EVENING NEWS
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HAIL MARY.

Hail Mary. By Allister [*sic*] Crowley. (Wieland and Co. 1s.)

There is an over-facility but some legitimate splendor in Mr. Crowley's verse. There is a line rush and energy in the following lines:—

All hail, dread Lord, all hail!
Smite through Thy rended veil
Light till our sun grows pale—
 Eclipsed, discrowned!
Now might not men withstand,
Save that one maiden bland
Aids with Her splendid hand
Them whose poor power is spanned
 By earth's sad ground.