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their own expectations. There will therefore have been some confusion in their reports. But the two events must have been differently regarded by Him; the one, clear and imminent; the other, in the haze of an unknown future. Even if He saw the greater one foreshortened in distance and expected it soon to occur, that is a different thing from making an absolute assertion at its immediate imminence.

C. H. PAREZ.

Hollywood, Haywards Heath.

Entre Nous.

Oxford Poets.

A small volume of *Oxford Poetry, 1915*, has been published by Mr. Blackwell (1s. net). It is small, but there are no fewer than twenty-five poets represented in it. The poems are arranged in the alphabetical order of the authors' names, which yields much variety and some surprises. It seems to warn us not to speak of a school of Oxford poetry at present. The most prominent fact is individuality, not similarity. And that fact makes it quite impossible to take one poem as example of the whole. Mr. T. W. Earp has six poems in the book, and we shall quote one of the six, but it represents Mr. Earp and no one else.

ECSTASY.

Years longer than years go by in bleak enduring.
We bustle over humdrum,
toil at some littleness,

when suddenly a flame leaps up within us.

Those things sense knew are whirled away,
expunged,
and sight itself is blinded by the dazzle,
the blaze of glory.

Briefly then we live
till the dropped curtain.

May you have hours where I have had but
moments!

George Abel.

In the very happy 'Foreword' which Professor Stalker has written for Mr. Abel's volume of poems in the dialect of Aberdeenshire, entitled *Wylins fae my Wallet* (Gardner; 2s. 6d. net), he says that though not having the honour to be an Aberdonian, he can read them without difficulty. And yet they are the purest Aberdeenshire. There is not a word misused or misspelt. But Mr. Abel has never run after odd and out-of-the-way words simply because they are picturesque, a temptation to which even Mr. Murray of 'Hamewith' is occasionally a victim. He writes in character without extravagance or disguise. Here is a plea for

HUMOUR.

O dinna think it wrang to lauch,
To see the fun o' things,
For mirth, it is a medicine
To peer fowk an' to kings.

They say that far abeen the lift
The fires o' humour play,
That God Himsel' raxed doon some quiles
To cheer oor mortal day.

I hear the thunner's lood guffa,
That gars the rafters dirl,
I watch the aul' wind's idelty,
When oot upo' the birl.

The wee roy't kittlins on the hearth,
The lammies on the lea,
The doggies at their tackie games,
The monkeys on the tree—

Far can the craturs get it a'?
Heaven's aumrie gies 't, I think:
War we but gleg I'm sure we'd see
The vera wirmies wink.

But fawvour't man has mair than a'
O' humour in his e'e;
The beasts, they get a gowpenfu';
An oxterfu' has he.

He needs it, for there's mony whisks
An' scaums abeen the sod;
He needs it, as the tourin' lum
Maun hae its lichtnin'-rod.

There's mony freenships wid be smash't,
An' mony joys tak' wings,
But for the licht by which we see
The fun o' fowk an' things.

So we will gie oor thanks an eke,
For sel's an' for the race,
An' pray that Gweed sen' doon galore
Kind humour's savin' grace.

Dorothy Francis Gurney.

A Little Book of Quiet (Newnes; 2s. 6d. net) is an appropriate title for Mrs. Gurney's new volume. Every piece in it is a poem and every poem is of quiet. Is there to be no purpose in art? Art for art's sake? In this little work of art there is deliberate purpose. Mrs. Gurney writes and says: 'Come thou too into the place of quiet, into the heart of silence, where God is.' We may choose anywhere. Take this:

WHEN I SHALL PASS, O! GOD.

When I shall pass, O! God,
Out of this mortal path
I shall not fear Thy chastening rod
Nor Thy most righteous wrath.

These have I known below,
Have known and learned to bless—
I fear the influences that flow
From Thy white holiness.

Yet in my Saviour's name
Grant me, O! God, to prove
Thy awful holiness the same
As Thy undying love!

Mary E. Boyle.

Anatole France has a fancy that when some one asked Pilate in his later life about the trial of Jesus, he had utterly forgotten it and Him. Mary E. Boyle would have Pilate haunted all his days by the memory of Jesus. *Pilate in Exile at Vienne* is his soliloquy (Heffer; 1s. net). And he is troubled.

Ah! Son of God, what in thee is divine?
Is it this silence, when my very soul
Desires some word to comfort and to guide?
Is it divine to stand apart and gaze?
To suffer persecution to oneself
And say no word which might uplift the crowd
Of those who suffer not for hours, but years?
Say thou art crucified? For three short hours
Thou wilt be tortured. What of the lives
Born without hope, and living without hope?
Praying, not for relief, but to endure.
Half-strangled at the thought of future ills,
Whilst horror of the past kills memory.
Is a god powerless before the mob?
Is god then in each helpless criminal?
'He made himself a god'; the people cry.
Divinity! does it mean sacrifice?

Darrell Figgis.

The best poems in *The Mount of Transfiguration* (Maunsell; 3s. 6d. net) are purely Irish. Their general title is 'Songs of Acaill.' We shall quote one of them, of the rest the short dramatic piece at the end has moved us most. It is as Irish as anything in the book; its tragedy is Irish, unredeemable tragedy after every effort at redemption. The poem we wish to quote is very short. It might serve as exposition of Mt 5^{22}, 'I say unto you.'

MIONNÁN.

In a stern world of wisdom and command,
That has no man enticed,
Among these gaunt wise hills, and these
Strong cliffs and sundering seas,
Suddenly in a light I understand
The wonder-words of the Christ:
And Joy quickens its flight through endless Beauty,
And Beauty wins through a Love higher than Duty.

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