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# Entre Nous.

**George Jackson.**

Professor George Jackson has given the attractive title *Leaves of Healing* (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net) to a most attractive anthology of prose and poetry. It is a book for the sorrowful, he says, and he dedicates it thus:

TO

THE MEMORY OF

A. W. J.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.

There is something for the sorrowful for every day in the year—three hundred and sixty-five items in all, and not a single item that signifies mistaken judgment. Nor is this any surprise. For we know that Professor Jackson has the hearing ear and the understanding heart for all that is true and beautiful in English literature. The only objection to the book is that we are tempted to take more than the daily bread for each day, so that it will not last out to the end of the year. Must we give a specimen? Here is one by an American author.

REQUIESCAM.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care,
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now.
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart,—

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

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**Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.**

If there are those who are not yet acquainted with Mr. Gibson and his poetry, it is a pleasure to be the means of an introduction, especially through such a volume as *Livelihood* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). It is a volume of dramatic reveries. So the author himself calls it, and so it is. Each reverie touches reality and never leaves it. And yet each reverie touches reality in a certain representative way, bringing into view always a worthy ideal, and thus coming very close to that which Watts-Dunton used to call the highest poetry of all, in which the mere individual becomes first representative and then again an individual. Each reverie has a distinct human interest. It is at once a lesson in sympathy and a training of the imagination. It is impossible to quote even the shortest of them. The following about the hills and the heather will, however, do something to reveal their charm as poetry.

And there'd been days among the hills, rare days
And rarer nights among the heathery ways—
Rare golden holidays when he had been
Alone in the great solitude of green
Wave-crested hills, a rolling shoreless sea
Flowing for ever through eternity—
A sea of grasses, streaming without rest
Beneath the great wind blowing from the west,
Over which cloud shadows sailed and swept away
Beyond the world's edge all the summer day.

The hills had been his refuge, his delight,
Seen or unseen, through many a day or night.
His help was of the hills, steadfast, serene
In their eternal strength, those shapes of green
Sublimely moulded.

Whatsoever his skill,
No man had ever rightly drawn a hill
To his mind—never caught the subtle curves
Or sweeping moorland with its dips and swerves—
Nor ever painted heather. . . .
Heather came
Always into his mind like sudden flame,
Blazing and streaming over stony braes
As he had seen it on that day of days
When he had plunged into a sea of bloom,
Blinded with colour, stifled with the fume
Of sun-soaked blossom, the hot, heady scent
Of honey-breathing bells, and sunk content
Into a soft and scented bed to sleep;
And he had lain in slumber sweet and deep,
And only wakened when the full moon's light
Had turned that wavy sea of heather white;
And still he'd lain within the full moon blaze
Hour after hour bewildered and adaze
As though enchanted—in a waking swoon
He'd lain within the full glare of the moon
Until she seemed to shine on him alone
In all the world—as though his body'd grown
Until it covered all the earth, and he
Was swaying like the moon-enchanted sea
Beneath that cold, white witchery of light. . . .
And now, the earth itself, he hung in night
Turning and turning in that cold, white glare
For ever and for ever. . . .

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**J. Laurence Rentoul.**

It is no time since we had a volume of poetry by Professor Laurence Rentoul of Melbourne. We have now a much larger volume including the other, and containing poems that are better, we think, than any that the other contained, good as they were. There is in particular a series of poems on wells. How beautiful are the incidents associated with wells in the Bible—the well in the wilderness at which they sang that first of Bible songs, the well of Bethlehem, the well by which Jesus sat when the woman of Samaria came to draw water. Professor Rentoul tells the story of all these wells, and of other wells in modern life, in poetry that the preacher will quote in the pulpit. These songs of the well, as well as the book, go under the title of *At Vancouver's Well* (Macmillan; 5s.). For the story of Vancouver's well is told with especial enthusiasm. The whole series ends with this song entitled

THE WELL OF THE HEART.

O Thou—once weary by the well
That lapsed—hast tidings sweet and strange
Of deep well-water, by no dell
Or hill-side found, no grassy grange;
Nor changing, though men buy and sell.
Unless *ourselves* can change!

Ah, Love, the song, by delvers sung
In that old Syrian sun-smit dell,
Sings still. The ages yet are young!
Hearts dig and tire: men buy and sell,
Yet chant, the whispering palms among,
'Spring up, spring up, O well!'

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**Rabindranath Tagore.**

Sir Rabindranath Tagore is surely the sententious philosopher of our day. Is it easy to utter sayings that can stand alone and be both readable and memorable? It must be easy for him, though it may be that he first went through in suffering what he now gives out in these sentences which are truly song. For here are three hundred and twenty-six, after all that have appeared already. Let us quote one page of the book.

'Man is worse than an animal when he is an animal.'

'Dark clouds become heaven's flowers when kissed by light.'

'Let not the sword-blade mock its handle for being blunt.'

'The night's silence, like a deep lamp, is burning with the light of its milky way.'

The title of the book is *Stray Birds* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net).

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**Elizabeth Bridges.**

*Verses* is all the title that Elizabeth Bridges gives her new volume (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). 'Poems' it might have been called, if there is a difference between those words. For there is poetry on every page. This is a fair example:

Of briars and thorns
Weaveth she her gracious garlands,
From barren unkempt pastures
Culleth she her posies so gay.

In every place
Findeth she unquested beauty;
Yea, even in my spirit
Sainthood, the lofty thought not attain'd.

**Dorothy L. Sayers.**

The title is *O.P. I.* (Blackwell; 2s. net). And the dedication is 'To the Stage-Manager of "Admiral Guinea," the Conductor of the Bach Choir, and the Members of the Mutual Admiration Society.' And then the surprise. For this is one of the most poetical volumes which have come from Oxford, whence have come recently many that are poetical. The long 'Lay' in praise of Oxford is itself worthy of a place in the next anthology. Yet it is the poem on Judas Iscariot that thrills us most. It is long; it cannot be quoted here. But this short poem has something of the thought of it.

RECKONING.

I said to the devil one day,
'What is the price that a man must pay?
What is the end of shameful desire?'
He answered: 'Hell-fire.'

'You sell sin for a song,' I said,
'And the day of reckoning is far ahead';
Nor knew that, even when he threatens hell-fire,
The devil is a liar.

For the bitter end of shame
Is not any sort of fire or flame,
But the chill of a scorn too sick for laughter,
Here, not hereafter.

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**E. A. Mackintosh.**

Lt. E. A. Mackintosh, M.C., of the Seaforth Highlanders, has published a volume of poems and given it the title of *A Highland Regiment* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). Much of it, though not the best of it, is instructed by the War. And the pain of the War—the pain of parting, the pain of death—is always present. Yet out of the midst of the War Lt. Mackintosh would have war go on for ever. There is a defiant attitude—defiant to right living and to repentance—several times expressed. And then comes this:

PEACE UPON EARTH.

Under the sky of battle, under the arch of the guns,
Where in a mad red torrent the river of fighting runs,
Where the shout of a strong man sounds no more than a broken groan,
And the heart of a man rejoicing stands up in its strength alone,
There in the hour of trial; and when the battle is spent,
And we sit drinking together, laughing and well content,
Deep in my heart I am hearing a little still voice that sings,
'Well, but what will you do when there comes an end of these things?'

Laughter, hard drinking and fighting, quarrels of friend and friend,
The eyes of the men that trust us, of all these there is an end.
No more in the raving barrage in one swift clamorous breath
We shall jest and curse together on the razor-edge of death.
Old days, old ways, old comrades, for ever and ever good-bye!
We shall walk no more in the twisted ways of the trenches, you and I,
For the nations have heard the tidings, they have sworn that wars shall cease,
And it's all one damned long Sunday walk down the straight, flat road of peace.

Yes, we shall be raptured again by the frock-coat's singular charm,
That goes so well with children and a loving wife on your arm,
Treading a road that is paved with family dinners and teas,
A sensible dull suburban road planted with decorous trees,
Till we come at last to the heaven our peaceable saints have trod,
Like the sort of church that our fathers built and called it a house of God,
And a God like a super-bishop in an apron and nice top-hat—
O God, you are God of battles. Forbid that we come to that!

God, you are God of soldiers, merry and rough and kind,
Give to your sons an earth and a heaven more to our mind,
Meat and drink for the body, laughter and song for the soul,
And fighting and clean quick death to end and complete the whole.
Never a hope of heaven, never a fear of hell,
Only the knowledge that you are a soldier, and all is well;
And whether the end be death or a merrier life be given,
We shall have died in the pride of our youth—and that will be heaven.

*On the road to Fricourt*, 1916.

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**John D. Batten.**

It is a very small book that Mr. Batten has published with the title *Poems* (Chiswick Press; 1s. net), but it is all poetry. There is not a weak line; there is not a loose thought. Take this on

PRAYER.

God grant me fellowship with those who pray;
With needy hearts encompassèd about,
To turn, in my own need, the selfsame way,
And in this hallowed dark, wherein we grope,
Touch other hands stretched out
In the same hope.

With men who toil for men set me my task.
Unto my failing hands the strength afford
Thou givest to the least of those who ask;
And though ill done my task and oft forgot,
Yet from Thy service, Lord,
Dismiss me not.

Set me where I may hear the song and tread
Of fellow-pilgrims on a quest divine,
And to the gracious feast which Thou hast spread
For men of humble heart and for the poor,
Upon my face, even mine,
Close not the door.

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**J. C. Squire.**

Where on the slopes of Parnassus Hill is the place of the parodist? Very near the base, say most, judging him hastily. But how many of us could write a passable poem in amusing imitation of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, or Mr. W. H. Davies, or Sir Henry Newbolt, or Mr. John Masefield, or Mr. G. K. Chesterton? How many of us could show without confusion how Pope would have written 'Break, Break, Break,' or Sir Rabindranath Tagore 'Little Drops of Water'? But take an example. Do you know the style of Mr. W. H. Davies? Here it is in caricature.

A poor old man
  Who has no bread,
He nothing can
  To get a bed.

He has a cough,
  Bad boots he has;
He takes them off
  Upon the grass.

He does not eat
  In cosy inns,
But keeps his meat
  In salmon tins.

No oven hot,
  No frying-pan;
Thank God I'm not
  That poor old man.

The title of the book is *Tricks of the Trade* (Secker; 2s. 6d. net).

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**Three Anthologies.**

Mr. Robert Scott has published three small volumes of selected thoughts, under the general title of 'The Golden Harvest Series' (1s. net each). One is entitled *The Charm of Nature*, another *The Sunset of Life*, and another *The Human Touch of Sympathy*. They are all compiled by Mr. J. Ellis, who has had not a little experience in work of this kind. The pages are somewhat crowded, and the quotations are occasionally clipped when they might have been given complete. But there is plenty of good material for the speaker who knows how to use it. Mr. Ellis with his skill in that way might have suggested a text now and then. The following poem by Amelia E. Barr recalls a text too obvious for suggestion.

THE DAYLIGHT JOY.

Does the night pass? Is the morning far?
Before the daylight shines a star,—
  Have you seen the star in the sky?
Has the waning moon dropped pale and low?
Has the grey east caught a golden glow?
  O earth! is the sunrise nigh?

Before the daylight sings a bird;
Has any listening mortal heard,
  In the dawning still and dim,
That joyful song to coming light?
Those notes that in their upward flight
  Are like a rapturous hymn?

The star has risen large and clear,
The glorious Day-Star! Far and near
  Men hail the glorious sign
That heralds in the brighter day,
The broader thought, the better way,
  Once trod by feet divine.

The bird has sung on every shore,—
Glad mortals listen and adore,
  And learn the joyful air,—
The song of Love! Clouds break away,
The sunshine hastens up the grey,—
  'Tis daylight everywhere!

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