

knoweth the Father (Mt 11²⁷) or can come to the Father (Jn 14⁶), who is the soul's necessary ransom (Mk 10⁴⁵) and final Judge (Mt 25⁸¹), and the chief burden of whose teaching was, 'Come unto me,' 'Believe in me.'

Finally these moving and human stories are not only in no way discrepant with the Apostolic

teaching, but in substantial and striking agreement therewith. How, for example, could we better set forth Paul's doctrine of Justification than by the story of the welcome and the best robe, the ring, the sandals?

A. D. MARTIN.

Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

New Poetry.

Ada Cambridge.

The Hand in the Dark, and other Poems, is the title of Ada Cambridge's new volume (Heinemann; 5s. net). It is a relief to find the word 'poems' in the title, we have had the mock-humble word 'verses' so often. These are poems, and should be called so. Some of them are placed under headings as well as separate titles; as Sanctuaries, Motherhood. But the best exposition is always an average quotation. Take this poem out of the Motherhood division. Its title is

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.

Every wild she-bird has nest and mate in the
warm April weather,
But a captive woman, made for love, no mate,
no nest, has she.
In the spring of young desire, young men and
maids are wed together,
And the happy mothers flaunt their bliss for all
the world to see.
Nature's sacramental feast for them—an empty
board for me.

I, a young maid once, an old maid now, deposed,
despised, forgotten—
I, like them, have thrilled with passion and have
dreamed of nuptial rest,
Of the trembling life within me of my children
unbegotten,
Of a breathing new-born body to my yearning
bosom prest,
Of the rapture of a little soft mouth drinking at
my breast.

Time, that heals so many sorrows, keeps mine
ever-freshly aching,
Though my face is growing furrowed and my
brown hair turning white.
Still I mourn my irremediable loss, asleep or
waking;

Still I hear my son's voice calling 'Mother' in
the dead of night,
And am haunted by my girl's eyes that will
never see the light.

O my children that I might have had! My
children lost for ever!
O the goodly years that might have been, now
desolate and bare!
O God, what have I lacked, what have I done,
that I should never
Take my birthright like the others, take the
crown that women wear,
And possess the common heritage to which all
flesh is heir?

L. Ann Cunningham.

The first poem in *The Prince's Pilgrimage*, by L. Ann Cunningham (Moring; 5s. net), has that title. It is a semi-dramatic, semi-allegorical story in verse of a prince's search for happiness, which he found 'amongst the shepherds and amongst the sheep.' Of the rest of the book we shall give a fair example.

A CHILD'S SMALL HAND.

A child's small hand slipped into mine,
Of love and confidence the sign,
As I walked cheerless, desolate,
Aloof from love, apart from hate,
And cheered me as a draught of wine.
How clinging-tender like a vine,
Whose tendrils clasp and then entwine,
Athrill with love, affectionate,
A child's small hand.

And whether Evening's stars may shine,
Or whether Morning's silver line
The clouds that loomed so dark of late,
Oh never mayest thou await
In vain, outstretched, to feel in thine
A child's small hand.

W. M. Letts.

In *Songs from Leinster* (Smith, Elder & Co.; 2s. 6d. net) we read:

I thank God for an Irish name,
And a son of mine to bear the same,
My own to love me and none to blame:
No more I'd claim.

And so the poetry is all Irish, and most of it Irish intensely. Here is one.

Boys.

I do be thinking God must laugh
The time He makes a boy;
All element the creatures are,
And divilmint and joy.
Careless and gay as a wad in a window,
Swift as a redshanks, and wild as a hare;
Heartscalds and torments—but sorra a mother
Has got one to spare.

C. Goodwin.

The Feast of the Universe (Erskine MacDonald; 3s. 6d. net) is the first poem in the volume. It is a poem of the Creation, daring in idea and in language. The rest are less arresting. Take this:

SONNET TO HOPE.

No tears can dim the beauty of thine eyes,
No grief can hush thy voice nor quench thy smile;
Thy world-old counsel still is 'Wait awhile,'
Though shattered is the rose beneath love's sighs,
And broken by rough winds the lily lies;
Thou sayest to despair with winsome guile:
'Though streams are dried, they shall flow
mile by mile,
And roses out of withered petals rise!'

Fresh art thou as the stream that sun-bright
flows,
Spring-skies washed blue by rain, warm dried
by sun,
Like daffodils' glad gold or pink of rose,
Like joy that watches sorrow's fears undone;
Unquenched by all thy thousand years of woes,
Thou sayest: 'Wait, the race may yet be
won!'

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. H. Cooper, Douglas, Isle of Man. The best illustration last month was found by the Rev. Donald M. Henry, Whithorn, whose name was omitted by mistake.

Illustrations of the Great Text for September must be received by the 1st of August. The text is Ac 11²⁴.

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 Interpreted*, 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.

The Great Text for December is Ro 11³³—'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past tracing out!' A copy of Strahan's *The Book of Job Interpreted*, or Burkitt's *Gospel History and its Transmission*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for January is Ac 5³¹—'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.

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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