
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

forgotten. Paul and Apollos were merely διάκονοι, serviceable runners, used by Christ for the conversion of souls. One had one gift and another had another gift: one had one kind of work assigned to him and another a different kind; but the success of the work came from God alone. The instruments were nothing: God was everything. Nor was there any distinction in class between the different instruments whether planter or waterer: they belonged to one category (ὁ φυτεύων δὲ καὶ ὁ ποτίζων ἓν εἰσιν), and were thereby removed from any possibility of being set in rivalry. Each had his own work and would receive his own reward. The work which they accomplished as God's team was *God's* work—*God's* husbandry, *God's* building (3^{4-10}).

Hence it follows that the true position and light in which these two Apostles were to be regarded was as under-workers and stewards—nothing more. For this stewardship they would have to account to God, and, *quâ* stewards, were not obnoxious to human criticism. The Judge would at the right time apportion to each due praise. So careful is the Apostle to deprecate any undue valuation of himself that he reiterates the statement, and reinforces it by a proverb—'Don't go beyond your text. Think reasonably (λογιζέσθω) about us. We were only persons *through* whom you believed, not *in* whom you believed. The case of Apollos and myself is a very apposite one from which to learn the observance of the ethical canon *Ne ultra quam scriptum est*' (4^{1-6}).

T. Herbert Bindley.

Denton Rectory, Norfolk.

Entre Nous.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POETRY.

III.

'Sister Songs.'

Some one once asked George Macdonald, 'Do you believe that man has a soul?' 'No,' he answered; 'he *is* a soul, and he *has* a body.'

Francis Thompson was conscious of his body only as something that bound him to earth, and prevented him from living constantly in what he felt was his natural sphere.

> Love and love's beauty only hold their revels
> In life's familiar, penetrable levels:
> What of its ocean-floor?
> I dwell there evermore.
> From almost earliest youth
> I raised the lids o' the truth,
> And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight;
> Ever I knew me Beauty's eremite,
> In antre of this lowly body set,
> Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.[1]

This very fact helped to make the tie between him and the few kindred spirits with whom he came into contact a close one. He took them into the world of spiritual reality with him; he made the unseen world their meeting-place.

If anything could have convinced Thompson that this world was a place to be thankful for, the love he experienced in the home of the Meynells ought to have done so, but we hear only of his gratitude to them. One Christmas he brought them a present. It had cost him much labour—not of the hands, for he could never use them to much purpose, but of the spirit. Kensington Gardens, 'where,' says his biographer, 'I have often seen him at prayer as well as at poetry,' saw the fashioning of the gift.

It was presented in characteristic fashion. He left it, along with a note at the Meynells' house in Palace Gardens, in a place where he felt sure it would be seen by them. 'I leave with this on the mantelpiece (in an exercise book) the poem of which I spoke. If intensity of labour could make it good, good it would be. One way or the other, it will be an effectual test of a theme on which I have never yet written; if from it I have failed to draw poetry, then I may as well take down my sign.' Later, when he recovered the manuscript to add the 'Inscription' to it, he again wrote: 'Let me thank you '*ab imis medullis*' for the one happy Christmas I have had for many a year. Herewith I send you my laggard poem.' He had watched the piling up of family presents that told of love. He loved too, and he gave of his best. The present was 'Sister Songs,' an 'Offering to Two

[1] *Works*, i. 41.

Sisters, Monica and Madeline (Sylvia).' The 'Inscription' is well known:

But one I marked who lingered still behind,
As for such souls no seemly gift had he:
He was not of their strain,
Nor worthy of so bright beings to entertain,
Nor fit compeer for such high company.
Yet was he, surely, born to them in mind,
Their youngest nursling of the spirit's kind.
Last stole this one,
With timid glance, of watching eyes adread,
And dropped his frightened flower when all were gone;
And where the frail flower fell, it withered.
But yet methought those high souls smiled thereon;
As when a child, upstraining at your knees
Some fond and fancied nothings, says, 'I give you these!'[1]

At a first reading, it is difficult to get into touch with the mood of 'Sister Songs.' Even at a second attempt one may only experience the feeling of having entered something like a fairy palace while wearing garments of flesh. But a very faint grasp of the beauty of the structure arouses a wish to return to it again. These visits bring ever fresh delights; some new, and hitherto unsuspected beauty is constantly being revealed. One cannot criticise. 'Why can't I write poetry like that? That's what I've wanted to do all my life,' a well-known writer and critic said on hearing selections from 'Sister Songs' read aloud.

We know the Thompson of the two sides, the man who, while living in the Elgin Avenue lodging-house, was not of it. There, his outlook on Nature was certainly Metropolitan; in May the lodgers could all see the laburnum flowering at a street corner not far off:

Mark yonder, how the long laburnum drips
Its jocund spilth of fire, its honey of wild flame![2]

But to Francis Thompson only it was given to see the daisy, the rosebud, and the snowdrop bloom side by side:

I know in the lane, by the hedgerow track,
The long, broad grasses underneath
Are warted with rain like a toad's knobbed back;
But here May weareth a rainless wreath.
In the new-sucked milk of the sun's bosom
Is dabbled the mouth of the daisy-blossom;
The smouldering rosebud chars through its sheath;
The lily stirs her snowy limbs,
Ere she swims
Naked up through her cloven green,
Like the wave-born Lady of Love Hellene;
And the scattered snowdrop exquisite
Twinkles and gleams,
As if the showers of the sunny beams
Were splashed from the earth in drops of light.
Everything
That is the child of Spring
Casts its bud or blossoming
Upon the stream of my delight.[3]

His joy in Spring is such that he forgets the presence of his frail body:

Yea, and myself put on swift quickening,
And answer to the presence of a sudden Spring.[4]

And the use of the refrain, making music that never seems to fail from beginning to end, betrays an almost exuberant delight in his own art.

The horizon of 'Sister Songs' gradually widens, the air becomes clearer; then something greater than a fairy palace is revealed; it is indeed as if the pure light of heaven were overhead, and a fairy world all around, one even more delicately conceived than that of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

How far Thompson was technically educated in music we know not, but he must have had some solid basis of knowledge. In describing the music of that fairy world, he uses the language of one who lived and thought in it.

I heard a dainty dubious sound,
As of goodly melody;
. . . . . .
It seemed of air, it seemed of ground,
And never any witchery
Drawn from pipe, or reed, or string,
Made such dulcet ravishing.
'Twas like no earthly instrument,
Yet had something of them all
In its rise, and in its fall;
As if in one sweet consort there were blent
Those archetypes celestial
Which our endeavouring instruments recall.
So heavenly flutes made murmurous plain
To heavenly viols, that again
—Aching with music—wailed back pain;
Regals release their notes, which rise
Welling, like tears from heart to eyes;
And the harp thrills with thronging sighs.
Horns in mellow flattering
Parley with the cithern-string:—
Hark!—the floating, long-drawn note
Woos the throbbing cithern-string![5]

From the beginning to the end of 'Sister Songs' he never forgets the working out of the plan that

[1] *Works*, i. 68. [2] *Ibid.* i. 26. [3] *Ibid.* i. 27. [4] *Ibid.* i. 26. [5] *Ibid.* i. 28, 29.

is in his mind. The plan of a vision is generally a somewhat elusive thing; this, however, can be seen, wondered at, and remembered. Music is the atmosphere. Light, airy, and full of joy, how the fairies sing and dance! After the fairies come *The Hours*

> Like Nereids through a watery town.

Their movements, as Thompson describes them, show what can be done by a skilful and legitimate use of the English language. Both colour and movement are perfect:

> Some, with languors of waved arms,
> Fluctuous cared their flexile way;
> Some were borne half resupine
> On the aërial hyaline,
> Their fluid limbs and rare array
> Flickering on the wind, as quivers
> Trailing weed in running rivers;
> And others, in far prospect seen,
> Newly loosed on this terrene,
> Shot in piercing swiftness came,
> With hair a-stream like pale and goblin flame.[1]

Next follow the Dryades in a dance:

> Every step was a tinkling sound,
> As they glanced in their dancing-ground.
> Clouds in cluster with such a sailing
> Float o'er the light of the wasting moon,
> As the cloud of their gliding veiling
> Swung in the sway of the dancing-tune.
> There was a clash of their cymbals clanging,
> Ringing of swinging bells clinging their feet;
> And the clang on wing it seemed a-hanging,
> Hovering round their dancing so fleet.[2]

But he adds:

> I stirred, I rustled more than meet;
> Whereat they broke to the left and right,
> With eddying robes like aconite
> Blue of helm;
> And I beheld to the foot o' the elm.[2]

There sat Spring surrounded by her ladies and a throng of children. In the midst of the latter was Sylvia. He begs that Spring will

> keep still in thy train,
> After the years when others therefrom fade,
> This tiny, well-beloved maid!
> To whom the gate of my heart's fortalice,
> With all which in it is,
> And the shy self who doth therein immew him
> 'Gainst what loud leaguerers battailously woo him,
> I, bribèd traitor to him,
> Set open for one kiss.[3]

Then he meets Sylvia on her human side, and speaks to her in words that are full of tenderness. The passage is one of the most exquisite things ever written. To Francis Thompson, Sylvia is just a little girl, but he tells her the tragic story of his street friendship:

> A kiss? for a child's kiss?
> Aye, goddess, even for this.
> Once, bright Sylviola, in days not far,
> . . . . . .
> I waited the inevitable last.
> Then there came past
> A child; like thee, a spring-flower; but a flower
> Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,
> And through the city-streets blown withering.
> She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
> And of her own scant pittance did she give,
> That I might eat and live:
> Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive.
> Therefore I kissed in thee
> The heart of childhood, so divine for me;
> And her, through what sore ways,
> And what unchildish days,
> Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fugitive.
> Therefore I kissed in thee
> Her, child! and innocency,
> And spring, and all things that have gone from me,
> And that shall never be;
> All vanished hopes, and all most hopeless bliss,
> Came with thee to my kiss.[4]

Spring's answer to his request for her follows:

> O lover of me and all my progeny,
> For grace to you
> I take her ever to my retinue,
> Over thy form, dear child, alas! my art
> Cannot prevail; but mine immortalizing
> Touch I lay upon thy heart.
> Thy soul's fair shape
> In my unfading mantle's green I drape,
> And thy white mind shall rest by my devising.
> A Gideon-fleece amid life's dusty drouth.[5]

It is a dream such as comes—even to a poet—once in a lifetime:

> Cease, Spring's little children, now cease your lauds to raise;
> That dream is past, and Sylvia, with her sweet, feat ways.
> Our lovèd labour, laid away,
> Is smoothly ended; said our say,
> Our syllabling to Sylvia.

[1] *Works*, i. 31. [2] *Ibid.* i. 33, 34. [3] *Ibid.* i. 35, 36. [4] *Ibid.* i. 36, 37. [5] *Ibid.* i. 38.

Make sweet, you birds on branches! make sweet your
mouths with May!
But borne is this burthen,
Sung unto Sylvia.[1]

The plan of the second part is less clearly defined. The thought and the music of it make its chief attraction.

Thoroughly Thompsonian, while there is thought there is an absence of any regular philosophical system, but the presence of an aptness in drawing material from the thought from anything and everything, and finding a place for it in an emotional mood.

Monica, to whom it was addressed, was the elder of the two sisters. Thompson reveals himself more directly to her than he does to Sylvia. He probably thought he knew her better. The Friston days when she gave him the poppy were a memory to the end of his life. He never ceased to love her. At her bidding he went on her marriage day in 1903 to the church. But he arrived much too early, only to find it empty. 'A young lady,' he wrote to her afterwards, 'approached the church by the back entrance, just as I came away; but on inspection she had no trace of poppy-land. There must have been other nuptial couples about, I think.

'It seems but the other day, my dearest sister (may I not call you so? For you are all to me as younger sisters and brothers—to me, who have long ceased practically to have any sisters of my own, so completely am I sundered from them), that you were a child with me at Friston, and I myself still very much of a child. Now the time is come I foresaw then:

Knowing well, when some few days are over,
You vanish from me to another.

'You may pardon me if I feel a little sadness, even while I am glad for your gladness, my very dear.'[2]

In 'Sister Songs' he says:

How com'st thou, little tender thing of white,
Whose very touch full scantly me beseems,
How com'st thou resting on my vaporous dreams,
Kindling a wraith there of earth's vernal green?[3]

He felt that all along she had borne a part in helping him:

Thou wert to me that earnest of day's light,
When, ...

Stretched on the margin of the cruel sea
Whence they had rescued me,
With faint and painful pulses was I lying;
Not yet discerning well
If I had 'scaped, or were an icicle,
Whose thawing is its dying.[4]

Then he becomes reminiscent as he remembers the first time he saw her in her father's house:

One unforgotten day,
As a sick child waking sees
Wide-eyed daisies
Gazing on it from its head,
Slipped there for its dear amazes;
So between thy father's knees
I saw *thee* stand,
And through my hazes
Of pain and fear thine eyes' young wonder shone.
Then, as flies scatter from a carrion,
Or rooks in spreading gyres like broken smoke
Wheel, when some sound their quietude has broke,
Fled, at thy countenance, all that doubting spawn:
The heart which I had questioned spoke,
A cry impetuous from its depth was drawn,—
I take the omen of this face of dawn!'
And with the omen to my heart cam'st thou.
Even with a spray of tears
That one light draft was fixed there for the years.[5]

Kensington Gardens, his place for prayer as well as for writing poetry, gave him a point of view—a window through which he saw Monica earthborn, but 'a daughter of the sky,' a constant inspiration to him:

Thou swing'st the hammers of my forge;
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world.[6]

That idea leads to another:

Thou whose young sex is yet but in thy soul;—
As hoarded in the vine
Hang the gold skins of undelirious wine,
As air sleeps, till it toss its limbs in breeze:—[6]

Here is a soul capable of great things:

Born of full stature, lineal to control;[6]

Fettered, however, by the slow growth of the mind:

ripe for kinship, yet must be
Captive in statuted minority![6]

[1] *Works*, i. 39.
[2] E. Meynell, *The Life of Francis Thompson*, 341.
[3] *Poems*, i. 40.
[4] *Ibid.* i. 45.
[5] *Ibid.* i. 46, 48.
[6] *Ibid.* i. 50.

But he realized that by restraint not only can the dangerous forces of nature be made the servants of man, but by the same law manhood and womanhood may rise to moral perfection. In a striking passage he expresses in poetry what he states in his essay *Form and Formalism*. 'No common aim can triumph, till it is crystallized in an individual, at once its child and ruler. Man himself must become incarnate in a man before his cause can triumph. Thus the universal Word became the individual Christ; that total God and total man being particularized in a single symbol, the cause of God and man might triumph. In Christ, therefore, centres and is solved that supreme problem of life —the marriage of the Unit with the Sum.' [1]

For supreme Spirit subject was to clay,
And Law from its own servants learned a law,
And Light besought a lamp unto its way,
And Awe was reined in awe,
At one small house of Nazareth;
And Golgotha
Saw Breath to breathlessness resign its breath,
And Life do homage for its crown to death.[2]

Yet it pained Thompson to think that Monica should be subjected to a law that would hurt. With the heritage that was hers—

Smitten with singing from thy mother's east,[3]

she could only be capable of seeing beautiful meanings in the common things of life:

When from the common sands
Of poorest common speech of common day
Thine accents sift the golden musics out![3]

The close brings us back to the human Thompson speaking to the child Monica just as he did at Friston:

Now pass your ways, fair bird, and pass your ways,
If you will;
I have you through the days!
And flit or hold you still,
And perch you where you list
On what wrist,—
You are mine through the times!

I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes,
And in your young maiden morn
You may scorn
But you must be
Bound and sociate to me;
With this thread from out the tomb my dead hand shall tether thee![4]

[1] *Works*, iii. 76.
[2] *Ibid.* i. 52.
[3] *Ibid.* i. 51.
[4] *Ibid.* i. 65.

Tagore, the Indian mystic, echoes the same thought:

I have caught you and wrapt you,
my love, in the net of my music.
You are my own, my own, Dweller
in my deathless dreams![5]

[5] R. Tagore, *The Gardener*, 59.

WHO'S WHO.

Sir Edward Cook, in his new volume of *Literary Recollections*, discourses pleasantly on the Art of Biography. He tells us that the first rule usually laid down for the writing of a biography is Brevity. If it is a good rule how excellent a book is *Who's Who*, of which the volume for 1919 has been published (A. & C. Black; 30s. net). For it contains about twenty thousand biographies, and every one of them obeys the rule. That is a larger number than ever, and the volume is increased this year by eighty pages, in spite of the disappearance of the Germans.

Who's Who is a business book. And it is inconceivable than any man or woman who has to do with other men or women in a business way can be content to be without it. But, business or not, it is very good reading. Let your eye catch some familiar name. Read the article through. You will be astonished to find that you have learned much more than you knew—even about such familiar names as Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson. The only difficulty now will be to set the volume down.

Then how characteristic are the biographies—for you must remember that they are really autobiographies. Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig offers a severe list of services and honours. Mr. Frederic Harrison fills the most of a volume with his publications. But even Mr. Harrison's list of books and pamphlets is outnumbered by the publications of Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Joynson Hicks has few books, but he 'has always taken a keen interest in philanthropic and charitable work.' The colonial biographies are especially rich in self-revelation. They have an eye to the picturesque as well as the particular. Notice, finally, that fewer men tell us now what their recreations are. Is that the War? Women seem to have no recreation. But Mrs. Fawcett (without concealing her age) tells us that she goes in for walking, needlework, and music.

To write is one thing, to get what you have written published is another. Is it a short story? *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book* (A. & C. Black; 3s. 6d. net) will tell you all about the magazines that publish short stories, the style of story they publish, and the price they pay. Is it a book? The same guide will give you the names of all the publishers of books, the kind of books they publish, and—no, not the royalties, you must find that out by inquiry. It does, however, give you a table whereby you can calculate your income when you know the royalty. If you are an artist the necessary information is all here. And not for Great Britain only, but for the Colonies as well, and for the United States of America.

NOTES ON TEXTS.

The words spoken by Jesus of the woman that was a sinner, 'for she loved much' (Lk 7[47]), are not easily understood. Mr. Montefiore in his book on *Liberal Judaism and Hellenism* makes an attempt to explain them. 'The lesson conveyed by the story of Jesus and the harlot in the seventh chapter of Luke is that love can regenerate the sinful heart. And this in two ways. Love evokes love. The loving sympathy of Jesus evokes in her soul reverential love and gratitude towards him, and his love and her love together are adequate to change her heart, and to effect her redemption. And because her heart is now set Godward, Jesus can say to her, "Thy sins are forgiven." The past is washed away.'

Luke xix. 13.

Every man who wears khaki is under the spell of the command—'Carry on!' Around these words there have gathered tender and beautiful associations for a number of men in a fighting unit who gathered together for prayer one Saturday evening. One of these lads was leading us in prayer, and amid many halting petitions there came this cry of the heart, fervent in its utterance and luminous with spiritual truth, 'Lord, help us to obey Thy command, *Carry on till I come.*' Only a touch of spiritual genius could have suggested that almost perfect paraphrase. The servants in the Parable of the Pounds were told by their Lord, 'Occupy till I come.' This British soldier saw the inner meaning of that order—a command to exercise a tireless energy in the absence of their Master. These servants might be at their wits' end to know how to use the money to best advantage, but though everything be against them they must persevere. The command, 'Occupy till I come,' rang in their ears when hopelessness and despair gripped their hearts, and they shook off despondency and renewed their efforts in the inspiration of that clear call. The soldier recognized in that situation a parable of his own life, and he knew that the ancient command is still regnant. It seemed very modern and vital when he gave it a translation that brought it home to men who are living under military discipline.[1]

On the morning of the 27th one of our old men went to the *Demi-Lune* and watched for a military car coming in from Meaux. After hours of waiting, one finally appeared. He ran into the road and hailed it, and as the chauffeur put on his brakes, he called:

'*Et Verdun?*'

'*Elle tient,*' was the reply, and the auto rushed on.

That was all the news we had in those days.[2]

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.

An Anthology.

Mr. Blackwell of Oxford has published an Anthology of Recent Poetry which, better than any book we have seen, enables us to estimate the general characteristics of the poetry of our day. The Irish poetry stands apart. This is English, and university English, but it is typical. The title is *Songs for Sale* (3s. net), the editor E. B. C. Jones.

What can be said about the poetry of our day? First that it is less concerned about the form than about the subject. The thought is more than the expression. Many kinds of metre are used as the subject suggests; sometimes it is scarcely metre at all or to be distinguished from prose.

Except that there is no lack of imagination. If the form chosen happens to seem prosaic that is deliberate, and by no means the outcome of poverty of imagination.

But the fundamental fact is the passion for reality—a full reality, the taste of life in every phase of its experience, but the experience must be real. This does not close the door on ideals,

[1] J. A. Patten, *The Decoration of the Cross*, 61.
[2] M. Aldrich, *On the Edge of the War Zone*, 166.

but it does shut out romantic ideals mostly and sentimental ideals altogether. What experiences have you had? Set them down; set them down in such poetic form as you think proper, but set them down as you had them, as *you* had them. That is the demand.

This is Mr. Max Plowman:

Take Heaven away, O God, and bury deep
Out of my sight Hell with its brood of fear;
When Thou givest Earth shall I cry, 'Heaven is dear.
Into its blissful haven would I creep'?
Take Heaven away; for lo, I need Thee near,
And should I stretch my eyes they cannot peep
Into so fierce a light it seems asleep,
Lying across death's yet untraversed mere.

Keep Heaven, O God; and to the Devil his Hell;
But give me sight and hearing, sense and touch,
That I may see Thee working in the whole
Visible element Thou hast made so well:
May feel Thy power in the tiger's clutch
And see new heavens builded by a mole.

Aldous Huxley.

Aldous Huxley is one of the poets represented in 'Songs for Sale.' But he has published a volume all his own called *The Defeat of Youth* (Blackwell; 3s. net). Any poem could be chosen to illustrate what has been said of the Anthology. Take

THE FLOWERS.

Day after day,
At spring's return,
I watch my flowers, how they burn
Their lives away.

The candle crocus
And daffodil gold
Drink fire of the sunshine—
Quickly cold.

And the proud tulip—
How red he glows!—
Is quenched ere summer
Can kindle the rose.

Purple as the innermost
Core of a sinking flame,
Deep in the leaves the violets smoulder
To the dust whence they came.

Day after day,
At spring's return,
I watch my flowers, how they burn
Their lives away,
Day after day. . . .

Eleanor M. Brougham.

Mr. John Lane has been able, in spite of the war, to publish a quite unique Anthology in a quite unique and attractive form. It is an Anthology of English Poems from the XIVth to the XVIIth Century, with biographical notes. The editor is Eleanor M. Brougham, and the title *Corn from Olde Fieldes* (7s. 6d. net).

The volume is divided into four parts—Religion, Love, Death, and Miscellany. Many of the poems are taken from Manuscripts which have never been published. And some of these manuscript poems are as fine as any in the book. Here is one from a manuscript in Christ Church, Oxford. It is called

PREPARATIONS.

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat;
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.
Look to the presence; are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!'
Thus if a king were coming would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn,
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

M. Nightingale.

The volume of *Verses Wise and Otherwise*, by M. Nightingale (Blackwell; 3s. net), has been illustrated by C. T. Nightingale, and the illustrations are no small part of its charm. There is true poetry however in it, the modest title notwithstanding. A daring heading, 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' is given to a poem on the Virgin and the Lamb of God, but it is quotable and impressive. We shall quote, however, this on

A Wayside Calvary.

Remember, Lord, when last I came,
Thou heardest pray both him and me.
Now for the pity of Thy Name
I come to Thee.

See, at the hill-foot where we dwelt,
Yon cottage by the field of corn!
Together have we climbed and knelt
Our thanks each morn.

Dear Lord, Thou would'st not have me come
Alone? Maybe Thou hast forgot!
How should I pray and then turn home
Where he is not?

Oh Thou Who, being God, could'st die
The very hour Thy cup did brim,
Lend me that godly power that I
May go to him!

Helen Simpson.

The lightest and the most amusing of the *Lightning Sketches* by Helen Simpson (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net) is the first, entitled 'Truth.' The rest are clever enough, no lack of cleverness in conception or execution, but the first is the sketch for attractiveness.

S. B. Macleod.

There is poetry and there is reality in *Poems of Love and War*, by Second Lieut. S. B. Macleod (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net). Much is being said about the religion of the soldier, and some of it is difficult of acceptance. This soldier's religion has no elements in it for which we have to make allowance. One poem will be sufficient for evidence:

'Pray for Me.'

Did I say 'Pray'? Nay, let thine inmost soul
Rise from thy deepest being to Heaven's height,
Till longing almost changes into sight,
In eagerness to reach thy hoped-for goal.
Let thy dear frame to Nature cease its toll,
And vanish in the spirit, so it might
Stand in His Presence and be filled with Light;
For clothed in Love, thy love shall keep thee whole.
Yea, that is prayer—to lose ourselves in Him:
To strive, to wrestle, upwards to His Throne.
'Tis selfish passion makes our sight so dim,
But love shall aid thee—Love like to His own—
And such is in thy heart, O purest maid—
Thyself my comfort, and thy prayers mine aid.

J. L. Crommelin Brown.

There are two attitudes to the War, two and no more. Either it is a vulgar dirty business, all through, as Mr. Siegfried Sassoon counts it—see his poem quoted in the review of *To-day*; or it is the opportunity and vindication of the spiritual in man. Mr. Crommelin Brown takes the latter attitude. His volume of war poems he calls *Dies Heroica* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). In one of the poems he introduces Nietzsche, it gives the tone of the whole book:

Nietzsche.

I dreamt that there was merriment in hell,
And as each meagre new-departed sprite
Came hesitating forward to the light
To warm itself, there followed straight a yell
Of devil's-mirth, for trade was doing well.
And when in Flanders fiercer grew the fight,
So thicker thronged the phantoms through the night,
Louder that gusty laughter rose and fell.

Lastly they turned to one apart, who furled
A cloak about his face. 'Oh! make reply
Thou, who hast said this Christ corrupts the world,
And men no longer have the will to die.
These thousands perished for a treaty. What
Hast thou to say?' But Nietzsche answered not.

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.