
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

is an English translation of the passage (p. 179) to which Bees specially refers, and which he claims as the broad outlook of a man, who in many particulars was much in advance of his time.

'When I was reading here [in the Monastery of Wituma at Trikkala] the Gospel of John, I found that different passages in it received much light, when one took careful note of the usages of this land, and that many words and expressions occur which in my view are most adequately interpreted by the aid of Modern Greek, for example, πλήρωμα, "full payment," ἡμέρα τρίτη, "Tuesday," σχοῖνος, "rope," "cable," etc. I am perhaps the first to whom this thought has occurred: at least I have not found it in any other. Why should ancient Hebrew be explained by means of Arabic, Moeso-Gothic by means of the new dialects of the Teutonic speech, Old Gaulish by means of French, and so forth, and not likewise Ancient Greek by means of Modern Greek, inasmuch as the latter has been so excellently preserved especially by the Church, which has always read and understood the New Testament, and has also drawn its religion from it?'

G. MILLIGAN.

Glasgow University.

John xviii. 5, 6.

THESE verses present two apparent difficulties:

(1) The words, 'And Judas also, who betrayed him, stood with them,' are unnecessary to the narrative, as the writer has already mentioned the fact in v.[3]. They also form a break in the conversation between Jesus and those who came to arrest Him which spoils the vividness of the picture.

(2) The words 'and fell to the ground' record an unnatural and semi-miraculous event not mentioned by any of the other evangelists, and one which tries the faith of many readers. The present writer offers a suggestion which gets rid of both these difficulties at once.

In the scene which this account brings before us, the band of officers and servants come up to the little group of disciples with Jesus in their midst. He sees them first, owing no doubt to the flashing of the torches and lanterns in the shadows of the garden. He immediately hails them with the words, 'Whom seek ye?' They reply, 'Jesus the Nazarene.' But in spite of His reply, 'I am he,' they do not seem to recognize Him. The other Gospels tell us why. Judas had not yet given them the promised sign; as the Fourth Gospel indicates, he is still standing with them. Their natural movement would be to push him forward and thus urge him to give the fatal kiss. But such a movement from the point of view of an onlooker among the disciples would have the appearance of their going behind him.

The present writer would suggest that the words ἀπῆλθον εἰς τὰ ὀπίσω refer to this natural movement on their part as viewed by an eye-witness. But in this case a necessary pronoun αὐτοῦ must have dropped out in transmission. As soon as the pronoun was omitted the words εἰς τὰ ὀπίσω would have been left, as it were, in the air, and an explanatory gloss would soon be added. In the words καὶ ἔπεσον χαμαί we may have such an explanatory gloss. This suggestion gets rid of the two difficulties mentioned above and also strengthens the evidence for the whole narrative being the work of an eye-witness.

JAMES H. HINGSTON.

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Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

The Language of Palestine.

'AND after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; *for thy speech bewrayeth thee.*' One wonders how the speech of a Galilaean fisherman differed from the speech of a Judaean manservant or maid-servant. The knowledge is to be had by the reading of a book on *The Language of Palestine*, written by the Rev. J. Courtenay James, M.A., B.D. (T. & T. Clark; 8vo, pp. xxii, 278; 24s.).

In the first place, notice that there are three periods in the history of the language of Palestine.

First, there is 'the Mosaic, the archaic period. The language in this age was distinguished by its antique character, partly recognizable in ancient terms and forms, and partly in original poetry and the poetic tone of the prose.' Next, there is the 'Davidic, the period of high development. This period began about the time of Samuel and extended to Hezekiah. Under the united monarchy the language attained its meridian; its wealth of utterance appeared in the lyric and prophetic books of the time.' Thirdly, there is the 'Exilic, the period of decline. From the time of the Assyrian and other invasions, Hebrew began to deteriorate, as seen in Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and the Chronicles. Though Hebrew ceased to be the vernacular of Palestine soon after the Exile, yet some of the great post-exilic writers continued its use from sacred scruples and associations.'

The language of Palestine in our Lord's Day was Aramaic. But the Palestinian Aramaic was spoken in three dialects—the Samaritan, the Galilaean, and the Judaean. The peculiarities of the Galilaean dialect 'were due, partly to the geographical position, and partly to the large admixture of Gentiles. Amongst the inhabitants of Galilee are named Egyptians, Arabians, Phoenicians, and later Greeks and Romans. The vernacular was the common Aramaic, with some peculiar forms, and particularly a provincial accent. We gather from Jewish authorities that the rough northern brogue of the Galilaeans was quite distinguishable from that of Jerusalem, and was a subject over which the Judaeans made merriment. By the southern provinces the northern dialect was considered corrupt and barbarous. The cultivated sense of the metropolitan Jew was often offended by the rough and ready speech of the Galilaean. According to Rabbinic writings, Galilaean was characterized by a vague or indistinct utterance of certain letters, and by the confusion or suppression of others, especially the gutturals. The softening of the gutturals was probably not so advanced in Galilee as in Samaria, but this is a phase of the subject which probably belongs to a later period. When out of their native province, the Galilaeans sometimes so blended or divided words as to render them unintelligible. Thus they were frequently supposed to say things entirely different from what they intended.'

But we have touched on only a single small matter in this instructive and original book. The ground covered is very great, far greater than the title suggests. The Introduction is a short effective sketch of the history of writing. The first chapter is a history of the languages surrounding and filtering into Palestine throughout the Babylonian, the Persian, and the Greek periods. There follows a description of the process which brought Aramaic in to supplant the ancient Hebrew language of the nation. In another chapter we are told who the Aramaeans were, and how they did so amazing a thing as to persuade the Israelites to give up the language of their great literature. There is an account of the Inscriptions and an estimate of their value in the study of the Hebrew of the Old Testament. And the two closing chapters are on Nabataean and on the Targums.

It is a book of which British scholarship may well be proud.

The Great Deeps.

For the moment, and perhaps for longer, a keen interest is taken in the bottom of the ocean. Astonishing things have been found there; yet more astonishing things are believed to live or lie there. Think of the story that has recently been told of our fresh-water eel! 'A knowledge of the Deep Sea has cut into human life; it has been *of value to mankind*, practically, in connexion with laying cables (and that has meant much); intellectually, for it has been an exercise-ground for the scientific investigator; emotionally, for there is perhaps no more striking modern gift to the imagination than the picture which explorers have given of the eerie, cold, dark, calm, silent, plantless, monotonous, but thickly peopled world of the Deep Sea.

'Useful, stimulating, and wonderful, our knowledge of the Deep Sea is, but what is the significance of the facts? We must try to realize that the Deep Sea is an integral part of a larger whole. Just as the making of the great "deeps" was connected with the raising of great mountains, so the abyssal fauna is wrapped up with the whole vital economy of the Earth. For it is the overflow basin of the great fountain of life whose arch is sunlit. It is necessary to the wholesomeness of the ocean. It is the universal clearing-house.

'Perhaps we go a little deeper still when we recognize that life, which will not be gainsaid, has conquered the abyssal desert, that this byway is full of living creatures which will scarcely be baffled

by any difficulties. They have conquered the desert of the great deeps; they have peopled the floor of the sea with forms just as beautiful and fit and healthy as we find anywhere else. Animate Nature is like the embodiment of a thought.'

Who says that, and says it so impressively? You may know. It is Professor J. Arthur Thomson. Out of his many books he has gathered a volume of selections—*Natural History Studies* (Melrose; 7s. 6d. net). He arranges the selections by the seasons. The book becomes a year-book of science set forth with all the skill of an accomplished literary artist.

Where your Treasure is.

Ideas and Ideals is the title of a little square volume, beautifully printed in Kelmscott style on Arnold unbleached hand-made paper, and bound artistically in boards with labels. Its contents are quotations from authors, living, or recently departed, most of them, who *had* ideas and ideals. Only one theologian can be discovered—Dr. Stalker. But the essayists are many. Rarely more than one quotation is taken from one author, but Mary Yeates (the editor?) has furnished five. Take this (it is only part of the quotation) from Mr. G. Beesley Austin:

'The character of a man is determined, not by what he thinks good, but by what he thinks best. He has many things that are good, things which it would be a delight to him to have. But standing out above them all there is one thing that is supreme, and that to him occupies the place of lonely pre-eminence. To that his mind again and again returns, it dominates him, it claims his aspiration, it binds his heart. And it is that, no matter what it is, that day by day is making him. And the reason for that is not very far to seek. It is that into which he puts his very soul. The life of man moves along the line of his feelings, his love controls and governs him. He thinks and boasts—good easy man!—that life is regulated by intelligence, whereas it is everywhere dominated by feeling. And that to which he gives his heart, which he sets in the supreme place in his affections, determines the quality of his character and the fashion of his destiny.'

Morale.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, is known as the author of an immense and momentous book on Adolescence. That book is accepted as authoritative on its subject. Unfortunately, its author does not confine his writing to that subject. Some time ago he published a book on the New Testament which showed that he did not know the difference between Galilee and Galatia. In the book which has now been published there is nothing so glaring as that. But there are chapters which prove quite conclusively that outside his own psychological studies President Hall is somewhat at sea.

One chapter is on Prohibition. In not very elevated language he pleads the case of the moderate drinker. 'Not only labourers,' he says, 'but the average man and, indeed, his forebears for generations have had their tipple, and for a very large proportion of them beer or light wine has been used habitually and daily. Of these moderate drinkers there are perhaps few who have put themselves *hors de combat* by a "spree."' But he also contradicts himself. 'When the bars are closed,' he says, 'his [the moderate drinker still] recourse is the streets, and if there is a mob or riot, he finds in these a source of excitement which he once found in the bottle or the glass.' For such riots and rioters he has deep sympathy. 'Even the moderate drinker under prohibition must be regarded somewhat as a patient undergoing a more or less unwilling cure. His whole system in general, and his metabolic activities in particular, are in process of refunctioning if not of reconstruction. Especially his stomach, liver, kidneys, and brain, which school temperance books and cuts depict as so disorganized and morbid, must undergo a considerable change in order to become normal, and so we must expect our patients to be irritable, and make all due allowances and provision for this.' But he has already admitted that 'crime and disorder due to inebriation have been everywhere decreased.'

When he passes from moderate drinking to theology President Stanley Hall is less contradictory but not less primitive. We must quote him again: 'Belief in God is one of the most precious and inalienable articles of every creed, but the time has now come when we must realize frankly that this supreme thesis must be subjectified. The Russian dramatist, Andreev, describes the objective God as a dwindling figure standing in the corner, holding a light that is burning out, and looking on the tragic history of man, even this war, with no

emotion and with no attempt to influence human affairs. His theme really is not the twilight but the death of deity, and he seeks to represent thus the pallid, tenuous, and moribund faith in a deity who shapes things from without. Now the histories of religion show that nearly everything in nature has been somewhere, sometime, an object of worship—rocks, hills, heavenly bodies, clouds, the sky and sea, trees, totemic animals, and last came the anthropomorphic deities. There are really two gods, one that presides over nature, the great compelling One and All partly typified by the *numen tremendum* of Sinai, and the other a more kindly being who represents and cares chiefly for man as the crown of creation. Science worships the god of the forces and laws of nature, while the Christian god symbolized by the historic figure of Jesus, represents Mansoul in its acutest struggles and its highest aspirations. The theology of this god is, as Feuerbach long ago showed, simply anthropology, and what the Christian really worships is the good upward tendencies in the human soul in all its wonderful achievements, conscious, and perhaps, in some sense, especially unconscious. This is the deity that created all human institutions —language, society, science, and religion itself. All these sprang out of the great heart of humanity, and the time has now come when we must understand that the worship of every kind of objective deity is at best a refined form of idolatry. The true and living God is the developmental urge—"Some call it evolution, and others call it God."'

The title of the book is *Morale: The Supreme Standard of Life and Conduct* (Appleton; 8vo, pp. ix, 378; 15s. net).

Mysticism.

This is Principal Garvie in *The Christian Preacher*: 'The writer must confess that he has never been attracted much by the literature of mysticism; for it seems to him to seek the right end by the wrong means.

'(1) The end of all religion is the direct contact, the intimate communion of the soul with God, such an experience of God that in intensity of feeling and certainty of thought it can compare even with sensible experience. In the measure in which a man has such a vision of God, can he testify to men the reality of God. But just as the perceptions of sense on analysis by psychology show a very complex process of mediation between the mind and the world, even so this experience of God is not immediate and altogether incapable of analysis. After the analysis is carried as far as it can be in either case, there remains an indescribable remainder. In both cases, too, there may be the sense of immediate knowledge without any consciousness of the process of mediation. Another analogy may make the matter still clearer. In the communion of living souls there is a sense of immediacy, and yet the content of their communion with one another, which gives it its value, does not consist only of the words of the moment, and the thoughts the words express, or the feelings they awaken, but includes, unanalysed, yet capable of analysis by reflection, the common life of the former years. In the same way surely the soul's communion with God not only includes the momentary experience, but has its distinctive quality determined by the whole past experience of His truth and grace.

'(2) If this psychological knowledge is correct, then it follows that God is not more directly known by a withdrawal into the subjectivity of the experient, but rather by an apprehension of all that is included in the objectivity of the experienced. Not by suppression of the human personality in its manifold activities, nor by absorption in the mood of the moment can the steady and clear vision of God be maintained; but surely by living life as fully as possible *sub specie divinitatis*. Nature, history, man, can all be media of this direct contact with God. To assume otherwise involves a false dualism of God and the world He has made, and in which He dwells. The mysticism which flees from the without to the within to find God, and seeks God in the within, not in the normal psychical activities, but in ecstasy, or some abnormal state, is the practical application of a doctrine of divine transcendence, which so separates God from nature and man, that He cannot be found in them. A doctrine of divine immanence should have as its practical application a seeking and a finding of God as the reality in all and through all and over all. The writer has learned more from Spinoza than from any of the mystical writers about the practice of the presence of God; and even Hegel seems to him nearer the truth as regards the vision of God than a neo-Platonic mysticism. For Christian religion especially is the reality of God mediated historically by Jesus Christ, and by that mediation not less directly or

certainly known, but even possessed more fully and surely.'

SOME TEXTS.

Matt. xii. 31, 32.

There is a beautiful saying in Thomas Aquinas's commentary on that terrible text in Mt $12^{31.32}$ on the unpardonable sin. Its spirit is carrying the Church far on the path of peace and reconciliation. How much further will it carry it? It runs: 'To the Father is specially assigned as his own, power; to the Son, wisdom; to the Holy Spirit, goodness. So he is said to sin against the Father who sins from weakness; against the Son who sins from ignorance; against the Holy Spirit who sins from wickedness.'[1]

John i. 14.

Amongst the Hebrews a great reverence for the Divine Name promoted the use of phrases in place of that Name, of a precautionary or evasive nature, such as, for instance, the Blessed, the Highest, the Holy One. The Rabbis did not allow the Sacred Name to be used in the synagogue readings, and three terms were commonly employed in this circumlocutory manner in the century preceding the Incarnation; these terms were the *Dwelling*, the *Glory*, and the *Word*. These three are brought together, surely not by accident, in the fourteenth verse of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel—the *Word* was made flesh, and *Dwelt* among us, and we beheld His *Glory* as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.[2]

John ix. 31.

Mr. Fullerton in his new biography of Spurgeon tells us that 'when visiting Tring in his early days Spurgeon said that God had answered his prayers before he was converted.' Some ultra-Calvinists found fault with his teaching, and took him to task for it, quoting a text which they thought was in the Bible, but may be searched for there in vain—"The prayer of a sinner is abomination to the Lord."[3]

But the text is in the Bible, though the words are a misquotation. Clearly the reference is to the striking statement of the man who had been born blind: 'Now we know that God heareth not sinners.' And it is a true statement. But, of course, it means sinners who will not turn from their sin—which takes it out of the hands of the ultra-Calvinists.

1 Cor. xii. 28.

'And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.' They are all fairly intelligible except two. What are helps? What are governments?

The Rev. A. H. McNeile, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, has published a small volume of addresses on the parallel passage in Ephesians, calling it *He Led Captivity Captive* (Cambridge: Heffer; 3s. net). He discusses apostles, prophets, and the rest; and then turns to 1 Corinthians; for the 'helps' and the 'governments' are not mentioned in Ephesians.

Helps.—The Greek word means 'the laying hold of a weight or burden that someone else is carrying, in order to help him along with it. It is not the action of a superior person who graciously assists an inferior. It is simply, as we say, "to lend a hand."' So it is a word for a nice-minded child and for a self-indulgent woman, and for—there's the glory of it—God Himself: 'He, remembering his mercy, hath helped his servant Israel'; and for the Holy Spirit: 'in like manner also the Spirit helpeth our infirmities.'

Governments.—'The margin of the Revised Version renders it "wise counsels": but that, again, is not its strict meaning. St. James iii. 4 gives us a hint: "Behold also the ships which . . . are turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth." The "governor" means the "pilot" or "steersman," as the Revised Version has it. And S. Paul means the same: delicate steering, tactful handling, guidance by a strong and sanctified common sense. It needs sympathy, the power to put yourself in another person's place, and to understand what he or she feels about things. It needs wisdom, gained by asking of God, who giveth to all liberally. It needs power over yourself so as not to be impulsive, or obstinate, or dictatorial, or jealous, or touchy; or, on the other hand, weak and vacillating. And whether we are in a position of authority or not, we all have some steering to do. There is the

[1] P. H. Wicksteed, *Reactions between Dogma and Philosophy*, p. 555.
[2] Archdeacon Wakeford, *The Word and the World*, p. 172.
[3] W. Y. Fullerton, *C. H. Spurgeon*, p. 250.

great and wide sea of life, and there go the ships, the numberless individual lives, every one of them with the possibility of shipwreck ahead. And we are to help to steer them, so that Christ may bring them unto the haven where they would be.'

1 Kings x. 22; 2 Chron. ix. 21.

'Whether or not the account in Chronicles is inconsistent with that in Kings depends upon the original meaning of the words "Ophir" and "Tarshish." If at the time the texts were written these words had definite geographical meanings like those now assigned to them, there would be a manifest inconsistency; for a ship bound westward to a Tarshish in southern Spain could not well include in the same voyage an Ophir in southern or eastern Arabia. But if Tarshish means no more than "subject peoples," and Ophir a "coast-land," and if the appearance of Ophir in the tribal genealogy of Genesis is due to the attempt of some interpreter of later date to give the name a definite application which it did not rightly possess, there would be no reason why either word should not apply to a distant voyage in any direction; to "colonial ports" such as Tartessus, or to "foreign coasts" such as those of the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf.'

The suggestion is made by Mr. Wilfred H. Schoff, Secretary of the Commercial Museum, Philadelphia, in a book which goes by the title of *The Ship 'Tyre'* (Longmans; 8vo, pp. 157; 9s. net). As it is called in a sub-title 'A Study in the Commerce of the Bible,' the Secretary of a Commercial Museum is not altogether out of his element. This secretary, in any case, knows where he is and what he is about.

As Babylon is called Tyre by Ezekiel for camouflage, so Rome is called Babylon by John in the Apocalypse. And as John describes the articles of commerce of the Romans, finding most of them in Ezekiel, so Ezekiel describes the commerce of the Babylonians, finding it in the furniture of the Temple and the Tabernacle. In neither case is it possible to look upon the passage as a serious attempt to describe the actual commerce of the nation.

Take St. John's list: 'Merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stone, and pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet; and all thyine wood, and every vessel of ivory, and every vessel made of most precious wood, and of brass and iron, and marble: And cinnamon, and spice, and incense, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and cattle, and sheep; and merchandise of horses, and chariots, and slaves; and souls of men.'

'This list of articles of trade,' says Mr. Schoff, 'might stand for a sketch of the commerce of Rome, but when examined in detail, it is evidently no more than a selection from the tabernacle and temple specifications, with a few changes, due to the rabbinical interpretations of Ezekiel.'

'"Souls of men," he adds, 'is the single contribution of the author of the Apocalypse to these traditional lists. In a sense this distinction between a man's body and his soul may reflect the progress of human thought and belief between the periods of the Law and of the New Testament.'

NEW POETRY.

Vachel Lindsay.

Vachel Lindsay seems to be the most popular poet in the United States. He is the most truly American, they say, of all poets now alive. Well, his new book *The Daniel Jazz* (Bell; 4s. 6d. net) is American. We do not say that only an American could have written the poem on Lincoln which we are about to quote, for it is a poem, and so of universal interest. But in some of the others there is an abandon of language as well as an audacity of form to be found only where Whitman first led the way and gave the impulse. In *The Daniel Jazz*—the first poem in the book—you read:

> King Darius said to the lions:
> 'Bite Daniel. Bite Daniel.
> Bite him. Bite him. Bite him!'

You also read:

> Daniel was the butler, swagger and swell.
> He ran up stairs. He answered the bell.
> And *he* would let in whoever came a-calling:—
> Saints so holy, scamps so appalling.
> 'Old man Ahab leaves his card.
> Elisha and the bears are a-waiting in the yard.
> Here comes Pharaoh and his snakes a-calling.
> Here comes Cain and his wife a-calling.
> Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego for tea.
> Here comes Jonah and the whale,
> And the *Sea*!

Here comes St. Peter and his fishing pole.
Here comes Judas and his silver a-calling.
Here comes old Beelzebub a-calling.'
And Daniel kept a-praying:—'Lord save my soul.'
Daniel kept a-praying:—'Lord save my soul.'
Daniel kept a-praying:—'Lord save my soul.'

But on a later page you read this:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(*In Springfield, Illinois*)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they known not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

William Ernest Henley.

Henley died in 1903, so that the book of verse for boys which he selected and arranged and which is now published as one of the 'Golden Treasury' series, with the title of *Lyra Heroica* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net), must have been edited by some one else. In it are three of Henley's own poems, and his death is recorded. We quote one of them. It is well known, but the correct text is not well known:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.'

Thomas Thornely.

Mr. Thomas Thornely, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, has obeyed that 'mysterious impulse which leads so many of us, "in an uncertain hour," to break out into verse, and which persuades us so easily that crude thoughts and flippant fancies may be made presentable and even pleasing, if only they are tricked out with rhyme and metre.' Having been urged to let the world read his 'crude thoughts and flippant fancies,' he published a volume and called it *Verses from Fen and Fell.* He has been encouraged now to issue a new edition, and he has both revised and enlarged it (Cambridge: at the University Press; 5s. 6d. net). A fair example is entitled:

QUERIES.

Were every wrong redressed,
Right everywhere prevailing,

Would Virtue unresisted rest,
Its fount of action failing?
No! Heaven would plan another quest,
Spread other seas for sailing.

Were every wish fulfilled,
That sets us now a sighing,
Would pleasure's clanking wheels be stilled,
The stream that turns them drying?
No! Other wants would soon be willed,
New wheels be set a flying.

If knowledge all were known,
And error all transcended,
Would mind sit idle on its throne,
Its work and mission ended?
No! truth would other aspects own,
With other error blended.

Man lives but as he strives,
In death alone is resting;
'Tis but the mounting soul survives,
Fresh heights for ever breasting;
Heaven's but a home for strenuous lives,
That stood Earth's hour of testing.

David Hall.

The title which Mr. Hall has given to his volume of Verse is *If Only!* (Paisley: Gardner)—not a happy title, not worthy of the earnestness of the verse. Take two verses of

TO-MORROW AND TO-DAY.

(James iv. 13.)

'To-morrow,' said the boy, 'I mean
To start life's better way'—
The sun went down; it rose again
And ushered in To-day!

To-morrow, grown a man, he vowed
Should end his long delay—
That morrow came, but when it came
It bore the name To-day.

William Dudley Foulke.

Mr. Foulke is not so careful as a great poet has to be. *Poeta nascitur* only if he knows what he is about. Mr. Foulke sings, not because he must, but because it is very good fun. The title is *To-day and Yesterday* (Milford; 6s. net). This is one of the shortest of the poems, written on Easter Day, 1918:

RESURRECTION.

Golgotha! France! On every blasted field
Grim crucifixion to redeem mankind—
What resurrection shall the slaughter yield,
What nobler birth of freedom shall we find?
Pray God the stone be quickly rolled away,
So we can smile again on Easter Day.

A. St. John Adcock.

The tone of Mr. Adcock's satires is not agreeable, but it may be that as medicine they are salutary. The title is *Tod Macmammon sees his Soul* (Swarthmore Press; 2s. net). This is the first verse of

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN'S CREED.

What makes the poor begrudge our gains
And ask for more to eat and drink?
They're taught at school that grief and pain's
The common lot, and yet they think
They ought to be
Fed full and free
Like me and you, and you and me.

Lionel Lancelot Shadwell.

Mr. Shadwell is a translator. He is also a poet. No man can translate *The Odes of Horace* into English verse without being himself a poet. And Mr. Shadwell can translate them well. In the pleasant little book which Mr. Blackwell has published in Oxford the Latin text and the English translation are given on opposite pages. The metre is in such variety, and so much depends on the metre, that a fair example is scarcely possible. The 30th Ode of the Third Book—'Exegi monumentum aere perennius'—may be chosen as readily as any other:

I've built a monument to outlast
Statues of bronze, and tower more vast
Than pyramids by monarchs piled.
Nor wasting rain, nor fury wild
Of restless north wind to decay
Can bring it, nor the long array
Of years untold and ages' flight.
Not all of me shall death have right
To take: great part the funeral flame
Will 'scape. Aye fresh will be my fame,

And in the praise of after times
Aye growing, while the Pontiff climbs
The Capitol with Vestal mute.
Posterity shall me repute
As one who, born where sounds the roar
Of Aufidus, where ruled of yore
Danus, of rustic tribes the king,
A region poor in stream and spring,
To greatness rose from humble home,
The first who to the strains of Rome
Brought in Æolian song. Be proud
Of honour due to worth allowed,
And wreath of Delphic laurel twined,
Melpomene, grant, my locks to bind.

Fay Inchfawn.

Fay Inchfawn calls her book *The Verse-Book of a Homely Woman* (R.T.S.; 3s. net). Half the verses are 'Indoors' and half 'Out of Doors,' and it is hard to decide whether the woman's work in the home or the woman's joy in the fields is the more pleasingly described. The most moving poem in the book is the dialogue between the mother in hospital and her God, but it is too long for quotation. It is followed by this:

IN CONVALESCENCE.

Not long ago, I prayed for dying grace,
For then I thought to see Thee face to face.

And now I ask (Lord, 'tis a weakling's cry)
That Thou wilt give me grace to live, not die.

Such foolish prayers! I know. Yet pray I must.
Lord help me—help me not to see the dust!

And not to nag, nor fret because the blind
Hangs crooked, and the curtain sags behind.

But, oh! The kitchen cupboards! What a sight!
'Twill take at least a month to get them right.

And that last cocoa had a smoky taste,
And all the milk has boiled away to waste!

And—no, I resolutely will not think
About the saucepans, nor about the sink.

These light afflictions are but temporal things—
To rise above them, wilt Thou lend me wings?

Then I shall smile when Jane, with towzled hair
(And lumpy gruel!), clatters up the stair.

Miriam Booth.

Miriam Booth is the editor. It is a collection of Poems of consolation made by General Bramwell Booth's accomplished daughter, who died in 1917. They are divided into three sections—Faith, Hope, Love. The title is *Joy in Sorrow* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net). As sign of the skill and motive in selection take this anonymous poem:

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each, one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbour filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed,—her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth and ample sail,
And eastward strove, with bending spars,
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed,—her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed,—her name was Love;
She showed a red flag at the mast,—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped south right fast.

The last that sailed,—her name was Faith;
Slowly she took her passage forth,
Tacked and lay to—at last she steered
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away
Over the shimmering summer sea;
I stood at watch for many a day,
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain;
Hope ran upon a hidden reef;
And Love took fire, and foundered fast
In 'whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn;
She recompensed me all my loss,
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown, linked to a Cross!

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