Recent Poetry.*

The most distinguished name on our list of recent verse is that of Maeterlinck; but the poems are not new, save in their English form, being in fact translations of the contents of the early volume called "Serres Chaudes,"—it is annoying that Mr. Miall does not give us its exact date. They antedate, therefore, all but the very earliest of the plays, and carry us back to the days when the beautifully colored but obscurely outlined symbolistic work of Maeterlinck was winning the attention of the world of letters. The "Hot Houses" will seem familiar enough to readers of "The Princess Maleine" and "The Seven Princesses," even though they may not have seen the poems in French. Here is the same stage-setting, of

> "flowers without a hue,
> Lilies that under the moonlight fade,
> Moonlight over the meadows laid,
> Fountains far on the sky-line blue;"

and the same succession of poignantly stirring but wholly mysterious occurrences:

> "All the lovely green rushes of the banks are in flames
> And a boat full of wounded men is tossing in the moonlight!
> All the king's daughters are out in a boat in the storm!
> And the princesses are dying in a field of hemlock!"

The difference is chiefly that of form, and one is interested to note the effects accomplished by English versions of the two chief metrical types used by the poet: the "In Memoriam" quatrain, and free rhythms which oddly employ the cumulative cataloguing method of Walt Whitman for the fragile materials of Maeterlinck. Mr. Miall's translations leave almost nothing to be desired. He holds faithfully to the characteristic Maeterlinckian blend of simplicity and subtlety, of the colloquial and the elaborate; and he is also singularly happy in keeping to English verse form while avoiding strongly marked rhythms which would be foreign to his material. It appears from a remark in the Preface that he is disposed to dislike the "In Memoriam" stanza in its iambic form, and to think it improved by an occasional change to trochaic cadences; and, though I cannot share his prejudice, I gladly admit that he has obtained some charming effects by the experiment. One example of these is, I think, the best of the lyrical versions in the collection; it is called "Heart's Foliage":

> "'Neath the azure crystal bell
> Of my listless melancholy
> All my formless sorrows slowly
> Sink to rest, and all is well;
>
> "Symbols all, the plants entwine:
> Water lilies, flowers of pleasure,
> Palms desirous, slow with leisure,
> Frigid mosses, pliant vine.
>
> "'Mid them all a lily only,
> Pale and fragile and unbending,
> Imperceptibly ascending
> In that place of leafage lonely
>
> "Like a moon the prisoned air
> Fills with glimmering light wherethro'
> Rises to the crystal blue,
> White and mystical, its prayer."

A second volume of translated verse is by Lord Curzon,—in this case representing a variety of sources. The leading poems concern the present war, and are from the Belgian poet, Cammaerts; here one is likely to turn first to the dreadful New Year's Prayer—better called a Curse—addressed to the German army, which has already been widely reprinted, sometimes under the mistaken impression that it was original with the translator. I do not find much significance in any of this group of versions; the style of the noble lord does not lend itself readily to the difficult union of fervor and directness of speech which is demanded for subjects of current public concern, and his rhythm and rhyme sometimes lead him from the straight and narrow way with unhappy results, as when he renders

> "Et que vous erriez éperdus comme des bêtes"

by

> "Fear drive you like brute beasts that squeal."

More agreeable are the miscellaneous translations forming the second part of the volume, which represent the age-long recreation of the cultivated Englishman—the rendering of classical beauties in verse of his own tongue. Even here there are few specimens which I should not suppose could be paralleled in most of the vicarages of the kingdom. Perhaps because of pleasant memories of the ode in other days, I find most appealing Lord Curzon's rendering of Horace's

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* Poems by Maurice Maeterlinck. Done into English Verse by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

War Poems and Other Translations. By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. New York: John Lane Co.

Poems. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

Dreams and Realities. By William K. Fleming. London: Erskine Macdonald.

Manx Song and Maiden Song. By Mona Douglas. London: Erskine Macdonald.

A Florentine Cycle, and Other Poems. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prayer for Peace, and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Light Feet of Goats. By Shaemas O'Sheel. New York: The Franklin Press.

The Laughing Muse. By Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Man on the Hilltop, and Other Poems. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Sonnets to Sidney Lanier, and Other Lyrics. By Clifford Anderson Lanier. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The Close of Life: The Approach of Death. By Bertram Dobell. London: Privately Printed.

A Marriage Cycle. By Alice Freeman Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campus,"

the alternating rhythms of which are not unskilfully imitated in lines like these:

"Who can tell if the gods will increase by the grant of to-morrow
What has been counted to-day?
Greedy thy heir, but of all thou hast given the self that thou lovest
Nought can he carry away.
Once thou art perished and gone, and, high on his stately tribunal,
Minos has uttered thy doom,
Eloquence, goodness, and birth, Torquatus, will not avail thee
E'er to return from the tomb."

Mr. Chesterton's new volume is opened by a portrait which gives real joy in its representation of the robust and whimsical personality of the author. For a current English collection, the work of a journalist, it is rather noticeably lacking in matter that concerns the war. The greater portion is devoted to poems of love, religion, and the social and political themes which inspire Mr. Chesterton's familiar editorials. This last group contains some trenchant satire such as one would hopefully look for — the best of it worthy of a Dryden or a Canning. I have found chief joy in some lines addressed to the Rt. Hon. Walter Long, though I know nothing whatever about the Right Honorable gentleman save that he once uttered some words on revolution which drew Mr. Chesterton's blade from its scabbard:

"If I were wise and good and rich and strong —
Fond, impious thought, if I were Walter Long —
If I could water sell like molten gold,
And make grown people do as they are told,
If over private fields and wastes as wide
As a Greek city for which heroes died,
I owned the houses and the men inside —
If all this hung on one thin thread of habit,
I would not revolutionize a rabbit!
. . . . . .
"Walter, be wise! avoid the wild and new,
The Constitution is the game for you.
Walter, beware! scorn not the gathering throng,
It suffers, yet it may not suffer wrong,
It suffers, yet it cannot suffer Long!"

But the surprises of the volume, to those who know Mr. Chesterton only as essayist wielding humor, satire, and paradox as his hourly weapons, and have not realized the romanticism and lyricism that underlie his nature, will be found in the poems on love and religion. There is a Marriage Song, for example, in which paradox and hyperbole are saturated with passion:

"Why should we reck of hours that rend
While we two ride together?
The heavens rent from end to end
Would be but windy weather;
The strong stars shaken down in spate
Would be a shower of spring,
And we should list the trump of fate
And hear a linnet sing."

Most of the religious lyrics are Christmas carols; and they take us back to the ardent singing of Crashaw, though touched always with the consciousness of man's most recent struggles for and against his traditional faiths.

"The child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay,"—

this is the old conceit of the Catholic lyrists; but a moment later comes the paradox of the modern Wise Men:

"So very near the Manger lies
That we may travel far."

The finest of these carols is called "The House of Christmas," and I am sorry that I can find space here for only the concluding stanzas:

"This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings,
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

"To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome;
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home."

Very different are the religious lyrics of Mr. William K. Fleming. In entering his little volume we pass from the region both of ardent passion and intellectual strife to one of mysticism and of peace. His Christmas carol is of the simple joy and faith of childhood; his deeper notes of the quiet hopes of the soul seeking its native country. Without salient achievement of any kind, his verse is saved from mere obviousness by the dignity of the personality it represents, and by an almost impeccable taste. That is, it maintains the best traditions of the Anglican lyric of the spirit. A good example of its capacity to represent at once its writer's pleasure in the visible and the invisible world is found in the poem called "Essex in March":

"The long, lean hills of Essex, and the grey
Salt marshes, and a wind that all the day,
With chant of thousand tongues,
Roared thro' the high elms on its coastward way.

"And in my heart a voice that cried to me:
'O'er thy trim fields of life, immune, unfree,
There peals the Song of songs,
Of souls insurgent for their native sea.'"

The same publisher who brings out Mr. Fleming's verses has initiated a series called "Little Books of Georgian Verse," under the editorship of Miss Gertrude Ford. One may suppose that it is intended in some sense as an answer or antidote to the series issued by

the Poetry Bookshop, for it is brought out in similar inexpensive brochures, yet appears to be more conventional and discreet in both form and content; and Miss Ford lays emphasis (in her Introduction) on a desire to discover poets representing the continuity of the English tradition,—the line of Milton and Wordsworth and Tennyson,—as distinguished from "iconoclasts with studied strivings after originality." To some of us this declaration of principles sounds wholly reasonable; yet of course, in considering how it works out, one is brought face to face again with the perennial problem of art,—how to represent the sound tradition and at the same time make an individual offering worthy of distinct attention. I regret that Miss Ford should not have found verse of more distinctive intrinsic significance than that contained in the two opening issues of the series. One is by Lieutenant C. A. Macartney, of the "New Army," and we cannot avoid the suspicion that we are invited to look on his poems more sympathetically because he is a young hero of the hour; the other is announced as the work of a girl of sixteen, and again there is an inevitable disposition to judge it as remarkable *under the circumstances*. In Lieutenant Macartney's verses I find little that leads me to do more than wish him well. The other collection, by Miss Mona Douglas, is decidedly more interesting. The author is a Manx girl, evidently of delicate sensibilities for all the aspects of nature, and with a more than ordinary gift for metrical expression. One hopes, of course, that her work will tell us something distinctive of her special environment, and there are bits of Manx legend and Manx landscape which she has caught up with a true sense of their values; in general, however, she has been learning from literature rather than life,—and this is quite as it should be in her 'prentice days. It is as promise and suggestion of more distinctive work hereafter that the little volume is to be valued. And perhaps Miss Ford purposes frankly to make use of this new series as seed-plot and testing-ground for poetry which is to be viewed as potentiality rather than achievement; if so, we can heartily approve it. I find the most attractive of the verse thus far given us to be in these stanzas from a lyric in Miss Douglas's collection, called "Moods":

"Dawn on the hills, and a breeze across the heather,
Lark-songs that fall from the solitudes of blue;
Haze on the bogs with their tufts of golden feather,
And a light that makes the whole world new.

"Dusk on the hills, and the shadows on the heather,
Ripples of flame on the waters far away;
Light on the crags, where the cattle roam together
In the glory of the dying day."

For American verse I turn first to the collection of Mrs. McGiffert's poems, opening with "A Florentine Cycle." To speak truly, it is a volume of the type which tends dangerously to tempt the reviewer to shut his eyes to its many points of excellence. It is too long, to begin with: it is long without reason; it might as well have been much longer, or—more happily—half as long; it impresses one as containing all that the author has thought of committing to verse day by day for many, many days. She has travelled widely, and wherever she has gone a series of admirable quatrains has recorded her impressions; she has studied the history of the regions she has passed through, and been fascinated to find that all the proper names thus turned up can, with a little dexterity, be wrought into her quatrains. She has looked on the cherubs of della Robbia, on the Torso Belvedere, on a silver bowl of Cellini's, on an Alsatian village, and for each has had a pleasant thought which she has expressed in what may be truly if tritely called well-chosen words. As companion in travel, or correspondent, I should suppose her charm to be rather notable. But one seeks almost in vain for the lyrical intensity, the really penetrating imaginative flash, which alone will justify beyond question the making of so much verse,—or no, I do not mean the making of it, but the printing or the reading of it. Mrs. McGiffert thinks well—clearly and firmly, as well as pleasantly, and there are epigrams and sonnets which are admirable for their outline and their definitiveness. For example:

"A fleeting rose-bud crave eternal life,
With its own loveliness unsatisfied?
Is perfume of its passing not enough?
Has one least rose-bud ever really died?"

But even this quatrain suggests a notable defect of the writer's verse, considering that one is driven to look at it so largely from the standpoint of fine formal artistry: her poverty of rhymes. The greater portion of the collection is in quatrains, and I have not noted a poem in which she completes the rhyme in the odd-numbered lines. This is no trifle; for the whole story of our verse goes to show that, while you may use the imperfect *a b c b* quatrain without harm in a loosely wrought, simple poem in ballad or similar style, if you seek the effect of closely wrought perfection, of cameo, etching, or epigram, you must not leave lines unrhymed as if through the mere negligence of completeness. Despite this imperfection of form, I choose as an

especially pleasing example of Mrs. McGiffert's imaginative art this bit of interpretive fancy on "The Brook":

"A rush of twisted waters through the glen,
Eager and valorous it delves and hews;
A Future City waits to flower its banks,
So it must wisely choose!

"It leaps, it dances on its dainty way;
That spot is for cathedral arch, and there
Some day will rise great deathless marble heights,
So must it have a care!"

Diametrically opposite in its effect is the collection of poems by Mr. W. S. Johnson. From the standpoint of the purist it is something of a hodge-podge,—bits of inspiration from Whitman, bits from Browning, bits of current science and sociology versified with zest but not with unerring taste, a jolly Parisian villanelle and a ballade or two, together with popular verses that move swiftly and cheaply in Kipling-like journalese. But there is the real stuff of poetry here: the interpretation of vital experiences by an eager imagination that transfigures them, for the moment, to something of widely appealing significance. The unity of the volume, so far as it may be found, lies in that type of religious sense which is perhaps of closest kinship to poetry—the Spinozistic conception of individual experiences as bubbles on the surface of the divine firmament of waters. Mr. Johnson expresses this most eloquently and at the same time most definitely in the fine harangue of Lachesis in the poem called "Beyond Our War":

"For That which suffers is the Joy of God,
Forever widening and quickening;
And That which strives is but the Peace of God
That passeth understanding.—As bubbles they rise,
The works and wars and wonders of the world;
And in the verity of the crystal sphere
They show as worship. Mine are the Eyes of Life!
I see it all—and Life is worship only! . . . .

"The marble pants with art's immortal breath;
Ascetic vision hunger-dreams to death;
The clutching talon and the rending claw
Act the red ritual of evolving law:
And each is worship only—

"I see the chestnut glaze its winter bud,
Atom slay atom in the fevered blood,
An earthworm draw a leaf beneath the sod,
A poet love his failure up to God:
And each is worship only.
. . . . . .

"And millions, throbbing with the throbbing drum,
Hear the Great Call; and millions yet to come
Shall follow by the charnel road of strife
Through hate to love, through passionate death to life:
And this is worship only."

I cannot here do myself (and the reader) the pleasure to represent Mr. Johnson's lighter vein, but commend unreservedly the good-natured satire of the verses on the weathercock Egoist—a kind of new Chanticleer who believes he controls the winds—and the dainty humorous philosophy of the address to a sparrow in the Luxembourg Gardens. The drawback is that the writer either cannot trust his taste or does not care to, and allows compositions to slip into the volume, and lines to slip into compositions,—oddities of vocabulary and grotesque violences of imagery, like "Yggdrasil's pollen omnific" and "This pullulating spawn of man that fouls the rotting earth"—together, as I have said, with some mere journalistic doggerel, all of which will make the judicious grieve. Perhaps Mr. Johnson does not care whether they grieve or not, so long as he says his vigorous say. I should add that the "Prayer for Peace," which gives title to the volume, is an exposition, in vivid imaginative form, of the notion that strife cannot be put away in a universe which is evolving through strife toward perfection. For this reason it has already won the approbation of Mr. Roosevelt, and may perhaps be made into a tract by the Navy League.

The name of Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel invites us to look in his verse for a fine Irish zest and irresponsibility in the enjoyment of both beauty and action, and we are not disappointed. He calls Mr. Yeats his master, and at times, like him, seeks to catch and imprison the beauty of the "Rose of the World"; but he has not his master's sureness of ear and of touch, so that his more delicate workmanship, though not unappealing, can hardly be thought memorable. But I have taken real pleasure in a frankly American harvest song of "Thanksgiving for Our Task," and still more in the buoyant rhythm and garrulous feeling of this lyric called "A Night on the Hill":

"Once when the grey night held more of clouds than of stars,
And the wind was swift and cold, and full of a troubling cry,
I quenched my lamp and opened the door and dropped the bars
And went forth into a meadow, past fields of shuddering rye,
And over a moor that ghastly lay under a ghastly sky,
And I ran with a stumbling run that the wind might blow more bitter by,
And I fell in weary delight by an old ash clenched with scars,
And I trembled a-thrill with cold, and was content to lie.

"And the glory of God's wild mirth was revealed to me,
And I saw how the elements played at a game through space,

And the wind was mad with a vast impetuous glee,
And a starry laughter broke on the sky's pale face;
White naked runners in the dark, the clouds a-race,
And virginal snowy dancers veiled in lace;
And an ancient laughter roared through the rocking tree,
And ripples of youthful joy sang the flowers of that place.

And I lay like the mossy rock on the side of the hill,
And the spin of the rolling world was a dizzy thing,
And I heard in a moment, when the winds were suddenly still,
The cheery and lusty song that the huge tongues sing —
The tongues of flame leagues deep in earth's hollowing;
Far off I knew the great seas leaped in a ring;
And I rose with joy in my heart and peace on my will,
And sought the fire on my hearth, and my home's enfolding wing."

Mr. Arthur Guiterman has collected in "The Laughing Muse" many merry verses which have already been enjoyed in various periodicals. Of these the cleverest is that which opens the volume, "The Quest of the Riband," the account, in antique ballad form, of a shopping expedition undertaken by a mere man in a modern department store. Since this is quite too long to be represented here, and since our subject is contemporary poetry, I choose for an example of Mr. Guiterman's not wholly thoughtless raillery this account of "The Young Celtic Poets":

"Their hearts are bowed with sorrow,
They love to wail and croon;
They shed big tears when they sigh, 'Machree,'
Floods when they sob, 'Aroon!'

"For the Young Gaels of Ireland
Are the lads that drive me mad;
For half their words need foot-notes,
And half their rhymes are bad."

The admirers of Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke's poetry, among whom I have often been glad to count myself, are likely to experience some disappointment in reading his latest volume. It contains some fine things, notably the Elegy on Swinburne, which attracted some attention at the time of its publication in a periodical; but as a whole it cannot be said to mark progress either in the matter or form of the writer's art. The two leading poems are in narrative blank verse of a kind of Wordsworthian cast, and, while here also there are exceedingly good lines, I do not find Mr. Ficke's blank verse sure-footed or persistently effective. The title-poem, giving the story of a madman who crucified himself through a passion to save the world, is certainly not unmoving, but it must be admitted to be the sort of tale which is legitimately moving only if known to be true, and hence not well fitted for poetic fiction. The other narrative, called "At St. Stephanos," disappoints in arriving at no real climax either of action or feeling. It depicts a somewhat mysterious monk in a mountain convent, who, after darkly hinting that he had that within him which he could not bring himself to reveal, at length found voice and (says the poet)

"Poured forth such speech as from no other man
I ever heard, nor like shall hear again."

This promises much; but all that transpires is that the young monk had led a life which vacillated between the ideal of contemplation and that of action, and that now, being irretrievably imprisoned in the monastery, he was dying of hopelessness because neither ideal had been fulfilled. One must think the poet to have been singularly unfortunate if he had never heard speech more remarkable, both in content and form, than this of Theodorus. What he feels that he has gained is a view of

"Man's life, and its strange pitifulness; so sweet
That memory makes the heart to overflow:
So bitter that men turn from it, as turned
This soul beside me, to the world of dreams:
So fleeting, that the darkness hovers close
Even while the seeker pauses to debate
The better path, or turns to mourn in vain
A choice regretted, and the days go by
Bearing what still remains."

And the languorous and purposeless disillusionment of this conclusion seems to animate (if that is not too vigorous a word) the great part of Mr. Ficke's volume. Sometimes he compares himself, with pride decorously veiled in a sweet sadness, with those who have settled down to a contented theory of life, who "have determined all that life should be"; sometimes he admits to being "weary of being bitter and weary of being wise"; sometimes he forecasts the late autumn when it will only remain for him to

"clasp, with weak and thankful heart,
Whatever faded blossom there apart
Can ease my smart."

All this is skilfully, much of it beautifully, done; and I am far from assuming that Mr. Ficke identifies himself with these various wise and bitter and weary and generally disillusioned and disillusionizing singers. But if he is to give us a collection of dramatic monologues, he should admit among his *dramatis personæ* some of a more heartening sort. This I say, foreseeing that it will again be charged — as has been done already — that I count no poetry first-rate which does not teach sound doctrine; and I cannot here pause to explain how it is that I mean something quite different, apart from doctrine altogether. But in leaving Mr. Ficke's volume, since I am unwilling to represent the Swinburne elegy by a few lines only, and since in a review not long ago I quoted one of his

admirable sonnets, I shall here set down this slight but hauntingly perfect lyric, called "The Three Sisters":

"Gone are those three, those sisters rare
With wonder-lips and eyes ashine.
One was wise and one was fair,
And one was mine.

"Ye mourners, weave for the sleeping hair
Of only two your ivy vine.
For one was wise and one was fair,
But one was mine."

I turn finally to a group of three little volumes of posthumous verse, all of distinctively personal character, whose interest and value are in some measure frankly dependent on the personal relation. The first is made up of verses written in his latter days by the late Mr. Bertram Dobell, the London bookseller, publisher, and literary amateur, whose personality was familiar to many Americans; they are brought out for private circulation by his son. The theme of these poems is the end of life, and what it means for one to whom eager activity seems the one essential of living, and who feels no assurance that there is to be any continuance of such individual activity. Mr. Dobell's spirit was Stoic, and his poetic method somewhat coldly expository, yet with a dignity and sincerity which caught something of the attractiveness that lies in the stern and sombre veracity of Blair's verse, or Dr. Johnson's. Witness these quatrains, of the eighteenth century not merely in manner but in mode of thought, on the dread of senile decay:

"A ruined castle of all life forlorn;
A temple by a barbarous host profaned;
A Venice of its power and glory shorn;
A stony desert where abundance reigned;

"Such sights as these are sad, yet not so sad
As 'tis to see a noble mind's decay:
A Marlborough doting, or a Swift grown mad;
A fiery soul to ashes burnt away.

"Strike me down rather in the flush of life,
When hopes are high and every prospect fair;
The soldier slain in the fierce battle-strife
Buys cheaply his release from pain and care."

It happens that the next collection, made of the posthumous poems of Clifford Lanier, furnishes a strikingly contrasting treatment of the same theme of old age, viewed now by one who is both romanticist and man of faith:

"Gold in the morn; silver shine at noon;
Gold after noon; new soft lights beam,
Whereof the heart of youth may merely dream:
Pearl, amber, lucent sard are in yon gleam.
In circles ever moveth life around,
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet: how grand
The planetary round of God's new land!"

For these poems Mr. Edward Howard Griggs writes a brief memorial introduction, with an account of the friendship of the brothers Sidney and Clifford Lanier, and the sacrifice which the younger made for the older and more gifted, in yielding up his own hopes of a life devoted to letters. The opening sequence of sonnets is the monument to this friendship,—of uneven excellence, wrought always with love and sometimes with skill. The finest of the sonnets, beginning, "Thou magic breather of the silver flute," which reproduces rather remarkably the Elizabethan flavor, has already won friends through periodical publication.

Professor George Herbert Palmer has now followed up his notable memoir of his wife, after more than seven years, with a collection of the verses found in her desk. The greater portion of them were planned, he tells us, as parts of a "Marriage Cycle"; and he has sought to arrange and entitle them with a view to their place in this plan. The result is bound to impress us not so much as a work of art as a new view of the rich personality which was revealed and interpreted in one of the most remarkable of American biographies. The theme of the series of poems is best stated in Professor Palmer's own words, as "the significance of marriage, blended as it always was in her mind with religious experience and the enjoyment of nature"; and its primary value lies in the veracious representation of this triune devotion. It cannot be claimed that the greater number of the poems would be certain to seem distinguished, apart from our knowledge of the writer; for Alice Freeman Palmer did not have precisely the mind or the pen of an artist. She touched and expressed life with directness, rather than with imaginative interpretiveness—if there be such a word. Yet this is only a question of degree; and there are compositions in this volume which beautifully show "emotion recollected in tranquillity" and committed to enduring form. Choice is difficult, but these stanzas from the poem called "The Glory of the World" are true to the theme and the mood of the whole sequence:

"O summer night beside the soundless sea,
O golden hour for my dear Love and me!
The past, the future, are at one with thee!
. . . . . .

"O witching world, with beauty never guessed!
Light of the east, dead splendors of the west,
I lock you fast forever in my breast.

"I know your wondrous meaning; for one stands
Beside me, at the touch of whose dear hands
My whole heart leaps to life and understands."

This is the normal simplicity of the writer's method. But now and then she turns to the more elaborate figuring of an experience, as in the perfect allegory of this poem, complete in six lines, whose art is reminiscent of George Herbert's:

"I said to Pain, 'I will not have thee here!
The nights are weary and the days are drear
In thy hard company.'
He clasped me close and held me still so long
I learned how deep his voice, how sweet his song,
How far his eyes can see."

The editor sums up his impression of the chief values of his wife's verses in a reference to the "art of transmuting our usual and necessary experiences into occasions of wonder, romance, and gladness." And this is not a bad word on which a critic or a reader of poetry may pause.

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.