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into handy form instead of cumbersome leathern rolls, they could hardly fail to see that the death of Joseph ended a great period. That left no option but to divide the rest of the Law into three parts, rather than four. Samuel, Kings, Chronicles naturally fell into two volumes each. Thus the conventional length of a Jewish book of history, written in Greek, would have certain precedents.

If we compare the practice of Josephus, we find that the length of his autobiography is just the average of the seven books of his *Wars* and the twenty of his *Antiquities*, 25,000 English words.

Here then we have a series of standard translations, and some nearly contemporary original Jewish work, indicating a certain general conventional length. This proves to be almost exactly the length of Luke, Acts, Matthew.

Supposing that the Second Gospel was at first approximately of this length, what could it go on to include, and what would be its climax?

Luke based his Gospel on Mark; how if he based the earlier part of his second volume on the same? He expanded 42 pages (WH. pocket edition) into 70; that is in the ratio 3:5. Therefore if the original were about 70 of those pages, the lost 28 pages would be expanded by Luke to about 45. This brings us to about chapter 17. Now the last mention of John Mark in the Acts is at chapter 15.

It is conceivable that John Mark wrote, not merely a biography of Jesus, but an account of the early mission days, covering the work in Judea, Samaria, Phœnicia, Cyprus, and coming to a head with the formal acknowledgment at Jerusalem that Gentiles were not liable to the Jewish Law. It is possible that the opportunity for such work arose on his return to Jerusalem after his first visit to Cyprus; and that the occasion was a demand from such Churches as Cæsarea, Paphos, Antioch, for a summary of facts to date, by someone in a position to write with authority.

W. T. WHITLEY.

Droitwich.

Entre Nous.

PROSE.

James Hope Moulton.

There have been reprinted from 'The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library' three papers which together form a memorial, fitting though not full, of Dr. J. H. Moulton. One paper is a Biographical Sketch by his brother, the Rev. W. Fiddian Moulton, M.A.; one is a Record of his Work, with an estimate of its significance, by Professor A. S. Peake, D.D.; and one is a Letter to Mr. W. Fiddian Moulton from Dr. Rendel Harris.

Now a piece of most agreeable news. The second volume of Dr. Moulton's *Grammar of New Testament Greek* will be issued speedily. He had completed it before sailing for India.

H. M. Gwatkin.

The Cambridge Press informs us that the third volume of the *Cambridge Medieval History* is well on the way. Dr. Gwatkin's death threw it back somewhat. But we may look for it in the near future. No finer work than the *Medieval History* has ever issued even from the Cambridge Press.

The author of a small book of children's sermons entitled *Not only Men* assures us that the story in 'A New Year's Chat,' said not to be new, *is* new, and his own invention.

POETRY.

Richard Rowley.

Yet another Irish poet! Unmistakably Irish Mr. Rowley is, and unmistakably a poet. *The City of Refuge* (Maunsell; 3s. 6d. net)—a beautiful volume—has not an unpoetical line in it, not an unpoetical image or epithet. And sometimes the simplicity is a great charm. Let us quote

BEAUTY.

No need to search afar,
To wander wide,
Seeking some ultimate star;
Close at your side
E'en where the many are,
She doth abide.

And in the busy street,
Lo! she is there,
On swift invisible feet,
Tho' men be unaware.
A spring-breath flitting by
Murmurs her name;
A sudden gleam in the sky
Writes it in flame.
Or, in the crowd, a face
Goes smiling-bright,
Hers is its luminous grace,
Its inner light.
Seek not some faery land,
Or dreamed-of star;
She dwells not far,
But very close at hand.
Daily you breathe her breath,
Her feet your ways have trod,
Yea! near as Life and Death,
As near as God!

Charles Murray.

The lovers of Charles Murray's *Hamewith* will rejoice to hear of an illustrated edition, an edition cleverly, worthily illustrated by A. S. Boyd (Constable; 6s. net). If there are those who do not know, let it be said to them that Charles Murray, although for so long a South African, is a most irreproachable writer of the Scots tongue as well as a poet. The poetry is sometimes sentimental and sometimes humorous. We may quote

'My Lord.'

Nakit tho' we're born an' equal,
Lucky anes are made Police;
An' if civil life's the sequel,
Honours but wi' age increase,
Till a Bailie, syne selected
Ruler ower the Council Board,
An' tho' never re-elected,
'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."'

Credit's got by advertisin'
Ye hae siller still to lend;
Get the word o' early risin',
Ye can sleep a week on end.
Gie a man a name for fightin'—
Never need he wear a sword;
Men will flee afore his flytin'—
'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."'

But for mischief name a body,
He can never win aboon't;
Folk wad swear he chate the wuddy
In the lint-pot gin he droon't:
For unless ye start wi' thrivin',
A' your virtues are ignored,
Vain a' future toil an' strivin'—
'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."'

A. E. Manning Foster.

Mr. A. E. Manning Foster has gathered together the best, and especially the most encouraging, things that have been written on Death, and so he has produced an anthology and called it *Blessed are the Dead* (Cope & Fenwick; 3s. net). There is no theology in the book, or any determination of the future state. The compiler's one desire has been to take the terror from the grave. We shall quote an anonymous poem on

Dying.

Passing out of the shadow
Into a purer light;
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight;

Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil;

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep;

Passing out of the shadow
Into eternal day.
Why do we call it dying,
This sweet going away?

Willoughby Weaving.

The promise of Mr. Weaving's first volume, *The Star Fields*, is fulfilled in *The Bubble* (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). Most of all is it fulfilled in metre. The ear is become even more sensitive to 'the melody of sweet sounds.' There is also a stronger grasp of life. Its demands are recognized as severer and more purposeful, yet with no thought (or only to be dismissed) of surrender.

Love is the beginning as before, and the end is Love. But now it is not Love as matter for song; it is Love as a dominant, even a domineering, influence in life. There is little of Nature in the pagan worshipful way. Once, however, the cruelty and the pain in Nature are felt, and the problem is left unresolved. We shall quote that poem. It is called

WOODCRAFT.

The fear of the forest, the terror of beautiful wild places,
The unslumbering horror, the readiness, the alert
Strange quiet—the fierce use of Nature baffleth Love's reason
And leaveth Love's hope desperately hurt.

All this beauty that is and tenderness that seemeth
Still warmeth my heart above, but wasting below
With chilliest touch is the hunted wariness of the creatures
For the suddenness of the swift and the cold cunning of the slow.

What meaneth all this pitiless preying and agony of living?
This exquisitely contrived cruel tyranny of the strong
And cunning?—this ingenuity of pain and prodigality of torment?
What part had Love in the ordering, O my song?

In the crippled and cramped among men, the sorrow and the tribulation,
Not Love's mistake, but man's marring I well perceive;
But there, amid the wild creatures, of Love's ultimate veiled purpose
Such merciless cold means how can I believe?

Oxford Poetry, 1914–1916.

The three volumes of *Oxford Poetry*, 1914–1916, are now gathered into one cloth-bound volume (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net). The volumes for 1915 and 1916 have already been reviewed. The volume for 1914 deserves to be noticed now, though it is certainly the least attractive of the three. That is to say, there is a distinct advance from year to year, and the advance is in responsibility. The war has deepened thought if it has deadened feeling. And yet this poem by Mr. Godfrey Elton of Balliol is from the 1914 volume.

THE NEW PROPHET.

Why should I write until the west grows dim
Soft verses running silkily like this?
I will be harsh and quick, remembering him
Who cried his warnings in the wilderness.

Hope is not caught upon a silver chord,
Nor love imprisoned in a rose's scent,
And shall I be the herald of the Lord
In low, monotonous threnodies of Lent?

The old days are ending. May their ending be
Some dreamlike vespers heavy with regret,
And I will shake them from me, and hold in fee
The stranger lands whereto my feet are set.

Oxford Poetry, 1917.

We have just said that the poetry written by Oxford men and women is steadily strengthening. The last in the volume of *Oxford Poetry, 1917* (Blackwell; 1s.), is by Mr. Leo Ward of Christ Church. It is called

THE LAST COMMUNION.

There is a time wherein eternity
Takes rest upon the world: King Charity
Bow'd to our fallen state: the God of Grace
Made visible upon a human face:—
When the deep harmony, the eternal Word,
The unfallen Wisdom (only love has heard!)
Touches the troubled body, bruised and hard
With the long fight, yet now set heavenward:—
When the deep argument of souls must cease,
Dying—to meet the victory of peace!

Earlier there is a poem, boldly called 'Humility,' which gives voice to the new demands made on the Church for a Christianity that will take in the happy warrior. The author is Mr. Gerald H. Crow of Hertford College.

HUMILITY.

Take counsel, O my friend, of your heart's pride,
And choose the proud thing alway. Never heed
The 'wretched, rash, intruding fools' of the world,

Nor take the half-truths that life brings old men
For wisdom: nor the naked indecencies
That purity-mongers have shamed children with
For goodness: nor the silly hypocrisies
Of mean men for humility. But say,
'God is my Father. Christ was young, and died
To comfort me. The towering archangels
With all their blue and gold and steely mail
Are my strong helpers and mine elder brothers.
The sweet white virgins gone to martyrdom
Calm-eyed and singing are my sisters.' Yea,
Because of all these things keep your heart
proud.
Be proud enough to serve the poor, too proud
To attend the rich: enough to love, not hate,
And give, not sell. Remember gentleness
Is the heart's pride of understanding, truth
Her greatness that will not be afraid for wrath
Nor flatter favour. This remember also,
The pure in heart shall walk like fierce white
flames
Questing across the world in goodlier hope
And knightlier courtesy than they of the Graal,
For these are they in the end that shall see God.

G. O. Warren.

Here the war is never out of hearing and rarely free from horror. The poems in *Trackless Regions* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) are strong and sometimes terrible; but they are poems. Of the poet's power there is never a doubt. What shall we quote? We shall quote the last poem of all—

SACRIFICE.

How long, O God, wilt Thou Thy secret keep
From us who, groping up the cruel steep
Of darkened bitter years,
Still cry to Thee for light before we sleep?

Is it a war Thou wagest with some foe
Beyond the power of mortal mind to know,
And in Thy lonelier night
Art Thou too toiling, as we toil below?

I dream that in Thy hidden battle-world
Hang solemn bannered gleams of Hope unfurled—
And, slaying Death and Sin,
Men's souls like quivering piteous spears are hurled.

If dreams be true, then may Thy Will be done
In me, who, of that endless army one,
Now give one life the more;
Use it, O Lord, before my course be run.

Take up my loving will, yea, lift this blade
Of trembling steel which in Thy forge was made,
Fling it on Sin and Death:—
Though broken, lost, I shall not be afraid.

Marion Pryce.

For once the war is not within hearing. The poems in the book, entitled *Linnets in the Slums* (Blackwell; 2s. net), are simple, natural, homelike. There is a clever description of a street in autumn, with

the rattle and spurt and boom
Of traffic, and the merry dance of the leaves,
The delicate whirling dance of the withered
leaves,
The dance of the withered leaves in the open
spaces,
Wind impelled, around, around, around.

There is the song of the heaven above, where

I too would go;
The long cool aisles to singing soft and slow,
And in the shadows hide;

and the heaven below,

Of lawn and leaves and golden sun that pours
Her light on these.

And there is this:

MY FRIEND.

My friend,
What mystery
Divides yourself from me?
For I have found it true
That if I laughing send
A pointed dart at you,
Surely it is myself
It wounds, and unto me
The cruel javelin flies,
And it is *my* joy dies.
And even while your hand
Draws forth the poisoned wand,
Your hurtful tenderness
Upon the place does press,

And to your troubled eyes,
Where all the questions grow,
My wounded heart replies
That *you* have hurt me so.

M. C. Strachey.

The Hon. Mrs. M. C. Strachey's book entitled *Sketches in Verse* (Blackwell; 3s. net) attracts attention at once by the beauty of its binding and the excellence of its illustrations. For the most part the poems in it are descriptive; for, as Mr. Frederic Harrison informs us, the author has been a traveller and observant. Seeing much, she has taken time to see well. And she has creative imagination enough to make us see what she sees herself. It is not one of the descriptive poems, however, that we are about to quote. It is a translation of the Emperor Hadrian's Address to his Soul. Says Mr. Harrison: 'The translation of Hadrian's address to his soul is, I suppose, out of the 157 translations extant, one of the very few which strictly adheres to the *ipsissima verba* of the imperial Gallio.'

'Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.'

Sweet wayward soul, playful and gay,
Comrade and guest of this poor clay,
Ah! where will now be thine abode?
All pallid, naked, cold, alone;
Thy wonted, happy jestings gone.

Henry L. Webb.

Mr. Webb has taken the story of Gilgamesh, as it is told in the Chaldæan 'Epic of the Twelve Tablets,' and he has made of it a poem, a poem of man's restless wanderings and unfulfilled longings. He calls the book *The Everlasting Quest* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). He is, of course, unhindered by scientific considerations. Boldly, but of right, he identifies Gilgamesh with Nimrod and Nimrod with Orion. And thus he binds the whole wide world with chains about the feet of God.

The interest of the poem is centred in the love of the goddess Ishtar for Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh will have none of it. For the love of the gods was cold to the passion of the human heart. Listen to Gilgamesh singing:

Lovely and cold is night:
Cold, lovely, and might
Of the Builders who spanned from the mountains a cavern of sky:
Who then is the warm, the true,
The soul of the earth, ever new?
The Gods gave cunning, indeed, of the ear and the eye,
The Gods made lust, and fashioned it blind:
But man and his mate made Love and the flower of Mind.

Fair the Immortals, but cold!
Mortality knows how cold
Are the ways that they follow—aye, even the lamps of their home.
Intolerably serene
They move, but are never seen:
Only some echo, falling from their dome,
Warns us to seek each other's breast,
Love true, live hard: soon comes eternal rest.

Yet sometimes they will try
With phantoms of the sky
And calling waters to deceive the heart,
Mocking our ecstasies,
Our little loves, our sighs,
To promise a wilder sweet, a keener smart—
Hells, builded of breath on a glass,
And rainbow heavens—but they like bubbles pass.

We strive, but strive alone;
And when our sun is gone,
No plummet falls to our untroubled deep:
Yet blindly, ere the end,
We cherish and defend
The round-eyed Morrow in its cradle-sleep;
From dawn to dawn its beauty grows:
Love true; live hard: there are no laws but those.

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