

Entre Nous.

THE Prizes for Children's Prayers have been won by the Rev. E. J. Roberts, Melbourne, Derby; the Rev. A. E. Parkes, Whitethorn; and the Rev. H. J. Allen, Moresby Rectory, Whitehaven.

The Prizes for Boys' and Girls' Prayers have been won by the Rev. C. G. Clark-Hunt, S. John's Rectory, Barbadoes; the Rev. Hubert Ainsworth, Muswell Hill, London; and the Rev. Morton Gledhill, Ansdell.

The Prizes for Young Men and Women's Prayers have been won by the Rev. G. C. Gould, Stockton-on-Tees; the Rev. R. R. Resker, Purley Vicarage, Surrey; and the Rev. W. Hope Davison, Bolton.

The offer is made of a complete set (20 vols.) of *The Great Texts of the Bible* (or the equivalent in other books chosen from T. & T. Clark's Catalogue) for the best series of illustrations from the War, suitable for pulpit or platform. The illustrations should be sent in February.

English Literature.

Fitzgerald.

The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's ever delightful 'Eversley' series is a surprise. It is several surprises. For it is a dictionary, it is a dictionary of the persons named in the letters of a great French letter-writer, and its compiler is Edward Fitzgerald. In 1877 Fitzgerald told Mrs. Cowell that he was writing out for his own use a dictionary of the *Dramatis Personæ* figuring in Madame de Sévigné's letters, because he was always forgetting and confounding them. When he died in 1883, these notes had crystallized into a series of brilliant little essays. The MS. was handed to his great-niece, Mary Eleanor Fitzgerald Kerrich, and she edited and annotated the essays, and with the help of the late Dr. Aldis Wright, produced these two unique and precious volumes. The title is *Dictionary of Madame de Sévigné* (8s. net).

Pierre Loti.

If Pierre Loti's books were not well translated they would not move us. Everything depends upon the turn of a sentence, the choice of a word.

Mr. Fred Rothwell, who translates *On Life's By-Ways* (Bell; 3s. 6d. net), seems never to miss an impression. And it is so difficult to use the English word with the associations that will give the right impression. This book is made of travel sketches—scenes described in a few sentences and never forgotten, faces hit off with a phrase and loved or pitied for all time. There is the description of the Bull-fight and the lean sorry-looking horse butchered to make a Spanish holiday—it will stay with us, almost haunt us, henceforward. Let those be thankful who have not come to it from the reading of Maeterlinck's story of the Elberfeld Horses. The book has a wonderful and not altogether explicable charm.

Addison.

In 1854 Henry G. Bohn issued the first volume of his revised edition of Bishop Hurd's Addison. The sixth and last volume was published in 1856. And all these sixty years Bohn's Hurd has been the only edition of Addison worth having. It looks sufficiently out of date in its curious speckled binding; it is more utterly out of date in itself. But now at last there is issued the first volume of *The Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison*, edited with all the textual resources of modern literary research, and in perfect taste, by Mr. A. C. Guthkelch, M.A., Senior Lecturer in English at King's College, London (Bell; 7s. 6d. net).

This edition of Addison is to consist of three volumes, and will contain all Addison's writing, except the Essays. The first volume contains the Poems and Plays; the second will contain the Prose writings; and the third the Letters, with a General Introduction, Commentary, Bibliography, and Index. It is an edition of the works of Addison, pure and simple. There is no introduction, and there are no notes beyond the various readings. Mr. Guthkelch has given himself to the issue of the best text of Addison that can be issued, and has restrained himself from criticism or comment. There is no attempt to catch the popular eye; all is done in the interest of our English classical literature. That the first volume should contain the poetry shows how little regard has been paid to popularity. For Addison was not a poet. One poem has lived, and the first verse

of another. That is all. And these are translations. What is the verse? It is this:

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

The complete poem is the rendering of the Nineteenth Psalm, with its sublime beginning—

The spacious firmament on high.

But that he was no poet makes no difference to our demand for an accurate edition of Addison. He was Addison, the good and the true. If he has been overrated as a poet—as a prose-writer he has not been, and scarcely can be overrated—he will be overrated still, and the world will preserve every word that he has written. Some one has been telling us that as an actor it pays to be good; as an author also it pays to be good. We give Byron less than he deserves as a poetical artist; we give, and always will give, Addison more.

Bohn.

Very easily can the ambitious but impecunious student obtain a good library now. When Carlyle recommended Bohn's as the ideal, it was an ideal little likely to become actual with many. It will soon be possible now for any one to have a complete set of 'Bohn's Popular Library.' Already three score volumes have been issued at a shilling each, and the fourth score is punctually delivered this month. Eighty volumes of the books that have lived till now, and are likely to live for ever—what can an ambitious student desire more? He can only desire the complete set, and with a little patience he may have it.

Here are the titles of the new volumes: Lane's *Arabian Nights* (vols. 3 and 4); Plutarch's *Lives*; Stewart and Long's translation (vols. 1 and 2); Monro's *Lucretius*; *Essays and Stories*, by Edgar Allan Poe; *Select Letters* of Horace Walpole; Keats's *Poetical Works* (the complete Aldine edition); Cary's *Dante*; *The Utopia* of Sir Thomas More; Schopenhauer's *Essays*; Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare*; Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall*; Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformation*; Smollett's *Roderick Random* (in 2 vols.); Fielding's *Amelia* (also in 2 vols.); Hauff's *Tales*; and Lessing's *Laokoon*.

It must not be thought that the new 'Bohn' is

a reprint of the old and no more. Many of the volumes have a new Introduction, and these Introductions add considerably to the value of the volume. To the *Selected Essays of Schopenhauer* Mr. Ernest Belfort Bax writes a Preface of fifty-three pages on Schopenhauer's philosophy. *The Utopia of Sir Thomas More* is edited by Mr. George Sampson, and the Introduction is written by Mr. A. C. Guthkelch. Munro's translation of *Lucretius* is introduced by Mr. J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. This Introduction helps us to understand Munro as well as Lucretius. 'Munro,' we are told, 'was of middle height, with broad shoulders and a general look of strength and vigour. His hair, very abundant and nut-brown in colour, and parted in the middle, curled and waved close to his head, he had a habit of tugging and pulling at it while talking; he wore neither beard nor moustache. The forehead was remarkably broad, a peculiarity which had gained him the nickname of "the ox" in his schooldays. The eyes were blue-grey and very expressive, the nose large; the mouth was generally closely compressed and the corners turned down. There was something leonine—a combination of strength and benignity—in his expression. When he smiled, the whole face seemed to lighten up. It is unfortunate that the bust of him which stands in Trinity Library, a posthumous bust executed by Woolner, is not really like him. The photograph which hangs by the bust reproduces very faithfully an expression which might often be seen on his face.'

Books for Boys.

Messrs. Seeley.

The six splendid volumes for Christmas and the New Year which Messrs. Seeley have issued are all intended to delight the appetite of the schoolboy. And being written for the schoolboy, they will be read by the schoolgirl. For if there is any book that the girl at school dislikes it is the book that is written for her own benefit; if there is any book that she wants to read above every other, it is the book her brother lays down with an exclamation which means 'excellent.'

The first that comes to our hand is *Geology of To-day*, by J. W. Gregory, F.R.S., D.Sc., Professor of Geology at the University of Glasgow (5s. net). It is geology made easy, for the old idea that there is no easy road to learning is exploded. Take

trouble, avoid needless technicalities, write clearly and in good Saxon, add plenty of pictures, and the thing is done. Dr. Gregory has done it. His simplicity of language is never childish, but it is intelligible, and his illustrations are wonderful. There are more exciting volumes among the six, but not one of them has a more exciting frontispiece than this.

The next volume is on Physiography. Its title is *The Great Ball on which we Live* (3s. 6d.). The author is Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E., author of *The Romance of Modern Electricity*, and other popularly scientific books. The great interest of this volume is in its description of the animals which existed on the Earth before man discovered it. The illustrations are again a great help to the understanding of the narrative. Our first wonder is that such animals ever *could* have lived even for one generation; our next is that scientific men are so clever as to prove their existence from scattered bits of bones. There are drawings, of course, but they are due to man, and man seems to have known only the animals that are wiely and can live. Besides the animals, the Shells are here, and the Ferns, the Ocean and the Air, the Airship and the Aeroplane. The only thing that is not here yet is the Zeppelin.

The last of the scientific books is *Our Good Slave Electricity*, by Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E. (3s. 6d.). Here are the appetizing titles of its chapters: (1) What our Slave does; (2) Where did we find Electricity? (3) The Taming of the Slave; (4) How our Slave carries Messages; (5) Electricity rescues Ships at Sea; (6) How our Slave carries a Spoken Message; (7) How Electricity lights our Streets and Houses; (8) How we get our Slave to do Hard Work; (9) How our Slave pushes Street-Cars along; (10) More Hard Work for our Slave; (11) How Electricity rings Bells and works Railway Signals; (12) Silver Teapots for Common Metal Ones; (13) Our Slave as a Doctor's Assistant; (14) Other Things that Electricity does; (15) What is Electricity like? What is electricity like—how does Mr. Gibson answer that? He answers it partly in this way: 'We have no doubt whatever that electricity is a real thing, and that it is made up of separate very small particles. Particles of what? If I answer that they are particles of electricity, my answer is not unlike that of the schoolboy who was asked the meaning of the word *ratio*. He replied that it meant *proportion*. His teacher then asked

him the meaning of the word *proportion*, and he replied that it meant *ratio*. What, then, are the meanings of the words *ratio* and *proportion*, asked the teacher, whereupon the boy replied that he was sorry he could answer only one question at a time.'

Of the three volumes that remain one is a clever sympathetic biography of 'Pennell of the Afghan Frontier,' told for boys, off the large book, by Alice M. Pennell, M.B., B.S.(Lond.), B.Sc., who wrote the large biography also. The title of the book is *A Hero of the Afghan Frontier* (2s. 6d.). For inspiration of life and the making of character in boys this is the book of them all.

The Romance of Piracy, by E. Keble Chatterton, B.A. (5s.), speaks for itself—that is to say, its title does. If not, its illustrations do. They are all highly imaginative. Every pirate, filibuster, and buccaneer is dressed in clothes of the best cut and most gorgeous colouring, no matter what he is doing, and he is often doing very dirty work.

Last of all comes a mere story. It is the story of *Ian Hardy, Midshipman* (5s.), and it has been written by Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N., who no doubt was once a middy himself and knows well. We are all much concerned about our midshipmen in these days, and not a little proud of them. This is a well-told story of a midshipman who had many adventures and came out of them all. Again, the illustrations are a great feature of the book, and they are all in colour this time. Those who have read the early adventures of Ian Hardy told in *Ian Hardy, Naval Cadet*, will be glad to know that the after history of their hero is to be found in this volume.

The S.P.C.K.

The Secretary of the S.P.C.K. must have settled what his boys' books for Christmas and the New Year would be before the war began. It is therefore extraordinary that two of them should be so warlike. It is more extraordinary that these two should both be tales of Waterloo. If our soldiers have any time for reading they will not despise boys' books if sent to them, and the reading of these great deeds will delight them. Their titles are *For England! For France!* by Frederick Harrison (3s. 6d.); and *A Boy of the Old Brigade*, by John Graeme (2s.).

The S.P.C.K. books for the New Year would not be complete without a volume by Herbert Hayens and one by John A. Higginson. So here

they are—*An Amazing Conspiracy* from the former (2s. 6d.), and *A Strange Craft* from the latter (2s.). Both are spiced with adventure, and more than spiced, they are compounded of adventure. For the boys will have it so, little boys and big boys.

A grand boys' book is *The Voyages of Captain Scott* (Smith, Elder & Co.; 6s. net), as retold by Mr. Charles Turley from *The Voyage of the 'Discovery'* and *Scott's Last Expedition*. Far before all the tales of adventure, however well told, is this narrative of actual and awful experience, so much better told in its truth and modesty. Mr. Turley has intruded nowhere; he has let Scott speak, and he has let Scott and his fellows be seen. The publishers have produced the book attractively. There is a photogravure plate giving a fine portrait of Captain Scott; there are four coloured plates, and there are many other full-page plates. Sir J. M. Barrie, Bart., has written a fine appreciation by way of Introduction to the book.

The first volume of *The Standard History of the War* has been published by Messrs. Newnes (1s. net). It is a small volume with a few good portraits, written simply and credibly by Mr. Edgar Wallace, and containing some excellent anecdotes. It carries the history down to the battle of the Aisne.

Poetry, New and Old.

The Songs of the Tuscan Hills.

We owe some of our most charming introductions to out-of-the-way literature to Miss Grace Warrack, and she has crowned her work with the issue of a volume entitled *Florilegio di Canti Toscani: Folk-Songs of the Tuscan Hills* (Alexander Moring; 10s. 6d. net). The book as a book is a pleasure to handle. Its illustrations in colour, too, are quite exceptionally attractive. It is Miss Warrack's way to write full introductions to her books. Here is an introduction of eighty pages, and all the writing in it is fresh in style as in matter. For the introduction alone the book would be noteworthy, making it one of the most original gift-books of the season. Then the folk-songs are very many, and they are translated with a rare combination of fidelity and right atmosphere. They are divided into (1) Respectful Songs of Love; (2) Lovers' Songs of Diverse

Emotions; (3) Lullabies; (4) Children's Songs and Prayers; (5) Songs of Sacred Story; and (6) Songs of the Soul. Here is one of the Lullabies, one of the Children's Prayers, and the Prelude for Songs of the Soul.

MOTHER'S SONG.

Slumber soft be thine,
Sweet budded-rose of mine.
Sleep thou and still repose,
My sweet new-budded rose.
Move not these restless feet,
My rose new-budded, sweet.
Thy mother's joy a-shine,
Sweet budded-rose of mine.

A CHILD'S PRAYER OF PENITENCE.

Jesu mine, of love aflame,
Would I had not earned Thy blame—
Nor in deed, nor yet in word!
Thee my heart I give, O Lord.
Jesu mine, so holy, good,
Thee for pardon pray I would
For my sins both first and last
In the present and the past.
Jesu mine, whom I adore,
I will ne'er offend Thee more.

O HAPPY DAY THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

Beauteous the day that broke upon me there
And for its beauteousness God praised be!
About the roads He met me, Jesu fair,
He bent His gracious head and smiled on me.
Then slipped the key from out my bosom's care:
—Lord, for my love, this take and keep with
Thee.

John Galsworthy.

Some Slings and Arrows have been selected by Elsie E. Morton from the writings of John Galsworthy (Elkin Mathews; 1s. net). We may be allowed to quote two of the selections, one from 'The Inn of Tranquillity,' and one from 'Persia-Moritura':

'Is not hypocrisy just a product of tenacity, which is again the lower part of courage? Is not hypocrisy but an active sense of property in one's good name, the clutching close of respectability at any price, the feeling that one must not part, even at the cost of truth, with what he has sweated so to gain?'

Is Freedom but a word—a flaring boast?
 Is self-concern horizon's utter sum?
 If so—To-day let England die, and ghost
 Through all her godless history to come!
 If, Sirs, the faith of men be Force alone.
 Let us ring down—the face is nothing worth!

Geoffrey Winthrop Young.

There is perhaps not a great deal for the preacher in *Freedom*—Poems by Geoffrey Winthrop Young, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have published (5s. net). But what there is is excellent, as the poem we shall quote will prove. In any case, there is poetry, and nothing else, with almost a Swinburnian command of rhyme, and more than a Swinburnian control of thinking.

FOR ANY BOY.

I wish for him
 strength; that he may be strong in every limb,
 stubborn and fearless, with no cover to thank,
 fighting for men with men in the front rank.

I wish him kind;
 that he may have the weak always in mind:
 such kindness as first treads the path of fear,
 not tendance on the wounded in the rear.

I'd have him grow
 deep-breathed, deep-hearted, cherished of wind
 and snow;
 loving delightful laughter, and harsh thrills
 in summer rivers and on perilous hills.

I wish him sight;
 that he may read the world's real beauties
 right:
 and for himself, wit and a laughing heart,
 lest he may rage to bear so small a part.

I wish him thought;
 that he may fashion faith even to a nought,
 rather than take another's creed on trust,
 and pass a fool and profitless to dust.

I'd have him range
 a rebel, loving change only for change;
 till he can forge a yoke for his broad back
 and drag his kind one step up some new track.

Let him know men,
 and have all acts, all passions in his ken:
 they win no wars who peep on life askance
 and shoot wise saws from sheltered ignorance.

Let him be flame,
 quenchless and vital, in all winds the same;
 fuse soul and body, and refine through years
 judgment from passion, joy from his burning tears.

So let him live:
 love work, love rest, love all that life can give;
 and when he grows too weary to feel joy,
 leave life, with laughter, to some other boy.

Lionel Birch.

Mr. Birch is an experimenter in metre, and sometimes an experimenter in poetry. His range is considerable, as the title *Dreams and Realities* (Methuen; 3s. 6d. net) shows. Some truly beautiful nature-poetry will be found in the book, but the best of it, and it is often so, is the poetry that is touched with the passion of love. We shall quote one poem only; we think it is the shortest in the whole volume:

THE LORDS OF LIFE.

For some, the midnight magic of the skies
 No spirit-sight unbars,
 And, thro' the darkest cloud-veil, other eyes
 See Heaven splash'd with stars!

To some, Life with its pageantry and gleam
 No festal joy imparts,
 And some are lords of all its zest and dream
 And know its heart of hearts!

Child Songs.

Another volume of Carey Bonner's *Child Songs* has been published at the Pilgrim Press (2s. net). The songs are of all poetical and non-poetical values, but they are all suitable for children, whereas the children's hymns in our hymnaries are often unpoetical and suitable only for the aged. The music is more uniformly good, sometimes sweet and haunting.

Two Anthologies.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have published a little anthology of verse under the title of *Nature's Moods*, and another under the title of *The Call of the Open* (2s. 6d. net each). Both are compiled by Mr. Leonard Stowell. The little books are daintily got up and contain a number of charming illustrations in colour. The poetry in them is mostly well known; the least known being the

translations of foreign authors made by Mr. Jethro Bithell. Here is one of them :

WINDS TORMENT THE TREES.

Winds torment the trees,
The leaves yellow, shrivel, freeze.

Men, still brown their summer cheek,
And yet their lips the last word speak,
The song is near its lees.

MAXIMILIAN DAUTHENDEY.

Mr. Thomas Burke has read the books of all optimistic writers he can think of and gathered extracts out of them. *The Contented Mind* (Truslove & Hanson; 2s. 6d. net) is therefore an anthology of optimism. According to the divisions of his book, there are three ways of obtaining a contented mind. One way is to have material plenty; another way is to have a merry heart; and the third way is to have a steadfast soul. This is what is said by an anonymous steadfast soul :

OUR LITTLE NEED.

This is the height of our deserts :
A little pity for life's hurts :
A little rain, a little sun,
A little sleep when work is done.

A little righteous punishment,
Less for our deeds than their intent ;
A little pardon now and then,
Because we are but struggling men.

A little light to show the way,
A little guidance where we stray :
A little love before we pass
To rest beneath the kirkyard grass.

A little faith in days of change,
When life is stark and bare and strange ;
A solace when our eyes are wet
With tears of longing and regret.

True it is that we cannot claim
Unmeasured recompense or blame,
Because our way of life is small :
A little is the sum of all.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. A. C. Murray, Stellenbosch, S. Africa.

Illustrations for the Great Text for February must be received by the 20th of December. The text is Ro 8²⁸.

The Great Text for March is Ro 7^{24, 25}—'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' A copy of Cohu's *Vital Problems of Religion*, or of Murray's *Jesus and His Parables*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for April is Ac 26²⁸—'And Agrippa said unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian.' A copy of Law's *The Tests of Life*, or of Cohu's *Vital Problems of Religion*, and Shaw's *Christianity as Religion and Life*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for May is Ph 2⁵⁻⁸—'Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus : who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men ; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross.' A copy of Rutherford's *The Seer's House*, or of Lithgow's *The Parabolic Gospel*, and Coats's *The Christian Life*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for June is Ph 2⁹⁻¹¹—'Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name ; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' A copy of Rutherford's *The Seer's House*, or of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series 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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