

ity. The author has a simple, terse, vivid style, which is displayed with equal force in the section entitled "Travels", poems descriptive rather of places than of persons, and in "Home", a group of poems on England and some love songs. Of these we quote:

THE SADDLE

The Saddle—where that August noon we
basked
Above the gorse in the quivering golden
glow
Was a smother of white mist and driving
snow
That, stinging, blinding and bewildering,
tasked
My utmost powers as in the wan twilight
I crossed the ridge this afternoon alone,
Plunging thigh-deep through drifts of
whirling white
In a wind that seemed to strip me to the
bone.
Yet as I struggled through the drifts I
knew
No sharp regret for golden days gone by;
For in my heart was the blaze and scent
and bloom
Of forgotten summer, as I thought of
you
And the happy babes even then awaiting
me
In the golden heartlight of our little
room.

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TENSION

By E. M. DELAFIELD. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"TENSION" is distinctly a story showing how ruthlessly a girl's actions and character, though perfectly good, may be made a topic of scandal by that most pernicious method, common among women, of suggestive criticism. Lady Rossiter was an honorary member of the governing board of a college in an English town, and upon hearing that the new lady superintendent was Miss Marchrose, she decided she must be the young lady of that name who had jilted a distant cousin of hers some years previously. Although the cousin married someone else in the meantime, Lady Rossiter felt it her duty to warn everyone of this girl's

light tendencies, ignoring the fact that she fulfilled her duties at the college in a highly capable manner. Finally, as a result of her assisting Mr. Easter, Sir Julian Rossiter's business agent, it provided a splendid opportunity for Lady Rossiter, with a word to one and a hint to another, to set numerous tongues wagging on incidents that ordinarily they would not have noticed. But the whole air of the college became charged with such a tension that it was evident something drastic must occur. What did occur came like a bolt from the blue, and makes a very interesting ending to the book. Lady Rossiter is a character which typifies many women who take a hobby-like interest in some institution and paint their own narrow ideas in such pleasing colours that they cannot discern the more drab but vastly broader suggestions of those handling the situation, who understand it from all sides.

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BLIND

By ERNEST POOLE. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS semi-social, semi-romantic document can be termed a novel only by courtesy. It is even more formless than Mr. Poole's 'novel'—*The Village*—touching conditions in contemporary Russia, and there is, we think, less excuse for its formlessness. While it is true that certain interestingly developed thoughts and tendencies emerge from the preliminary welter of the book and attempt some definition, they do so at the relative expense of the two or three characters that have any "body" and at the complete expense of the thin-funnelled, cyclonic plot. The book is adventitiously epical, a thinly fictionalized reaction to the problems revealed and induced by the Great War. Nor is it by any means an adequate interpretation of the spirit that is moving on the face of the social and political waters of the world.