

Cloud on such stinging cloud of ex-
halations
As reek of youth, fierce life and sum-
mer's prime,
Though hardly now shall he in that dusk
room.
Savour your sweetness, since the very
sprig,
Profuse of blossom and of essences,
He smells not, who in a paltering hand
Clasps it, laid close his peaked and gleam-
ing face
Fropped in the pillow. Breath silent,
lofty lime,
Your curfew secrets out in fervid scent
To the attendant shadows! Tinge the air
Of the mid-summer night that now begins,
At an owl's oaring flight from dusk to
dusk
And downward caper of the giddy bat
Hawking against the lustre of bare skies,
With something of th' unfathomable bliss
He, who lies dying there, knew once of
old
In the serene trance of a summer night
When with th' abundance of his young
bride's hair
Loosed on his breast, he lay and dared not
sleep,
And drinking desperately each honied
wave
Of perfume wafted past the ghostly
blind
Knew first th' implacable and bitter
sense
Of Time that hastes and Death who need
not haste.
Shed your last sweetness, limes!
But now no more.
The fruit of that night's love, she heeds
you not,
Who bent, compassionate, to the dim floor,
Takes up the sprig of lime and presses it
In against the stumbling of her heart,
Knowing, untold, he cannot need it more.

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CANADIAN SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS

BY EDWARD S. CASWELL. Toronto:
McClelland and Stewart.

WITH this book, which is a de-
parture from the usual anthol-
ogy, and which, indeed, is not an
anthology in the broadest meaning of
the word, Mr. Caswell has done more
perhaps than any other compiler to-
wards familiarizing Canadians with
some of their most popular poets. It
is something to know what a poet has
written, but it is much more, in addi-
tion, to know what the poet looks like

and the peculiar chirography that dif-
ferentiates him from other poets. Mr.
Caswell has succeeded in obtaining,
poems, in the authors' own handwrit-
ing, of many of our best known poets
from Charles Sangster to John Mc-
Crae. The collection is astonishingly
comprehensive, especially in view of
the fact that a number of the poets
represented have passed away, mak-
ing it difficult, and in some cases al-
most impossible, to procure any of
their poems in their own handwriting.
But undoubtedly this collection is the
result of a labour of love extending
over many years.

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WAR VOICES AND MEMORIES

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD. New York:
James T. White and Company.

TWENTY years ago the author of
this volume was known to readers
of American magazines as a poet with
a fine sense of rhythm and music, a
nature poet whose metre was true and
colour abundant. He was an out and
out lyric poet and showed no inclin-
ation towards free verse. His fancy
ran as he himself expresses it in "The
Song Valiant", the first poem in the
table of contents in this book, where
he says:

"Give me to sing a valiant song, I pray,
Without a note that shall its cadence mar".

The reader is informed that the
book is composed of verses written
during the years 1917 and 1918. One
would judge that he has not been
moved greatly by the so-called free
verse—the production of poets of this
day who look with scorn at anything
that rhymes. But we do find one
number in blank verse, only one—
"The Cock of Tilloloy". We quote
from it so that it might be compared
with one other in his usual style:

For years unknown the Cock of Tilloloy,
Of ancient Tilloloy in Picardy,
Stood staunch on guard upon the old
church tower,
Whirled with the whirling winds, and,
many deemed,
Sounded a shrill reveille when the morn
Flowered in the east like an aerial rose.