

the Tigris, he met his end by stroke of lightning, or at least such was the universal belief of his troops. The result was that the expedition had to be given up, as the soldiers believed that it would be vain to persist in face of the manifest displeasure of the gods. The modern historian adds, 'Places or persons struck with lightning were considered by the ancients with pious horror, as singularly devoted to the wrath of heaven.' Here again is a close parallel with the incident of Uzzah. David cannot think of persisting in his enterprise for the present, and three months go by before he can persuade himself that Yahveh is at peace with him. Finally, it may be noted that lightning was one of

the instruments in the reduction of Job from his high estate of wealth and health. 'The fire of God hath fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep' (Job 1¹⁶). We know how even the mild Eliphaz inferred from this and the rest of the disasters, that Job had been in secret a great sinner, had despised the widow and the fatherless, had oppressed the hungry and the naked (Job 22⁵⁻¹⁰). It seems better to explain the incident of Uzzah on such lines than to leave it, with its sinister suggestion of caprice, or of anger roused by, what may seem to many, frivolous motives.

DAVID CONNOR.

Bewcastle Manse.

Entre Nous.

Arthur Reade.

Mr. Arthur Reade divides his poems into *Poems of Love and War* (Allen & Unwin), but they are all poems of war. When the love appears, be it love to man or God, or be it love to woman, it is set in the presence of war. Take this poem on

CLOUDS.

'Behold, with clouds He comes.'
To-day my soul is bowed
Under a heavy cloud,
War's summoning drums
And leagues of weary sea
Hold back my love from me.
In sore suspense for her I draw my breath;
The air seems filled with death.

Then, Mystic Christ, arise,
Rebuke that stormy sea,
This poor torn heart of me,
Come in this cloud,
Let its dark husk enshroud
Thy glory, breaking through
And making all things new.

Give me new eyes
And flood this soul of mine
With calm and sweet sunshine,
That I may know,
Where'er my love doth go,
Thou hast her in thy care—ah, faithless me!
Can I not trust my love to Thee?

A Birmingham Anthology.

Under the brave title of *Made in Birmingham*, Mrs. Hugh Walker has compiled and published an anthology of verse and prose from writers who have been or are associated with the great Midland city (Cornish; 3s. 6d. net). She claims no great literary fame for the city. It is 'essentially a product of modern industrialism.' But she does claim that Birmingham has never been indifferent to ideas, and its ideas have always found some adequate expression. There are undoubtedly great names here—Burne-Jones, Burritt, Bright, Dale, Dawson, Drinkwater, Freeman, Gore, Lightfoot, Lodge, Martineau, Newman, Priestley, Short-house, Westcott, and a few more. The prose is better than the poetry. Yet it is one of the poems that we shall offer as example. This poem is by Kate G. Bunce:

THE PAST.

Out of the storied past
Fair forms arise
And look with friendly glance
Deep in our eyes.

Into our lives they come
With gentle tread,
Telling us what they did
And what they said.

Deeds like a golden bridge
 Across the years,
 Words like a burning lamp
 To light our fears.

Prophet and priest and king,
 Martyr and saint
 Urge us by deed and word
 To work, not faint.

Out of the storied past
 Fair forms arise,
 And look with friendly glance
 Deep in our eyes.

Rose of my Life.

This is the title of a book of passionate poetry, introduced by Mr. Austin Dobson (Jenkins; 3s. 6d. net). It is the passion of human love. What theory of life or philosophy of death it may carry is contained in these two short poems, one opening and one closing the volume:

LIFE.

A little Struggle;
 A little Growth;
 A little Pause
 And nothing loth.
 Decay and Death;
 And welcome Both.

THE END.

The end of life is death;
 The end of passion, sorrow.
 Then let us love to-day,
 From grief we will not borrow,
 And live, just while we may,
 Careless of death to-morrow.

Beatrice Redpath.

The poems of Beatrice Redpath in *Drawn Shutters* (Lane; 4s. 6d. net) are much occupied with the thought of death. The study of death has aspects that are unfamiliar and yet true. The last poem of all on 'The Death Soul' tells what happens when life is too sheltered and easy. 'In your suffering ye shall win your souls.' Occasionally there is a vivid remembrance of some other poet, as this of Alice Meynell:

MY THOUGHTS.

My thoughts are as a flock of sheep
 Upon a windy wold,
 At eventide they homeward creep
 To shelter from the cold;
 And when I lay me down to sleep
 They rest within the fold.

A Mediæval Anthology.

A Mediæval Anthology has been collected and modernized by Mary G. Segar (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). It is properly described as containing lyrics and other short poems chiefly religious. Most of its contents are to be seen in the publications of the Early English Text Society and elsewhere: here they are gathered into one charming book, which it is a delight to read from cover to cover. Let us quote a Winter Song. It is one of the earliest known lyrics, earlier probably than 'Sumer is i-cumen in.'

A WINTER SONG.

Merry it is while summer ilast
 With fowelés sǒng—
 But now nigheth windés blast
 And weather strong.
 Ei, Ei, how this night is long!
 And I with well mickle wrong
 Sorrow and mourn and fast.

Robert Nichols.

The poets whom the war has produced are said to be many but not much. Some poets, however, it has made more than they were, and Robert Nichols is one of these. His little book, *Invocation* (Elkin Mathews; 1s. net), is variable, but it is never unpoetical. Take this sonnet:

If it should hap I being summoned hence
 To an unknown and all too hazardous
 bourne,
 One should bring news charged with this
 heavy sense:—

He has gone further and cannot return,
 Waste not your hour in weary 'Why?' and
 'Whence?'

In grief that my young years be compted so.
 I grieve not. Nor should you. My recom-
 pense
 Grows with the years and with them yours
 shall grow.

For England's fairest, her best beloved lands,
 Her watchful hills, her slumbrous trees and
 streams
 Shall surely teach a heart, that understands,
 What depth and amplitude of noble dreams
 She gives and how content into her hands
 I yield the little life without her seems.

Alfred Ernest Knight.

To his 'Metrical Musings on the Life of our Lord,' Mr. A. E. Knight has given the ambitious title of *Lyra Christi* (Morgan & Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The book is a paraphrase in blank verse of the chief scenes in the life of Christ. The author's aim has evidently been to offer sound doctrine. He has been less concerned with imaginative creation. In the end of the section entitled 'The Servant,' he says:

Would that we, too, were willing to be led!
 To lay our knowledge by and learn of Him;
 To sit, as Mary sat, at His dear feet;
 To feed upon Himself, the living Bread!
 So should our lives run rhythmical and free;
 So should we wear with ease His easy yoke;
 So serve Him gladly Who so gladly served!

The Fiery Cross.

An anthology of war poems, under the title of *The Fiery Cross*, has been compiled by Mabel C. Edwards and Mary Booth, and is to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross (Grant Richards; 2s. 6d. net). It is a quarto of about a hundred pages. It contains some of the best of the *Punch* poetry, and some of the best of other magazine and newspaper work. This poem by Helen Parry Eden is from the *Westminster Gazette*:

TO BETSEY.

*Remember, on your knees,
 The men who guard your slumbers—*

And guard a house in a still street
 Of drifting leaves and drifting feet,

A deep blue window where below
 Lies moonlight on the roofs like snow,
 A clock that still his quarters tells
 To the dove that roosts beneath the bell's
 Grave canopy of silent brass,
 Round which the little night-winds pass
 Yet stir it not in the grey steeple;
 And guard all small and drowsy people
 Whom gentlest dusk doth disattire,
 Undressing by the nursery fire
 In unperturbèd numbers
 On this side of the seas—

*Remember, on your knees,
 The men who guard your slumbers.*

Arthur K. Sabin.

In his poem on *The Death of Icarus* (Temple Sheen Press; 2s. 6d. net), Mr. Sabin succeeds in investing Icarus, that foolish offspring of the classical imagination, with some dignity. But the short series of lyrics under the title of *Christmas 1914* (1s. net) is more to the purpose at present. Take this:

Holly and yew and myrtle boughs
 This year about the porch must hang:
 For Death has triumphed through the
 house,
 And Fame's clear note behind him rang.

We weep exulting; for we know
 How manfully our hero strove
 By day, by night against the foe,
 And reckoned life well lost for love—

For love of home, for love of kin,
 For love that lights the patriot's eye,
 For love of fame that heroes win
 When in a lofty cause they die.

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