

Herbert—Between the Lights. By Alice Herbert. London: John Lane. \$1.00 net.

Reverie and gentle regret—regret seldom thrilled with the cadence of vehement passion—characterize this small volume of verse. The reader is touched not only by the suggestion carried in the plaintive Dedication, "To one who will not read my book," etc. but, again and again, throughout the little volume, in "The Widow," "To One Beloved," "The Wood," and other poems, the keynote of pain, of bereavement, of loss, is struck with a quite personal vibration. "That which Was Lost" is a delicate lyric in more hopeful vein. "A Spring Song," being brief, yet characteristic, we may quote entire:

"Your love may go when skies are grey
(Too frail a thing for Winter's breath!)
Or when the gold and red decay
Of Autumn sighs of change and death.

"But if you leave me now, my lover,
Now while the mating thrushes sing
And violets breathe from every cover,
How shall I live and bear the Spring?"