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now come?' Professor Burkitt has pointed out that τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοί means 'never mind' or 'do not worry' (EXPOSITORY TIMES, vol. xxiv. p. 2); and if we translate the words οὔπω ἥκει ἡ ὥρα μου as a question, we understand why Mary, in her relief, immediately turns to the διάκονοι, and says,

'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.'

For rendering οὔπω as an interrogative we may compare Mt 16[9], Mk 8[17], οὔπω νοεῖτε.

Our Lord's hour for showing His power had now come, and 'this beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee.' The idyllic scene is perfect—and no jarring note now mars its beauty.

AUGUSTUS POYNDER.

Jersey.

'Stumbling-Block.'

WITH the main question of the meaning of σκάνδαλον, Professor Moulton has dealt, and I shall not refer directly to this question, but in Job 40[19] (LXX) there is an otherwise unknown word ἐνσκολιευόμενος representing, according to the Hebrew, some such sense as (pierced through his nose) 'with a snare. (The plural בְּמוֹקְשִׁים, Mr. H. M'Lachlan writes, 'may be a plural of amplification suggesting the size of the snare required for Behemoth.') For this I originally suggested some change which would give some compound of the σκάνδαλον root, but the Rev. Mr. L. W. Grensted called my attention to the fact that σκῶλον occurs in some places as a variant for σκάνδαλον, and further investigation suggests that the change we have to make in the Job passage should be in this direction. Archdeacon Allen refers to Ex 10[7] and Dt 7[16] for the occurrence of σκῶλον to translate the same Hebrew root giving the idea of 'snare' as occurs in Job. Boisacq negatives the suggestion of Professor Moulton to connect σκῶλον with σκολιός, as if it were 'a trap with a kink in the entrance,' and we should rather find the sense of a 'sharp stake that will transfix the victim' (cf. σκόλοψ). In Hos 9[8], to which the archdeacon also refers, I should be inclined to find again an unknown adjective σκωλιά, just as Aquila has ἐσκωλωμένη. The meaning of this last word must be *furnished with a sharp stake*, not, as L. and S. say, *offended*, the sense of which seems sadly to seek. In one passage (Pr 18[7]) noticed by Mr. Grensted, σκῶλον is the word used by Aq., Symm., The., for LXX παγίς, and this suggests that Aquila at least regarded παγίς as an unsatisfactory equivalent in other passages. In Ps 18[5] (LXX 17[5]) παγίς is parallel to a word probably meaning 'cord for a hunter's snare,' and generally translated σχοῖνος, but here by a different pointing of חֶבֶל as חֶבֶל, ὠδίς; this is not unlike the variation pointed out by Dr. Marshall between Lk 21[34] and Th 5[3]. A reference to Ps 68[23], where παγίς and σκάνδαλον are both used, suggests that σκάνδαλον was perhaps a prop or sometimes an unstable stone supporting the bait ('the table') set in the middle of a pit, from which escape was impossible. The bait would be reached by a precarious gangway which would fall when the σκάνδαλον was upset. This will enable us to understand Is 28[16] when compared with Is 8[14. 15]. In some cases, perhaps, a large rock was poised above, which descended when the σκάνδαλον was struck. Mr. Grensted refers also to Jg 8[26] and Is 57[14].

P.S.—In L. and S. the reference for σκῶλος (or σκῶλον) to 2 Paralip, should be 28[23] (not [13]). All evidence seems to show that L. and S. need to be corrected further by bringing all the LXX occurrences under σκῶλον, and reserving σκῶλος for pre-Hellenistic passages. T. NICKLIN.

Entre Nous.

Illustrations from the War.

The Editor offers a set of the *Great Texts of the Bible* (twenty volumes), or their equivalent in other books chosen from Messrs. T. & T. Clark's catalogue, for the best series of illustrations of the Bible on religious and ethical topics from incidents connected with the War. He offers also a set of the *Greater Men and Women of the Bible* (six volumes)—or their equivalent as before—for the second best series. The texts or topics illustrated should be given, and the source of the illustration, together with the date.

The illustrations should be sent before the end of August. They must refer to incidents occurring not earlier than February.

L. MacLean Watt.

The Saviour of Men, by the Rev. L. MacLean Watt (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 6d. net), is a poet's presentation of the gospel. The poet is found not in the language only, but also in the whole imaginative interpretation. Jesus was a poet; as an Eastern He could not be other than imaginative, and it needs a poet's instinct to translate Him. This is a beautiful book for Christians, and thoughtful as it is beautiful.

Maeterlinck.

Maeterlinck's essay on *Old-Fashioned Flowers* has been translated by A. T. de Mattos, and published along with 'other Open-Air Essays' by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (2s. 6d. net). As in the *Book of the Bee*, Maeterlinck gives knowledge in this book along with pleasure. He has many interesting facts to tell us, but he always surrounds them with an imaginative atmosphere. 'What flowers then,' he asks, 'blossomed in the gardens of our fathers? They were very few, no doubt, and very small and very humble, scarce to be distinguished from those of the roads, the fields and the glades. Have you ever observed the poverty and the monotony, most skilfully disguised, of the floral decoration of the finest miniatures in our old manuscripts? Again, the pictures in our museums, down to the end of the Renascence period, have only five or six types of flowers, incessantly repeated, wherewith to enliven the richest palaces, the most marvellous views of Paradise. Before the sixteenth century, our gardens were almost bare; and, later, Versailles itself, Versailles the splendid, could have shown us only what the poorest village shows to-day. Alone, the Violet, the Garden Daisy, the Lily of the Valley, the Marigold, the Poppy, a few Crocuses, a few Irises, a few Colchicums, the Foxglove, the Valerian, the Larkspur, the Cornflower, the Wild Pink, the Forget-me-not, the Gillyflower, the Mallow, the Rose, still almost a Sweetbriar, and the great silver Lily, the spontaneous ornaments of our woods and of our snow-frightened, wind-frightened fields: these alone smiled upon our forefathers, who, for that matter, were unaware of their poverty. Man had not yet learnt to look around him, to enjoy the life of nature. Then came the Renascence, the great voyages, the discovery and the invasion of the sunlight. All the flowers of the world, the successful efforts, the deep, inmost beauties, the joyful thoughts and wishes of the planet rose up to us, borne on a shaft of light that, in spite of its heavenly wonder, issued from our own earth. Man ventured forth from the cloister, the crypt, the town of brick and stone, thegloomy stronghold in which he had slept. He went down into the garden, which became peopled with bees, purple and perfumes; he opened his eyes, astounded like a child escaping from the dreams of the night; and the forest, the plain, the sea and the mountains and, lastly, the birds and the flowers, that speak in the name of all a more human language which he already understood, greeted his awakening.'

L. G. Fison.

Mr. L. G. Fison is not a poet though he calls his book, *In Pastime Wrought*, poems (Drane; 3s. 6d.). He has plenty of pretty fancies but little creative imagination. And in all the variety of his verse there is no true feeling for rhythm. Take this as an example:

EPIGRAM.

'O Father! they say there's a Holy Land,
O say if such can be?'
'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'but, my son, there is
As well a Holy See.'

W. B. Cotton.

Mr. Cotton is less confident. He is content to call his book *Verses* (Thacker; 1s.). Here is one quotable poem.

A MESSAGE.

Upon a wintry, leafless bower
There hung a pale, proud passion flower,
Its purple blossoms clinging
In clusters to the dreary home
Where this dear plant had chanced to roam,
Its joy and fragrance bringing.

A desolate forgotten place
This sweetest flower had deigned to grace,
Its slender tendrils twining
About the long neglected spot,
As if to mitigate its lot
And soothe its sad repining.

Where all was drear and sorrowing
It brought a message of the spring,
This queen of all the garden,
Awakening the wilderness
To memories of happiness,
Despair to hope of pardon.

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