

Entre Nous.

A Summer School of Theology.

A Summer School of Theology for men and women will be held at Oxford from July 22nd to August 2nd, embracing about fifty Lectures on the Philosophy of Religion, Old and New Testament, Church History and Comparative Religion. The Lectures will be given in the Hall of Trinity College, by the kind permission of the President and Fellows. Among the Lecturers will be Professors G. A. Cooke, Percy Gardner, J. A. Smith, W. R. Sorley, G. Milligan, J. H. Moulton, K. Lake (Leiden), N. Söderblom (Upsala), B. W. Bacon (Yale), the Principals of Mansfield and Manchester Colleges, Rev. W. E. Addis, Dr. Vernon Bartlet, Professor W. H. Bennett, Dr. A. J. Carlyle, Rev. R. T. Herford, Mr. R. R. Marett, Dr. James Moffatt, Dr. J. E. Odgers, Professor John Oman, Rev. P. H. Wicksteed.

New Poems.

The volumes of poetry which the month produces usually come with the month and go with it. But sometimes they stay. This month we have seven small volumes, all worth reading. We have read them through, and two of them at least will stay with us.

Of the volume by 'Una,' the title is *In Life's Garden* (Humphreys; 3s. 6d. net). Life is a garden. And 'a garden is a lovesome thing, God wot,' as T. E. B. has told us in a way we shall never forget. But in a lovesome thing like a garden all life's experiences may be imaginatively gone through. There may, for example, be this lost opportunity:

Just on the Borders of Enchanted Land
We linger,—culling here and there some bloom;
From distant gardens sweet and rare perfume
The soft breeze gently wafteth where we stand.
We might have enter'd—you and I, dear
Heart!

Lo, the dusk falleth—and 'tis time to part.

The next is *Forty-two Poems*, by James Elroy Flecker (Dent; 2s. 6d. net). Most of the poems have already appeared elsewhere, and many of them we have previously read where they have appeared, as in the *Nation* and the *Cambridge Review*. There is no frivolous poetry in the book. There is always

purpose and seriousness even when the form is light. The endless theme of love is sometimes touched to tragedy, as in—

THE BALLAD OF CAMDEN TOWN.

I walked with Maisie long years back
The streets of Camden Town,
I splendid in my suit of black,
And she divine in brown.

Hers was a proud and noble face,
A secret heart, and eyes
Like water in a lonely place
Beneath unclouded skies.

A bed, a chest, a faded mat,
And broken chairs a few,
Were all we had to grace our flat
In Hazel Avenue.

But I could walk to Hampstead Heath,
And crown her head with daisies,
And watch the streaming world beneath,
And men with other Maisies.

When I was ill and she was pale
And empty stood our store,
She left the latchkey on its nail,
And saw me nevermore.

Perhaps she cast herself away
Lest both of us should drown:
Perhaps she feared to die, as they
Who die in Camden Town.

What came of her? The bitter nights
Destroy the rose and lily,
And souls are lost among the lights
Of painted Piccadilly.

What came of her? The river flows
So deep and wide and stilly,
And waits to catch the fallen rose
And clasp the broken lily.

I dream she dwells in London still
And breathes the evening air,
And often walk to Primrose Hill,
And hope to meet her there.

Once more together we will live,
 For I will find her yet :
 I have so little to forgive ;
 So much, I can't forget.

In *Ballads and Verses of the Spiritual Life*, by E. Nesbit (Elkin Mathews ; 4s. 6d. net), there is one poem that is worth the rest of the poetry of the month put together. There are other poems in the book. For this writer wrestles successfully with the supreme difficulty of the sacred in poetry. But the poem on 'The Singing of the Magnificat' has most of the inevitable in it. It impresses us most with the feeling that this is the way to express the thought, and there is no other. The poem is far too long to quote, but these three verses may be taken out of it :

The white moon through the window seemed
 to gaze

On the pure face and eyes the singer raised ;
 The storm-wind hushed the clamour of its
 ways,

God seemed to stoop to hear Himself thus
 praised,

And breathless all the Brothers stood, and
 still

Reached longing souls out to the music's thrill.

Old years came back, and half-forgotten hours,

Dreams of delight that never was to be,

Mothers' remembered kiss, the funeral flowers

Laid on the grave of life's felicity ;

An infinite dear passion of regret

Swept through their hearts, and left their eyelids
 wet.

The birds beat ever at the window, till

They broke the pane, and so could entrance
 win ;

Their slender feet clung to the window-sill,

And though with them the bitter air came in,

The monks were glad that the birds too should
 hear,

Since to God's creatures all, His praise is dear.

Mr. Hugh Macnaghten, Assistant Master at Eton College, has published a volume of *Verses Ancient and Modern* (Allen ; 3s. net). The note of the volume is loyalty—loyalty to Eton, and loyalty to the Empire. And once or twice, it

must be confessed, the poems are more patriotic than poetical. There is an occasional translation, as this epitaph from Simonides on the Spartans who died at Thermopylæ :

Tell it in Lacedæmon, we are laid,
 Wayfarer, here : they spoke and we obeyed.

With it we may compare Mr. Macnaghten's own epitaph on the Etonians who died in South Africa :

Possessing all good things, at duty's call
 We died for England ; that was best of all.

The form of dialogue occurs once or twice, and is effective. Take this on

THE CHILD AND JOY.

I know thee, Joy.

I would be known to every girl and boy.

I love thee best.

Thou too art dear, but not beyond the rest.

Stay with me still.

I cannot choose, I serve another's will.

Mr. Percy L. Babbington sings because he must. His volume of *Poems* (Heffer ; 2s. 6d. net) is inspired by any subject that happens to come his way. On the same page we have a long-lined poem about a deserted home, and a little tripping song which begins :

Though leagues of sea dis sever

Thy lips from mine,

Fond Memory's magic ever

Keeps my love thine.

The translations prove that Mr. Babbington is a scholar as well as a poet.

We said two of the volumes would live. One of the two is, of course, *Poems and Translations*, by John M. Synge (Maunsell ; 3s. 6d. net). It is the first volume of a new edition of Synge's works, a uniform library edition in five volumes. In size it is a large crown octavo, and it is finely printed, as the publishers explain to us, on antique wove paper, and tastefully bound in cloth gilt, gilt top. To criticize the contents of the volume is now needless. Synge has taken his place among the immortals. We no longer give him 'Mr.' or

Christian surname. But we must not be denied our right of quotation. Take this on

DREAD.

Beside a chapel I'd a room looked down,
Where all the women from the farms and
town,

On Holy-days and Sundays used to pass
To marriages, and christenings, and to Mass.

Then I sat lonely watching score and score,
Till I turned jealous of the Lord next door. . . .
Now by this window, where there's none can
see,

The Lord God's jealous of yourself and me.

One of the poets is American. Some of the poems in the volume entitled *Men of No Land*, by Mildred McNeal-Sweeney (Fisher Unwin; 4s. 6d. net), have already appeared in the great American magazines. But the poems themselves are not predominantly American. The first, which gives its title to the book, was written by the author after she witnessed the procession of wives and children of the unemployed in London on the 6th of November, 1905. The men of no land are the husbands of these wives. There is an anxious feeling for assurance in religion in many of the poems, and sometimes the catching at a straw. Such a straw is the sudden vision of blue skies past the dull roofs:

Low roofs and sordid,
And the same poor street
Climbing still
The well-known, weary hill!
But oh, the radiant grey,
The lovely, indescribable flush of day
Where hill and morning meet!

The same little beauty,
And labour trudging by,
And the vain
Truckle to common gain:
But hour by hour,
Lovely with light—like a forgotten dower,
Past the dull roofs—the sky.

Colour of hope,
Colour of June and the rose,
Cool with the dew
Or great with storm—spread new
Hourly with promises
Of good days coming—for the lonely heart
it is
The book of unfailing joy that never shall
close.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Walter T. Scott, Colfax, Wisconsin.

Illustrations for the Great Text for April must be received by the 1st of March. The text is Is 30¹⁵.

The Great Text for May is Is 40⁶⁻⁸—'The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our Lord shall stand for ever.' A copy of Hutton's *A Disciple's Religion*, or Oswald Dykes' *The Christian Minister and his Duties*, or Stone and Simpson's *Communion with God*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for June is Is 53^{1, 2}—'Who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.' A copy of Agnew's *Life's Christ Places*, or any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, or of the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for July is Ro 1^{3, 4}—'Concerning his Son, who was born of the seed of David according to the flesh, who was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead; even Jesus Christ our Lord.' A copy of MacCulloch's *The Religion of the Ancient Celts*, or of Curtis's *A History of Creeds and Confessions*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for August is 2 Ch 25²—'He did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart'; along with 2 Ch 31²¹—'He did it with all his heart, and prospered.' A copy of Dykes' *The Christian Minister and his Duties*, or of Farnell's *Greece and Babylon*, 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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