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Entre Nous.

Agnes Smith Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis, the eminent scholar and discoverer of the great Syriac Manuscript of the Gospels, is also a poet. Her poems she has gathered into a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, under the title of *Margaret Atheling, and Other Poems* (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net).

There are three poems of some length. 'Margaret Atheling' is the longest. The other two are 'A Legend of Madagascar' and 'The Daughter of Tutmosis.' The rest are short poems with great variety of topic and of style. Many of these are New Year and Christmas Greetings, for Mrs. Lewis has for years honoured her friends with dainty Christmas or New Year cards. One poem is in Scots, and that is the poem we shall quote. It is a pleasure to find somebody who is able to rise above the prejudice created against the Carlyles by the worst of all biographers. The poem was written in 1911.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

(A Legend of Haddington.)

It was a' for a curlie wurlie
That Tammas he lost his hairt;
And oh! but his brain was swirlie
Lest Jeanie and he should pairt.

For the head that had grown the curlie
Was carried sae prood an' high;
As sprung frae the dauntless Wallace,
Strong hero of days gone by.

An' Tammas was only a writer,
That nae great folk cared to ken;
An' Jeanie thocht they wad slight her,
Though her lad was a king o' men.

O lassies! be wise, an' min' ye
To marry wi' men o' worth;
For a blessin' they're sure to fin' ye
Abune and ayont this earth.

An' there's nane that can shove his brither
Frae the shade o' a laurel bough;
Sae a garland too green to wither
Tam set on his Jeanie's brow.

Stephen Phillips.

Mr. John Lane has published an edition of Stephen Phillips's poem *Christ in Hades*, with an introduction by C. Lewis Hind and illustrations by Stella Langdale (3s. 6d. net). Here are three things—the poem, the introduction, the illustrations—and it is saying little to say that each of them is worth the price of the book. Let us linger a little on the introduction.

Mr. Hind has been art critic, literature critic, and editor. He nearly edited *The Studio*, he did edit *The Pall Mall Budget* and *The Academy*. In all this work he came into touch with innumerable men of ability and not a few of renown; and here he speaks of them freely and delightfully. He speaks delightfully even of his publisher, Mr. John Lane. 'Authors seldom say anything nice about publishers, yet publishers are continually saying extraordinarily nice things about authors in advertisements. So why should not I return the compliment (we will not call it praise) and say some nice things about John Lane of the Bodley Head? Frankly, where would many of the writer and artist flowers just budding in the nineties have been without the fertilization of the Bodley Head? It was the new publishing, as *The Studio* was the new method of conducting art magazines, and *The Daily Mail* the new journalism.'

But he is introducing Stephen Phillips and *Christ in Hades*. The first reference is on page 28: 'It must have been about this time, in the same hospitable house where I first met Beardsley, where one also met George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and many other notabilities, that I asked the name of a young man—thoughtful, reticent, attentive, but unbending. So he appeared to me, in mind as in body. His firm, well-knit figure looked as unyielding as a Roman statue, and Roman-like were his features. He might have stepped off an enlarged coin. I asked his name, and was told that he was a poet, who had been an actor—Stephen Phillips. All poets gravitated to the Meynell household. I asked to be presented to him, for already his sad and beautiful "Apparition" was running in our heads, and in our hearts:

"She pushed the hair from off my brow,
And looked into my eyes.
'I live in calm,' she said, 'and there
Am learning to be wise.'"

And that lyric, who could forget it? beginning:

"O thou art put to many uses sweet!
Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in Spring;
But yet! . . ."

Of the poem itself he has things to say, but nothing better than this said by Lionel Johnson: 'The poem has the Sophoclean simplicity so full of subtle suggestion and the Lucretian solemnity so full of sudden loveliness; and the result is Virgilian.'

Max Plowman.

'Two subjects only are worthy of a poet's regard, Religion and Sex.' So says Mr. Plowman, and so he practises. What is it but the two commandments on which hang all the Law and the Prophets? In *A Lap Full of Seed* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) there is poetry indeed. But we must be content to quote one sonnet.

ATONEMENT.

'Two yet but one.'

Beyond all thought, whose swift or tangled ways
Are paths around the doorway of your heart:
Beyond the touch of sense, whose heavenly maze
Leads where the everlasting gateways part,
I stand and meet your spirit face to face
Wrapped in that white still flame of living fire
Which is the crown and summit of all desire,
Being love set free from bonds of time and space.
Here is my wholeness: here my wherefore born:
Here love and life and death no more contend:
Here faith's poor shivering garment drops outworn,
And old contentious reason makes an end.
I die, you live. You die, I live in you,
And love and death and life make all things new.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

Mr. Graves has called his book of poems *A Celtic Psaltery* (S.P.C.K.; 6s. net) because 'it mainly consists of close and free translations from Irish, Scotch Gaelic, and Welsh Poetry of a religious or serious character.' Now Mr. Graves is both a poet and a translator. He has not written poems merely, nor merely translated poems; he has made his translations poems, and his poems translations.

Three living poets are represented in the Welsh section—Elvet Lewis, by his stirring and touching 'High Tide'; Eifion Wyn, upon whom the mantle of Ceiriog has fallen, by two exquisitely simple and pathetic poems, 'Ora pro Nobis' and 'A Flower-Sunday Lullaby'; and William John Gruffydd, the bright hope of 'Y. Beirdd Newydd' ('The New Poets'), by his poignant ballad of 'The Old Bachelor of Ty'n y Mynydd.'

Let us give one of these as an example, and let it be

'ORA PRO NOBIS.'

A sudden shower lashes
The darkening pane;
The voice of the tempest
Is lifted again.
The centuried oaks
To their very roots rock;
And crying for shelter
Course cattle and flock.
Our Father, forget not
The nestless bird now;
The snow is so near,
And so bare is the bough!

A great flood is flashing
Athwart the wide lee;
Like a storm-struck encampment,
The clouds rend and flee;
At the scourge of the storm
My cot quakes with affright;
Far better the hearth
Than the pavement to-night!
Our Father, forget not
The homeless outcast;
So thin is his raiment,
So bitter Thy blast!

The foam-flakes are whirling
  Below on the strand,
As white as the pages
  I turn with my hand;
And the curlew afar,
  From his storm-troubled lair,
Laments with the cry
  Of a soul in despair.
Our Father, forget not
  Our mariners' state;
Their ships are so slender,
  Thy seas are so great.

L. A. Hurst Shorter.

No poet writing now seems able to forget the war. Mr. Shorter has some fine poems of love and friendship, but the noise of battle is heard in every one of them. Many of the poems are of war entirely. They have a steady excellence of workmanship. We shall quote the poem on

DAWN.

The rosy dawn steps slowly from the East,
White-footed o'er the dewy meadowlands,
And gently casts her radiance o'er the world,
Her fairy-fingers lighting up the earth
With a mild glory, raising everything
To heaven-sent perfection in our eyes.
This is the dawn of day; but soon will come
Another dawn, greater, more blest than all
That went before: the dawn of Peace! See how
The darkness thins, the first grey streaks are there,
The stricken world is waiting, hush'd and still,
For that great flood of hard-won hallow'd light.

The title of the book is *The Forest Child* (Humphreys; 3s. 6d. net).

Moireen Fox.

Miss Fox has freely used the ancient Irish tale of *Liadain and Curithir* (Blackwell; 2s. net) and made passionate love poetry out of it, every stanza with an ancient flavour and a modern insistence. Take these two stanzas together:

All day I sought for hidden paths in vain;
I was as one o'ertaken by sudden dark,
Who stumbles bewildered and lost, in familiar ways.
To-night, ere I drew near, the Threshold flamed
And a river of sweetness flowed from the Heart of God—
O piercing Love, I have no life but Thee!

O grave, pure face, remote and strange thou art,
Unwavering eyes that gaze on wars unknown,
O beautiful stern mouth and resolute,
How far from thee my weakness, and my will
That wavers like a torch blown by night winds!
Thou Warrior of God's Hosts, flame-helmed, erect,
Pausing one moment thus to look on me,
Thy beauty like a sword pierces my soul.
O terrible Loveliness, would that the Fire thou art
Could burn this mortal dross away from me!

A. B. Harley.

Mr. A. B. Harley has found a welcome for his new volume of recitations, called *Story Recitals in Poem and Prose* (Oliver & Boyd; 3s. net). With unconcealed satisfaction he prepares a new edition, making it an improvement on the first by omitting some of the older pieces in favour of some new. Now more than before the new greatly overbalance the old—which is the secret (along with the clever selection) of the book's success. Mr. Harley has failed to discover the author of a good many of his quotations—which shows that he has read widely. This one is anonymous.

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticised her puddings and he criticised her cakes,
He wished she'd make some biscuits as his mother used to make.
She didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make the stew,
Nor even darn his stockings as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always though she only had the one;
His mother always was well dressed, his wife should be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well, she was not perfect, though she tried
to do her best,
Until at length she thought her turn had come
to have a rest.
So when one day he went the same old rigma-
role all through,
She turned and boxed his ears as his mother
used to do. ANON.

Robert Calverley Trevelyan.

Mr. Trevelyan has translated the famous passage in *Lucretius on Death* (Book iii. lines 830–1094) and has published his translation in a fine quarto (London: Omega Workshops, 33 Fitzroy Square, W.). Here are the last twelve lines:

What fortune future time may bring, we know not,
Nor what chance has in store for us, nor yet
What end awaits us. By prolonging life
No least jot may we take from death's duration;
Nought may we steal away therefrom, that so
Haply a less long while we may be dead.
Therefore as many ages as you please
Add to your life's account, yet none the less
Will that eternal death be waiting for you.
And not less long will that man be no more,
Who from to-day has ceased to live, than he
Who has died many months and years ago.

H. C. Cradock.

The Song of the Burden of Mary (Scott; 1s. net) is a long poem in many cantos commemorating the birth of our Lord. Mary herself sings throughout—first of the Burden that she had to carry and no place to lay it down:

Lord, oh! where can I lay me down,
Sore and heavy and dree?
There is no room in the whole wide town,
No room in the hostelrie.

and then of the joy that *this* Man-child is born into the world:

Joy! I have laid my Burden down,
And the whole wide world exults with me;
My Babe is its Maker, Redeemer and King,
And He is my Son to eternity.

Lucie Henley-White.

We shall quote two complete poems from '*Twixt Dusk and Dawn* (Stock).

THE UNDER-WORLD.

Dread visions rise of one dead, ivoried child,
Unwanted and unnamed, and round him danced
Children that might have been of happy mien,
Sweet, innocent, in that dark, eerie place.

THE CHANT OF WOMEN.

We have cast great nets in waters deep,
And the meshes are silver'd with sorrow's great
tears;
We have dragged our nets though heavy and wet,
To far fishing grounds on Endeavour's high tide.

Those two are fairly representative of the poems in the book, though they are among the shortest.

Arthur Shearly Cripps.

Lake Victoria Nyanza has its chaplain and its poet. Many of the poems in *Lake and War* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) are patriotic, and their country is Africa; or if Africa is too large to be anyone's 'country,' then just the Lake itself. But the war has come to the Lake; and from the Lake men have gone to Mesopotamia and Flanders. So Mr. Cripps sings of the war and of the Lake together.

This is one of the songs:

ON A DOCTOR.

[J. RITCHIE BROWN, M.D., late of Mashonaland, mortally wounded in Flanders.]

Ah! If 'twas given him thus to crown his days
At his white blameless task in war's red flame,
Be it remember'd by what steps he came
To such apotheosis! Be the praise
Of how he salv'd and heal'd dark simple flesh
Yet unforgotten! Keep the memory fresh
Of how o' days or nights he rode so bold
By moor and ford for mercies manifold!
If we may never to that sky-line rise
Wherefrom he pass'd in flame of sacrifice,
Pray we to plod at lower levels dim
In patient courage, as rememb'ring him!

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