

BOOK REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTES

TRACKLESS REGIONS.

By G. O. Warren, Blackwell, Oxford.

There are times when the readers of modern verse have an almost unrestrainable desire to put certain American poets on the Island of Setebos, there to become Calibans for a season, that they may regain the animal feel of things, learn hot and cold, even the delight of kicking "both feet in the cool slush." Their poetry is not song rising from the fires of earth, it is entirely thought made, even when exquisite. In this collection it would seem more than coincidence to find at least three poems woven around the metaphors of pattern and tapestry. Mrs. Warren's whole volume is "dipping in traceries of song" to weave "a love-in-death design." At the end we are left with a feeling of motionless sensitiveness, watching shadow outlines through a delicate gloom that is sometimes lit by a mystic light.

For this her pure restraint and sense of form is excellent. Her lines may at times be jejune but they are never harsh and are often filled with finely pointed imagery. She even recalls Keats faintly, especially in "The Tillers of the Night," which has a rich still rapture, not common to what she calls "her gray soul." Rhyme she uses rather sparsely and skilfully to perfect the smoothness of her verse rather than to make it move or ring. The title of her book, "Trackless Regions," causes a little surprise for Mrs. Warren's themes are not totally new, and her religious poems, the simplest and most direct of all, reflect a yearning devotion that, without dogma, finds expression through the traditional symbols of sacramental mysticism.

E. B. T.

WAR POEMS AND OTHER VERSES.

By R. E. Vernède, Gundy, Toronto. \$1.25.

Even without Edmund Gosse's appreciation we should know from the few verses at the end of the volume what manner of man E. M. Vernède was before he went to the war. A country gentleman, with a trained love of writing and gardens, whose chivalry was lit with humour, the war brought his passionate reverence for England into verse as into service. Though a soldier, he sang first of the Fleet and then of the Army whose daily life he shared. His loyalties were unhesitating and direct and he had no tremours regarding the wickedness of Germany, or the duty of England to fight: