

Entre Nous.

Evelyn Underhill.

Miss Evelyn Underhill writes much about mysticism. That does not prove that she is a mystic. But her poetry proves it. Some of it is as difficult as 'Sordello,' in a different way. Much of it is simple and delightful, true poetry carrying true pleasure to the least mystical of readers. The title is *Theophanies: A Book of Verses* (Dent; 3s. 6d. net). Here are some

THOUGHTS ABOUT HEAVEN.

I.

Heaven's not a place.
Where time doth race
Across the flatted fields of edgeless space
Thou shalt not hear its news, nor its retreat
discover.

No! 'tis a dance
Where love perpetual
Rhythmical,
Musical,
Maketh advance
Loved one to lover.

II.

Heaven's not a rest.
No! but to battle with new zest:
Untired, with warrior-joy
The sharp clean spirit to employ
On life's new enterprise.
It's the surprise
Of keen delighted mind
That wakes to find
Old fetters gone,
Strong shining immortality put on.

III.

Heaven is to be
In God at last made free,
There more and more
Strange secrets of communion to explore:
Within the mighty movements of his will
Our tangled loves fulfil:
To pluck the rosemary we cannot reach
With the mind's span,
And so at last
Breathe the rich fragrance of our hoarded past
And learn the slow unfolding of the plan.

Together to unroll

The blazoned story of the pilgrim soul;
All the long ardent pain,
The craving and the bliss at last made plain.
Sometimes to sleep
Locked each to each
Within his deep,
Or playing in his wave
The sudden splendour of the flood to brave:
Great tide of his undimmed vitality
That breaks in beauty on the world's wide
beach
And draws all life again toward its heart,
Stirring to new and mutual increase
Love-quicken'd souls therein that have their
part,
Therein that find their peace.

. E. McFadyen.

Is Professor John Edgar McFadyen, D.D., a poet? He has only translated the Psalms into English. But it is the translation of one whose ear is open to the melody of fit words, whose eye is on the outlook for that which belongs to the creative imagination. Dr. McFadyen has given us *The Psalms in Modern Speech and Rhythmical Form* (Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net). We think at once of Dr. Moffatt's translation of the New Testament. And this is not less difficult. It takes scholarship and skill; it takes the mind that sees into the heart of things.

With what success? We give two examples:

PSALM XXIII.

The Good Shepherd.

The Lord is my shepherd: no want have I.
He layeth me down in pastures green.
To waters of rest He gently leads me,
Refreshing my soul.
He guideth me ever in paths that are straight
For His own name's sake.

And when my way lies through a valley of
gloom,
I fear no evil, for Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff—in them is my comfort.

Thou settest a table before me
 In face of my foes ;
 With oil Thou anointest my head,
 And my cup runneth over.
 Surely goodness and love shall pursue me
 All the days of my life.
 In the house of the Lord I shall dwell
 Through the length of the days.

PSALM C.

A Call to Worship.

Shout, all the earth, to Jehovah.
 Serve Jehovah with gladness,
 Approach Him with ringing cries.
 Be ye sure that Jehovah alone is God.
 It is He that hath made us, and His we are—
 His people, the sheep of His pasture.

Enter ye into His gates with thanksgiving,
 Into His courts with praise,
 Give ye thanks to Him, bless ye His name.
 For Jehovah is good, His love is for ever,
 And unto all ages endureth His faithfulness.

James Blackhall.

The story of Cain has attracted Mr. James Blackhall as it attracted a greater poet. But Mr. Blackhall is a poet too. The idea developed in 'Cain' is that after death he wanders still, the sin unpurged by much time and suffering, and tells his story anew to any traveller who has pity enough to listen. It is a story which touches some of the greatest of our questions, both about the here and about the hereafter. The other poems are less momentous. The title of the book is *Spear and Pruning-hook* (Duckworth; 5s. net). This is the Introduction to Cain :

What of the brand
 Set on the slayer's head,
 Now that the spirit's fled!
 Now that the desert sand
 Holds the flesh, dead?

Shall not the sin
 End when the smittings end?
 Cease when our wills begin
 Striving to mend?

If from its stain
 Grief washed the soul afresh,
 Then had the brand of Cain
 Died with the flesh!

Then had sufficed
 Sign and apology!
 Then what a waste was Christ,
 If the sin lie
 Dead, with mortality!

O.E.L.

O.E.L. is an admirer of Whitman. The title *Something* (Oliver & Boyd) comes from him. His words are, 'I saw something different from capitulation.' So it is a book of heartening for the war. The war atmosphere is never absent, and yet it is never depressing. Take

THE CALL TO ARMS.

'It is a tall order,' he said.
 And he thought of the hills in the spring,
 And the wind o'er the heath, and the bird on
 the wing;
 And the leap of the sea and the laugh of the
 wave,
 And the salt of the air and the savour it gave;
 Of the loitering twilight 'neath northern skies
 As the sun slowly sinks and the stars slowly rise—
 Of himself . . . lying dead.

'It is a tall order,' he said.
 And he thought of the ripening fruit
 He would gather, some day, from a hope-fibred
 root
 He had planted, so deep; and perchance, of the
 smile
 That touches loved lips when the years reconcile.
 Yet he rose to the height, undeterred, undis-
 mayed,
 Of the order: he counted its cost, and . . .
 obeyed—
 And he lived who was dead.

Alfred William Birch.

Simple and sincere are Mr. Birch's verses in *Poetry and Rhymes* (Arrowsmith; 3s. 6d. net). A poem, half narrative, half dramatic, on 'The Riddle of Life,' runs from page 128 to page 246. This is a fair example of the others :

LOOK UP.

Look up, not down; the stars at night,
 That send to earth their silver light,
 Are seen above on high,
 The sun in glory wends his way,
 The moon shines forth at close of day,
 In the far distant sky.

Look up, not down; the soul at death
 Calls unto God with latest breath,
 To God enthroned above.
 Beyond earth's clouds the sky is fair,
 The skylark seeks the upper air,
 To sing his song of love.

Look up, not down; let purpose true
 Inspire your will and actions too,
 Be faithful to the right.
 Life's chances swiftly pass away,
 So win your manhood while 'tis day,
 You can't work in the night.

T. Whyte Paterson.

Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, is a patriotic Scottish publisher. If you are in search of anything in the Scottish language inquire at Paisley. And be sure you do not say the Scottish *dialect*. His latest issue in braid Scots is a rendering of the Book of Proverbs—*The Wise-Sayin's o' Solomon*, by the Rev. T. Whyte Paterson (3s. 6d. net). We shall sample it:

CHAPTER I. 8, 9.

My laddie, herken to the advisins
 O' yer faither,
 An' dinna mislippen the biddens
 O' yer mither;
 For they'll e'en be like a bonnie croon
 On the heid o' ye,
 An' braw buskin o' chains
 About the neck o' ye.

CHAPTER VIII. 17.

I lo'e sic-like as lo'e me;
 An' a' that seek me,
 Wi' an eident hairt,
 Wull fin' me, shair.

CHAPTER XXIV. 15, 16.

Dinna be slinkin about, O ill-daein man,
 Wi' ill in yer hairt 'gainst the guid;
 Ettle nane o' yer wrangsome reivin
 On his hauden o' quaitness an' peace:

For the man wha's upright in hairt,
 May stoiter an' tumble,
 Ay! seven times ower,
 An' aye fin' his feet eftir a';

But as for the wicked,
 Whan tribble comes on,
 They're cowpit clean ower,
 An' canna get up ava.

Frank Betts.

Professor Gilbert Murray has written a Preface to *The Iron Age*, a new small volume of poetry by Mr. Frank Betts (Blackwell; 2s. net). He says, 'For many years past Mr. Betts' unpublished work has been a source of great pleasure to me. I never knew when next it might "blow in," or what new subject it would have swept into its range during the interval. But it was always sure to be full of life and power and sympathy, and curious erudition penetrated by imaginative brooding. And, whether one liked it or not, it was indifferent to fashion and free from the leaven of the scribes.'

The poems are classified: Hellas, the Goths, the Normans, the Commune. 'The Commune' contains two, 'The Pawns' and 'The Rider on the Red Horse.' This is

THE RIDER ON THE RED HORSE.

June 1916.

'Red morn, send forth thy torches—break away
 The vast and cloudy panopies of night;
 Upon a world's avenging send the light!
 Behold, O flame of steel! thy royal prey
 The pomp and heraldries of their array,
 The cursed gold with which their kings are dight
 The armour adamantine: and their might
 Shall be as dust before the close of day.'

Save where there burns the sunset thunder-red,
 Dark falls like dew across a silent plain
 Where gold and adamant have been in vain,
 And all in vain their pride and hardihead;
 Where paladins are dust amid the dead
 And ancient kingdoms buried with the slain.

A. P. Herbert.

The problem was, How to be Happy though in Helles—and the last two letters could be dropped without affecting the sense. Mr. Herbert wrote poetry. This for example:

THE BATHE.

Come friend and swim. We may be better then,
 But here the dust blows ever in the eyes
 And wrangling round are weary fevered men,
 For ever mad with flies.

I cannot sleep, nor even long lie still,
 And you have read your April paper twice;
 To-morrow we must stagger up the hill
 To man a trench and live among the lice.

But yonder, where the Indians have their goats,
 There is a rock stands sheer above the blue,
 Where one may sit and count the bustling
 boats,

And breathe the cool air through;
 May find it still is good to be alive,
 May look across and see the Trojan shore
 Twinkling and warm, may strip, and stretch, and
 dive.—

And for a space forget about the war.

Then will we sit and talk of happy things,
 Home and 'the High' and some far fighting
 friend,
 And gather strength for what the morrow brings,
 For that may be the end.

It may be we shall never swim again,
 Never be clean and comely to the sight,
 May rot untombed and stink with all the slain.
 Come, then, and swim. Come and be
 clean to-night.

The book is called *Half-Hours at Helles*
 (Blackwell; 1s. net).

Sherard Vines.

The Two Worlds, by Mr. Sherard Vines, is
 another of Mr. Blackwell's enterprising series,
 'Adventures All' (2s. net). It is No. 6 of the series,
 and may be chosen for sample. The quotable
 poetry in it is abundant. Listen to the mighty
 rushing of this poem on

THE PROPHET.

When the glory of the Lord comes, it's like a
 mighty wind,
 You hear it roar and thunder in the forests
 there behind,
 And when the blast is on you and the rocks
 begin to nod,
 Your soul flaps like a pennon in the holy wind
 of God.

Then you fly like an eagle, and run like a wolf,
 Hunt the roads till sundown, and brood on the
 gulf,

You are dumb as a sepulchre, for no man can
 afford
 To miss the stinging music of the glory of the
 Lord.

Far, far beneath you do the great sister seas
 Bellow one to other, and fall upon their knees,
 The sons of God are out, and set a veil upon
 the moon:
 They tell the seven stars that the Lord is in
 his noon.

Yes, it's given to a few men to run before the
 wind
 And hear it roar and thunder in the forests there
 behind;
 And when the blast is on them, and the rocks
 begin to nod,
 To feel their souls as thistledown in the holy
 wind of God.

D. A. Taylor.

The Rev. D. A. Taylor, D.D., Ex-Moderator of
 the Irish Presbyterian Church, can write poetry;
 and, like so many more, he is lifted by the strain
 of the war into a fine spirit of patriotism. Out of
 a small collection of his poems, entitled *Words of
 Hope for Wounded Hearts*, let us choose

RE-UNION.

The soul has two great hands:
 One clings to earthly love,
 The other forth expands
 To find the Friend above.

When death unclasps the hand
 That holds us to our own,
 Then has the heavenly band
 But stronger, firmer grown.

Yet still the emptied hand
 Awaits the coming day
 When friends who severed stand
 Shall closer cling for aye.