

THE "TITANIC"

FORTH flashed the serpent streak of steel,
 Consummate crown of man's device ;
Down crashed upon an immobile
 And brainless barrier of ice.
Courage !
The grey gods shoot a laughing lip :—
Let not faith founder with the ship !

We reel before the blows of fate ;
 Our stout souls stagger at the shock.
Oh ! there is Something ultimate
 Fixed faster than the living rock.
Courage !
Catastrophe beyond belief
Harden our hearts to fear and grief !

The gods upon the Titans shower
 Their high intolerable scorn ;
But no god knoweth in what hour
 A new Prometheus may be born.
Courage !
Man to his doom goes driving down ;
A crown of thorns is still a crown !

THE *TITANIC*

No power of nature shall withstand

At last the spirit of mankind :

It is not built upon the sand ;

It is not wastrel to the wind.

Courage !

Disaster and destruction tend

To taller triumph in the end.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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