

This *Youth* of hers stands wonderfully revealed in poem after poem:

He walks unshamed and unafraid

And wind is ever behind him!

O, at his side is a burning blade,

And never a bond shall bind him!

Then again and again the same child-spirit, tired and stormtost, sits "between the giant knees" of the mighty teacher (*Philosophy*) and feels "so infinitely small between her cool white hands." This poem and *Rebel*, especially in their closing, give perfect unity to the two aspects of the poet.

The child-element and the mother-element, which mingle so ravishly in a woman's love, find sweet voice here. It is the latter motive that lifts her to her highest level. Through the mother-care of the *Unborn* we pass to the mother-care of the stricken lover—*The Beloved, When my Beloved sleeping lies, My glorious One*. These are her great achievement, and they have the quality of revelation.

All lovers of poetry fortunate enough to know the first volume turned to the second with great expectation, and some anxiety which of the elements of the first should seem to be growing, whether the fearless strength should mature without loss of sweetness, or the "fitful fever" gain upon her essential sanity. The question remains unanswered. The second volume is as bright and precious as the first and shows all its qualities. Its music is as sweet, its wayside felicities as captivating. In place of the love poems in which the first reached its climax, the second has poetry of great weight of emotional thought and nobility of expression (such as *Beethoven, Night Speaks*). The fine dramatic fragment *Crucified* may well show the germ of a new development. The theme finds a place for her passionate defence of youth and love and truth, here in their last tragic battle. The heat of it shows through in other poems, as in the hectic habit which is one of the symptoms of modernity. Our impression is that in both volumes it has its lyric or tragic justification; though this is our chief concern for her future. However, we gladly leave prophecy, to rejoice in her present gift.

THE BALKANS : A HISTORY OF BULGARIA, SERBIA, GREECE, ROUMANIA, TURKEY.

By Nevill Forbes, Arnold J. Toynbee, D. Mitrany, D. G. Hogarth. Clarendon Press, Oxford. Price, 75 cents.

It is a difficult task to offer anything in the nature of criticism on a book of this type. Each of the four sections into which the book is divided is the work of an expert specially selected for his qualifications. If therefore none of the four authors is bold enough to undertake more than a portion of the work, it is obviously beyond the competence of any critic to deal authoritatively with all the four sections. Nevertheless it is hoped that a few remarks will be useful.