

Entre Nous.

Recent Poetry.

'In all their affliction he was afflicted.' So is it with the Redeemer; so is it with every one of the redeemed. There is a poem called 'The Beggars,' in *Poems of Revolt*, by G. Constant Lounsbury (Gay & Hancock; 3s. 6d. net), which illustrates the text—

Sordid stroller of the street,
Eyes of hunger, shuffling feet,
What have I to do with thee
And thy trailing misery—?

Take this pittance, turn away,
Go thy aimless, angry way,
Dull resentment in thy mind
Smouldering against mankind.

Why, within my secret room,
Through the softly-scented gloom,
By the fireside's glint and glow,
Steals the vision of thy woe?

*Say what wrong did I to thee
To endure thy misery?*

Who art thou, and who am I?
Does some deep affinity
Bid me hear thy baffled cry,
Smite me with thine agony?

Not the very lips of love,
Murmuring, are heard above
That wild weeping in the night,
Shivering our vain delight.

*I beseech thee, take from me
Thy intruding misery!*

Thou hast stricken my content,
Joy before thee steals away
Happiness, the heaven sent,
Hungering is held at bay.

Wreck of wandering weariness,
Mine, the blight of thy distress
Turning here, and turning there,
I behold thee everywhere!

*Lift thy curse, the curse from me,
Beggar, of thy misery!*

Hollow, haggard, in the glass
Thy face is my face, alas!
Beggar, thou art one with me,
One with my humanity—!

In Eliza Duncan Percy's *Poems of Faith and Hope* (Kelly; 1s. net) there is a short poem entitled 'Luke'—

Another tide and a darker night—
He comes, who came on the midnight sea
To the fishermen of Galilee,
A voice of comfort—a form of light.
By the lonely traveller, sore dismayed,
The voice of the Son of God who died,
Is heard, 'It is I, be not afraid!'
And the boat is at the other side.

There is a frank worldliness (not, of course, in the commercial sense) in Mr. H. W. Garrod's *Oxford Poems* (John Lane; 3s. 6d. net) which will make them acceptable wherever young men have tasted of the joy of life. But sometimes a deeper sentiment is felt, as in this intimation of immortality—

If man from empty shadows born
A shadow passes whence he came,
I know not: but I know each morn
The blood within me saith 'I am':

And something laughs and leaps and longs,
And dashes at the hill of life,
And dies for honour's fancied wrongs,
And strives for very love of strife;

And out of dull disaster gains
The strength that hopeless causes give,
And out of death's subduing pains
Cries 'Dying, and behold we live.'

Messrs. Longmans have published a cheap and very attractive edition of Newman's *Verses on Various Occasions* (2s. net). It includes 'The Dream of Gerontius.'

We are almost as much ashamed in these days of the display of an emotion as we are of the cross of Christ. Even our poetry is losing by its reticence. We ought to be able to combine

frankness with reserve. Mr. Gilbert Thomas dedicates *Birds of Passage and Other Verses* (Chapman & Hall; 2s. 6d. net) to his mother and is not ashamed of it. But the dedication has the proper note of reserve.

We cannot speak the things we feel.
How should the inmost soul reveal
Its inmost passion, thro' a word
By unseen listeners overheard?
I simply write your name above—
For silence is the eloquence of love.

The book is altogether above the average of fugitive poetry—the most poetical of this month's issue.

To *Some Poems of Lionel Johnson* (Elkin Mathews; 1s. net) a short memoir has been prefixed which was contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1902 by Louise Imogen Guiney. To her Johnson seemed to be a typical Oxonian, tolerant of many things, intolerant only of the 'foggy' Teutonic intellect. Take this on

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE.

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonised hopes, and ashen flowers!
The winds are sometimes sad to me;
The starry spaces full of fear;
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.
Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad:
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.

Illustrations.

A volume is offered for the best illustration of any of the following texts in St. John's Gospel—
13¹⁰ 13³⁴ 14¹ 14² 14⁶ 14¹⁵⁻¹⁷ 14²³ 14²⁶ 14²⁷ 15¹ 15⁴
16⁷ 16⁸⁻¹¹ 16¹³ 16²³ 17³ 17¹⁵ 17¹⁹ 18^{37, 38} 20¹⁷
20^{19, 20} 20²³ 20²⁸ 20²⁹ 21¹⁵⁻¹⁷ 21²².

Also for the best illustration of any of the following texts—James 1¹⁷ 5¹⁶, 1 Peter 1³ 1⁸ 1¹² 2⁵ 2²¹ 2²⁴ 3¹⁵ 3¹⁸⁻²⁰ 5⁷, 2 Peter 1⁵⁻⁷ 3¹³ 3¹⁸, 1 John 1⁵ 1⁷ 1^{8, 9} 2¹ 3¹ 3² 3³ 4⁷ 4⁸ 4¹⁶ 4¹⁸ 4¹⁹ 5⁴ 5²¹, Jude 20-21.

Those who are successful may choose two volumes from the 'Great Texts' or the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, or one volume from the 'International Critical Commentary' or the 'International

Theological Library.' Ten volumes will be given in all.

The illustrations must be received by the Editor, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, by the end of July 1912.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by Principal S. S. Thomas, Baptist Institute, Delhi.

Illustrations for the Great Text for August must be received by the 1st of July. The text is 2 Ch 25².

The Great Text for September is 1 Co 4⁵—'Wherefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the hearts; and then shall each man have his praise from God.' A copy of Farnell's *Greece and Babylon*, or of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for October is 1 Co 15⁵⁸—'Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord.' A copy of any volume of the 'Great Texts' or of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for November is Ro 15¹³—'Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, in the power of the Holy Ghost.' A copy of Coats's *Types of English Piety*, or of Stone and Simpson's *Communion with God*, or of Lewis's *Philocalia of Origen*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for December is Jn 6³⁵—'Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.' A copy of Welch's *The Religion of Israel under the Kingdom*, or of Coats's *Types of English Piety*, or of Gem's *An Anglo-Saxon Abbot*, 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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