

things in the abstract. Men crave for them, and follow hard on their track. They are all at their highest in Christ. And He is not far away in some high heaven, but close at hand. We have but to shut our eyes to the world's dazzling flare, and our ears to its loud clamour, and to say to Him 'Come in,' and in He comes; as King, even

as He entered Jerusalem on Palm Sunday; as Redeemer, even as He died on Good Friday; as Resurrection and Life, even as He rose on Easter Day, and sits at God's right hand; in and through the Spirit sent at Pentecost even as He promised His disciples.

WILLOUGHBY C. ALLEN.

Manchester.

Entre Nous.

F. W. H. Myers.

A new edition has been published of F. W. H. Myers' *Saint Paul*, with introduction and notes by E. J. Watson (Simpkin; 2s. 6d. net). After its first publication in 1867, Myers kept polishing the poem. In the sixteen editions which appeared before his death in 1901 he had gradually discarded seventeen of the original stanzas and had added twenty-one new stanzas. The editor of this edition has kept all the new stanzas and restored all the old.

A fair idea of the editing will be obtained if we quote one of the cantos and the notes upon it:

Oft shall that flesh imperil and outweary
Soul that would stay it in the straiter scope,
Oft shall the chill day and the even dreary
Force on my heart the frenzy of a hope:—

Lo as some ship, outworn and overladen,
Strains for the harbour where her sails are
furled;—

Lo as some innocent and eager maiden
Leans o'er the wistful limit of the world,¹

Dreams of the glow and glory of the distance,
Wonderful wooing and the grace of tears,
Dreams with what eyes and what a sweet in-
sistence

Lovers are waiting in the hidden years;—

Lo as some venturer, from his stars receiving
Promise and presage of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes,

Yea to the end, in palace or in prison,
Fashions his fancies of the realm to be,
Fallen from the height or from the deeps arisen,
Ringed with the rocks and Sundered of the sea;—

¹ *Lo as some innocent and eager maiden.*—Note the similarity of this and the next line to the first two lines of *The Blessed Damozel*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

'The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven.'

So even I, and with a pang more thrilling,²

So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Yearn for the sign, O Christ! of Thy fulfilling,
Faint for the flaming of Thine advent feet.³

Gustaf Fröding.

The literature of Scandinavia is becoming better known to us. We know something of Ibsen, Björnson, and Strindberg, a little less of Ellen Key, and a little less still of Selma Lagerlöf. But what do we know of Fröding? Yet the Northmen, whether Norwegians, Danes, or Swedes, pride themselves most on their lyric poetry, and Fröding the Swede, who died in 1911, is probably the greatest of all their lyric poets. Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, A.M., Ph.D., has selected and translated some of the poems of *Gustaf Fröding* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net).

They are not all quotable—for other reasons besides the length of some of them. They are once or twice just too frankly 'of the earth earthy.' This may be quoted:

See where the Dreamer comes! (they said):
Turning this way his downcast head.

On lonely paths he wanders far;
He is not as we others are.

² *So even I, and with a pang more thrilling.*—In the 1867, 1868, and 1885 editions the verse appears as below:

'So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ! of thy returning
Faint for the flaming of thine advent feet.'

³ *Thine advent feet.*—This refers to the second coming of Christ. 'The Lord is at hand' (Ph 4^b). 'The day of Christ is at hand' (2 Th 2^b). The two Syrian words *Maran atha* ('The Lord is at hand') were the passwords amongst Christians—the lively and short expression that they used to each other to encourage one another in their hopes (Renan, *S. Paul*, ii. 69).

He dreams that—curse his lying dream!—
Sun, moon and stars all bow to him.

He is our father's dearest son:
Come, let us slay him and have done!

Percy Mackaye.

Messrs. Macmillan have published two volumes of the *Poems and Plays* of Mr. Percy Mackaye, the Poems in one volume and the Plays in another (8s. 6d. net each). Of the whole number of Mr. Mackaye's Plays five have been selected 'to represent, in verse and prose, his dramatic work in comedy, tragedy, and satire, on themes historical and modern.' How many more Plays he has written we cannot say; these five fill a thick octavo volume, and are printed most attractively. The Poems are *all* published. They also fill a volume nearly as thick, and it is as enticingly printed.

Mr. Mackaye is spoken of here and there as the greatest living American poet. He himself is of opinion that he has not begun to write poetry yet, and with that opinion there are those who agree. This is what he says: 'While the writer was still in his teens, he said to himself: "There is my life-work; it rises over there beyond: I can see its large outlines. I will give myself till I am forty to do its 'prentice work: then perhaps I may be ready to tackle the real job—that vision which lies there alluring, waiting to be realized." Now, then, here is forty; and here is some of the 'prentice work gathered together; yet as far as concerns myself, apprenticeship has hardly begun: the real life-work still beckons, unrealized, away there beyond.'

The Plays seem to us to be more successful than the Poems. They are clever and entertaining. Their author makes no attempt to obtain an ideal of life; he is content to describe it as it is, or may be wittily supposed to be, on a very ordinary American standard. But he hits the mark every time. Such as his standard is he reaches it. He is never 'off colour'; he is always able to hold our interest.

The Poems are often generous appreciations of great men—Browning, Peary, Edison, and others. There are two striking and elaborate Odes—one written for the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln, the other an Ode to the American Universities, the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Poem of 1908.

But it is in his sonnets that Mr. Mackaye is at his best. Let us quote two of them. One is called

CHRISTMAS 1915.

Now is the midnight of the nations: dark
Even as death, beside her blood-dark seas,
Earth, like a mother in birth agonies,
Screams in her travail, and the planets hark
Her million-throated terror. Naked, stark,
Her torso writhes enormous, and her knees
Shudder against the shadowed Pleiades,
Wrenching the night's imponderable arc.

Christ! What shall be delivered to the morn
Out of these pangs, if ever indeed another
Morn shall succeed this night, or this vast mother
Survive to know the blood-sprent offspring, torn
From her racked flesh?—What splendor from
the smother?

What new-wing'd world, or mangled god still-
born?

The other is without a name:

As ripples widen where the stone is cast,
So do we wane toward the banks of death;
As dips the summer grass before the breath
Of the west wind, so lightly we are passed:
Our lives are liquid; even when Grief has
massed
Their evanescent flowers to a mort-wreath,
They are such icy blooms as a frosty heath
Paints on the glass-pane, and as long they last.

Therefore, since joy is the acquiescent will
That blends our spirits' limbs with all which
flows,

Since pain is the stagnant eddy and the chill
That lies congealed within the withered rose,
Let us, sweet friend, of beauty drink our fill,
And fix in natural change our soul's repose.

Harold Begbie.

Mr. Begbie's *Fighting Lines* has been issued in Constable's Shilling Series. Is it necessary to make its marching music known now? This is Mr. Begbie's mind on War:

War exalts and cleanses: it lifts man from the
mud!
Ask God what He thinks of a bayonet dripping
blood.

By War the brave are tested, and cowards are disgraced!
 Show God His own image shrapnel'd into paste.
 Fight till tyrants' perish, slay till brutes are mild!
 Then go wash the blood off and try to face your child.

It is to be observed that Mr. Begbie uses the words Britain and England correctly, as the first verse from the 'Ballad of the English Tongue' will show:

So good to the ears of the wind and sea was
 the speech which our fathers used
 That its notes with the farthest breeze were
 mixed, with the uttermost tide were fused,
 And better than sight of Britain's flag from a
 thousand bastions flung
 Is the sound in the gates on her quay-linked
 coasts of the conquering English tongue.

William Dudley Foulke.

The most pleasing of all the *Lyrics of War and Peace* in Dr. Dudley Foulke's volume (Oxford Univ. Press; 2s. 6d. net) are those which celebrate the happiness of his home. And they are the most poetical lyrics. Nowhere else, not even in his fine address to his Fatherland (the United States), does the author touch a higher note. So we shall quote one of the home poems. It is frank and unaffected:

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

A happy father thou, when sturdy sons
 In mellowing age a golden youth renew,
 In them thy name through generations runs,
 By them achieved, thy early dreams come true.
 But happier he whose daughters round him
 twine
 Their loving arms in his declining years,
 And if he smile, their eyes with gladness shine,
 Or if he grieve, their cheeks are wet with
 tears.
 For deeper tenderness hath woman's heart
 For him she loves than son for sire can feel;
 His waning hours she cheers with simple art;
 And o'er his couch a fragrant breath doth steal
 From gentle lips whence no reproaches come,
 And a fond breast where thought of self is
 dumb.

Sydney Watson.

The New Europe, by Sydney Watson, called also 'A Story of To-day and To-morrow' (Nicholson), is another book on the application of prophecy to the present war. It has its own character. It has been 'cast in a slightly fictional form.' That slightly fictional form will probably find readers for the book who would not look at our ordinary prophetic volume. And that is just what it is meant to do. We shall not touch either the prophecy or the fiction. But we shall quote some verses which occur anonymously in the volume:

You ask me, *how* I gave my heart to Christ?
 I do not know.
 I found earth's flowerets would fade and die:
 I wept for something that would satisfy:
 And then—and there—somehow I seemed to dare
 To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
 I do not know—I cannot tell you *how*—
 I only know, He is my Saviour now.

You ask me, *when* I gave my heart to Christ?
 I cannot tell.
 The day or just the hour I do not now
 Remember well;
 It must have been when I was all alone.
 The light of His forgiving spirit shone
 Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
 I think—I think—'twas then I let Him in.
 I do not know—I cannot tell you *when*;
 I only know, He is so dear since then.

You ask me, *where* I gave my heart to Christ?
 I cannot say.
 That sacred place has faded from my sight
 As yesterday;
 Perhaps He thought it better I should not
 Remember *where*. How I should love that
 spot!
 I think I could not tear myself away,
 For I should want for ever there to stay.
 I do not know—
 I only know *He* came and *blessed* me *there*.

You ask me, *why* I gave my heart to Christ?
 I can reply—
 It is a wondrous story, listen! while
 I tell you *why*.
 My heart was drawn at length to seek His face,
 I was alone—I had no resting place:

I heard of One who loved me—with a love
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken—
I longed such love to share;
And sought it then upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me—why I thought this Christ
Would heed my prayer?
I knew He died upon the Cross for me;
I nailed Him there!
I heard His dying cry—‘Father, forgive!’
I saw Him drink death’s cup, that I might live,
My head was bowed upon my breast in shame.
He called me, and in penitence I came;
He heard my prayer!
I cannot tell you *how*—nor *when*—nor *where*!
Why—I have told you now.

Violet and Armel O'Connor.

A little book, prose and poetry—all poetry truly
—and John Oxenham has introduced it. Its title
is *Peace-Makers* (Methuen; 1s. net). This is one
poem:

THE WORD.

The pain had been sharp—
’Twas an oath on his lips when he died.
Yet, sung to a harp
By an angel, it can’t be denied
The word would sound well;
For within it there lurked his intent,
Not suited to hell.
And in heaven, they sing what he meant.

A. H. Lash.

The Rev. A. H. Lash (late C.M.S. Missionary
in South India) is a writer of hymns rather than of
poems, and it would not be surprising if some of
his hymns passed into our hymnology. A good
example of his work are the following verses based
on Ps 143¹⁰ (R.V.):

‘Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee,’
And as I drift along the stream of Time
Prepare my spirit for eternity,
And raise my grovelling thoughts to things
sublime.

‘Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee,’
To tread the path Thy holy feet have trod,
The narrow path of love and purity,
The simple life of fellowship with God.

‘Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee,’
And to this end, oh, make me pure within,
My captive soul from earthly bonds set free,
And in Thy open fountain cleanse my sin.

‘Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee.’
Created by Thy power, I am Thine;
Make me, O God, what Thou wouldst have me
be,
A fruitful branch of the Immortal Vine.

The volume is entitled *Dawn, and Other Sacred
Poems* (Jarrold; 1s. net).

F. W. Orde Ward.

Mr. Ward is a well-practised maker of sacred
verse. He is too psychological and subtle for the
maker of hymns, but every poem is passionately
religious. The title of his new volume is *Songs
for Sufferers* (Kelly; 6d. net). Take this:

HEAVEN LIES WITHIN.

Heaven lies within me, God is ever near,
My windows open out with faith and fear
Into the glory of the great Eternal;
A little touch of trust, an unshed tear,
And I am one with all the sweet Supernal.
Ah, no delight is as that lovely dread,
Which draws a shining curtain round my bed,

I cannot miss it, everywhere it lies,
As the last pulse of those pure charities
Which link the good and true and fair together;
The soul of churches old and chivalries,
Heaven is the rock that heeds not wave or
weather.

The adverse winds but nigher bring the Power,
That breathes alike in faded leaf and flower.

I look without, and there is naught but gloom;
I look within, and find unbounded room
For all the beauty and burden of my sorrow;
The thorns whereon I rest break into bloom,
Peace is to-day and joy is here to-morrow.
I may not hide from heaven, and mercies hang
Betwixt my soul and each thrice-blessed pang.

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