

and energy), such as were not inconsistent with the principles of the basic religion. There could still survive the stately ritual of the Latin Church, the beautiful service of the Anglican Cathedral, even the more reasonable practices of Jain Buddhism and the prayers to Allah as seen through the mental vista of pure-minded Moham-medans.'

Whether any Congress, representative either of Races or Religions of Educators or of Christian Missionaries, or a World Congress representative of all could agree upon 'a common Inter-racial Religion,' may be doubted; but that each of these Congresses held since the opening of the twentieth century have made, and will continue to make, valuable contributions to a better understanding of the problems of race, religion, and education, cannot be doubted. Meanwhile we do well to

note, with Professor Caldecott, that 'the three propagandist Religions' are now definitely and explicitly dissociated from race-privileges,' and hope that 'those religions which are still closely attached to race-limitations will, when brought into mutual conference, be affected by the sentiment of unity, and consider seriously for themselves the possibility of a new valuation of their separative features' (p. 303). 'I hope we may take it,' he adds, 'that all the religions which include a desire to extend their influence will be glad both to contribute counsel and to receive it, in the important task of selecting the *universalia* of humane ethical and social order' (p. 310). And so may be brought to light the universalistic and idealistic elements of religions that are ethnic and non-propagandist, 'so that we may all proceed together in a common task' (p. 310).

Entre Nous.

Poetry.

Among the books of poetry of the month the first place should be given to a new volume of Dr. John Brownlie's translations from the Service Books of the Holy Eastern Church. It is the sixth volume that Dr. Brownlie has thus translated and published. Its title is *Hymns from the Morningland* (Paisley: Gardner; 3s. 6d. net).

Let the next be a little thing on *St. John in the Isle of Patmos*, by Alfred L. Woodard (Allenson; 1s. net).

O God of the Sunlight, sweep away
The memory of that evil day,
That drags me down to death:
Wash me, and draw me up above,
Cleanse me in Thine own cleansing love,
With Thine own quickening breath;
Make me one with the endless sea;
One with the wind on the rain-drenched lea—
One with Thee—God of Love.

The man who could write that has felt. He who calls for cleansing with such passionate utterance will find cleansing, and through much tribulation enter the Kingdom. The poetry in

Desmond Mountjoy's *The Hills of Hell* (Nisbet; 2s. 6d. net) is not all at that height of passion. Nor is it always the expression of so manifest an aspiration. The very next poem is entitled 'Cui Bono?'

I have cast my sword at the feet of the foe,
Now Evil may come and Good may go:
Impatient of Wrong, yet hopeless of Right,
I have lost the spirit and will to fight.

But it is poetry. And where the author does not give help he needs help.

The surest touch among all the volumes of the month is found in John Drinkwater's *Poems of Men and Hours* (David Nutt). And there is a wideness in it like the wideness of God's mercy. For John Drinkwater recognizes God in the Universe and in his own life. Thus his outlook is more comprehensive, his insight more reliable. We may quote:

THE SOLDIER.

The large report of fame I lack,
And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battlefield has known no dawn
 Beclouded by a thousand spears;
 I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
 To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing
 Some little leagues of land to gain
 From broken men, nor yet to fling
 Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
 As peril heavy peril kissed—
 My weapon was a little faith,
 And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
 But many hours of bitter strife,
 Till God of His great pity laid
 Across my brow the leaves of life.

Never before were there so many women who could write poetry. Or at any rate never before were there so many who did write poetry. Verse makers there have been in plenty among the women of every generation, but poetry is another matter. Margaret Blaikie is one of our poets. In her new volume, *Songs by the Way* (Fifield), there is not a line but is poetry. And sometimes it is poetry of a high imagination and a daring creed. Take this poem on Cain for a witness. The title is:

BROTHERS.

Cain my brother, my elder brother,
 Hearken, I cry to thee.
 Pardon me for thy fault, O brother,
 Pardon me.
 Mine was the sin,—now mine the pain,
 Brother Cain.

I cried to the Just to avenge my death.
 The Just accuseth me.
 Mine was the guilt of the dreadful death,
 (Hearken to me.)
 Mine the sin of that crimson stain,
 Brother Cain.

Oft in the field, at the fold, my brother,
 I angered thee,
 Taunted thee in my pride, O brother,
 (Pardon me.)
 Pardon the sin of my disdain,
 Brother Cain.

Mine was the guilt, all mine, my brother,
 (Hearken to me.)
 My heart cries to thy heart, loved brother,
 Pardon me.
 Pardon him whom his pride hath slain,
 Brother Cain.

The admirers of Mr. H. G. Wells are admirers of his short stories. Few of the great novelists can write short stories. But Mr. Wells can. More than that, he can tell what a short story should be. He has rigidly rejected, he has banned and burned quite a number of short stories which he has written, and all the rest, he says, that are worth keeping he has gathered into a single volume and called it *The Country of the Blind* (Nelson; 2s. net).

Under the title of *Comfortable Words for Christ's Lovers*, the Rev. Dundas Harford, M.A., has described and edited the MS. of Lady Julian's Visions which was discovered recently at Lord Amherst's sale and purchased for the British Museum (Allenson; 1s. 6d. net). It is really, in the opinion of this editor, the first edition of the Revelations, the longer form being the outcome of twenty years' meditation.

A fairy book, and a fairy book that is really meant for children, is a book called *Nature Stories* written by Louie Jesse (Pitman; 2s. 6d. net). The illustrations match the narrative. Both belong unmistakably to the real world of imagination.

Canon Jessopp's Sermons.

The following letter is published in the *Guardian* for September 1: Sir,—I have a stock of old sermons which must approach a thousand in number, very few of which I shall ever preach again; and yet they have their merits and might peradventure be useful to other preachers, young and old. They have been preached to very different congregations—villagers, townsmen, learned Societies (including three Universities), soldiers, sailors, Inns-of-Court, Chapels Royal, four or five Cathedrals, Westminster Abbey—on special occasions and by special appointment. But far the larger number of these sermons have

been preached before country villagers, among whom the greater part of my life has been passed during the last thirty years.

My preaching days are over, and I shall preach no more. I very rarely preach from a MS. now. I have drawers full of my old homilies, and a manuscript sermon is of very little use to me. My habit for long has been to preach without book, as the phrase has it, and that for more reasons than one, on which I need not dwell. I shall not often preach again 'with book or without it.'

I know that scores, and more than merely scores, of my old sermons are worth preaching, and that they ought to be preached for the good of ordinary congregations. When I pick them out for delivery I am often surprised at their force, their earnestness, their acuteness, and their eloquence. The conviction has been growing upon me that these sermons of mine deserve to be delivered in other churches and other pulpits than these where they were preached in years gone by.

I venture to make an offer to my clerical brethren who, in so many cases, have a quite inadequate time for preparing the weekly sermons. I am prepared to offer my younger clerical brethren little bundles of my old sermons which have done duty during the last forty years or so, if they will give a promise never to preach any sermon of mine till they have read it twice aloud before they make use of it in the pulpit. And if they will read it once in silence, and with the eye also, all the better for them and their congregations.

My preaching days are over, but if my juniors can with earnestness and humility avail themselves of such sympathetic help as I should be glad to afford them, let them by all means enter into correspondence with me. It may be that my counsel may prove useful, and my sympathy afford some small measure of guidance if a correspondence should ensue.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, Rector of Scarning.

Scarning Rectory, Norfolk.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. H. J. Allen, Moresby Rectory, Whitehaven.

Illustrations for the Great Text for November must be received by the 1st of October. The text is Ps 119¹⁰⁵.

The Great Text for December is Ps 126⁶:

'Though he goeth on his way weeping,
bearing forth the seed;
He shall come again with joy, bringing
his sheaves with him.'

A copy of Dean's *Visions and Revelations*, or of Wheeler Robinson's *Christian Doctrine of Man*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for January is Ps 139⁷:

'Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?'

A copy of Scott's *The Kingdom and the Messiah*, or Kennett's *Early Ideals of Righteousness*, together with any volume of the 'Epoch Makers' series, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for February is Is 28¹⁶—
'Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone of sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.' A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts,' or Durell's *The Self-Revelation of Our Lord*, or Emmet's *The Eschatological Question in the Gospels*, will be given for the best illustration.

The Great Text for March is Rom. 15⁴—'For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the scriptures we might have hope.' A copy 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. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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