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but, as the sun had not begun to shine and therefore could not cease, it would be preferable to give the word its usual meaning. 'And the sun stood, or stayed (where it was, or as it was), in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to come as a perfect (or faultless, or normal) day.' We have already seen how impossible is the A.V. rendering.

The whole Biblical narrative thus supports a rendering which converts the incident from an unacceptable legend to a very natural and probable story.

Entre Nous.

NEW POETRY.

George Mallam.

In *A Cycle of Sonnets, and Other Verse* (Blackwell; 2s. net), by Mr. George Mallam, the 'other verse' is good, but the sonnets are better. Of the twenty sonnets in the cycle let us quote the last:

PROOF.

Where all is flux of what can we be sure?
We cannot know, save by experiment,
Which oft experienced, to that fact is lent
The Seal of Truth for ever to endure.
Love given or withheld—oh, this we know
As surely true as science-boasted truth.
No sense confirms it; but the bitter ruth
Or radiant joy can never but be so.
That which the spirit takes in faith, it proves
By long experiment is ill or good;
And on the eternal values we must stake
Our character, which grows to what it loves.
Thus proving, in the providence of God,
What Love and Truth by His goodwill can make.

David McEwen Osborne.

In *The Happy Hills, and Other Poems* (Bryce), Mr. David McEwen Osborne shows himself an easy versifier and something more. He takes his task lightly, but once or twice shows that he can finish a poem perfectly. This is perhaps not the most favourable but a fair example of his manner:

ANY CANTANKEROUS SCOT.

'Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediment.'
Oh, let me to the marriage of true minds
Declare impediment, and concord spurn;
For love and all the soft delights she finds
Are nought beside high words and ears that burn.
Oh, let me rather, lord of challenge hurled,
While other men like Rizzio touch the lute
Within the arras'd chambers of the world,
Engender and perpetuate dispute;
Expire the breath of life in wordy wars;
Seek Truth and slay and flay her and disjoint;
And 'neath the silent and ironic stars,
Argue the point, and subdivide the point,
And on each subdivision argue still,
Confounding black with white and good with ill.

J. C. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart's *Various Quills* (Stockwell; 4s. net) is a volume of 'Verses and Translations.' And both the verses and the translations are scholarly as well as poetical. Of the verses take this:

BENE VIXIT QUI BENE LATUIT.

I will lead a new life, and quiet shall be Lord of it,
The rare life for living, the sober life to see,
Every gaudy, garish thing of earth shall be abhorred of it,
The wreaths and the roaring, the prize and the fee.

I will be an eremite, but cloistered in some city's heart,
In it but not of it, near yet far away:
Spurning all its corporate joy, but keeping ever Pity's heart,
The soft heart for sorrow, and tears for every day.

Never in the daylight will I walk abroad to see
The world how it fareth, the times how they go:
But haply in the evening there'll be something rather odd to see
In lonely streets and alleys where phantom shadows grow.

Ghosts of dead plays in the outer suburb theatres
An hour shall beguile me, with ghostly music thin:
Hecate presideth there and claims my homage —be it hers!
Well lost the world is, and all the world's din.

I will lead a new life, and quiet shall be Lord of it,
The rare life for living, the sober life to see.
Till Lethe's easeful waters shall bring the meet reward of it:
From deep peace to deeper the faring shall be.

Of the translations take:

HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Animula vagula blandula,
hospes comesque corporis,
quae nunc abibis in loca,
pallidula rigida nudula,
nec ut soles dabis iocos!

Dear little vagabond soul, would'st thou quit
The warm cheerful lodgment thou hast in this clay?
All stark and all naked would'st phantom-like flit?
Are the old jests forgotten? Ah! whither away?

IF HADRIAN HAD BEEN IRISH.

Sowl o' mine, acushla, ye wanderin' varmint,
To quit frindly lodgin's an' visit strange climes,
All chitterin' an' frozen, wid niver a garment,
An' divil a joke to recall the owld times!

Madison Cawein.

Madison Cawein was much appreciated as a poet in his own city of Louisville, Kentucky, while he lived, and he is still more appreciated now that he is dead. In his lifetime the 'Literate' of the city presented him with a magnificent 'loving cup,' and themselves with a handsome bronze bust of their poet. Since his death they have published a wonderful memorial volume, entitled *The Story of a Poet: Madison Cawein* (Louisville: Morton; $6 net). This volume gives an account of 'his intimate life as revealed by his letters and other hitherto unpublished material, including reminiscences by his closest associates; also articles from Newspapers and Magazines, and a list of his poems by Otto A. Rothert.' The volume is issued by the Filson Club of which Mr. Rothert is secretary. There are more than sixty illustrations in the volume, showing Mr. Cawein in all ages and attitudes, his home, his haunts, his hand-writing, his loving cup, his bronze bust, and even his death mask. It includes all the letters recoverable that he ever wrote, estimates of his poetry in periodicals, appreciations of his friends, and even the names of those—a long list—who were invited to send tributes but did not do so. What more could his own townspeople do? One thing more. He is bitter about it. In letter after letter he makes complaint and without the smallest reserve. They could have bought his books.

'I am in great trouble. Reverses, financial, have come upon me that make it necessary for me to seek employment—something otherwise than poetry to do. No one but Mr. Noyes can make a living from the writing of poetry. I have tried to, but the cost of living is too high. I must find something else to do. Newspaper work I am not fitted for; I know nothing at all about it. I can write poetry—God, what a commentary on inability that is! Could there be anything worse in the eyes of the world! If I had devoted myself to medicine or to the law for the thirty years I have devoted myself to poetry, I would not be writing you thus, but be comfortably fixed in the goods of the world.'

That letter immediately precedes the one in which he thanks the Committee for his bust.

But about his poetry. Not much of it is quoted in this volume. One of the most highly thought of is entitled

THE MORNING ROAD.

The Morning drew a shawl
Of rosy lace around her,
And by the wood's high wall
Stood smiling, bright and tall,
When I, who heard her call,
Went forth and found her.

Upon the sun-kissed hill,
  And in the vale below,
She laid a daffodil,
Golden and chaste and still,
And on the water-mill
  A rose of snow.

She said: 'At last you've come,
  And left the world's carouse,
The palace and the slum;
No more shall soul be dumb;
I'll show you your new home,
  A pleasant house.'

She took me by the heart,
  And led a magic way,
By paths that are a part
Of Faeryland, and start
From the forgotten mart
  Of Yesterday.

And when we'd gone a mile,
  She pointed me a place
Where overhung a smile;
And on its sill and stile
A promise, without guile,
  As of a face.

And in the doorway there,
  A baby at her breast,
One stood, quite young and fair,
Peace, with the golden hair,
Peace, that knows naught of care,
  But only rest.

I knew at once 'twas she,
  For whom all mortals long,
Who with Simplicity,
And Faith, that's sweet to see,
Dwells, guarding constantly
  Her child named Song.

She bade me enter in;
  Sit by her quiet fire;
Forget the world of din,
And safe from hate and sin,
With her and Song to win
  My heart's desire.

Grace Rhys.

Miss Grace Rhys had gathered *The Children's Garland of Verse* (7s. 6d. net), and Messrs. Dent have published the book most attractively. The net has been thrown wide and has gathered of all kinds. How old is the child to be that understands Clough's

Say not, the struggle naught availeth?

How young that appreciates

Hush-a-ba, birdie, croon croon?

Between those two, vast is the range of possible poetry.

The question rises: Is it of or for children? Sometimes the poem is clearly for the child, sometimes as clearly for the parent. But sometimes it may be good for both, and that is the editor's vindication. There is William Barnes's 'Readen ov a Head-Stwone' for example:

As I wer readén ov a stwone
In Grenley churchyard, all alwone,
A little maïd ran up, wi' pride
To zee me there; an' push'd azide
A bunch o' bennets, that did hide
  A verse her father, as she zaid,
  Put up above her mother's head
    To tell how much he loved her.

The verse were short, but very good,
I stood an' learn'd en where I stood,
'Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce
To vind, like thee, a better pleäce,
Where I, oonce mwore, mid zee thy feäce;
  An' bring thy childern up, to know
    His word, that they mid come an' show
    Thy soul how much I loved thee.'

'Where's father, then,' I zaid, 'my chile?'
'Dead, too,' she answer'd wi' a smile:
'An' I an' brother Jem do bide
At Betty White's, o' tother zide
  O' road.'—'Mid He, my chile,' I cried,
  'That's father to the fatherless
  Become thy father now, an' bless,
    An' keep, an' lead, an' love thee.'

—Though she've a-lost, I thought so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart, by day or night;
An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
Do show He'll meäke his burdens light
  To weaker souls: an' that His smile
  Is sweet upon a little chile
    When thy be dead that loved it.

Claude Colleer Abbott.

Mr. Basil Blackwell of Oxford has published a volume of *Poems* by Claude Colleer Abbott, gathered from the Cambridge Magazine and other periodicals, and well worth the gathering (5s. net). The variety of metre is great, but in all forms the command is undisputed. This short, sharp expression of more than a passing mood will serve for fair example. It is called

PROGRESSION

FOR CLIFFORD BRETTELLE.

We meet, we pass,
Or pause and turn again.
A moment stay,
Then blindly journey on.

A little give
To many, more to some.
They tender us
A word, a look, a song.
We people all
Our little world with ghosts.
As we are deaf
So are they dumb, aloof.

Something we know
Of many, much of none.
The secret self
In them, in us, unwon.

G. C. Duggan.

Here is a surprise. You have never heard the name of G. C. Duggan. But he is a poet. He is a poet who rises so completely above the crowd of poets whom the War has brought us that he deserves another name. Call him poet: call them verse-makers in comparison. And of course he is an Irishman.

The Watchers on Gallipoli he calls his book (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; 2s. 6d.). For it is one poem in separate cantos, each canto in its own versification. Two short pieces only are added at the end.

We quote one canto, the xiiith, not as most musical, but as most detachable:

Just a few days of dreaming,
Of all I might have been
In the short life God gave me,
That wakening between
The sleep before and after:
I have loved life, yet is
A greater love—to yield its
Joy, to forego its kiss.

I heard the great adventure
Afoot: I lightly came
Half for the joy of doing
And half for burning shame
To hear a maiden country
Wail in a summer night:
Yet now I know God called me
For service in His sight.

Through the long winter dimly
I groped to learn why men
Writhed in a barren anguish,
Choked in a Flanders fen,
Till when the spring made life sweet
For such as I am, stole
As knowledge of the purpose.
It flooded through my soul.

To give my life for others,
For children yet unborn,
For comrades who would save me,
To know it is no scorn
To serve, to hold one purpose—
Losing the world, to find
My own soul—this shone out where
Before the dark lay blind.

Therefore I go to succour.
And what if they and I
Fail? We will hear the bugles
Of victory peal high,
Sending beyond the shadows
A music that makes sweet
The pain of self-surrender
And conquest of defeat.

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.