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Leopold Messerschmidt, to which Professor Langdon makes reference, the king is still designated 'Salmanassar II.,' but the name is correctly given 'Salmanassar III.' in the Verzeichniss, p. x, which Professor Delitzsch prefixed to Messerschmidt's plates. The facts are that in April 1909 the German expedition at Asshur had the good fortune to find a five-line inscription of a king Shalmaneser which runs as follows:

Ṣa-lam
(m, ilu) Šulmanu-ašaridu
šarru rabû šar kiššat šar (mât) Aššûr
apal Ašur-nâsir-aplu šar (mât) Aššûr
apal Šam-ši-Adad šar (mât) Aššûr-ma.[1]

This is to be translated as follows:

PORTRAIT
of Shalmaneser
the great king, king of the world, king of Assyria
son of Ashurnazirpal, king of Assyria
son of Shamshi-Adad, king of Assyria.

Now the interest of this little text lies in this, that it gives us the names of a hitherto unknown Shalmaneser, and enables us to relate him chronologically with perfect certainty. We now have the order:

Tiglathpileser I., *circa* 1120 B.C.
Ashur-bel-kala, his son
Shamshi-Adad III., also son of Tiglathpileser
Ashurnazirpal I., grandson of Tiglathpileser
Shalmaneser II., son of Ashurnazirpal I.

This, of course, requires us to change the hitherto well-known king Shalmaneser II., who is the son of Ashurnazirpal II. and grandson of Tukulti-Ninib II., to Shalmaneser III.[2]

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The First Prayer in the Bible.

IN the 'Great Texts of the Bible,' I read (*Genesis to Numbers*, p. 234) on Gn $32^{10.11}$:

> 'After receiving the threatening report about Esau, Jacob retired to the privacy of his tent and poured forth the acknowledgment of his trouble and perplexity *in the first-recorded words of human prayer*. They are words which tell the want and vibrate with the passion of a human heart. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed to thy servant. . . . Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother."'

When I read this, it struck me as a beautiful thought, that the very first prayer agreed with the apostle's demand (Ph 4^{6}): 'In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with *thanksgiving* let your *requests* be made known to God.' Or with the admonition of the old Tobit (4^{19}): '*Bless* (in the German translation: *Thank* to) the Lord thy God always, and *desire* of him that thy ways may be directed, and that all thy paths and counsels may prosper.' But then the question arose: Are these the very first recorded words of human prayer? And thinking of Gn 24^{12} 'O LORD God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, etc.,' and of v.[27], 'Blessed be the LORD God of my master Abraham, who has not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth etc.,' I should like to ask, how Gn $32^{10.11}$ may be called not the first-recorded prayer of Jacob, but the first-recorded words of human prayer.

EB. NESTLE.

Maulbronn.

Entre Nous.

A LYRICAL poem on the text 'The Sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair' opens a volume, by John Presland, and gives the name to it—*The Deluge, and other Poems* (Chatto & Windus). But that text is beyond the author's comprehension. There is a better vision in this poem on Consolation, though it just misses the best vision of all.

CONSOLATION.

'Is there a pain to match my pain
In all this world of woe;
When to and fro on a barren earth
My weary footsteps go?
When no day's sun shall give me mirth
And no stars blessed be;
Because my heart goes hungry and lone
For one who turns from me?'

Hear what the voice of all Sorrows saith
From out the ages dim:
'As melt the snows your passion goes,
And as dew it vanisheth.
Take up, take up your burden of woe,
Unblenching on your journey go,
For man was born to reap and sow
That earth might fruitful be.'

'Is there a pain to match my pain,
Who watch the small dead face,
With the folded lips, and the folded lids,
And the cheek the dimples grace;
Where they will come again no more, no more?—
Oh, small soft hands that hold
So quietly, in rosy palms,
My heart that's dead and cold.'

Hear what the voice of all Sorrows saith:
'Though still the little feet,
Though the hands are chill, and the sweet form chill,
And gone the childish breath;
Take up, take up your burden of woe,
For you were born to sorrow so,
To bear in anguish, and lose in pain,
That earth might be fulfilled.'

'Is there a pain to match my pain
Who loved all men on earth,
Who saw the Godhead, through the shell
That burdened them at birth;
Who strove for right, who strove for good,
Since love must win at last?
—This hour they lead me out to die,
With cords they make me fast.'

Hear what the voice of all Sorrows saith:
'They lead you out to die;
For the love you gave they will dig your grave,
And their thanks to you is death.
Take up, take up your burden of woe,
And proudly to your scaffold go,
For men were born to suffer so,
That mankind might be great.'

It may be that a poem taken out of its setting in a college magazine loses a little of its flavour. But there is something still refreshing in *The Don and the Dervish* (Dent; 3s. 6d. net), a book of verse which Professor R. A. Nicholson has gathered chiefly out of the *Cambridge Review*. It is not easily quotable, but this may serve:

TO ZOILUS.

Be you, my critic *comme il faut*,
Smooth-tongued, sharp-witted.
Johnson, I grant you, was not so,
Who dumped, alike on friend and foe,
The cap that fitted.

To-day a milder orb illumes,
Sweetness expressing,
Our literary drawing-rooms:
Ferocity itself assumes
An air of blessing.

Oh, never call a spade a spade,
A yard a measure!
The bitterest truth can be conveyed
Politely, if one's not afraid
Of giving pleasure.

From *Poems in Various Moods for Various Ages*, by Francis Seymour Stevenson (Jarrold; 2s. net), let us select as a fair example this poem:

ON THE STATUE OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE, AT NORWICH.

Master of thoughts, whose word-embodied flight,
Soaring with angels' wings athwart the sky,
Transcends the range of man's untutored sight,
Yet bears the germs of wisdom from on high;
Ne'er may, the while time's chariots onward roll,
'Iniquitous oblivion's poppy-seeds'
Be scattered o'er the garden of thy soul,
And choke its verdure's radiancy with weeds!

So may this bronze recall thy twofold aim,
To heal the ills and errors of mankind!
The same Afflatus moulds, in space and time,
The human intellect, the human frame;
For matter is but mind, crass, unrefined,
And mind is matter, purified, sublime.

When a volume of poems is part sacred and part secular, the sacred is nearly always better than the

secular. Yet we will quote one of the sacred poems in Dora Bee's *The Lord is King* (R.T.S.; 2s. 6d. net).

O THOU THAT KNOWEST.

O Thou that knowest best,
For me provide.
My way is hedged with thorns, my heart oppressed,
I need a Guide!
I have Thy gracious purposes withstood,
But Thou art good.

O Thou that hold'st me up,
Not once nor twice
Has disappointment overflowed my cup,
And dimmed my eyes.
Make Thou Thy holy will henceforth my meat,
For it is sweet.

O Thou Whose love is strong,
I lie as clay
Marred in Thine hand by wilful deeds of wrong,
Not cast away.
Remould me, till a vessel Thou produce,
Meet for Thy use.

O Thou that calmest fears,
And soothest pain,
Restore the many locust-eaten years
To me again.
Follow my stumbling footsteps where I roam,
And take me home.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustrations this month have been found by the Rev. F. Warburton Lewis, B.A., Epworth, Aberystwyth, and the Rev. R. Strong, M.A., Leeds.

Illustrations for the Great Text for March must be received by the 1st of February. The text is Ro 15^{4}.

The Great Text for April is Is 30^{15}—'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' A copy of Professor Clarke's *The Ideal of Jesus*, or Stone and Simpson's *Communion with God*, or Hutton's *A Disciple's Religion*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for May is Is 40^{6-8}—'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 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.

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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