

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

aspect of the Church's life, in view of the growing emergence of the Church in non-Christian lands. It will not do—we learn it from the Foreign Field—to undertake the task of restatement as in behalf of the Home Churches. The day for that is past. And the task to-day must be faced with a definite and wide outlook to the far-flung lines of the Church's campaign; not merely a view confined to pulpits and colleges and classes at home. The restatement of theology at this late date must take place, in fact, in the light of comparative religion, in the light of that practical aspect of comparative religion, the study of which is richly provided by the foreign mission work of the Church. The restatement must, indeed, be as little of the West merely, as may be, and—here the assistance of the Foreign Field is invaluable now—as catholic as is possible at this stage. This, too, is seen to be necessary when one recalls how urgent upon our attention has become the oneness of the world, the nearness of its uttermost parts to one another. So that the Church's vital enterprises dare not be undertaken save in the missionary spirit with the missionary purpose. The fulfilment of such a purpose calls to-day for a living theology expressed in as universal terms as it is possible to achieve. And what I have called the neglected interpreter is here in God's wonderful providence with a wealth of assistance for the great task.

Finally, one other side of the subject must be touched upon which is in closest contact with the need of our time. It is this, that the practical study of comparative religion of which I have spoken and which is afforded in Foreign Mission study, reinforces superlatively the preaching and proclamation of Christianity as the absolute religion, and, one may add, gives added weight to the insistence, which is urgent to-day, upon the supreme claims of Christian morality, the Christian ethic.

As has been truly written, 'The absolute religion can only be fully understood in the light of the imperfect religions, if religion is a practical matter at all, and theology other than a mere abstract science'; and it is also true, even alarmingly true in a time when the authority and sanction of the Christian ethic is in hot debate, that 'comparative religion is being used by many to-day in a negative interest with the view of proving that Christianity is only one among other religions.' These words were written ten years ago, and they can be underlined heavily to-day. These words represent facts with which a pulpit that is to charge itself with a living message and a powerful apologetic must reckon seriously. Here again, therefore, the neglected interpreter stands by to offer invaluable aid to the preaching and teaching of the Church. Again, too, there is here endless help towards the understanding of the New Testament account and teaching of the new life in Christ as it won its way through a non-Christian world; and the life of the first Churches, in their witness, in their failings, and in their difficulties, receives living illustration as you see it in reproduction here on the Foreign Field—the life, and the truth, and the way. Enough has been said to make good the claim for the study whose lines were indicated in the opening paragraph of this paper. The neglected interpreter obviously ought to remain neglected no longer, either as regards our study of the New Testament, or as regards our exposition of Christian doctrine, and our insistence upon the authority of the Lord Jesus in the Christian morality.

In what I have said there lies an appeal to the average minister. The man in the pulpit who mounts it with the merely congregational or little more than the parochial outlook is surely a tragedy in the Church as it faces 'the need of a world of men' to-day!

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

The Resurrection Narratives.

Is it possible to harmonize the Gospel narratives of Christ's resurrection? The Rev. N. P. Williams, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, does it in *The*

First Easter Morning (S.P.C.K.; 3s. 6d. net). This is his way with one difficulty, the difference between Mark and Luke on the one hand, and Matthew on the other, regarding the visits of the women to the tomb. 'I think it will be found that—given two apparitions, which Matthew has,

mistakenly, though in perfect good faith "telescoped" into one—the whole scheme of events falls smoothly and instantaneously into an intelligible and natural order. Let us see how it works out.

'Suppose that the real order of events was as follows:—

'1. At midnight between Saturday and Sunday, the Roman guard is peacefully bivouacked before the tomb; they have been there since Friday evening, and nothing untoward has happened.

'2. Towards dawn, there is an earthquake, which dislodges the stone, accompanied by a supernatural manifestation of some kind, which the soldiers visualize as one or more terrible and superhuman figures; they are paralysed with terror for a few moments, and then fly in panic from the haunted spot.

'3. For about an hour, the (now open) tomb is deserted. Then, after sunrise, the women (half a dozen or so) arrive, bringing spices for the embalment. They have not heard of the posting of the guard before the sepulchre, and therefore advance quite unsuspectingly, expecting no obstacle other than the actual stone. And, as the guard has fled in panic an hour ago, they are in fact able to approach the tomb without molestation.

'4. They perceive, to their amazement, that the stone has been already rolled away; they enter the tomb, and a *second* supernatural manifestation takes place, which they visualize as one, or two, white-robed figures: the Resurrection message is delivered.'

The Lost Ten Tribes.

Besides the Old Testament Apocrypha which we possess (but do not read) there are fragments in existence of a host of other apocrypha. Dr. M. R. James has gathered all these fragments together and translated them. He has published the translation, with his discussions, in the S.P.C.K. series of 'Translations of Early Documents.' The title is *The Lost Apocrypha of the Old Testament* (5s. 6d. net).

It is a book for the curious. Among the rest, for that very curious person whose interest is in the Lost Ten Tribes. For 'the Ethiopic *Acts of St. Matthew* tell how Peter and Andrew met Matthew, and he told them that he had lately been in the land called Prokumenos, which being interpreted is "Those who rejoice," and had found

the people Christian: in fact the Lord Himself constantly visited them. He asked them how this came about. Their answer was, "Hast thou not heard the story concerning the nine tribes and the half tribe whom God Almighty brought into the land of inheritance? We are they. . . . As for gold and silver, we desire it not in our country: we eat not flesh and we drink not wine in our country, for our food is honey and our drink is the dew. We do not look upon the face of women with sinful desire: our firstborn children we offer as a gift to God, that they may minister in. . . . the sanctuary. . . . until they be thirty years of age. The water we drink floweth not from cisterns hewn by the hand of man but. . . . floweth from Paradise. Our raiment is of the leaves of trees. No word of lying hear we in our land, and no man knoweth another who speaketh that which is false. No man taketh to wife two women in our land, and the son dieth not before his father, and the young man speaketh not in the presence of the aged. The lions dwell with us, but they do no harm to us nor we to them. When the winds rise we smell the scent of Paradise, and in our country there is neither spring nor cold nor ice, but there are winds, and they are always pleasant.'"

The Making of a Revolutionary.

At a moment when the cleavage between organized capital and organized labour has become evident to us all, it is most necessary that those on either side should see the case as it presents itself to the other. Only by such steady vision can the cleavage be ended. The side of organized labour is put fairly and competently in a volume of essays, edited by Lucy Gardner, which, under the title of *Some Christian Essentials of Reconstruction*, has been published by Messrs. Bell & Sons (5s. net). Among the authors is the Rev. Basil Mathews, M.A., who says:

'When I was living at Mansfield House University Settlement, in Canning Town, as a resident worker, there came some particularly horrible weeks, which remain a permanent nightmare on the memory, during the famine winter. With others, it was part of my regular occupation at night during that winter to go through those streets of slush and snow into houses, investigating cases claiming relief. I could speak of a dozen or a

score of cases that I shall never forget. One particular case comes to my mind.

'I stumbled along a dark passage into a room where there was a man whose face was seamed and lined; his clothes hung loosely about his gaunt body, and as I looked round the room I saw there was nothing in it but a Tate cube sugar-box upside down, on which was some greasy paper containing the remains of some fried fish bought at the local fish shop, flanked by two little boxes. The one box was the table; the others were the chairs. The man told me how, through his absolute incapacity to get regular work, the little ornaments had gone from the mantelshelf, then the table and chairs, until the room was stripped. Then I asked about bedding, and relief of that kind, and he took me into another room where, on an absolutely bare bed, lay two boys in their day-clothes—they had no night-clothes and there were no bed-clothes. The boys were thin, white, stunted, wizened and undergrown; and the man, who had an evil-smelling lamp in his hand, shaded it so that the light should not fall on the boys' faces and awaken them. As he did so the light was reflected on his own face, and I saw the tears running down his cheeks.

'In that picture I saw, and see, the whole tragedy of unorganized labour in the context of our present industrial conditions. All that home meant, in the sense of having nice things around you, an ordered and beautiful life, and bringing up children with minds alert and happy—all these things were made impossible because the standard of wages and work was so low. And from that day to this I was made, and shall remain on to the end of my life, revolutionary in my social sympathies. The experience then revealed to me in its naked horror the degradation which comes from unorganized labour within an unsound economic system.'

The Philistines.

The Rev. T. H. Hennessy, M.A., formerly Dean and Lecturer of Selwyn College, Cambridge, has edited *Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, and Malachi* for the Cambridge little commentaries on the Revised Version (Cambridge: at the University Press; 3s. net). It looks as if it were an easy thing to do. Driver and the rest are all there to work upon. But just the wealth of good work makes the diffi-

culty. Mr. Hennessy knows what has been done before him, and yet he is himself. This is his note on the Philistines (Ob¹⁹): 'The LXX rendering "strangers" is thought to imply that the Philistines were immigrants, which is explicitly stated in Amos ix. 7. Caphtor, which is probably Crete, is named also in Deut. ii. 3 and Jer. xlvii. 4 as the original home of the Philistines. R. A. Stewart Macalister, in the Schweich Lectures of 1911, which were published under the title, *The Philistines*, has thrown new light on their history and civilization. He is inclined to believe that, as the inventors of the alphabet, the Philistines "laid the foundation stone of civilization" and in the "long and stubborn fight with the Philistines for the possession of the Promised Land" . . . "the Hebrews learned the lessons of culture which they needed for their own advancement." He doubts whether in the light of our new knowledge the colloquial use of Philistine for a boorish and bucolically-minded person is justified.'

An Intelligent Goodwill.

One of the uses of *The Christian World Pulpit*, of which the ninety-sixth volume has been published (James Clarke & Co.; 6s. net), is to give us the opportunity of reading an occasional American sermon. There is no American thing that we are less familiar with, and it is a pity that it is so. For the American preacher seeks reality and ensues it with a great, sometimes a daring, determination.

In this volume there is a sermon by the Rev. Harry Foster Burns, Minister of First Parish Church, Dorchester, Mass. Its topic is Love. Mr. Burns finds that in the New Testament the word 'love' has two different meanings. 'It is sometimes used to signify personal affection: as when Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and men said: "Behold how He loved him." At other times it is used to mean intelligent goodwill as: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son," etc.'

This distinction Mr. Burns finds useful when he thinks of the commandment, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' It does not mean really love. 'One could not love his enemy in the sense of having a personal affection for him; but he can, and if he is like God he will, maintain toward him the attitude of intelligent goodwill.'

Some men will be thankful for the relief. But what about God? In that text which Mr. Burns has the courage to quote there is a little word 'so.' Where do you get it in when you translate: 'God had intelligent goodwill to the world that he gave his only begotten son'?

A Doctrine of the Atonement.

The Rev. E. L. Strong, M.A., Priest of the Oxford Mission Brotherhood of the Epiphany, Calcutta, has revised his *Lectures on the Incarnation of God*, and issued the book in a second edition (Longmans; 7s. 6d. net). One of the critics of the first edition complained that 'the author "makes *God is love* his sole text; and yet benevolence is only one of the Divine attributes. Without His glory, awful majesty, and holiness, we get the theory that cessation from sin is all that is needed to reconcile God and man.'" Mr. Strong's reply is that God is love and only love, for love includes all the attributes of God. Yet he believes in the wrath of God, believes in it so really that he considers it altogether a mistake to say that reconciliation has only one side.

In spite of the title, the central doctrine of the book is the Atonement. And this is Mr. Strong's doctrine of the Atonement.

'That there may be complete union of will between God and man, it is necessary that man should with all his heart desire communion with God, and hate with all his heart whatever prevents this communion. Till Christ came, the race of men, with a few exceptions, had wanted, not communion with God, but to go their own way; and the more they had done this the more they had sinned and the less they had cared or thought about communion with God. But Christ, bearing the sins of the world and realizing sin as that which prevented communion with God, and therefore hating it and suffering unspeakably because of it, *i.e.* longing for God more and more as communion with Him became more difficult, at last on the Cross arrived at the awful condition of realizing man's sin as that which had made communion with God altogether impossible. Then, instead of yielding in any degree to the temptation to be content with something else, and though He could not feel any of the joy which communion with God brings, yet He longed for Him with all the force of which His human nature was capable,

and His heart broke because He could in no way and for no reason bear to be separated from His God. This means the most perfect loyalty to God that there could be, and it was man's loyalty. It was the perfect response to God made by man—the Man Christ Jesus, the head of our race, whose life is flowing to all parts of it; in and through whom therefore all men can at last make to God the perfect filial response of love as His true sons.'

RECENT POETRY.

Lauchlan MacLean Watt.

The Land of Memory (Hodder & Stoughton), by Dr. L. MacLean Watt, is something of an autobiography—an autobiography of early years with the Celtic imagination making a poetic atmosphere for it. The whole story is separated into scenes. In one scene the school is central, with the old and greatly loved schoolmaster passing, the pathos of his last silent years made deeper by the irresponsible fiddling of his successor. Then there is the widow who looks out across the moor every night for the son who returns at last a maniac. And there is the shepherd and his herd laddie who rescue the sheep from the snowstorm:

Hard through the heavy night their toil of love
They faced, until, within a sheltered dene,
They gathered into peace their precious care.
Then, 'Master, I am weary!' cried the lad,
And in the snow incontinent he fell,
That moment sealed in unawakening swoon.
His master, all outworn, yet right well knew
That through that sleep death's unreturning
road
Led to the shadows. All his strength was
gone;
So down beside the lad himself he laid
And took him in his arms, enfolding close
The unconscious servant, lest death's cold
embrace
Supplanted his; and as the night grew keen,
Wrapt his own plaid about the faithful boy.
Then, soft as kisses, on his face the snow
Fell deep and silent. In the pallid dawn
The searchers, broken-hearted, found them
thus,—
The servant breathing gently as a babe,
The master stark, a frozen bit of clay
His soul had grown too great for, in the mirk!

So men remember now, how sweet is love—
How, like the tender Shepherd of our souls,
It lifts even those the world wots nothing of,
To give their life for love's sake, for a friend.

R. Watson Kerr.

War Daubs (Lane; 3s. 6d. net) is not an ambitious title. The author is not ambitious. This can be 'thrown off,' but even this shows what he could and he would:

PRAYER.

I pray to God at night,
Tho' I know not where He is
Nor what He is;
Nor whether I am right:

I pray to God at night,
And it lifts me from myself;
I fear no more myself;
When I pray to God at night.

C. H. B. Kitchin.

The poems are few in C. H. B. Kitchin's *Curtains* (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net), but they are poems. 'The Last Scene'—a dying man, the friends waiting, the doctor, the priest, and at the very end the Angels—it is almost too human and haunting. But this has the author's philosophy in it:

Ruler of infinite austerity
From whom, long listening through ecstatic hours
Men seek a spiritual mutilation
And guidance to the unperturbed serene,
Yours was the voice at which our grasping hands
Refrained from clutching at iniquity,
Still warm with flame that licks the roof of
Hell.

But having will of us, you are transfigured
With an attractive aureole whose glare
Is colder than a mist around the moon;
Wherefore in wisdom meditate on this,
That when outworn incessantly with kneeling
On penitential stone, the flesh of man,
Delirious with fasting and sweet wounds
Self-loved and self-inflicted, cries for peace,
It is for you the spirit sings with joy
The chant ineffable of hidden spheres,
For you it finds delight voluptuous
In weakness through the curtains of the night,
—Not for the abstract law which you devise.

Elliot Crawshay-Williams.

O! for a God, omnipotent, supreme,
A live reality and not a dream!
A God to free this poor mad world of ours
Since Man himself lacks a deliverer's powers.

That is the note of all the poems in *Clouds and the Sun*, by Elliot Crawshay-Williams (Allen & Unwin; 2s. 6d. net). Near the end he finds such a God:

That I have gazed upon the grace of God
Blazing and blossoming in a thousand ways,
In tiny flowers uplifted from the sod,
In the strong beauty of the circling days,
In leaping pulses of a heart alive
With hope and faith and high expectancy
Of things that fate and will shall yet con-
trive,
Deeds that shall live, though he that does shall
die;

That I have thrilled with glories which reveal
To the deep understanding a supreme
And everlasting surety that can steel
The soul against all sorrow with a dream;
That I have had the eyes to see, the sense
To feel, I make my song of reverence.

John Macleod.

John Macleod fought on the Struma—waited and fought, and the waiting was as hard to his highland temper as the fighting. He is a true clansman. His loyalty is personal, for even his highland glens are individuals with qualities to love and suffer for. He has the fighting instinct, as they call it, but he hates war with a great fierce hatred—read the song of the Slimy God. And yet it is not all loss:

FULFILMENT.

Pictures lost when the painter dies
Fighting, that might have woven a spell
Of sun-splashed hills and towering skies,
For the battle-blinded shall glow to quell
Despair, and to gladden their eyeless eyes.

Music unwritten, that might have swayed
Crowds, had the war-god's dripping spear
Spared the maker, shall yet be played
In beauty, that shell-torn men, who hear
(Though others hear not), may die unafraid.¹

¹ The title is *Macedonian Measures* (Cambridge: at the University Press; 3s. net).

Brookes More.

Mr. Brookes More calls his volume of sonnets *The Lover's Rosary* (Boston: Cornhill Company). Why? 'A chain of beads, used for counting prayers, may be called a "Rosary," but such a string, or chain, is more correctly named a "Chapter." A Chaplet is composed of fifty-nine beads; and when the devotee has told the fifty-nine beads three times, he has thereby completed a "Rosary." My dear reader, when you have the third time read this chain of sonnets, fifty-nine, you will have completed "The Lover's Rosary." And, as the beads are often made of precious jewels, let us hope some pearls may be found: alas, I fear many are fashioned of ashes.' That is his own answer.

The first thirty-one sonnets are called Pearls, the rest Ashes. Again, why? He does not answer our second question. And we cannot answer it ourselves, for the Ashes seem to be as precious as the Pearls. This is one of them:

When the soft tones of a great anthem roll
And quiver in the air—delicious pain—
Our morbid pulse beats with the sad refrain,
Giving a strange joy to the wakened soul:

And when we listen to the muffled toll
Of slow bells, warning us with solemn strain
What futile ends our labours may attain,
We look through dark death to a brighter goal.

Ah, why should discord lead to harmony,
Or why should sorrow sweetest joy entwine,
Or why should darkness lead us to the light?

Our reason staggers at the wrongs we see;—
Surely, our souls must quaff ethereal wine
To pluck eternal day — from an eternal night.

Egbert Sandford.

Mad Moments, by Egbert Sandford (Maunsell; 3s. net). The title is explained in the first poem:

They call him Madman — would frustrate his plan—
Ah! did they know that Madness makes the man.

And every poem is a moment's madness—what reviewers call a cameo—as this on Knocking:

Behold! we stand at the door
And knock.
Thou hast the key, Lord—
When wilt Thou unlock?

Our hearts are heavy—
Our heads are bowed—
Our souls have sorrow
And grief for shroud.

Behold! we stand at the door
And knock.
We would come in, Lord—
When wilt Thou unlock?

There is scarcely a poem in the book that is not as simple, surprising, and intelligible as the one just quoted.

Edward J. Thompson.

The story of the Lebanon horrors has been told in verse by Mr. Edward J. Thompson, M.C. It is a shuddering story. Mr. Thompson spares not:

For think—a man's a man and takes his chance;
A woman, at the worst,
Can sell her body, that she may be fed
(And since this world is cursed
With cads enow, that will not look askance
While that remains, her youth will bring her bread):

But helpless children, these that were so weak,
Some babes that could not speak,
That these should die in thousands, that a man
Might drink a slightly better brand of wine,
Or leave his worthless line
Another quarter-million pounds or so!
I tell you, I hope well,
Hope fiercely, that there is a real Hell,
No paltry pain of just some æons' span,
But lasting, where such brutes as these can go.

The title is *Vae Victis* (Epworth Press).

John S. Arkwright.

Messrs. Skeffington have sent out a second impression of *The Supreme Sacrifice, and Other Poems in Time of War*, by John S. Arkwright (7s. 6d. net). The volume is illustrated by Bruce

Bairnsfather, Wilmot Lunt, Louis Raemaekers, and L. Raven-Hill. The poem which gives the book its title is one of the few poems produced by the war which is likely to live. This verse will be quoted continually :

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar ;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind — yourselves you scorned to
save.

This also is memorable :

THE HAND OF GOD.

Some said that Faith had passed for evermore,
No vision now could lead a man to die—
And then, from sea to sea, from shore to
shore,
Rang the loud challenge — rose the swift
reply.

'Too hard,' they said, 'this pathway to be
trod'—

'The goal too far for steps that faint and
fail'—

And even as they spake the Hand of God
Moved down to touch the hesitating scale.

Now, if they say Man sinks into the beast,
With night for journey's end, and not the
day,

False guides are these who knew his heart the
least,

Tried in the furnace, tested in the fray.

Edith Anne Stewart.

Poems : Second Book, by Edith Anne Stewart (Swarthmore Press ; 1s. 3d. net)—the title is short but it claims all that the word 'poem' means. And the word poem means a good deal. Let us hold to its distinctiveness and call verse verse. There is one poem, true and touching, on Mary of Bethany. There are others, if less touching not less true. There is this, for example :

ON THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

Here, far withdrawn, I stand
On the dim verge of space,
And seek my Fatherland,
And seek my Father's face.

These veils of finitude,
Worn thin as flying foam,
No longer now exclude
My eager eyes from home.

Home to Thy breast, my God,
To-night I fain would fly,
Not stricken to the sod,
Not dying bodily,

But passing, swift, unheard,
As Moses passed away
From Pisgah, like a bird
To nest, at close of day.

Vera Wheatley.

The title of Vera Wheatley's book is taken from Browning :

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.

The title is *This, my Singing* (Macdonald ; 5s. net). It is not much in bulk for the money, but there is poetry in it, and never can true poetry be put into the scales against pence. In one poem there is a direct challenge of T. E. B., even to the title :

SUNDAY IN MY GARDEN.

As I worked in my garden,
There was never a priest,
But I kept Sunday's law—
And the greatest was least.
For the first little primrose
That gleamed from the sod,
Was the King of the garden—
A sweet smile from God.

As I worked in my garden
The smell of the earth
Was the incense uprising
To praise life's new birth.

And the hymn in my garden
Was a bird's melody,
And each bud and leaflet
Showed Heaven to me.

There was no priestly discourse,
There was no spoken prayer,
As I worked in my garden—
But I know God was there.

Bertram Lloyd.

The one topic for the pulpit all this year, as part of the everlasting gospel, is peace. And that we may preach peace, let us understand and let us make the people understand, the black beastliness of war. Let us read the poems which Mr. Bertram Lloyd has collected into *The Paths of Glory* (Allen & Unwin). Some of them are realistic enough to serve the purpose, with a little over. But this one by Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams answers well a question that is sure to be asked:

Shall courage die
Because men take not from Time's hand
The ruthless scythe, and strew the land
With unripe harvest of humanity?
Must courage die
If it be not sustained with blood
And nurtured on the rare rich food
Of corpses battered in brutality?
Can courage die
While there is still a sea to roam,
Shouting destruction, spewing foam;
While there is yet the boundless air
To conquer; while man still may dare
The desert and the wilderness,
The lonely pinnacles that confess
No victor save the eagle; while
Woman and man must face the vile
Onslaught of sickness, and sustain
Infinite subtleties of pain;
While pangs of death and pangs of birth
Compass existence on this earth,
And every soul that's conscious knows
Hourly a strife with inward foes?

While all around us terrors lie,
Can courage die? Can courage die?
I'll not believe it; no, not I!

Kosovo.

Kosovo: Heroic Songs of the Serbs—that is the title. Kosovo is the valley in which the last great battle with the Turks was fought, the battle which gave Serbia to the Turkish heel for five centuries. It is the theme of the great series of Epic poems, and great they are and wonderful. They have been translated from the Serbian by Helen Rootham, and published in Oxford by Mr. Blackwell, most appropriately (4s. 6d. net). Maurice Baring writes an introduction. He says:

'The soul of these ballads is saturated with Christian faith, the faith of the crusaders, of the Morte d'Arthur, of Villon; the faith of the *gracieux galans* who stormed Jerusalem with young Lord Raymond. The "Ballad of the Fall of the Serbian Empire" gives us the key-note of all this song.

'A message comes from Jerusalem to the King:—

Say, dost thou desire a heav'nly kingdom,
Or dost thou prefer an earthly kingdom?
If thou should'st now choose an earthly kingdom,
Knights may girdle swords and saddle horses,
Tighten saddle-girths and ride to battle,—
You will fight the Turks and crush their army.
But if thou prefer a heav'nly kingdom,
Build thyself a church upon Kosovo,
Let not the foundations be of marble,
Let them be of samite and of scarlet, . . .
And to all thy warriors and their leaders,
Thou shalt give the sacraments and orders,
For thy army will most surely perish,
And thou, too, wilt perish with thine army.

'And the king chose the Heavenly Kingdom,
built the Church, and went out to battle—and fell.'

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.