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all rhyme and rhythm to sing his song, free and footless, so to speak, in the wilderness. It may be that those who care to follow him through the measureless and mystifying mazes of "vers libre" will detect a sonorous and authentic note even in the blankest Passage of the songs he sings that way, But there will be many more, one thinks, well pleased to believe that Mr. Norwood may reach a firm position among the American poets by following a more familiar path-the one indicated by the opening lines of the song from which his latest volume takes its name:

I am a reed—a little reed

Down by the river, A whim of God whose moment's need Was that the Giver Might blow melodious and long One cadence of eternal song.

-McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; \$1.25

War Verses

"MARCHING MEN." By Helena Coleman.

A NOTHER very acceptable little of-fering of verses by a Toronto author is made by Helana Coleman, sister of Professor Coleman, of the University of Toronto. They should appeal to all who have known the thrill of a proud impulse to cheer the parting with a smile as some best beloved marched away; who have wearied while waiting for an expected but unwelcome word; who have heard that word and, while its echo hovered, have walked in the valley of the shadow. The little volume is dedicated to the memory of one "who fell in action . . and of other 'Very Gallant Gentlemen' who gave their lives for Canada," and the verses are so arranged as to follow those "Very Gallant Gentlemen" from the beginning to the end of their great adventure .-- J. M. Dent and Sons; 25 cents.

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Songs of Women's Work "THE NEW JOAN." By Katherine Hale.

THE warrior soul of Joan D'Arc, reincarnated as a spirit of service and inspiring the will of millions of women to join a legion banded by a common impulse to share the stress "of this last war," is the vision prolected in the title piece of a delightful little volume of poems by Katherine Hale. They are, as the author notes in her fore-word "chiefly songs of women's work, but there is a Christmas song for soldiers."

It is difficult to catch, in a short quotation, the inspiration to courage and the heartening sentiment of the brave little volume, although something of these is reflected in the last verses of "The New Joan," which is the title piece. They are:

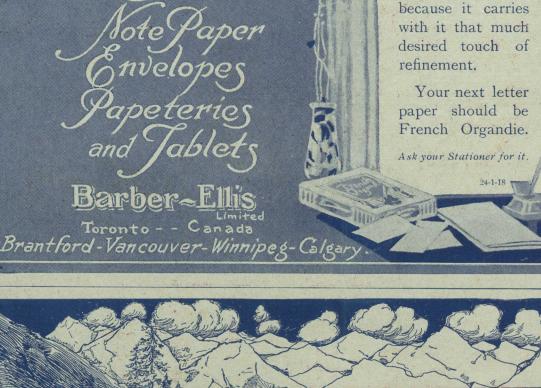
And now through mists of dew, through leaping flame We ride again upon an ancient quest, That we may bring Love home, no longer guest, But Love Triumphant, ever to remain.

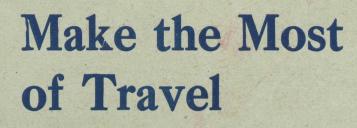
See the bright banner a new Day out-

flings; It shall be ours to hold it high and white. Again a Voice! And out of dawning The dight

The deathless soul of Joan through us

-McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart; 25 cents.





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