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while the Latin Vulgate, *pater habitantium in tentoriis, atque pastorum*, makes a slight variation; it is to be noted, however, that in both of these Old Versions, יֹשֵׁב was evidently read as the plural, viz. יֹשְׁבֵי, which was probably the original form; further, the closing term was viewed as a participle, rather than a simple noun. The English Translators of the 1611 Version, in order to make fair sense, paraphrastically inserted several words, thus, 'the father of such as dwell in tents, and (of such as have) cattle'; while the Revisers' rendering is more brief, viz. 'the father of such as dwell in tents and (have) cattle.' More recently, Kittel, in his Hebrew Bible, reads the last two words as אָהֳלֵי מִקְנֶה ('tents of cattle,' cattle-tents). But by reading יֹשֵׁב as יֹשְׁבֵי, and the closing term וּמִקְנֶה as its resemblant וּמַחֲנֶה, congruity of ideas is secured, and the whole expression runs smoothly: 'He was the father of those who dwell in tent and camp.'

JAMES KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

Entre Nous.

John Galsworthy.

There is more prose than poetry in that book which Mr. John Galsworthy calls *A Sheaf* (Heinemann; 5s. net); but we shall quote a poem from it and so give it a place here. What is the book? It is a collection of contributions to recent periodicals, made mostly since the war began. All is of the finest feeling for style, Mr. John Galsworthy being one of our supreme artists in literature.

Mr. Galsworthy is a lover of animals and a hater of war. The first part of the book is strong enough in its irony and exposure to shock the most indifferent out of the wearing of 'aigrettes.' The last part is fierce enough in its denunciation of the futile cruelty of war to shame the most pronounced militarist out of his militarism. And all that is good. There is just one thing that is bad. Mr. Galsworthy has no God. When the war is over our 'creed will be a noiseless and passionate conviction that man can be saved, not by a far-away, despotic God who can be enlisted by each combatant for the destruction of his foes, but by the Divine element in man, the God within the human soul.'

This is the poem:

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

God, I am travelling out to death's sea,
I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
Thought not of dying—death is such waste of me!—
Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—
I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot
Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking
In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

Frederick George Scott.

There are few poems in the little book entitled *In the Battle Silences* (Constable; 2s. net), but every one of them is a poem. They have been written 'at the Front.' They are all the offspring of the war. They all find the war good for the making of heroes. This is the shortest of them all:

KNIGHTHOOD.

To H. T. O.

In honour, chivalrous;
In duty, valourous;
In all things, noble;
To the heart's core, clean.

Thomas Hardy.

The poet is born, not made: Mr. Hardy is a poet. The pessimist is made, not born: Mr. Hardy is a pessimist. There is 'something wrong' in every poem of the *Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy* which Messrs. Macmillan have issued in their 'Golden Treasury' series (2s. 6d. net), but they are none the less poetical. What

experience of life has darkened this writer's sky? What hope deferred? What faith unfought for? These two poems are typical:

TO LIFE.

O Life with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee,
And thy draggled cloak, and thy hobbling pace,
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

I know what thou would'st tell
Of Death, Time, Destiny—
I have known it long, and know, too, well
What it all means for me.

But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise,
And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

I'll tune me to the mood,
And mumm with thee till eve;
And maybe what as interlude
I feign, I shall believe!

'I SAID TO LOVE.'

I said to Love,
'It is not now as in old days
When men adored thee and thy ways
All else above;
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,'
I said to Love.

I said to him,
'We now know more of thee than then;
We were but weak in judgment when,
With hearts abrim,
We clamoured thee that thou would'st please
Inflict on us thine agonies,'
I said to him.

I said to Love,
'Thou art not young, thou art not fair,
No elfin darts, no cherub air,
Nor swan, nor dove
Are thine; but features pitiless,
And iron daggers of distress,'
I said to Love.

'Depart then, Love! . . .
—Man's race shall perish, threatenest thou
Without thy kindling coupling-vow?
The age to come the man of now
Know nothing of?—
We fear not such a threat from thee;
We are too old in apathy!
Mankind shall cease.—So let it be.'
I said to Love.

Oscar Boulton.

Mr. Boulton has issued a collection of his poetry under the title of *Poems* (Kegan Paul). The volume contains early Poems, Translations, Peninsular Ditties, and many miscellaneous verses. This is the way Mr. Boulton treats the subject of

THE ANGELS AT MONS.

Were there angels at Mons? Did they hold the foe back,
When the galloping squadrons came hot on our track?
Was it these that we glimpsed by the flash of the guns,
Looming faint in the fog that distracted the Huns?

And that cry that so startled us? Hark! Soldier, hark!
To the voice of the sweet, mailèd maiden of Arc!
Calling, bell-like and clear, 'mid the thunderous blast
To her French and us English, sworn comrades at last.

Did you see them? No matter! I know they were there,
If the hearts of our host were uplifted in prayer,
If our mission was just and our purpose was true,
If we fought hard for them then they fought for us too.

If we strove for the right, if we warred against evil,
If in fighting the Huns we were fighting the Devil,
Then it mayn't be denied that the Lord was our Guide,
And the bright hosts of Heaven came in on our side.

If the boom of our guns and the din of our strife
Were the call of mankind to a worthier life,
Welling up with glad shouts from the souls of the slain,
Then the Angels were with us, and will be again.

William Butler Yeats.

The new volume of poetry which Mr. W. B. Yeats has published will be welcomed with particular pleasure by those who are able to welcome it at all. For it is wholly in the poet's manner, and that manner is very acceptable to those who can receive it. To receive it some aptitude for interpretation and some study are required; few of the poems carry their meaning in their face. Perhaps for their full appreciation some such experience of life as Mr. Yeats himself has had is necessary—something of the Irish mind, with a world of supernatural and quite unaccountable beings in the air; something of the Irish history with an unforgotten sense of wrong done upon the earth. We shall quote one of the poems. It is one of the least difficult to understand. The title of the book is *Responsibilities, and Other Poems* (Macmillan; 6s. net).

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND.

I.

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

II.

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learn'd?
Or warned you how despairing
The moths are when they are burned,
I could have warned you, but you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.
O you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
But I am old and you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Is Mysticism simply 'a poetical way of putting things'? Is Sir Rabindranath Tagore a mystic? He has certainly a poetical way of putting things. Listen to this. We select from his new book, entitled *Fruit-Gathering* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net), two sections. The book is divided into eighty-six sections in all.

LII.

What music is that in whose measure the world is rocked?

We laugh when it beats upon the crest of life, we shrink in terror when it returns into the dark.

But the play is the same that comes and goes with the rhythm of the endless music.

You hide your treasure in the palm of your hand, and we cry that we are robbed.

But open and shut your palm as you will, the gain and loss are the same.

At the game you play with your own self you lose and win at once.

LXVI.

Listen, my heart, in his flute is the music of the smell of wild flowers, of the glistening leaves and gleaming water, of shadows resonant with bees' wings.

The flute steals his smile from my friend's lips and spreads it over my life.

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