

Entre Nous.

Books for Young People.

Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co. have published nine volumes, any one of which is sure to be a source of delight to the boy or girl who is fortunate enough to receive it.

Four of the books are historical tales. *Heroes of the Indian Mutiny* (5s.) and *Stories of Elizabethan Heroes* (2s. 6d.) are both written by Mr. Edward Gilliat. *Heroes of the Indian Mutiny* opens with a chapter dealing with the causes which led up to the Mutiny, and in the succeeding chapters we have a stirring account of the great leaders and their exploits. There is the story of Hodson's Horse, Lord Roberts of Kandahar, the great twin brothers Sir Henry and John Lord Lawrence, Sir Henry Havelock, and others equally well known.

In *Stories of Elizabethan Heroes* the scene is shifted from land to sea, and the military leaders become naval commanders. We are told of the brave deeds of such men as Sir John Hawkins, Lord Howard, John Davis, and Sir Francis Drake. The frontispiece of this volume is a coloured representation of the scene when Queen Elizabeth knighted Sir Francis Drake on the deck of his own vessel.

Mr. H. W. G. Hyrst tells *Stories of Red Indian Adventure* in another handsome volume (2s. 6d.). The long tale of hardship, gladly endured for country or Christ by men like Sir George Head, John Lloyd Stephens, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, or Julius Froebel, is told with thrilling effect. For Mr. Hyrst is able to cover the whole immense territory and give every episode its own particular interest.

The author of *Patriot and Hero* (3s. 6d.) is Professor A. J. Church—a sufficient recommendation of the book to all but the most frivolous young men. It is a story of the Maccabæan Times, so that no one will doubt who the Patriot and Hero is. In the writing of the book Professor Church has been assisted by Mr. Richmond Seeley.

All these volumes are historical. Before passing to the more scientific of Messrs. Seeley's books let us notice two that are biographical.

Lion-Hearted (2s.) is the story of Bishop Hannington's life, told for boys and girls by Canon E. C. Dawson, M.A. It is not of great battles, on

land or sea, that we read here, but none the less is it the story of a hero. Bishop Hannington's life-story is indeed as thrilling as that of any naval or military commander, and Mr. Dawson's manner of telling it is admirably suited to the boys and girls for whom it is written. The whole story is told, from Hannington's earliest days, through all his exciting adventures and all his hardships, to the end, when he is led forth to a cruel death, never flinching from death or wavering in his loyalty to Christ; and the interest is enhanced by numerous illustrations.

When we first meet Ian Hardy he is a 'troublesome young rascal' who, at the age of ten, has got quite beyond the control of Miss Prothero, the mistress of a school for young boys which he attends. Ian is not really a bad boy; but he is high spirited and mischievous, and many are the exploits we hear of in *Ian Hardy, Naval Cadet* (5s.), by Commander E. H. Currey, R.N. The book follows his career from the time when some particularly mischievous prank has made his father consider it advisable to place him under firmer control than that of Miss Prothero till the time when, at a very early age, he becomes an officer in the service of his choice—the navy. His captain's words about him are: 'That youngster has the makings of a man and an officer in him. He'll do, mark my words. He'll do'—words which show that his exploits were not always to his discredit. Every boy who reads this book will be troubled with impatience until he hails the appearance of a sequel which is promised under the title of 'Ian Hardy, Midshipman.'

There are two scientific books, *The Romance of Scientific Discovery*, by Mr. Charles R. Gibson (5s.), and *Sub-marine Engineering of To-day* (3s. net), by Mr. Charles W. Domville-Fife. In this class of book, specially devised and carefully written for young people, no publisher can compete with Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co. And it is the best class of all. For these volumes stimulate the intellectual and brace the moral faculties all the while that they furnish such instruction as lays a foundation for the work of life. The illustrations are not mere embellishments to the books, they are scientifically accurate and artistically beautiful.

Perhaps *A Church in the Wilds*, by Mr. W. Barbrooke Grubb (5s. net), has not been written for the young, but it may be taken here with the rest. It is the story of the establishment of the South American Mission among the natives of the Paraguayan Chaco. It is 'a missionary book' with the liveliness of clever conversation and graphic description added. There is much common human nature in it, both in the writing and in the illustrating.

The same publishers have issued *Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony without Wires*, by Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E. (2s. net). 'Wireless,' as it is familiarly called, is to vie with 'the conquest of the air' for the intelligent interest of young and old in the near future. This volume has been prepared for the education of the young most of all, and is admirably adapted to its purpose. The illustrations are an education in themselves.

A proper book for the literary lad or lass is *In the Footsteps of Borrow and Fitzgerald*, by Morley Adams (Jarrold; 6s. net). It preserves much of the fragrance which belongs to these exquisite men of letters, and respects their individuality. The illustrations too are in harmony. Here art and literature go pleasantly together to make an acceptable gift.

At the Pilgrim Press has been published the thirty-fourth annual volume of *Young England* (5s.) in its now very familiar binding of blue and gold. There is probably no form of literature that is so short-lived as periodical literature for boys. The boys' magazine that has lived for thirty-four years, and has seen countless rivals come and go, must be a phenomenon. And yet the sensational element has never been the chief element in the contents of *Young England*. History and Science have had their place. And the tone has been good enough for the best conducted school or the best regulated family. In this volume one of the finest of historical novels will be found under the title of 'Gainst the Might of Spain.'

Beyond the Frontier, by F. B. Forester (Pilgrim Press; 3s. 6d.), is a tale of the Great West, in which there is hunting and falling in love, faithful animals and faithless men, and all the elements of a stirring story well woven together. Surely the

Indians have about them more of the lure that boys cannot withstand than any other race.

Another boy's book from the same publishing house is *Under King Henry's Banners*, a story of the days of Agincourt, by Percy F. Westerman (3s. 6d.). Its centre of interest is the joust, so fascinating at this distance of time, and so open to poet or novelist for the grand effect. Mr. Westerman has not wholly escaped the stilted style in which conversation is supposed to have been carried on then. Is it really wise to use 'thou' and 'thy'? It was the speech of ordinary folk then; it is not so now.

From the Pilgrim Press also come two books for the very young—rather, one for the young and one for the younger. *The Children of the Frost-moor* (3s. 6d.) is just right for the years between five and ten. Below five the book is *All the Old Nursery Tales*, told by Gladys Davidson (3s. 6d. net). It is the most charming volume of all, as it ought to be.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge issues a number of books for children every year, and every year there is at least one good book for girls. This year there are three. Two are large substantial volumes, well illustrated. One of the two comes from the competent hand of Miss E. L. Haverfield. Its title is *A Brave Endeavour; or, The Proving of Isolt* (2s. 6d.). The writing is natural, and the situations in which Isolt is found are natural also. It is a story of modern life—the young girl (not too self-confident) glad to escape from 'the boring tender-mercies of Miss Johnson,' finding the world less of a wild beast than she dreaded, though the responsibilities thrust upon her were at first almost more than she could bear. The other is called *Judith's Victory* (2s. 6d.). Not Judith only but Roger also is a carefully drawn character and distinctly attractive. The story is less than the psychology; but the story is good, and the conversations are managed well. The author is L. E. Tiddemann.

The third and smallest girl's book is called *Five and One* (1s. 6d.). Its author is Agnes Theresa Holliday. Written for younger girls, it is well suited to its audience. There is less psychology and more incident. There is even a considerable spice of innocent adventure.

The S.P.C.K. has also published two books for

boys; though, to tell the truth, the boys' books will openly be read by girls, and the girls' books will secretly be read by boys. *Two Holidays; or, Dignity and Impudence*, is one of them (2s.). Its author is George Richmond. The other is *Gentleman Jack* (2s.), by H. A. Hinkson.

Then there is a book by A. Vaughan which makes everything give way to its moral. It is 'the story of a child's simple faith and a man's unbelief,' the title being *Scamp Number Two* (1s. 6d.).

Lyric Poetry.

Mr. Ernest Rhys has contributed a volume to the series 'Channels of English Literature' on *Lyric Poetry* (Dent; 5s. net). It is no deliberate collection of lyrics, the series does not admit of that; but throughout the criticism the lyrics are quoted by way of illustration, and the quotation is always enough to give a complete thought.

The criticism itself strikes one as well-balanced and just. Mr. Rhys has no idolatries—not even Shakespeare is altogether an idol—and (what is still better) he has no violent dislikes. He refers to Macaulay's 'slaughter' of James Montgomery, but he refrains from all such butchery himself. The paragraph in which he mentions James Montgomery is a good example of his style, and may be quoted. One quotes it the more gladly because of the justice done in it to Mrs. Hemans. How easily we despise others, but Mr. Rhys is no Pharisee.

'Campbell,' he says, 'was the poetic leader of a troop of versemen of some energy, who used rhetoric freely, and wrote moral and exemplary songs without any pull on the creative faculty. There is no need to name them individually, since they had no permanent effect. The didactic lyric was written with small force and a certain sincerity by another writer who connected the centuries, James Montgomery, whom Macaulay slaughtered in the *Edinburgh Review*, and who was for a time the most popular verseman of his day, a day that might have read and did not read Shelley or Keats. One should read Montgomery before taking up Mrs. Hemans, who used on occasion to be ranked with him, usually as his inferior. She had, although she followed at times the same fashion which used a poetic diction much feebler than Gray's, a genuine lyric note and genuine lyric feeling—

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy
North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture
free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has
been.

Children will not let Mrs. Hemans die, and they can confer an immortality that survives a thousand critics.'

D. H. S. Nicholson.

In *Poems* (Methuen; 2s. 6d. net), by D. H. S. Nicholson, there is one poem at least which, once read, will remain in the memory. We shall quote it. 'The March of the Trees' is its title. There are in the book other fine thoughts finely expressed. The only weakness is in the rhyming, and that rarely. But 'faun' will not rhyme with 'morn,' nor 'law' with 'war.'

THE MARCH OF THE TREES.

At the last it will surely come, to-day or in
many years,
The thing I have known from always, the fertile
mother of fears.
Mercy is not in nature, nor change of the great
Design,
And each man knows his horror, and the March
of the Trees is mine.

It will not be in the silence when the heavy
trees are white,
But the slumbrous after-stillness in the deep of
a summer night,
When the distant frogs are croaking and the
mist shapes dance on the pond
A slow and fearful measure, like wraiths of the
pale Beyond.

I think there will be a signal, some hint of a
whispered word
Stirring the forest silence, or the cry of a
stricken bird,
And the trees will be bowed together, and raise
their heads again,
While the sound of the trees rejoicing will be as
the sound of rain.

They will come up out of the valleys where they
 have waited long,
 And down from the quiet hills in a terrible
 giant throng:
 But I (it is written so in the Book of the Laws
 of Fate)
 Shall stay in the desolate clearing, and watch as
 they come, and wait.

They will not come with a shouting, nor singing
 the forest song,
 But clothed with the deeper silence that broods
 on an ancient wrong,
 And my body will pay, being crushed, though
 it struggle and fight for breath;
 But the end of the March of the Trees will be
 silence also, and death.

Michael Haseltine.

It is a very small volume which Mr. Elkin
 Matthews has published for Michael Haseltine,
 and its title is simply *Poems* (1s. net), and that
 is the right title. Here is an easily understood
 poem.

OXFORD: THE TOWN.

All day we pass him, tragically propped
 Against a ledge of stone; his pale eyes stare
 On passers-by whose breath one second stopped
 Before his mute and unrebelling air.
 Some evenings, he catches at the walls,
 The swollen shadow of his puny legs
 Flung like a dance in grotesque carnivals,
 To mock us: on his brighter days, he begs.
 A drunkard, buttoned close in hideous clothes,
 His golden dream a twelve-hours drunken sleep,
 Had he once hopes, whom now our niceness
 loathes,
 Old softer vigils on May nights to keep,
 Warm-hearted whispers under Tom's great bell,
 This bankrupt, ruinous Oxford Ishmael?

Edith Hickman Divall.

Edith Hickman Divall has the rare gift of
 being able to make a hymn a poem and a poem
 a hymn. Her new book is *Voices of Life* (Sunday
 School Union; 1s. 6d. net). Take this—

Soon, soon, O weary heart,
 Thy waiting will be past.
 See, how the clouds of night depart!
 The dawn draws near, at last.

Lift up thine eyes, I say—
 Thine eyes, with watching dim,
 And catch the first, fair glimpse of day,
 And rise to welcome Him.

He comes! The Lord draws near!
 Why art thou tired and sad?
 Thy glorious King shall soon appear.
 O waiting heart, be glad.

George MacDonald.

A Book of Life from the Works of George
 MacDonald has been selected by W. L. T. and
 S. M. T. (Humphrey Milford; 6d. net). Single
 sentences are often enough, as: 'Love must
 dwell in the will as well as in the heart'—*Marquis
 of Lossie*, chap. xlii.

John Presland.

John Presland is the author of *Marcus
 Aurelius*, and other dramas. His new subject is
 taken from the stirring time that Rome felt at the
 end of Justinian's reign, and his hero (and title) is
Belisarius, General of the East (Chatto & Windus;
 5s. net). A little distant at first, the throb of life
 comes steadily nearer, till, by the end of the
 second act, we are in the heart of it. There are
 improbabilities—especially is the confession and
 death of Unigatus improbable—but the vitality is
 undeniable.

My Daily Prayer.

To his exquisite *Yet Another Day*, Mr. F. B.
 Meyer has added *My Daily Prayer* (Meyer; 1s.
 net). This is the prayer for May 16: 'May I not
 be so absorbed in my own concerns as to be in-
 different to the innocent joys of children and
 others of my home circle.'

Fanny Stearns Davis.

In *Myself and I* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net) there
 are many fine fancies. There are thoughts that

flash true and new. But nothing is finer than the poem which gives the book its title. It is strange enough that I can look at myself and myself can look at me: it is stranger still that I can reprove myself and refuse to do what myself bids me.

At eve Myself and I came home. That book
Down from its high and portly place we took,
And read, 'Express Thyself, Thyself alway.
True to Thyself, thou canst not go astray.'
—I looked Myself between the dancing eyes:
They dazzled me, they were so wild and wise.
'Myself,' I said, 'art thou a naughtier one
Than any other self beneath the sun?
Or why, why, why,—could I not once obey
Thine innocent glad bidding, all this day?'
Myself's bright eyes were clouded o'er with tears.
Myself's gay voice was dim as dust of years.
'Ah,' said Myself, 'the book is true. And I
Am very naughty sometimes. See, I cry
Repentance. Yet so mad I needs must be
Or else the world would choke and smother me.'

A Bibliography.

What is a Bibliography? In the first volume of the *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences*, Dr. Ruge says: 'In the drawing up of a Bibliography, which involves nothing more than an apparently mechanical and technical collecting and arranging of contributions already made, the conception of the science concerned must be firmly grasped; for it is not a question of putting together everything which has been produced on the subject, but of selecting that which falls within a definite and comprehensive conception of the science. Only in that way can the historical progress of the particular science be secured and the contributions already made serve as a criterion for later writers.'

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Herbert Windross, Walton-on-Thames.

Illustrations of the Great Text for December must be received by the 20th of October. The text is Ro 11³³.

The Great Text for January is Ac 5⁸¹—'Him did God exalt with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins.' A copy of Briggs' *The Fundamental Christian Faith*, or of Loofs' *What is the Truth about Jesus Christ*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for February is Ac 3⁶—'But Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but what I have, that give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk.' A copy of the first volume of the *Greater Men and Women of the Bible*, or of Sanday's *Outlines of the Life of Christ*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for March is He 2¹⁸—'For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.' A volume of *The Greater Men and Women of the Bible*, or of Winstanley's *Jesus and the Future*, or of Nairne's *The Epistle of Priesthood*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for April is Ro 13¹ along with 1 P 2^{13, 15}—'Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God.' 'Be subject yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. For so is the will of God, that by well-doing ye should put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' A copy of Allen and Grensted's *Introduction to the New Testament*, or Walker's *Christ the Creative Ideal*, 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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