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:

https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology

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

sponding to the remaining years of the generation whose education was completed before the R.V. appeared. May I venture to suggest, and illustrate, precisely the opposite tendency?

I was eight years old when the Revised N.T. appeared, and twelve when the O.T. followed it. I was at once introduced to the R.V. at home. At school and at Cambridge I was brought up almost entirely on it. To me when I was ordained the R.V. was the familiar version. For some years after my ordination I persisted in my preference for the R.V., but with gradually weakening strength. I don't mind saying now that I wholly prefer the A.V.

So far as the O.T. goes I think there can be no doubt that the R.V. is better. But the importance of the N.T. is paramount: and there I think on balance the A.V. has the advantage. Partly it is a matter of translation. For example, the Revisers' treatment of Aorists, Perfects, and Imperfects is sometimes a real improvement. But more often it is a mere schoolmasterly trick (to find out whether a boy has construed his lesson or not) and weakens the translation. And the rule of 'a word for a word,'—again schoolmasterly rather than scholarly — has impoverished the English without improving the Greek. But mainly, I think, it is a question of Text.

On the Revisers' Committee were two world-famous scholars who had devoted their lives to Textual Criticism, Dr. Scrivener and Dr. Hort. Dr. Hort won the day; and so doing I fear he lost all the ages to come. The slavery to two famous manuscripts, one recently discovered under romantic circumstances, the other specially interesting from the jealous care with which it was guarded, is not the strength but the weakness of the R.V. In the end it will be its undoing.

Of course the discussion of isolated readings will often show the R.V. right and the A.V. wrong. But the whole principle of the R.V. in virtually accepting Dr. Hort's unhistorical theory of the 'Syrian' revision was mistaken. So too are many of the rules of evidence on which it is based. '*Proclivi scriptione praestat ardua*' may sometimes help us to determine a knotty question; but to make it the general rule of excellence is like living on mustard, salt, pepper, and rejecting sugar and fruit and cream. To give him his due, Dr. Hort had the full courage of his convictions; and not only preferred the 'difficult' to the 'easy,' but also (logically and consistently) the 'impossible' to the 'difficult.'

And has not the critical treatment of the Synoptic question undermined (or effectively spiked) another canon of criticism? Where two Gospels were found to agree in some MSS. and differ in others, we were taught to prefer the reading that gave a difference, and to accuse some unknown scribe of wilful or accidental assimilation. But if, as we now believe, the Gospels had a common origin (whether written or oral) the probability is reversed. *Caeteris paribus* we should prefer the identical reading as original, and regard the variant as a mistake.

The Doxology to the Lord's Prayer in Mt 6^{14} was omitted by the Revisers on what then seemed overwhelming evidence. But since the R.V. appeared we have the *Didache*, certainly older than ℵB and perhaps older than the Greek of St. Matthew, and the *Didache* restores the Doxology. I hardly dare even to refer to the mutilated prayer given by the R.V. at Lk 11^{2-4}.

Yet even in the case of the Lord's Prayer our indebtedness to the R.V. is real and lasting. The doctrine of a personal devil ('Deliver us from the Evil One') is too important to be obscured.

You say that 'they who use the A.V. in youth will cleave to it in manhood.' There must be many now, like myself, in middle life, who have been brought up on the R.V. I value and respect the R.V. still. But I am a convert to the use of the A.V. The R.V. is the long-standing acquaintance. But the A.V. has become the dearer friend.

D. R. FOTHERINGHAM.

Charing Vicarage.

Entre Nous.

The Modern Mother.

Lady Glenconner has wonderful children, and Lady Glenconner's children have a wonderful mother. Before the age of nine one of the children wrote this poem—it is given in facsimile in *The Sayings of the Children* (Blackwell; 6s. net), the spelling and the penmanship suggesting six as the probable age:

I know a face, a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.

A face that is itself like Joy,
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy,
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my MOTHER.

The children are numbered, not named. This is how Lady Glenconner trained them. The particular child was 'Four,' of whom a perfectly bewitching photograph is given on the page opposite that on which this story begins:

One day he made his Mother very sad by killing one of his gold-fish. He made no secret of it, he deliberately fished it out, and laid it on the boards beside the bowl that had contained it. Then he carefully set one blue rosetted shoe upon it, and stamped. He was four years old at the time, and his Mother knows that the act had less of cruelty in it than interest. It was in the nature of an experiment, an excursion into the realm of power. None the less it was an event that overwhelmed his Mother. She knew not how to meet it, whether to punish or explain, nor in which way to do either. That her concern was felt by him was certain, for he crimsoned when he saw her distress. This showed he was not callous. He heard her murmur to herself, 'What ought I to do? What can I do? I don't think a whipping would be the right thing.' He listened with interest, and then said with feeling: 'A good thing if I was shut up in a dark room without my dinner or tea.'

'Would you be willing to bear that?'

'Yes.'

She had been right in feeling that whipping would be of less than no use for a child of his character. It would have hardened, and not enlightened, him; for when she mentioned it, murmuring to herself in her first perplexity of distress, he had looked defiance. 'I'll tell everyone in the house, I killed the fish—I'll tell everyone in the world, I killed the fish.' Yet his Mother could not decide if it were right to let him formulate his own punishment. Some visitors arrived at this moment so that she had to defer the matter. 'You must go out now, Four,' she said, 'and I must think the matter over, before I can say what I shall ask you to bear for having killed the fish. You have told me you will suffer something?'

'Yes,' he said, and turning a brigand's glance upon the visitors, he left the room.

It was the custom of the children's Father to sit by them at bedtime, and tell them stories, so on this evening the Mother told him what had happened and suggested his telling the story of St. Francis of Assisi, and the manner of his taming the birds and fishes by his gentleness. Four listened with pondering eye. 'Was he a real man?'

Late that night Four's Mother heard him stir in his sleep.

'Are you sorry?'

'Yes.'

'Did you know it would die if you took it out of the water?'

'Yes.'

'Did you want it to die?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'I only wanted one.'

'But you could have given one away. If it were alive again would you kill it?'

'Leave it alive.'

'What will you do about it?'

'Go without pudding for two or three days.'

'For two days, or three days?'

'For three days.'

'Very well.'

'I'll go without pudding or dates; but I may have a banana, mayn't I?'

'Well, what do you yourself think?'

'Not a banana.'

Next day at lunch, pudding was not asked for, and dates were not asked for, but just as they were all leaving the luncheon table, a little hand was thrust out and a banana taken. 'I'm not going to eat it *now*,' he said—and he dropped it into his pinafore. 'What did you say last night?' 'But I'm not going to eat it *now*.' His Mother stretched out her hand, but he got quickly down from his high chair and ran to the door. His Mother was not going to follow hastily. There was to be no pursuit and unseemly scuffle; the banana must be relinquished, but it would have to be of his own free will, or all that had passed would be worse than useless. After a few minutes his Mother went to the door, she saw the small square figure of four years old, half-way up the staircase, standing watching for her. His Mother said, 'Four, if you break your promise now, you break my heart.' Silently he came downstairs towards her, put the banana in her hands, and slowly walked upstairs

again. Dignity is native to his nature, and has been shown from earliest years; that is why it would have been ill-judged to coerce him. The character of punishment should always be in the nature of expiation, which is from within: and not of retaliation, which is from without. His Mother knew he was of that character that can only be taught by being led to feel, and think, morally.

'Where are you going, Four?'

They were walking slowly upstairs all this while; he being still of an age that sets both feet on each step, one after the other, in true nursery fashion. He answered her question by pointing one tiny finger to the night nursery door. When his Mother went in some time later, she found him sitting on the ground with his hands clasping his knees, thinking.

Was it Luck or was it God?

Captain Ball, V.C., several times wrote as if he felt that there was a Divine influence watching over him, protecting him when he was flying. Once in a postscript to a letter home: 'Your remark in your letter about God looking after me is quite right, for I think it is God and not only luck.' The airman poet, Paul Bewsher, has written of a similar belief in the 'Dawn Patrol':

Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone,
High in the virgin morn, so white and still,
And free from human ill:
My prayers transcend my feeble earth-bound plaints—
As though I sang among the happy Saints
With many a holy thrill—
As though the glowing sun were God's bright Throne.

My flight is done. I cross the line of foam
That breaks about a town of grey and red,
Whose streets and squares lie dead
Beneath the silent dawn—then am I proud
That England's peace to guard I am allowed—
Then bow my humble head,
In thanks to Him Who brings me safely home.

Singing and Ascending.

In the poem just quoted Bewsher speaks of 'Singing among the happy Saints, with many a holy thrill.' The impulse to sing as they ascend seems to be frequently felt by airmen. Captain Ball spoke of it, and in another poem Bewsher writes of the

. . . joy that on these flashing wings
I cleave the skies—O! let them fret—
Now know I why the skylark sings
Untrammelled in the boundless air—
For mine it is his bliss to share.

The Bloom of the Plum.

I certainly never did or will read impure things in books or newspapers. I consider familiarity with impurity rubs the bloom off the plum, which never can be restored. Minds differ, some almost enjoy to read queer things. Impurity does not seem to me to find any response in you: you can come in contact and it runs off like quicksilver—leaves no print. I don't think that is common.[1]

This Philistine.

How are you getting on? Any rare anecdotes? Or is it to be a sort of literary choke-damp? Come up here on the Thursday and read over your lecture, and I'll give you lessons in gesture, voice modulation, the art of bowing, the secret of how to speak in a happy tone when half of the people have walked out and the other half are sound asleep. At any rate, come on the Thursday, and I'll take you to a nice home, the heads of which you may judge of by the following anecdote. ——, good-natured honest soul, has a pretty house and a loving wife. Before she was married she got a letter from him—a very important one, such as you perhaps have written more than once! She turned up her text-book to see what the verse for the day was. And it was:—'The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine!' They both enjoy that story, and so does every one who knows them. So come.[2]

The Briton and the Hun.

Since the war began every one has been finding in his reading illustrations and coincidences. One of the most curious we have come upon is in Whittier. He has a poem in commemoration of

[1] *The Life of Sophia Jex-Blake*, 113.
[2] *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 121.

Elizabeth Fry (written in 1885). He compares her with Elizabeth of Hungary, or Thuringia as he prefers to say. The poem ends with this verse:

United now, the Briton and the Hun,
Each, in her own time, faithful unto death,
Live sister souls! in name and spirit one,
Thuringia's saint and our Elizabeth![1]

Progress.

There are in life two elements, one transitory and progressive, the other comparatively if not absolutely non-progressive and eternal, and the Soul of man is chiefly concerned with the second. Try to compare our inventions, our material civilization, our stores of accumulated knowledge, with those of the age of Æschylus or Aristotle or St. Francis, and the comparison is absurd. Our superiority is beyond question and beyond measure. But compare any chosen poet of our age with Æschylus, any philosopher with Aristotle, any saintly preacher with St. Francis, and the result is totally different. I do not wish to argue that we have fallen below the standard of those past ages; but it is clear that we are not definitely above them. The things of the spirit depend on will, on effort, on aspiration, on the quality of the individual soul; and not on discoveries and material advances which can be accumulated and added up.[2]

Faith and Feeling.

Mr. Gerard Gould, in *The Helping Hand*, says: 'The act of will at any given moment is omnipotent. This is the meaning of Christ's saying that a faith no bigger than a mustard-seed can move mountains. The material mountains are not moved by the faith that they will be moved: but what do the material mountains amount to, what *are* they, after all? To you, at any given moment, the sum of reality is only what you feel it to be: if you are thwarted by the material, you can transcend whatever thwarts you by *feeling* that it has no power to thwart you: if you cannot make the mountains move, you can *feel as if* they were moved: and that, to you, is the reality. If man could perpetuate, against the pressure of material conditions, that act of will (which is one with the act of faith, and one with the act of creation), the material world would cease to count, and the omnipotence of divinity would be attained.'

What is that? Is it Christian Science? Whatever it is, it is not Christianity. It is not religion of any kind. Faith is not an act of the human will; it is the opening for God's power to enter into the life, and the act is God's, not ours. Faith is a venture, but it is a venture upon God, not upon our own feelings.

What say they?

Early specialisation is a wasteful mistake. It is instruction in a hurry. All specialisation, if it is to be fruitful, requires a certain amount of real education to enable the mind to take advantage of it. Let me illustrate. When technical schools were set up in Germany the thing was done with the national thoroughness, and the youths were shot out into their specialised studies at a very early age. But it was soon found that there had not been bred in them enough general intelligence to take advantage of the special facilities; so several steps had to be retraced, and the period of general education prolonged. By the time the Germans had discovered this, however, we had become alarmed at their industrial superiority, and we had begun to imitate them and their initial mistake. We set up technical schools too. But we have had to make the same discovery and the same retreat. Let us realise that it takes a good deal of general culture to make a proper and fertile use of technical facilities, and that premature specialisation defeats its own end, like feeding infants on lobster and pickles.[3]

We all know what the weak have suffered from the strong; but who shall compute what the strong have suffered from the weak? 'The last shall be first'; but when they become first they become also the worst tyrants—impalpable, anonymous and petty.[4]

This is certain, that God is Love. How, else, could He have created the Universe?[5]

It is easier, looked at fairly, to have faith than to fear.[6]

[1] *Whittier's Poetical Works*, i. 413.
[2] Gilbert Murray in *Religio Grammatici*.
[3] Dr. P. T. Forsyth in *Problems of To-morrow*.
[4] Edward Moore in *We Moderns*.
[5] *Ibid.*
[6] A. Wilson-Carmichael in *Ponnamal*.

The love of Browning comes all in a night's time. It came to me in a sudden.[1]

Boaz and Ruth became the ancestors of Christ, not because they were geniuses, but simple, God-fearing people, who did common everyday work as well as they could.[1]

There's no hope of Scotland being cured of its drunkenness as long as even we teetotallers can tell funny stories about it.[1]

One of my rules, and perhaps the most valuable (I have tried to observe it throughout my career), was to be in Court five minutes before the Judge took his seat.[2]

Love is a better thing than mere sinlessness: it is the strong, active, positive principle of fellowship and redemption and construction: to share with the suffering and the shamed is better than to be ignorant of shame and suffering. We have to look on sin, like everything else, as a fellowship. Our own sin is, so to speak, part of the common stock.[3]

Everybody, probably, has moments of sheer physical exaltation, when by some happy mystery of health, mood and circumstance, he feels capable of conquering all difficulties, and realises with suddenness and vividness that *things are to him precisely what he chooses to regard them as being*.[4]

The future and the character of a League of Nations will vary with the attitude of the Christian commonwealth. Some development in political machinery, in the shape of a League of Nations, is bound to follow the War. Conditions of food supply alone will in all probability force upon us some measure of international co-operation. Whether that co-operation is to be inspired with a grudging spirit or a spirit of goodwill, whether the League of Nations is to be but a disguise for the old selfish diplomacy or the beginning of a new era, will depend largely on the extent to which the Churches bring the Christian spirit into international relations.[5]

[1] J. P. Struthers in *Life and Letters of John Paterson Struthers, M.A.*, 151, 195, 273.
[2] Sir Edward Clarke in *The Story of my Life.*
[3] Gerald Gould in *The Helping Hand.* [4] *Ibid.*
[5] Professor H. G. Wood in *Problems of To-morrow.*

R. C. Lehmann.

It does not do for a journal to let all its best things be published separately. We have steadily resisted the desire, and the old volumes of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES retain their value. But it would have been a loss to literature if we had had to hunt for Mr. Lehmann's poems in back numbers of *Punch*. And of course *Punch* has good things in plenty left.

How memorable the poems are! You remember the Singing Water? And the Contract between Peggy aged six and her father?

'So, Daddy, please remember this, because I
—want—you—to:—
I'll never marry any boy; I'll only marry *you*.'

And the mad rush of Duke and Soo-Ti?

Down, Duke, down! Enough, enough!
Soo-Ti's screaming; seize his scruff.
Soo-Ti's having fearful fits;
Duke is tearing us to bits.

One will trip us, one will throw us—
But, the darlings, *don't* they know us!

Then off with a clatter the long dog leapt, and,
oh, what a race he ran,
At the hurricane pace of a minute a mile, as
only a long dog can.
Into and out of the bushes he pierced like a
shooting star;
And now he thundered around us, and now he
was whirling far.
And the little dog gazed till he seemed amazed,
and then he took to it too;
With shrill notes flung from his pert pink tongue
right after his friend he flew;

And the long legs lashed and the short legs
flashed and scurried like anything,
While Duke ran round in a circle and Soo-Ti
ran in a ring.

The title of the volume is *The Vagabond* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net).

Theodore Maynard.

There is an unusual mixture of the secular and the sacred in Mr. Theodore Maynard's volume entitled *Folly, and Other Poems* (Macdonald; 5s. net). It is not that the two are undifferentiated. Being a Roman Catholic, Mr. Maynard dis-

tinguishes them sharply. But they seem to be both needed to make up his world, an earnest appreciation of Cloistered Love side by side with a wild irresponsible Drinking Song. There is no doubt of the poetic ability. The most passionate of the poems are those that tell of the joy of faith in God. Take for example

MERCY.

Now am I armoured against hell
And all its terrors;
Hate hideous and hurtful fell
As foolish errors

In that strange hour when Mercy spoke
And skies were riven:
A voice like rolling thunder broke,
'Thou art forgiven!'

What dread so deep as this dismay
Can ever shake me?
What vengeance of the Judgment Day
Can overtake me

Who touched the hidden core of fear
Death keeps no guard on;
Who trembling heard—and lived to hear—
God's awful pardon?

P. H. B. Lyon.

Lieutenant Lyon's *Songs of Youth and War* (Macdonald; 2s. 6d. net) are half of them songs of youth and half of them songs of war, and the difference is very remarkable. It is the difference between youth and manhood. It is the difference the war has made. In the 'Songs of Youth' he is ambitious:

Spirit of Liberty, my Soul inspire!
Strike with immortal fire the songs I bring,
The firstlings of my heart, each lovely thing,
Sorrow and courage, laughter and desire!

So when my bones are white upon the pyre
Still on the lips of strangers shall I sing,
While lovers in the summer lingering
Whisper the melodies of my dead lyre.

If the war had not caught him, however, the ambition might never have been realized. But read this:

DECISION.

'We need a man of steady hand and brain,
A man who does not hold his life too dear;
For failure means no chance to fail again'—
He paused:—'Is that man here?'

And one that heard threw back a weary head,
And stayed a moment lost in memories;—
A red rose pillowed on a cheek as red,—
Old, straying melodies,—

A roaring London street,—a young boy's face
Upturning, flushed with laughter;—and the chime
Of country church bells in a quiet place,
At home, at Christmas time;—

Strange, long-forgotten things. And then he heard
A voice from the next dug-out rise and fall
On a whispered song: the candle flared, and stirred
The shadows on the wall.

A soaring star-shell burst in silver light,
A shot wailed through the blackness overhead;
The Spirit of God came to him in the night—
'Here am I; send me,' he said.

Sacheverell Sitwell.

We have seen some of Sacheverell Sitwell's poetry before. It was his own. This is his own also. The title is *The People's Palace* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net). Nature is the inspirer, and the inspiration is not as Wordsworth felt it or any other. Take

THE MOON.

The white nightingale is hidden in the branches
And heavy leafage of the clouds.
She pours down her song—
Cascades threaded like pearls,
And the winds, her many-noted flutes
Flood forth their harmony—
But the Earth turns away
Swinging in its air and water-rocked cradle.

Alec Waugh.

The war has found no interpreter in Mr. Alec Waugh. He calls the book *Resentment Poems* (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d. net). For he has no patience with 'comfortable words':

Sermons about 'Life's little span,'
And 'the lasting joys of the heavenly place.'

The silence round a dying man,
The terror in his face.

Sometimes the reality as he sees it is flashed out in words that are scarcely quotable, unrelieved bitterness, unrestrained loathing. And why? There is no hope of a hereafter. There is no sense of a God that knows only

The crucible of the irresistible might
That drives the wheels of being day and night.

Yet how moving is this of

THE ATTACK AT DAWN.

With tired questioning eyes that gaze and gaze,
Searching for something they cannot understand;
I wait for the dawn to creep through the shrinking haze
Across the twisted lines and the shell-ploughed land
And the narrow plot that is mine to the end of days.

There I shall take the restless brain that now
Surges with discontent and doubts and fears;
And watch it cease. Perhaps it is better so.
The way grows darker with the lengthening years.
There are so many things that we shall never know.

But there will sleep too my heart's treasuries;—
All that I ever dreamed of fair and good,
Child visions that might have grown to something wise,
An untold love, that secret growth that would
Have burst into blossoms of flame beneath her eyes.

And all of it lost: spattered about war's ways:
Torn, bleeding flesh: I do not understand.
And soon the dawn will creep through the shrinking haze
Across the twisted lines and the shell-ploughed land
And end the watching of these eyes that gaze and gaze. . . .

Herbert Trench.

Two fine volumes, with the title *Poems*, contain Mr. Herbert Trench's 'Poetical Works,' together with his 'Fables in Prose' (Constable; 10s. 6d. net). Four narrative poems occupy 130 pages at the beginning of the first volume. The longest and strongest is 'Deirdre Wedded.' But the Queen of Gothland and Apollo and the Seaman are also known and admired. The fourth, 'The Rock of Cloud,' is new.

The shorter poems which follow are likely to be most popular. They are nearly all new or newly collected into volume form. Certainly Mr. Trench will never be a favourite with the unreflecting newspaper reader. But some of these shorter poems are simple enough to increase the number of his admirers, and they are poetical enough to increase his reputation. The war is the inspiration of many of them, and they must be reckoned among the poems of the war that will live. Read the one on the 'Advance on the Somme':

Wild airman, you, the battle's eyes,
Who, hovering over forest air,
Can every belt of cloud despise
And through them fall without despair,
No cannon's sound to you can rise
But say how goes the battle there
As they advance!

Be dumb, choked heart! for they are dumb—
Our men advancing. All's at stake!
The woods are bullet-stript—with hum
Of cannon all the pastures shake;
And some will cross the crest, and some
Will halt for ever in the brake
As they advance.

The ground is bubbling—pit and mire—
And blackened with the blood of sons.
Death rains on every yard; and fire
Shuttles the veil with woof of guns.
Holy the flag those wearers dire
Shall make to shroud our gallant ones
As they advance!

They follow now—who rode so well—
A braver hunt than e'er blew horn:
Through many a warren'd wood of hell
They'll follow, till the fateful morn.

And them the mud-stain'd sentinel
Shall watch, and see an age newborn
As they advance!

Henry Burton.

If the poet is born not made, more so the hymn-writer. In *Killed in Action, and Other War Poems* (Kelly; 7d. net), there is at least one hymn which the makers of hymnals must take in:

BREAK, DAY OF GOD.

Break, day of God, O break,
Sweet light of heavenly skies!
I all for thee forsake,
And from my dead self rise;
O Lamb of God, whose love is light,
Shine on my soul, and all is bright.

Break, day of God, O break!
The night has lingered long;
Our hearts with sighing wake,
We weep for sin and wrong;
O Bright and Morning Star, draw near;
O Sun of Righteousness, appear!

Break, day of God, O break!
The earth with strife is worn;
The hills with thunder shake,
Hearts of the people mourn;
Break, day of God, sweet day of peace,
And bid the shout of warriors cease!

Break, day of God, O break,
Like to the days above!
Let purity awake,
And faith, and hope, and love;
But lo! we see the brightening sky;
The golden morn is drawing nigh.

Gilbert Thomas.

There are only ten poems in the new volume *Towards the Dawn* (Headley; 1s. 3d. net), by Mr. Gilbert Thomas, but every one is true and strong. Is not this, taken for its shortness, sufficient evidence?

SPRING IN WAR TIME.

I thought that God, perchance, in punishment
Of the world's sin, would stay His gifts this year
And that no Spring in glory would appear;—
Even *His* mercy must, it seemed, be spent!
Yet, on this blue May morning, as I went
Along the rustling lanes, the birds made cheer
Such as before had never charmed my ear;
And had the woods e'er breathed a richer scent?

So sweet it was, I fled! I could not face
The scourge of God's forgiveness! *I could bear,*
Amid the world's red guilt and black despair,
Thy wrath, I cried, *but not Thy mercy, Lord!*
Oh, spare me from the year's unfolding grace,
For every flower is as a two-edged sword!

Stella Benson.

A striking feature of two striking novels, *I Pose* and *This is the End*, is the poetry—song or reverie—that is scattered through them. Twenty poems, chiefly from those two books, have now been republished in one volume, and the title is *Twenty* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). Miss Stella Benson is certainly a clever artist, but by no means so obscure as many of our present-day clever artists are. In this address 'To the Unborn,' there is a keen edge of truth which the world is somewhat likely to feel at present and to profit by:

TO THE UNBORN.

Oh, bend your eyes, nor send your glance about.
Oh, watch your feet, nor stray beyond the kerb.
Oh, bind your heart lest it find secrets out.
For thus no punishment
Of magic shall disturb
Your very great content.

Oh, shut your lips to words that are forbidden.
Oh, throw away your sword; nor think to fight.
Seek not the best, the best is better hidden.
Thus need you have no fear,
No terrible delight
Shall cross your path, my dear.

Call no man foe, but never love a stranger.
Build up no plan, nor any star pursue.
Go forth with crowds; in loneliness is danger.
Thus nothing God can send,
And nothing God can do
Shall pierce your peace, my friend.

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.