

and irrelevant observation. It is much the same with this book; it moves along in a way that is convincing as to the author's normality and sincerity in discussing spiritualism and recording psychic phenomena. Then this paragraph confronts the erstwhile credulous reader:

In a recent case I was called in to check a very noisy entity which frequented an old house in which there were strong reasons to believe that crime had been committed, and also that the criminal was earth-bound. Names were given by the unhappy spirit which proved to be correct, and a cupboard was described which was duly found, though it had never been suspected. On getting into touch with the spirit I endeavoured to reason with it and to explain how selfish it was to cause misery to others in order to satisfy any feelings of revenge which it might have carried over from earth life. We then prayed for its welfare, exhorted it to rise higher, and received a very solemn assurance, tilted out at the table, that it would mend its ways. I have very gratifying reports that it has done so, and that all is now quiet in the old house."

We do not know what is meant by "tilted out at the table", but in any case exhortation is a new way of disposing of ghosts. The shotgun used to be effective.

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GEORGIAN POETRY, 1918-1919

Edited by E. M. London, 35 Devonshire Street: The Poetry Bookshop.

THIS is the fourth volume of this series, which for nine years has gathered together some of the vagrant poetry of the younger spirits in England who are speaking in at least new voices and with some departure from tradition. Poets whose works are now well known are here represented—Lascelles, Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, William H. Davies, Walter De La Mare, John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, D. H. Lawrence, Harold Monro, and several whose poetry is not so well known and who appear among the Georgians for the first time. One of these is J. D. C. Pellow, of whom the editor confesses he knows

nothing. We quote his poem, "The Temple":

Between the erect and solemn trees
I will go down upon my knees;
I shall not find this day
So meet a place to pray.

Haply the beauty of this place
May work in me an answering grace,
The stillness of the air
Be echoed in my prayer.

The worshipping trees arise and run,
With never a swerve, towards the sun;
So may my soul's desire
Turn to its central fire.

With single aim they seek the light,
And scarce a twig in all their height
Breaks out until the head
In glory is outspread.

How strong each pillared trunk; the bark
That covers them, how smooth, and hark,
The sweet and gentle voice
With which the leaves rejoice!

May a like strength and sweetness fill
Desire, and thought, and steadfast will,
When I remember these
Fair sacramental trees!

One of the new writers, Robert Nichols, has a wonderfully beautiful poem in "The Sprig of Lime", part of which we quote:

Sweet lime that often at the height of
noon
Diffusing dizzy fragrance from your
boughs,
Tasselled with blossoms more innumerable
Than the black bees, the uproar of whose
toil
Filled your green vaults, winning such
metheglyn
As clouds their sappy cells, distil, as
once
Ye used, your sunniest emanations
Toward the window where a woman
kneels—
She who within that room in childish
hours
Lay through the lasting murmur of
blanch'd noon
Behind the sultry blind, now full, now
flat,
Drinking anew of every odorous breath,
Supremely happy in her ignorance
Of time that hastens hourly, and of Death,
Who need not haste. Scatter your fumes,
O lime,
Loose from each hispid star of citron
bloom,
Tangled beneath the labyrinthine boughs,