

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

DRAWN SHUTTERS: A Volume of Poems.

Beatrice Redpath. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London, and the Oxford Press, Toronto, 1915.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE extends its most cordial congratulations to Beatrice Redpath (Mrs. W. Redpath) on the appearance of this volume of exquisite verse. Mrs. Redpath has been for some time a contributor to this and other magazines, but the present volume is the first publication of her work in book form. The title selected, *Drawn Shutters*, admirably conveys the tone and feeling of the work. The poems represent precisely that mood of quiet reflection which comes when the house is darkened and the shutters drawn against the afternoon sun, and when the noises of the street outside fall subdued and broken on the ear. One turns from the glare and noise of the world without to muse upon the thought within.

The poems in the volume are of various lengths, but of an equal excellence. Some of them are exquisite little gems, embodied in a few lines, and yet presenting pictures of a singular and striking beauty. Thus:—

DAISIES.

White daisies which are swept
By winds that softly blow,
They are the tears by little children wept
And now in pastures grow.

THE SEA.

The sea is kind—it giveth rest
To those who wearied are,
Canopied by the crimson west,
And candled by a star;
The sea is kind—it giveth rest
To those who wearied are.

Others of the poems are longer and convey with excellent condensation a whole story, not related in straight narrative, but by an indirect suggestion which heightens the artistic power and effect. Mrs. Redpath seems to possess instinctively the art of telling a story by implication. The effect as seen in the poignant tragedy of the poem called *The Mother*, or the intense feeling in that entitled *In Rebellion*, is singularly striking and powerful.

A large part of Mrs. Redpath's work is instinct with a tender and wistful melancholy which will be to many readers its chief charm. Many of the poems seem to be written, as it were, in the very hush of the presence of death. *To One Lying Dead*, restrained and artistic as it is, haunts the imagination. *The Little Stone House*—it is the home of the dead that is meant—has in its very hush and stillness the shuddering awesomeness of death itself. But the melancholy of the poems never passes into morbidity or sensationalism, and offers always, even at its saddest, a wonderful charm of beauty.

We are assured that Mrs. Redpath's work is calculated to make a profound impression. It is without doubt equal to the best that has yet