

זרועך לכל הדור יבוא. Such a reconstruction, we cannot but feel, destroys the balance and beauty of the passage.

Kautzsch translates: 'That I may declare Thine arm to the (next) generation, Thy strength to all that are yet to come'—admitting that the text is bad, and that the insertion of the word 'next' is dictated by necessity.

Briggs, also, admits the difficulty of the passage, and translates as follows: 'Until I declare Thy wondrous deeds to a seed; To a generation to come Thy might.' He does not make it clear, however, just how he would read the Hebrew.

It seems to me that by a very simple transposition of two words, and a slight change of

punctuation, both the balance and the meaning of the verse can be saved. Read

עד אגיד זרועך לכל
לדור יבוא נבירהך

and translate

Until I have declared Thy strength unto all,
Thy might unto the next generation.

This makes good Hebrew (cf. for לָבַל, Ps 145⁹, Eccl 10³), preserves the parallelism without violence to the original, and, *pace* Professor Duhm, the aspiration it voices is quite true to the optimistic and yearful faith of the Biblical poets.

H. G. ENELow.

Louisville, Ky.

Entre Nous.

Bohn.

'The usefulest thing I know,' said Carlyle. And this time all the world agrees with him. But Bohn has been expensive. For one Bohn leads to another, from the sheer worth of the books. And sometimes several volumes had to be bought to complete a great book or some great author's works. Now the whole of the Bohn's Libraries are to be issued at the price of one shilling net each volume. The first twenty volumes are ready. They make a great show on the shelf. They are printed on good paper, thin and opaque, and they are bound in various colours and shades of colour. They will catch the eye in any library and not displease it.

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Here, then, for a single pound is reading for the rest of the year. And each volume is so convenient in size that it may be carried comfortably in the pocket, or held comfortably in the hand a whole evening through.

This is the cheap literature we should both read

and recommend. The publishers are Messrs. George Bell & Sons.

In the Name of Jesus.

'Perhaps no class of promises has been more misunderstood than those which bid us ask "in the name of Jesus." Many good people have actually thought that to conclude a petition with the words, "For Jesus' sake," is to guarantee the answer. But, surely, Jesus did not mean to give us his name to be used as a shibboleth. To ask in his name must be something more than these people think. Jesus has underwritten our prayer—but not all our petitions. John has given us the key: "If we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us" (1 Jn 5. 14); and again, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (Jn 15. 7). To ask in the name of Jesus is to ask according to his mind; to pray as he would pray; to stand related to the Father as he stands. Then, and then only, do we ask, "in his name," assured that we shall obtain the things we ask for.'

These necessary words are taken from a highly artistic booklet published by Messrs. Eaton & Mains of New York, of which the title is *The Heart of Prayer*, and the author the Rev. C. W. M'Cormick.

The People's Books.

Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack have now issued the 'sixth dozen' volumes of their 'People's

Books' (6d. net each), which they describe with perfect propriety as 'a Library of new books by writers of distinction, bringing within the reach of all the results of modern knowledge.' The range of subject is: (1) Science, (2) Philosophy and Religion, (3) History, (4) Social and Economic, and (5) Letters. That is the publishers' own division. The volumes just issued touch all these departments. In Science we have *Youth and Sex*, by Mary Scharlieb, M.D., M.S., and F. Arthur Sibly, M.A., LL.D.; *British Birds*, by F. B. Kirkman, B.A.; *Gardening*, by A. Cecil Bartlett; and *The Science of Sight*, by P. Phillips, D.Sc. In Philosophy and Religion we find *Ethics*, by Canon Hastings Rashdall, D.Litt.; *The Problem of Truth*, by H. Wildon Carr, D.Litt.; and *Judaism*, by Ephraim Levine, M.A. One volume only has been contributed to History, *The Oxford Movement*, by Wilfrid Ward. The Social and Economic section has been increased by two volumes, *Trade Unions*, by Joseph Clayton, and *Medieval Socialism*, by Bede Jarrett, O.P., M.A. Last of all there are two biographies which belong to the class called Letters, *Charles Lamb*, by Flora Masson, and *Shelley*, by Sydney Waterlow, M.A.

New Periodicals.

The spring season has seen the birth of three theological periodicals, *The Constructive Quarterly*, 'A Journal of Faith, Work, and Thoughts of Christendom,' edited by Silas McBee (Frowde; 3s. net); *Faith and Doubt*, 'A Magazine of Discussion' (Seminary Press; 6d. net); and *The New Commentator*, 'A Quarterly Cambridge Paper for the Discussion of Current Religious and Theological Questions' (Heffer; 3d.).

We like *The New Commentator* best, though we do not like its name. It is a sort of theological *Spectator* or *Nation*, being of that size and appearance and having some at least of the features. And it is out of sight most original. If originality will float a periodical, Mr. Hart's article on the title 'Son of Man' should be sufficient for *The New Commentator*.

We must notice also *The Calcutta Review* (Calcutta General Pub. Co.), which commenced a new series with the January number. Two articles in this number strike us as particularly good, 'Shakespeare, the Last Phase,' by Nicol MacNicol, M.A., D.Litt., and 'Early Buddhism in the West,' by J. C. Matthew, M.A.

New Poetry.

Mr. Edward Carpenter commends *Voices of Dawn over the Hills*, by Rose E. Sharland (Arrowsmith; 1s. net), to all those who care about the labour movement of to-day, 'because out of the heart of that movement it not only gives voice to the longing for a more natural and gracious life than is now possible, but also, like the apparition of a snowdrop in Spring, bears with it some promise of glad fulfilment.'

Here is one of the Songs—

THE UNEXPRESSED.

Day comes as it goes,
In soft amber and rose
Dissolved in dim amethyst lakes;
And no poet has told
Half its glory of gold,
Or the thoughts that such beauty awakes.

Life comes as it goes,
Like the wind when it blows,
On earth but a moment alit;
Yet never was sung
By most eloquent tongue
The meaning and glory of it.

Two of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's volumes are bound in one with the title of *Poems of Life and Moments*, and published by Messrs. Siegle, Hill & Co. (2s. 6d. net). The binding is a beautiful soft brown leather. The poems are of many of life's experiences, but especially the experiences of love and sorrow. This is one of them—

CONVERSION.

When this world's pleasures for my soul sufficed,
Ere my heart's plummet sounded depths of pain,
I called on reason to control my brain,
And scoffed at that old story of the Christ.

But when o'er burning wastes my feet had trod,
And all my life was desolate with loss,
With bleeding hands I clung about the cross,
And cried aloud, 'Man needs a suffering God!'

Mr. Claud Field has called his little book of poetry *Puritan Pansies* (Gay & Hancock). It is attractively prepared for presentation. Here is one of the pansies—

OXFORD.

Her stones are dreams,
 Her river is a thought,
 She is not what she seems,
 A city mason-wrought;
 Descended from the sky,
 Like John's Jerusalem,
 She lets the years go by,
 But is not touched by them.

The Rev. C. Venn Pilcher, B.D., has translated some of the hymns sung in the churches of Iceland. The volume, which is called *The Passion-Hymns of Iceland* (Robert Scott; 2s. net), has come as a surprise to the Bishop of Durham, who writes a foreword to it, and to many another. The surprise is that the hymns are so like our own. Some of them could easily be adopted, in Mr. Pilcher's translation, into our hymn books. We offer one of the shortest by way of sample. Its author is Páll Jónsson. But the greater number translated are either by Hallgrim Petursson or Bishop Valdimar Briem.

VESPER HYMN.

On the wings of light declining
 Sinks the westering sun to sleep:
 Lord, alike in dark or shining,
 Thy pure eyes their vigil keep.
 Let Thy light, which faileth never,
 Round me shine, though day depart;
 And, though night prevail, ever
 Flood the chambers of my heart.

Editorials.

When Professor Shailer Mathews edited *The World To-day* he contributed to its pages pointed paragraphs on passing events and emotions. These paragraphs he has been well advised to republish, and they appear in an attractive little volume with the title *The Making of To-morrow* (Eaton & Mains; \$1 net). Those who have hitherto known Dr. Mathews only as a writer on the New Testament will be astonished at the knowledge of secular affairs which he possesses, and at the terse modern style in which he can express himself. Take the first note on 'Give us back our Rivers!'

'Civilization, like Moses, got its first start on water. Until recent times there never was a nation that did not paddle or sail its way into

history. Look in your general histories to find the proof.

'The United States was born of water. It was easier to get to New Orleans from Montreal by way of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi than over land.

'In those early days rivers were thoroughfares. They continued to be thoroughfares until the middle of the last century.

'Now they are used mostly for sewerage and drinking water.'

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Robert Hughes, Alsager.

Illustrations of the Great Text for July must be received by the 1st of June. The text is Jn 3⁸.

The Great Text for August is Ps 31¹⁵—'My times are in thy hand.' A copy of Thorburn's *Jesus the Christ*, or any volume of 'The Scholar as Preacher' series, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for September is Ac 11²⁴—'For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.' A copy of Sanday's *Outlines of the Life of Christ*, or of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for October is Lk 14¹⁸—'And they all with one consent began to make excuse.' A copy of Strahan's *The Book of Job*, or of any volume of the Great Texts of the Bible, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for November is Ph 4¹³—'I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me.' A copy of Dean's *Visions and Revelations*, or of Coats's *Types of English Piety*, or of Clifford's *Gospel of Gladness*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful. More than one illustration may be sent by one person for the same text. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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