

habit of inversion and archaism. But surrender to its wistful gravity, and there is much beauty to be had from it.

Dora Sigerson's *The Sad Years* is an odd complement to the verses of men who died in the trenches, for it is posthumously published, and her friends declare that she "is fairly to be reckoned with the dead of Easter"—those who died for their conception of Ireland, to whose cause she was passionately devoted. "A poet of a genius as distinguished as it was personal," she is called. One questions that; it is not distinguished poetry, with a few exceptions, but it is often personal and feminine to an impressive degree, both in its personal laments and in its expression of the cruel horror of the war.

Motley and Other Poems, by Walter de la Mare. H. Holt & Co. *The Sad Years*, by Dora Sigerson. G. H. Doran & Co.

The Sad Years

The world has not yet forgotten to be sad, in the reactions of returning peace, nor will it forget for a long, long time. And because death has walked so widely, there are millions of readers to whom the poetry of grief will come with a poignancy unknown in the days of peace, whether it spring from the war or from the not less cruel sorrows of normal life.

So perhaps there will be a readier welcome for such books as Walter de la Mare's *Motley*, which reflects the war, directly, almost not at all, and yet mirrors the war acutely in its revelation of despair. Here is none of the jollity of "Peacock Pie" or "A Child's Day," little of the whimsicality of "The Listeners." There is the fanciful delicacy which makes Mr. de la Mare's work always significant, however, altho it is persistently the vehicle of tragedy. The verse is not all of this color, however; witness this lyric:

INVOCATION

The burning fire shakes in the night,
On high her silver candles gleam,
With far-flung arms enflamed with light,
The trees are lost in dream.

Come in thy beauty! 'tis my love,
Lost in far-wandering desire,
Hath in the darkling deep above
Set stars and kindled fire.

Analyze the verse of *Motley*, and there may be an unfortunate, growing