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there is no preposition used. It is used absolutely in Is 35^6: 'The lame shall leap as an hart.' In Ca 2^8 the construction is the same as it is here. 'The beloved comes leaping upon the mountains,' with *'al* for 'upon.'

It certainly is not necessary to translate here 'leaping across the mountains.' These are all the occurrences of *dālagh*. We seem to be therefore left in a dilemma. The linguistic usage points in the direction of leaping 'upon' the threshold; the sense and the folk-lore parallels seem to support 'across' the threshold. In view of the elasticity of the preposition, and the numerous and important authorities who favour 'over,' *i.e.* 'across,' we should still be inclined to support this rendering. If, however, this is ruled out as linguistically impossible, it might be necessary to discuss interpretations which dissociate the phrase altogether from the folk-lore parallels. G. A. Smith, for instance, accepts the view that leaping over the threshold is a phrase for breaking into a house. Or one might have recourse to the familiar expedient of suggesting a corruption of the text. The *'al* might be due to a scribe. But there is no textual authority for such a view.

This note is the result of discussions on the subject in the O.T. Seminar connected with the Manchester branch of the Hebraic Society, but the present writer is entirely responsible for the note as it stands.

W. H. Bennett.

Lancashire College, Manchester.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

Which now of these Three?

It appears that last century there were grades of respectability in religion and good men were careful to preserve them. We have of course abolished all such distinctions in our day. But we may still take some antiquarian interest in the subject. Two passages in the biography of Thomas Spurgeon (noticed among the Literature this month) offer a good illustration of it.

The first is a quotation from the diary of Archbishop Benson: 'There is an amusing entry in Archbishop Benson's diary which describes a visit C. H. Spurgeon paid to him, and reports the Baptist pastor saying that—"'There are some heathen that won't give in to anything but the Word—it takes ingenuity to find the Word that will convince them. It's not the real meaning of the passage that affects them. It's the applicability of the words themselves to their particular case.' So he talked on, the Antiquus Ego was ever before his eyes. But he made us all like him very much, and respect the Ego which he respected, and feel that he had a very definite call by the help of it to win souls for Christ, or rather to help those souls to Christ who were sure to come one way or the other. 'I'm a very bad Calvinist, quite a Calvinist—I look on to the time when the Elect will be all the world.' This I don't understand, I fear. He stayed nearly two hours, interesting us all much, and he drove away in a very nice brougham with two very nice *light* chestnuts, almost cream coloured, and his coachman had a very shabby hat."'

Then on a later page the biographer records a visit of General Booth to C. H. Spurgeon. 'Spurgeon held aloof from the Army, but greatly admired the zeal of both Catherine and William Booth. General Booth visited him on one occasion in the early years and sought his co-operation. With characteristic adroitness he said that he would not like to have it reported that Spurgeon had refused him the Tabernacle for a meeting, but that if Spurgeon would hold up his little finger he would ask him for it. "I did not hold up my finger," said Spurgeon to me afterwards.'

All Things are Yours.

The new volume of sermons by Canon Scott Holland (noticed in the Notes) contains examples of the one great characteristic of his Christianity as surely as any volume published in his lifetime. What is the characteristic of his Christianity? It is its comprehensiveness, its grasp, its determination to have and to hold everything in heaven and earth. No doubt a comprehensive Christianity is

a common enough characteristic of professing Christians. But it is no more than a claim for freedom of conduct, and is often quite indistinguishable from paganism. Canon Scott Holland always began with Christ. He claimed everything for Christ because he found everything in Christ. Listen to this:

His text is 'There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.' 'What does this mean?' he asks. 'No other name? It means, not that God does not put and use every possible resource and help into action that can be of any service to man's redemption; not that He narrows His resources; but, that all that so helps, under whatever variety of form, comes to us through Christ's humanity; is made ours for love of Him. This is the glory to which He has ascended, that *all* things are put under His feet. He is made Lord over all the powers of God that can conceivably work for our good. His name supplies the key to their use; His will releases them; His mind interprets them; His cross and passion bring them into play; His intercession determines their application. The entire force of Divine redemption scattered throughout the world in a thousand manifestations is in His hands to administer, it has its seat in His body, it is taken up into His royalty, it flows down to us through His sanction, under His benediction, by His word. For He is the sum and consummation of all things, and that for ever, until the whole earth has become His, and all that works against God has been subdued under His supremacy, until the end is come, and the kingdoms of the world are become the kingdoms of our God, and of His Christ.'

One Witness out of the Cloud.

In one of the greatest of the sermons of Phillips Brooks the thought is worked out with characteristic thoroughness of the influence of the past upon us in our endeavours after righteousness. There is the influence of the hero and of the saint among others. Of the influence of the hero there is a good example in Trevelyan's *Scenes from Italy's War*. After Caporetto many of the soldiers of the Second Italian Army, defeated and discouraged, passed through Padua. 'In the Piazza Garibaldi stands the statue of the liberator, looking down with his face of simple faith and valour. In front of his pedestal, hour after hour, day after day, passed the files of the dejected and unarmed, his countrymen. It was impossible not to think him alive and watching. One almost heard his voice upbraiding them. In all the wonderful changes and chances of the year that followed, that graven image, hand on sword hilt, seemed to watch and know. After the end of the June battle that saved Italy and the cause of freedom, I saw the crowd in front of him cheering the King as he drove by, a victor. And once more, on the night of the armistice that ended Austria, the Paduans set between Garibaldi's arms the staff of the flag he loved.'

What are you Waiting for?

'Of Lord Beaconsfield there were related endless anecdotes. One which the Archbishop wrote to Mrs. Thomson (from the Athenæum Club, on May 24th, 1878) is certainly worthy of repetition. . . .

'Dialogue between Dizzy and the Princess Mary at a dinner-party:—

'"You have the men; you have the money; what are you waiting for?"

'Dizzy (looking at his plate): "I am waiting for the potatoes, Ma'am!"'[1]

NEW POETRY.

Amy Wilson Carmichael.

The name of Amy Wilson Carmichael is well known to the readers of missionary literature. For she who bears the name has proved herself not only a great missionary but also a great author, lifting the literature of the foreign field to a higher place of artistic achievement and consequently to a wider acceptance. Has she a third gift? Is she a poet? A volume with the curious title *Made in the Pans* (Oliphant; 3s. 6d. net) offers ample evidence. It contains about a hundred poems. From first to last they have a strong religious interest. And yet from first to last the literary interest is as strong. If the author is a lover of God, she is also a lover of the garment we see Him by. The example we select is somewhat long for our space, but we choose it because it is so thoroughly characteristic. The title is

SPRAY.

'Raymond never disappointed us: he has not disappointed us now.' From the letter of a father

[1] *The Life and Letters of William Thomson, Archbishop of York*, p. 262.

written upon hearing of the death of his only son, a young airman.

An upland valley, a bright mountain stream;
By either bank calm flow of water taking
Its usual course; but in the centre where
Rocks bar the way
A silver disarray
All in impetuous vehemence forsaking
The gentler curves, and leaping towards the race,
In straight simplicity,
A light upon its face.

For now the sun fills every several globe
Of that fine hurrying spray, as if he knowing
Its purpose, and being tenderly aware
How brief its day,
Made beautiful its stay,
Made still more beautiful its going:
The drops spring in their myriads, see them shine
Each individually,
As touched by the Divine.

A moment's flash, a fall, a vanishing;
And marvellous veils, woven by their great lover,
Of rainbow thread on gossamer mist, are flung
Across th' abyss. My soul, be not thou rude:
Respect the river's reticence,
Refuse to intrude,
Quiet thyself, for thou art not among
Wonders and mysteries; be hushed, and feel
If texture of the curtains can discover
Such glories, what the glories they conceal.

Yet may we not without discourtesy
Pursue those shining drops in happy dreaming,
See them refresh the forest tree, the fern,
The plain that gasps in heat, city and village;
Relieving toiling man's suspense,
Blessing his tillage,
Themselves a benediction, till they turn
The last bright curve, then out into the sea
That lies like a long luminous ribbon gleaming
Upon the far horizon's boundary?

O Parent-springs in lonely watershed,
The sky smiles down on you, the glad winds' voices
Talking to one another say, 'These gave:
(Not lent in loan,
For hardly could their own
Return to them) oh choice of all great choices.'
Thus the glad winds, who with the angels saw
The deed from their high places,
'So to obey Love's law!'

They did not disappoint you, Parent-Springs,
Those plunging drops that from your fountains parted.
Yours was the impulse that constrained to brave
Self-heedless deed:
Your sons but lived their creed;
And when you meet them, and the joy departed
Returns tenfold, will you not recognise
Them by their sunlit faces,
And their rejoicing eyes? . . .

Canadian Poems.

Mr. John W. Garvin has chosen and edited a volume of *Canadian Poems of the Great War* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart; $1.50). It is a great book. Let us say so at once and insist upon it. It does not contain one single poem of that supreme merit which ensures repetition to the end of the world; but it does not contain one single poem of poverty or puerility. And so the volume, which contains two hundred and twenty poems written by seventy-three poets, is not only a great memorial of the Great War, but itself a great book.

We should like to give a dozen examples, and we should like to choose them with our eyes shut, just to show, not that the poems are of uniform excellence, but that, as we have said, there is not one but is a poem. We have quoted one of them already. We shall be content with quoting another. The author is Miss Helene Coleman of Toronto, whose father, we are told, was the Rev.

Francis Coleman of the Methodist ministry, and her brother a well-known geologist, Professor A. T. Coleman.

TO OUR BELOVED.

The hearts you knew in those unchallenged years,
The hearts that loved you—softer grown with tears—
O let them be your living bed.
Come home to us, beloved dead!

We will not mourn or praise you over much,
We only ask with wistful lips to touch
Your garment's hem, and lay sweet boughs
Grown of heart's pride upon your brows.

We only ask that with you we may die
To all that you have died to, putting by
The aims that once set life ablaze,
The cares that vexed those restless days.

For something of us perished at your side,
The lighter self you knew died when you died;
Though we are called by no new name,
We, too, have passed that cleansing flame,—

Have passed beyond the old desires and fears
Into a tenderness unstained of tears;
'Tis this that we would fold you in,
Our spirits' next and nearest kin.

Think not, Beloved, that you have suffered change
To us, it is the world that has grown strange;
We are more wholly yours, indeed,
As the swift tides of earth recede;

For though condemned to life, yet do we stand
Consciously near the Undiscovered Land,
Feeling befriended there and known
In the high fellowship death has shown.

E. de Stein.

If the satirist is out of court at present, where is the parodist? Not much in favour. Parody is supposed to be so easy; it is really so difficult. Mr. de Stein has written parodies of some of our poets, daring even Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and has gathered them into a book along with other poems, calling it *The Poets in Picardy* (Murray; 3s. 6d. net). The parodies are scarcely quotable. This poem, which opens the book, is quotable enough:

TO A SKYLARK SINGING BEHIND OUR TRENCHES.

Thou little voice, thou happy sprite,
How didst thou gain the air and light
That sing'st so merrily?
How could such little wings
Give thee thy freedom from these dense
And fetid tombs—these furrows whence
We peer like frightened things?
In the free sky
Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep
And fight and sleep
And die.
How canst thou sing while Nature lies
Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,
And the foul breath
Of rank decay hangs like a shroud
Over the fields the shell hath ploughed?
How canst thou sing so gay and glad
While all the heavens are filled with death
And all the world is mad?
Yet sing—for at thy song
The torn trees stand up straight and strong
And stretch their twisted arms;
And smoke ascends from pleasant farms,
And the shy flowers their odours give.
Once more the riven pastures smile
And for a while
We live.

Louis Golding.

Mr. Louis Golding has published his first book of poems. *Sorrow of War*, he calls it (Methuen; 5s. net). Some of them have already appeared in journals so reputable as *The English Review*, *The Sphere*, *The Westminster Gazette*, proving that they have merit as poems. Indeed, of this young man's poetical gift there is no doubt, and we shall look out for his future work. Most of the volume deals with the war, and with the war stripped utterly of its glamour. Once or twice there is a more daring excursion, even into theology. And then one wonders how it came to pass that a man educated at one of our great public schools could have been

left so ignorant of God as to make possible such as the following:

A Thought.

To-night a thought leapt into my head like flame,
Suppose one night I walk into my room
And found that someone filling all the gloom
Was waiting on my bed until I came;

And I walked in and switched the light on straight,
And found the figure sitting on my bed,
Limp with contrition and with sunken head,
Was God bowed under His burden's weight;

And He looked up with sorrow and surmise
To see how deep the tale the Wars have written
Lay on my mortal features, battle-smitten,
And in the shadows of my deathless eyes;

—This was the thought that flamed and pierced me through:
If God sat waiting there, anxious and grey,
Then should I have the charity to say,
'God,' we forgive you; you know not what you do'?

E. Powys Mathers.

Mr. E. Powys Mathers has translated into English verse a large number of Asiatic love poems. Some of them he seems to have translated from the Asiatic original, some of them from Adolphe Thalasso's *Anthologie de l'Amour Asiatique*. They are not very appetizing. Sensuous from first to last some of them just miss becoming sensual. Here is one of the shortest and simplest:

Doubt.

Will he be true to me?
That I do not know.
But since the dawn
I have had so much disorder in my thoughts
As in my black hair.

From the Japanese of Hori-Kawa.

The title of the book is *Coloured Stars* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net).

Charles J. B. Masefield.

One of the men who gave up their way of living, though it was both lucrative and comfortable when the war broke out, was Charles J. B. Masefield. And he did it because the call came from Christ. 'There is only one thing,' he said, 'that can justify us in accepting such a sacrifice. That is the endeavour to live after the pattern of Christ. We may falter and fail in it, but if we only endeavoured England would be a changed England.' He had already published two or three volumes of poetry, and he had added to the number of his poems before he fell in battle. Now they are all gathered together into one volume with the simple title of *Poems* (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). There is no denying him the gift. Nor has he least of it when he is most in earnest. Against all abuse of privilege or power he sometimes utters words of fierce dislike. But we shall quote one of the quieter poems:

'In Honorem Fortium.'

I sometimes think that I have lived too long,
Who have heard so many a gay brave singer's song
Fail him for ever,—seen so many sails
Lean out resplendent to the evil gales,
Then Death, the wrecker, get his harvest in.
Oh, ill it is, when men lose all, to win;
Grief though it be to die, 'tis grief yet more
To live and count the dear dead comrades o'er.
. . . . . .
Peace. After all, you died not. We've no fear
But that, long ages hence, you will be near—
A thought by night—on the warm wind a breath,
Making for courage, putting by old Death,
Living wherever men are not afraid
Of aught but making bravery a parade.—
Yes, parleying with fear, they'll pause and say,
'At Gommécourt boys suffered worse that day';
Or, hesitating on some anxious brink,
They will become heroic when they think,
'Did they not rise mortality above
Who staked a lifetime all made sweet with love?'

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