

good." It has been generally agreed that the metaphor is taken from metallurgy, to which reference is constantly made in the Bible; the "melting fire" of the furnace would have been a familiar sight to any Israelite, and suggest a natural comparison to him. Still, while taking this as the basis for exposition, we are to think not of the process, but of the result effected, not of the quickening the fire, but the fusing of the metal beneath; and so, figuratively, of the melting and softening harsh and angry feeling. If we expand the condensed phrase into a comparison, the meaning will be clear at once: "*By charity and kindness thou shalt soften down his enmity, as surely as heaping coals on the fire fuses the metal in the crucible.*"

It will follow, that the idea of drawing down wrath or adding to Divine vengeance (an idea reconcilable neither with perfect charity nor with faith in Divine compassion), or again of kindling remorse in the offender, is noway required by the figurative phraseology of the verse, and is rather opposed to its idiomatic construction.

J. E. YONGE.

Miss Rossetti's "Time Flies."¹ This unpretending little book has more life in it than many whose praises have been loudly sounded. To appreciate Miss Rossetti's quaint and subtle prose requires a (very pleasant) process of education. But every true lover of English poetry will find in this book some of the author's most exquisite work—nothing perhaps so memorable as the transcendent "Passing Away,"—but many brief lyrics almost unmatched for their tender yet austere beauty. Those who see in Miss Rossetti, not only the greatest of the distinctively Christian singers of England, but also one of the most wise and sympathetic teachers of catholic Christianity, will find in this book much to be closely and humbly studied. Again we recognise her intense devotion to the Passion of our Lord; the sense of the peril of the soul, the torturing sting of sin, the exceeding breadth of the commandment, the vanity of all things here. "*Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear,*" expresses much but by no means all of her teaching. One is reminded of the passage where Bunyan perhaps reaches his highest point—that most loving delineation of Mr. Fearing, who was however very valiant in Vanity Fair, being no

¹ *Time Flies: a Reading Diary.* By Christina G. Rossetti. London, S.P.C.K.

coward: "You must understand his fear was not about such things as these; his fear was about his acceptance at last." More prominent perhaps than ever is the thought of Death, which colours every page. Death, it was well said by William Caldwell Roscoe, is necessary to English tragedy, though only incidental to Greek, because the end in English tragedy is determinately evolved, and Death gives the completest ending. In Miss Rossetti's poetry, Death is praised and welcomed, not only as rounding the course of fate, as the full completion of the dispensations of life. Death makes the soul safe, it is the gate of heaven, it brings to the sufficing vision of Christ, it restores to us, in the company of saints and angels, "our own beyond the salt sea wall." Thus, while she recognises the joys of life, and can present them in a light both warm and clear, Death becomes more and more in her pages the one eastern window, the one door of hope.

EDITOR.
