

romance is derived. There is the thunder of these mighty hoofs throughout the whole work, which, as we have said, is the most remarkable war book that has yet made its appearance in print.—*Thomas Walsh.*

IV—V—VI

The intrinsic interest of "The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse" has been impaired by the previous publication of another anthology "The New Poetry", which included many of the best pieces that are given in this volume. Besides, nearly all the poets represented have already published in volume form the poems which Mr. Braithwaite has been led to select. Yet this is an anthology to be welcomed. It is an excellent index to the quality of American poetry. And, dealing exclusively with the work of American poets, it has more of a unity than "The New Poetry" possessed. All the notable poets are here—Robert Frost, Edward Arlington Robinson, Ridgley Torrence, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, Sara Teasdale, Bliss Carman, George Edward Woodberry. The pleasant surprise of the collection is the three or four poems by Ridgley Torrence which have not yet gone into an author's volume.

"Songs from the Trenches" is, of course, an anthology of war poetry, and it has a companion in the more veteran "War Verse". The impression we get from these two collections—one of poems written by men in camp, or on transport, or in the trenches, the other of poems by just such men and by civilians desperately concerned—is that the hatred which was made so much of at one stage of the war was no more than the froth on the top of the measure. The note struck in both anthologies is that of de-

votion, resignation, eager fulfilment.

"Songs from the Trenches" are by American soldiers. It is indeed remarkable that so many young men in this country are capable of writing verse of so good a standard. These verses have no well-known names to them, but all of them show a man's ability to express a personal emotion. The poem I like best has attached to it the name Bugler Hubert A. Kelley, and it is called "Cambric". The soldier who, as a child, was told from what place his mother's cambric came, is now marching on Cambrai—

And now our guns are turned that way.
It hurts me when a cannon booms;
I think of Cambrai and her looms.

With "War Verse" we come to the well-known names—Bridges, Hardy, "A. E.", Gilbert Chesterton, Lord Dunsany, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, Alan Seeger, Neil Munro, Rupert Brooke. Alan Seeger's "I have a Rendezvous with Death" stands the test of time and the test of its present company. "The March" by another young poet, J. C. Squire, is very moving. Gilbert Chesterton's "The Wife of Flanders" is a keenly edged piece of rhetoric, very memorable; and his brother's "Serbia to the Hohenzollerns" has power.

But it is the famous poets who have contributed the outstanding poems. Robert Bridges's "Chivalry of the Sea" is not very remarkable. But Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers" and "A. E.'s" "The Gods of War" have all the distinction of the writers' minds. "A. E.'s" is a bitter rebuke—a rebuke from one of the most

The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Songs from the Trenches. Brought together by Herbert Adams Gibbons. Harper and Bros.

War Verse. Edited by Frank Foxcroft. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

spiritual-minded men of today—to a world that still believes that the only assertion is by force—

Who dreamed a dream that outcasts
born
Could overthrow the pride of kings?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day
The thunderer from epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world:
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

Thomas Hardy has never made verse
to a more characteristic measure than
in "The Song of the Soldiers":

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

In this poem, however, there is a
faith that is unexpected in a Hardy
utterance:

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
March we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

—*Padraic Colum.*

VII

William Beebe is an ornithologist
of note, a field naturalist equipped
with comparative youth, rugged

health, endless patience and a curiosity which surmounts all dangers. However, he is not content with this considerable claim to distinction. It is his evident urge to be shown as a creator of literature as well. He finds more in the jungle than can possibly be expressed in an ornithological report to the New York Zoological Society. It can only be expressed in unscientific terms, in prose poems and narrative essays. He is a man of acute sensory vitality, alive to odors, colors, the subtle overtones of natural scenery, the metaphors Nature writes on the face of the waters or whispers in the jungle bush. Therefore his essays based on his scientific adventures afield are full of interest even to people who have no particular passion for bird and animal study; indeed we are not sure but they are fuller of interest for such people. Dr. Beebe saves, perhaps, a trifle too much of his science for his reports. However, there is no denying that such a book as "Jungle Peace", made up of papers based on his trip to British Guiana in 1916 to establish the field observation station of the New York Zoological Society in the heart of the most fascinating and far-flung jungle on the globe, is one which intrinsically commands attention, and once it has secured attention, needs no further command to hold it.

But this is not to say that Dr. Beebe as yet writes with the skill, let us say, of Thoreau. It may be that Thoreau, whose idea of an adventure was to climb Wauchusett or to tramp down the Sudbury marshes, would himself have been stumped by the high Himalayas or the Equatorial jungle of South America, stretching away three thousand miles, trackless and terrible, to the Andes wall. Still,