

Entre Nous.

Rudyard Kipling.

A collection has been made of all the poems which appear in Rudyard Kipling's prose works. They have been published in a single handy volume with the title *Songs from Books* (Macmillan; 6s.). This is a service to the lover of poetry and the lover of Kipling. In the prose works, scattered and hard to find, are some of the most popular of the poems, like 'The Song of the Little Hunter' from *The Second Jungle Book*, or 'Mother o' Mine' from *The Light that Failed*, which perhaps we may be permitted to quote.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
 I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
 I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Emily Hickey.

Emily Hickey is one of the poets who are giving Ireland so happy a place in the literature of our day. She is one of a wonderful band, loyal and true to the land of their birth, whose sweet songs have come out of sad thought. But there is hope also, and there is beauty in the earth. In the Prologue to the *Vision of Piers the Plowman* occurs the line: 'Thou mightest better mete the mist on Malvern hills,' whence in this volume of *Later Poems* (Grant Richards; 2s. 6d. net) there is a poem—

ON MALVERN HILLS.

Easier measure the mist on Malvern hills
 Than—never mind what, in the saying of dour
 long Will's—
 Is it measureless, measureless mist on Malvern
 hills?
 But, oh, can you measure the sunshine on Mal-
 vern hills?
 The sunshine, the wonderful sunshine, on Mal-
 vern hills?

Man, do you measure life by its joys or its
 ills?

Judge by the mist or the sunshine upon the
 hills?

Is it measureless mist or sunshine your heart
 that fills?

The mist that will flee away with its mirk and
 its chills—

Or the sunshine eternal of God's eternal hills?

John Presland.

Last month there came from Mr. Presland a drama on 'Belisarius General of the East.' This month we have *Songs of Changing Skies* (Chatto & Windus; 3s. 6d. net). The title of a book of poetry need not be blamed if it does not describe the whole book, any more than the title of a volume of sermons is blamed if it is taken from the first sermon in the volume. Yet there is some relevancy in this title; it at least enables the author to gather together his later songs, for 'changing skies' will cover much. Of these songs one of the most serious, where all are serious, is this

OF CONSCIENCE.

We clamour heavenwards, caught as in a net
 Of sorrows; vainly we demand a sign,
 The heavens parting, and the world divine
 Thunderously uttered, lest we may forget
 Its message; yet in speech familiar
 To human ears; groping, we stumble yet,
 And, bruised and bitter, with our cries beset
 The placid sky, and Him who dwells afar.
 Oh, human folly! Eyes we have to see
 Justice and beauty, and in us abides
 The very voice of God, and that keen, white,
 Dread sword of God, that all unerringly
 Upon its edge evil from good divides—
 Sharp, sharp the line that cuts the Infinite.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor.

Celtic Memories and other Poems, by Mr. Norreys Jephson O'Conor (Elkin Mathews; 1s. net), belongs to the 'Vigo Cabinet' series. It comes from Ireland, which is no surprise now. There is little of it, but that little is true poetry. Take

MY GARDEN.

I walked within my garden plot,
Where loveliest flow'rs abound;
The lazy sun was still abed,
My plants in slumber sound.

But soon the blossoms raised their heads
And danced in childish glee.
Startled, I look'd towards the sun,
And found no sun but thee!

Anthologies.

Those who have not examined anthologies think that one is as good as another. In reality one is always better or worse than another. They are as distinguishable as persons. And it may be said that the compiler of a good anthology needs genius as surely as the writer of a good book. J. E. who has selected *The Gladsome Life* (Simpkins; 1s. net) is the genius who takes pains. The poetry in the book is best and most plentiful.

The same publishers issue the Rosemary Booklets, which are anthologies in little.

Henry Mabie.

Henry C. Mabie, D.D., LL.D., has a gift most rare. He sees at once with heart and mind, and, seeing so (as if Christ were looking through him), he can tell us what he sees in exquisitely apposite and melodious language. His new book is more deliberately theological than usual, being 'an Exposition of the Evangelical Principle,' but it is not less attractive. The title is *Under the Redeeming Ægis* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. net).

A Book of Life.

That tiny volume of quotations from the works of George MacDonald, called *A Book of Life* (Humphrey Milford; 6d. net), which we had time last month to mention and no more, is far and away a finer thing than the ordinary anthology. The authors of it evidently have George MacDonald by heart—probably *in* their heart—and they have been able so to select as to represent all his work and reflect his whole philosophy of life.

The Literature of Job.

As an appendix to his volume on *The Divine Drama of Job*, contributed to the 'Short Course'

series, Dr. C. F. Aked has the following valuable note on the literature of that book:—

'In the foregoing pages and footnotes the author has cited some of the best and most easily accessible literature on the Book of Job. No one who is designing a course of lectures on this "greatest poem of ancient or modern times" could do better than turn to the works so justly recommended:—J. A. Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (1867); A. B. Davidson's *The Book of Job*, in the "Cambridge Bible for Schools" (1884), or his article "Job" in the *Ency. Brit.* eleventh edition; W. T. Davison's *The Wisdom Literature* (1894), or his article "Job" in *Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible*. These all supply expository material of the highest practical value, and may well be consulted by the teacher or preacher in the framing of his discourse.

'To these may be added three other works of the same outstanding character. (1) A. M. Fairbairn's *The City of God*, pp. 143-189 (1886)—a fine appreciation of the "nameless man" who so lived and wrestled that "the thoughts that possessed him, the faith that consoled him, and the hopes that transmuted and glorified his sorrows, are set here as to everlasting music." (2) T. K. Cheyne's admirable article on "Job" in the *Ency. Biblica*—a study which, with all its emendations and grammatical details (warning Pateks, and the rest) is yet pre-eminently lucid and suggestive, and never fails to do justice to that "inextinguishable heart-religion" which is surely one of the leading features of this great psychological drama. (3) As a perfect mine of expository material, however, we must make special mention of the latest study in this age-long problem—James Strahan's supremely able and spiritually alive volume, *The Book of Job* (1913). For the purposes of a wise and practical exposition, based upon a sound and illuminating exegesis, we hail this contribution to Old Testament literature as one of the best books of its kind. Open it where one may, one instinctively feels that he is under the guidance of a master. Is it the description of the writer of the poem as contained in the finely-conceived Introduction? "He resembles the prophets of his race in his high and imperious standard of right, his flaming hatred of wrong. His expanding opinions only intensify his moral sense. His strenuous thinking is no less remarkable than his consummate literary

art." Or is it the sigh of conscious rectitude, longing to come near to God, that the maligned one may be delivered from his judge (xxiii. 3, 7)? We are at once pointed to the much better rendering of the LXX:—"so should I forever recover my right." "Job asks for a trial, not in order that he may be delivered from his Judge, but that he may hear his Judge vindicate his innocence and give him back his good name as an everlasting possession." Once more, is it the thought of death extinguishing the faint gleam of an after-life, as depicted in xiv. 14, and forcing the patriarch to exclaim—

"Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth;
Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away"?

'He passeth! The attention of the reader is directed at once to the significance of this figure, and he is asked to see in it the inspiring teaching of Revelation, no less than the sombre language of nature. "But if Revelation consents to retain the word 'passeth,' she does so only on the condition that she shall be allowed to give it an entirely new content; for her teaching is that 'we have passed out of death into life' (1 John iii. 14), so that at the last 'there is no death, what seems so is transition.' The 'Passing of Arthur' is not a descent, dreaded by the ancients, into an underworld of darkness, but a going to meet the dawn." Or, finally, if we turn to the great crucial passage in chapter xix., and read—

"Oh that my words were now written!
Oh that they were inscribed in a book!"

Could anything be more suggestive than the comment—"how splendidly his idea has been realised! His singular fancy of a testimony in the rocks could not be gratified, but he has his *apologia*—his *monumentum ære perennius*—in a book which is the masterpiece of Hebrew poetic genius."

'All this is biblical exegesis at its best; and no one should attempt the exposition of the Book of Job without consulting the wealth of homiletical hint and sound Bible teaching contained in this painstaking and admirable volume.'

Devotional Books.

The Communion of Saints: Thoughts for Every Day throughout the Christian Year, selected by

May Byron (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net), is a little thick square volume in the newest style of artistic binding, all in keeping with the choice character of its contents. The quotations are all short; sometimes six are on a page along with two texts. And they all bear upon the topic which is printed in red at the top.

The *Unwritten Sayings of our Lord*, which Professor David Smith, D.D., has expounded with such a wealth of literary and devotional illustration in a book with that title (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net) are not the Oxyrhynchus discoveries. They are such sayings as are found in Christian writers outside the Gospels. The first is the sentence preserved in Codex Bezae: 'On the same day He beheld one at work on the Sabbath, and said to him: "Man, if thou knowest what thou art doing, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed and a transgressor of the Law."'

No skill of his as a preacher, great as it is, can excel Dr. J. H. Jowett's skill in devotional writing. In such papers as we find in *Things that Matter Most* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net) he gets nearer God and nearer us than in the more elaborate and exhaustive discourse. He also touches more of God, and more of us—the intellect, the emotions, the imagination, the will, and especially the memory. And the secret of it all is that the papers are Biblical.

The Rev. W. H. Dyson has given us some fruits of his readings in the mystics in a small volume entitled *Studies in Christian Mysticism* (James Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). We must encourage nobody to read about the mystics, everybody to read the mystics. But if an introduction is necessary, this is good and sufficient.

Literature and Science.

In *The Book of Nature* (Frowde; 5s. net) Mr. W. Percival Westell, F.L.S., takes his youthful readers over the whole range of natural things and directs their attention to what is most beautiful, curious, or educative. He is familiar with them just as if he had them with him in his walks, and he never preaches. He has not written the book entirely himself. Where he is not sufficiently at home he has called upon some specialist. But

the idea is his, and he is responsible for the whole, including the numerous and workmanlike illustrations.

Every man, says the moralist, should have a hobby. Professor Stalker's hobby is Shakespeare. In all the spare minutes he can snatch from the teaching of Church History he reads Shakespeare. And now he is able to tell others *How to read Shakspeare* in a fine handsome volume of most engrossing interest (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s.). He spells the name Shakspeare, you observe. He must tell us why. We thought it was agreed among Shakespearian scholars to use the longest possible form. He writes, however, not for the nice discerners of spelling, but for the general public, and it is a great gift to be able to make even a discussion of the identity of 'the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets' as light reading for ordinary readers as any chapter of the book.

In an appendix Professor Stalker has published a lecture which he delivered to the Philosophical Society of Aberdeen. Its title is 'Shakspeare on Music.' It is a lecture which must not be overlooked either by the Shakspeare student or by the student of Music.

Thackeray, to be understood, has to be read right through and in chronological order. If we read one novel, or more than one at random, we mistake his character and misinterpret his message. Mr. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, Professor of History in the College of Charleston, has read him in order, from beginning to end, and he has found that in his outlook on the world Thackeray swung right round. In *Barry Lyndon* and in *Vanity Fair* his point of view is fatalistic and therefore pessimistic; in *Pendennis* there is a slight opening in the cloud, but it closes again in *Esmond*; in *The Newcomes* the fatalistic note is scarcely heard; *Philip* is still more buoyant; in *Denis Duval* the sense of fate is scarcely felt, man is master of his circumstance.

This idea, its origin, history, decay, and all that it meant for Thackeray and means for us, is worked out ably in *The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net).

When they were Children (Jack; 5s. net). Who? The great men and women of the world—

Augustine, Mary Queen of Scots, Goethe, Nelson, Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, David Livingstone, John Ruskin, Jenny Lind, and twenty more. In a large and handsomely got up book Miss Amy Steedman tells us what they did and said and were, when they were children. It is a happy idea, but the working out of it is happier.

The young readers of Carlyle's *French Revolution*—if that book which fascinated all the young intelligence of an earlier generation has young readers still—will be glad to turn to a less brilliant but more comprehensible history of the French Revolution. They will find the very book they want, reliable, well written, full enough and easily followed, in a volume of 480 pages and illustrated chiefly from old prints, which Mr. Harold F. B. Wheeler has written and Messrs. Jack have published under the title of *The French Revolution* (7s. 6d. net).

An introduction to the study of evolution has been published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of *The Meaning of Evolution* (6s. 6d. net). The author is Samuel Christian Schmucker, Ph.D., Professor of Biological Sciences in the West Chester State Normal School. Professor Schmucker suggests no doubt of the truth of evolution, for he has none. He spends his space, not proving, but illustrating it. And this he does in the most interesting way, for all the peculiarities of all the peculiar creatures in the world are well known to him, and he brings them out to show how this feature has improved and that feature has degenerated. The book is good for the severe study of evolution as a science. It is just as good for the entertainment of an idle hour or two.

How difficult it is to read volumes of essays. One at a time in an odd half-hour, if there is anything in it, is all very well. One after another in a book, and the effort has to be given up. But there are exceptions. *In my Study* (Nisbet; 5s. net) is one. The author of the book is that discursive but always delightful essayist, Mr. Anthony Deane. And it is due to his never-failing good taste, his never-failing surprise of literary allusion, that the book cannot be set down till the end comes. He is not instructive. He has no scientific facts to impart. He is suggestive, restful, graceful.

One of Messrs. Seeley's 'Wonder' books is *The Wonders of Modern Invention* (2s.). Mr. Archibald Williams describes, in non-technical language, wireless telegraphy, liquid air, submarines, airships of all kinds, and other things which our fertile age has called into existence. In one department we have the Phonograph, the Photographophone, the Telephonograph, and the Telewriter. Their mere names are getting beyond us: the greater need for so reliable a book as this.

Under the title of *Initiation into Literature* (3s. 6d. net), Messrs. Williams & Norgate have published a translation of a book by Emile Faguet, of the French Academy, which runs over the whole history of literature, from the Vedas to Carlyle, and criticises it and its authors in short paragraphs and incisive words. Is there such another book in existence? Yes, there is the same author's *Initiation into Philosophy*; and it is as difficult to comprehend all philosophy within this space as to comprehend all literature. Would any but a learned Frenchman dare to do it? The translation is made by Sir Home Gordon, Bart. Here is a paragraph.

'AULUS GELLIUS: APULEIUS—Under Marcus Aurelius Latin literature fell into decay. Aulus Gellius was only a rather untidy or at least not very methodical scholar who wrote feebly; Apuleius with his *Golden Ass* was merely a fantastic romancist, very complex, curious about everything, more especially with regard to singularities, lively, amusing, mystical at times; in short, distinctly disconcerting.'

It was a great idea that came to Mr. Ralph Tyler Flewelling when he determined to give a consecutive account of all the great dramas in the world which have had the problem of evil for their motive. It was a daring idea to bring each of them into touch with the solution found in Christ. By the double conception he meets the literary and the apologetic interests. *Christ and the Dramas of Doubt*, he calls his book (Eaton & Mains; \$1). He begins with Prometheus Bound, passes to Job, to Hamlet, to Faust, and ends with Brand. And all the while he is describing these works he keeps both the problem of evil and the Christian interpretation vividly before him.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Eric Ingamells, Methodist Indian Mission, Suva, Fiji.

Illustrations of the Great Text for January must be received by the 20th of November. The text is Ac 5⁸¹.

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.

The Great Text for May is Ph 1⁶—'Being confident of this very thing, that he which began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.' A copy of Charles's *Studies in the Apocalypse*, or of Allen's *Introduction to the New Testament*, or of Sayce's *Religion of Ancient Egypt*, 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.