

Blackfriars

by its river; for we know a fifth, watered by the Fiddich. If Aeneas Macdonald has any faults, ignorance is the last of them; can he have been over-awed by what he knows as well as we know?

There are those geographically and otherwise favoured who do in contentment what man was created to do with whisky; but here is a sure guide for men who have never crossed the Trent to dodge the images which deface hoardings, and (with all becoming observances) drink whisky. *Prosit.*

J.G.

SELECTED POEMS OF ALICE MEYNELL. With an introductory note by W.M. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.; 3/6.)

Although it is only seven years since Alice Meynell died, this volume of some forty poems comes to remind us that she is already among the immortals of song.

The present selection is in no sense what a selection usually is: a final choice of what is best among a poet's work, a final choice of what is therefore most likely to survive. For Alice Meynell's poetry is unique in that it does not admit of any graduated scale of good, better, and best. It is all of one fine quality, the best. She was the least prolific of any accepted poet; the hundred odd poems she wrote seem to have escaped from her own rich silences, taking even the author herself by surprise.

Who looked for thee, thou little song of mine?
This winter of a silent poet's heart
Is suddenly sweet with thee, but what thou art,
Mid-winter flower, I would I could divine.

But all the old favourites are happily gathered here. They have lost nothing of their charm with the passing of the years; on the contrary, their depth of thought and perfection of form bring the freshness of a revelation to this superficial age.

Alice Meynell's fame, though well-founded, is far from complete. 'The whole modern world,' says Mr. Chesterton, 'must commensurably enlarge itself before it comes near the measure of her mind.' At present she is the clear voice lifted up from among the babbling multitude. The time is to come when she will be the vogue.

E.E.