

thus, such a method of introducing the verdict on Jehoiachin is unlike the abrupt pointed method of the other oracles; Jerusalem's allies in 597 were hard to find; it is not easy to conceive the community of Judah as very deeply afflicted over the fate of the eighteen-year-old lad who had maintained his throne for only three months.

Now 22<sup>20-23</sup> forms a natural sequel to 21<sup>13f.</sup> in sense. After Yahweh has smitten the people (21<sup>14b</sup>), they are summoned to lament their fate (22<sup>20</sup>), because they are now helpless (vv. 21<sup>f.</sup>), and because their God has given them up (v. 23). It forms a natural sequel, because the same community is addressed. That community is described (21<sup>13</sup>) as *יֹשְׁבֵי הַעֵמֶק צִוֵּר הַמִּישׁוֹר*, 'inhabitant of the vale, rock of the tableland'—a curious phrase, since it is not easy to see what the rock of a tableland is, nor how an abode can be at once in a rock and a vale. Yet the versions give no variation from the M. T., for while the LXX translate צִוֵּר by Tyre, that implies no departure from the text. The difficulty lies in *צִוֵּר*, for plain and tableland are supported by the boast of the community, 'who shall come down against us?' and are set in similar parallel in Jer 48<sup>8</sup>. But *הַמִּישׁוֹר* has the special sense of the plateau which lies between the Arnon and Heshbon (Dt 3<sup>10</sup> 4<sup>48</sup>, Jos 13<sup>9</sup>. 16. 17. 21 20<sup>8</sup>, Jer 48<sup>21</sup>); and for the vale to perish, the plateau to be ruined, is in Jer 48<sup>8</sup> equivalent to the destruction of Moab.

With this situation, across Jordan, agrees the description of the community in 22<sup>20-23</sup>. The people are bidden go up to lament on Lebanon, Bashan, and Abarim, which describe the heights reaching down Eastern Palestine and ending with that chain of which Mt. Nebo was the commanding summit. The further description 'thou that inhabitest Lebanon, and makest thy nest among the cedars' remains difficult, but at least possible. The common interpretation, which understands that the people felt themselves as safe as if they dwelt on the northern mountains or nested among its cedars, has always seemed to me unexampled and somewhat forced.

The moral situation is also the same. The community, which is addressed in both passages, is full of self-confidence through its situation and its friends; but it has forgotten the peril which arises from having Yahweh as its enemy. It has boasted how none can break into its safe isolation, and how many are its allies. Its ruin will come in a sudden agony like child-birth pangs.

It is not necessary to insist how unlike such a situation is to the friendless condition in which Judah found itself at the time of Jehoiachin, when Northern Israel was already exiled and all the gates of the country stood open to its enemies.

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## Entre Nous.

### Illustrations from the War.

The Editor offers a set of the *Great Texts of the Bible* (twenty volumes), or their equivalent in other books chosen from Messrs. T. & T. Clark's catalogue, for the best series of illustrations of the Bible on religious and ethical topics from incidents connected with the War. He offers also a set of the *Greater Men and Women of the Bible* (six volumes)—or their equivalent as before—for the second best series. The texts or topics illustrated should be given, and the source of the illustration, together with the date.

The illustrations should be sent before the end of August. They must refer to incidents occurring not earlier than February.

### Kabir.

*One Hundred Poems of Kabir* have been translated by Rabindranath Tagore, with the assistance

of Evelyn Underhill (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). Kabir was born in or near Benares, of Mohammedan parents, probably about the year 1440. In early life he became a disciple of the celebrated Hindu ascetic Rāmānanda. He became himself a mystic—one of 'that small group of supreme mystics,' says Miss Underhill, 'amongst whom St. Augustine, Ruysbroeck, and the Sūfi poet Jalālu'ddin Rūmī are perhaps the chief—who have achieved that which we might call the synthetic vision of God.'

One average quotation will give a taste of the mysticism, the poetry and the translation:

All things are created by the Om;

The love-form is His body.

He is without form, without quality, without decay

Seek thou union with Him!

But that formless God takes a thousand form  
 in the eyes of His creatures:  
 He is pure and indestructible,  
 His form is infinite and fathomless,  
 He dances in rapture, and waves of form arise  
 from His dance;  
 The body and the mind cannot contain them-  
 selves, when they are touched by His great joy.  
 He is immersed in all consciousness, all joys,  
 and all sorrows;  
 He has no beginning and no end;  
 He holds all within His bliss.

#### Maurice Maeterlinck.

Mr. Bernard Miall has translated into English the early poems of Maeterlinck. The title is simply *Poems* (Methuen; 5s. net).

'It is safe to assert,' says the translator, 'that the writer of these poems had read his Verlaine, his Rimbaud, his Mallarmé, and his Baudelaire, and of English-speaking poets Emerson, Poe, perhaps Rossetti, and above all Whitman. But he is no disciple; and his essential originality, and the keynote of his æsthetics, is a system of symbolism.'

What the Symbols signify it is beyond Mr. Miall's skill to certify, and he cannot ask Maeterlinck because 'his country is being crucified by the powers of darkness, and he has other and sterner matters to think of.'

The metre of the original is mostly that of 'In Memoriam,' but the translator has claimed some freedom. This is one of the lyrics as he has 'done' it:

#### PRAYER.

Thou know'st, O Lord, my spirit's death:  
 Thou see'st the worth of what I bring:  
 The evil blossoms of the earth,  
 The light upon a perished thing.

Thou see'st my sick and weary mood:  
 The moon is dark, the dawn is slain.  
 Thy glory on my solitude  
 Shed Thou like fructifying rain.

Light Thou, O Lord, beneath my feet  
 The way my weary soul should pass,  
 For now the pain of all things sweet  
 Is piteous as the ice-bound grass.

#### The Brontës.

Under the title of *Brontë Poems*, Mr. A. C. Benson has published a selection from the poetry of Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Branwell Brontë (Smith, Elder & Co.; 3s. 6d. net). In his introduction, which has the charm of his best writing, he gives his opinion freely on the merits of the poetry, and compares the one member of the family

with the other. His order is Emily, Branwell, Charlotte, Anne. He speaks also of the attitude to life of each of them. 'Branwell alone of the four had no moral patience, no power of defiance. Emily achieved it by her lofty independence of spirit, Charlotte by courage and tenacious interest in life, Anne by a deep religious faith. But I believe Branwell to have possessed the artistic vision, though an early corruption of temperament leading to a base gaiety was fatal to all clearness and energy of presentment.'

The difficulty with the text of the poems is very great owing to 'the fact that the script of the original MSS is so minute as to be often hardly decipherable.'

Opposite page 210 a specimen of Emily's handwriting is given; and it is amusing to observe that Mr. Benson has deciphered the date amiss. He says May 13, 1843: it is certainly May 15. This is the poem:

Why ask to know what date, what clime?

There dwelt our own humanity,  
 Power-worshippers from earliest time,  
 Feet-kissers of triumphant crime,

Crushers of helpless misery,  
 Crushing down Justice, honouring wrong,  
 If that be feeble, this be strong.

Shedders of blood, shedders of tears,  
 Fell creatures avid of distress;

Yet mocking heaven with senseless prayers  
 For mercy on the merciless.

It was the autumn of the year  
 When grain grows yellow in the ear;  
 Day after day, from noon to noon,  
 That August's sun blazed bright as June.

But we with unregarding eyes  
 Saw panting earth and glowing skies.  
 No hand the reaper's sickle held,  
 Nor bound the bright sheaves in the field.

Our corn was garnered months before,  
 Threshed out and harvested with gore;  
 Ground when the ears were milky sweet  
 With furious toil of hoofs and feet;  
 I, doubly cursed, on foreign sod,  
 Fought neither for my home nor God.

#### Tales from the Trenches.

Mr. James W. Herries has reprinted some sketches of war incidents contributed by him to the newspapers. He calls the book *Tales from the Trenches* (Hodge; 1s. net). Among the rest there is an extraordinary story of three men belonging to the Irish Fusiliers who were on their way to a bayonet attack. 'The three comrades advance

abreast. A shell screams through the air. It passes and leaves the Belfast man headless. His two companions note instantaneously what has happened, but the momentum of the charge carries them on, and the headless Fusilier charges with them.

'That grim horror of a headless body, rifle and bayonet still held in position, runs on, step for step, along with the others, for a distance of some 15 yards, before it collapses and falls a huddled heap on the ground.

'It is an incident fit to try the nerves of the strongest. At the moment, however, its weird effect is lost in the tumult and excitement of the charge. It is only after the trenches have been stormed that the strangeness of this headless corpse, charging over the battlefield, with levelled rifle, comes home to the others.

'The story was told me by the six-foot Irishman, an unimpressionable and matter-of-fact soldier type, who described the incident to me as something curious, but not particularly appalling. Many members of the hospital staffs, to whom I have told the story, have found it not at all surprising. The muscular action continuing after the control of the brain had been removed, and the general circumstances in which the incident occurred, fully account for what happened. From my knowledge of the Irishman, and his complete want of the imaginative faculty, I can personally vouch for his credibility.'

#### Great Deeds of the Great War.

What is the indispensable literature of the War? Among the rest, *T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds* must find a place for the human element. *T.P.'s Journal of Great Deeds* is not a repertoire of anecdotes, that and nothing more. There are sustained articles by Rudyard Kipling, Archibald Hurd, W. Douglas Newton, T. Miller Maguire, and others, including, of course, T. P. O'Connor himself. And there are numerous photographs, well chosen and well prepared. Nevertheless the incidents and the anecdotes are at least a good spice to the pudding, and out of the first volume, which has just been published, we shall quote three of the most characteristic.

#### PURE WOMANLY.

'A woman ran out of the door of a solitary cottage towards Senlis, waving her arm. One

stops quickly these days. A man was dying inside. She had burned his uniform; but I knew at once he was a German. He had been shot while scouting, had hid himself, and crawled to her house. We did what we could for him. We left him to die in the care of the woman who had not "passed by on the other side." Her son would visit her shortly, and would bury him in the field. No one else was to know!'

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

'The —th Corps has a Roman Catholic chaplain well known as the Père Narp, and a Jewish Rabbi, Mr. G. R. Ginsburger. They are excellent friends, and are equally distinguished for the good they do. One evening they had stayed too late, tending the wounded and dying in the field, to be able to re-enter the cantonments. They found a deserted cottage with a truckle bed, and both threw themselves down upon it, the Père Narp remarking, with sly wit, "What a pity, all the same, that there is not a photographer to take the Old and New Testament as bedfellows!"'

#### A BABY.

'The Germans had turned all the people out of a burning village, and rain fell in torrents. Bombardier Stoddard, 27th Battery of the R.F.A., found a baby crying in its cradle during a terrible moment, when he arrived with others at a village subjected to the usual desolation by the German invaders, and made a great effort to save its life. He carried it under his great-coat for five and a half miles, until the battery was about to go into action again. He laid the child under a hayrick, and covered it, in the hope that some one would find it and take care of it. But when the battery passed through the village afterwards he found that the hayrick had been destroyed by fire, and the child could not be found.'

#### The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Henry R. Ridcock, East Dereham.

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