

"The irregular rhymeless form adopted by Mrs. Woods for . . . 'The Builders,' does undoubtedly help to convey the effect she desires. . . . In 'The Passing Bell' again, the same mystery is gained by the same means, and the regularly recurring phrase from the psalms which denotes the bell, strikes with all the more force for its surroundings. ['The Builders'] is informed with a largeness of conception and a firm hope which give it greatness. 'The May Morning and the Old Man' is a pure delight; 'Rest' is exquisite. Yet, after all, we turn back inevitably to a poem which almost persuades us to renounce our plea for rhyme, so perfectly does its rhythmicalness express the yearning that gave it birth, in spite of the vividness of the pictures it goes on to paint: 'O that I were lying under the Olives.'—*Times Literary Supplement*.