

The Elberfeld Horses.

WITH reference to the review of Maeterlinck's article on the Elberfeld horses, Mr. Rawson in *Life Understood* has dealt with the dog 'Rolf,' and the instances of the answers this dog gave by an alphabet composed of taps of his foot to even theological questions, put the Elberfeld horses in the shade. It is worth while repeating one portion of what Mr. Rawson says, as it is very amusing and confirms what the article in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES says:—

'Some of the stories told about this dog are very amusing. In Mr. Del Re's letter Rolf's aptitude for figures was mentioned. It is related of the dog by Dr. Mackenzie that Madame Moekel, having cause to suspect one of her children of getting help from someone in doing his sums, and not being able to get a satisfactory answer from the child himself, determined to watch the children while doing their lessons. The result was quite unexpected. The two youngest children were seated with the dog, and hardly had they heard their mother draw near than they pushed him violently

away, exclaiming, "Be off, Rolf, here's Mamma!" All three, said Madame Moekel, had the air of guilty persons taken in the act. The admission of the culprits confirmed the suspicions of the lady: the children made Rolf do their sums for them!'

Mr. Rawson in *Life Understood* clears up the scientific reason for all forms of occult phenomena, and shows to what this apparent intelligence of horses and dogs is due.

His book shows that Maeterlinck's suggestion that the intelligence of animals 'is not conscious intelligence, but only subconscious or subliminal,' is perfectly correct; and, what is of more importance, he shows how every man by true prayer can obtain the advantage of the knowledge possessed by the subconscious mind. He shows the two methods by which this knowledge can be obtained: one harmful to the worker, namely, by deadening the conscious mind, as is done by hypnotism, spiritualism, use of drugs, etc.; the other, conscious right thinking in the way that Jesus Christ taught and demonstrated.

D. H. EDWARDS.

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Entre Nous.

THE offer is made of a complete set (20 vols.) of *The Great Texts of the Bible* (or the equivalent in other books chosen from T. & T. Clark's Catalogue) for the best series of illustrations from the War, suitable for pulpit or platform. The illustrations should be sent in February.

The illustrations need not be copied out. Papers, periodicals, or clippings may be sent. But the topic or text illustrated should be clearly marked, and the source and date should be stated.

Quite above the ordinary day-book in pith and point is the Rev. W. J. Pearce's book *Old Gems Reset* (Bennett; 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Pearce quotes a text of Scripture, and a sentence of Thomas à Kempis agreeing with it, and then he gives his illuminating exposition. Here is an example.

The Inner Ear.

'The ears of them that hear shall hearken.'
Is. xxxii. 3.

'Mind these things, O my soul, and shut the door of thy senses, that thou mayst hear what the Lord thy God speaks within thee.'

Thomas à Kempis, Book III. ch. i.

We can hear with the heart what we cannot hear with the ear, but we cannot hear with the heart what we *refuse* to hear with the ear. The ear that declines the information, counsel, and correction of the Word and Will of God cannot receive the knowledge of salvation, of remission of sins, and of eternal life. 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, they are foolishness unto him, and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' The well is deep, and he has nothing to draw with: Heaven is high, he cannot attain unto it, he has no ladder; an acceptance of the Truth there must be, before there can be an experience of the Way. As long as the ears are 'dull of hearing,' and man is deaf to the calls and appeals of God, so long his heart remains *gross*, unimpressed by that which is spiritual and Divine. Man must open 'the door of the soul'

—as the ear has been so aptly called by the old Puritan writers—before Christ, the Living, Life-giving Word, can enter. When that word, even ‘the Truth as it is in Jesus,’ is heard with a diligent hearkening, then shall the soul, in a feast which the Heavenly Guest always brings with Him, ‘delight itself in fatness.’ When by such acceptance of His word, His floor is thoroughly cleansed; when the work of expelling His foes is complete; when He, who has stood waiting at the *door* to be heard and admitted; when God comes into His own, then He can and will pour His love into our inner ear, make known His secret, and ‘commune as friend with friend.’ The gifts He has then to impart to us can be received, because He has His rightful place. In the still small voice which quiets the murmur and the sigh, which restores the quiet of the soul, God imparts to the inner ear, with the free consent and desire of our own will—the fruits and favours of His world-wide purposes of grace and love.

If our hearts are burdened with a great fear or sorrow, or torn with the bitter agony of blasted hopes, we must not expect God to hear us before we hear Him. It is hard to shut the door of our senses to sights and sounds that appeal so clearly and loudly to the human nature so prone to walk by sight and sound, rather than by faith, but it is only thus that we can hear with the inner ear of spiritual understanding, His promise. ‘Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, he shall be safe’; ‘Trust in the Lord at all times, and (then) pour out your hearts before him.’ The intercommunion of the trustful heart with God knows no space between the source and the need. The Heaven of condition, where God sits enthroned—established in a mutual confidence, permits of no barrier and no distance between the Omnipotent and the suppliant. *The Word*—of encouragement, hope, life, *is nigh thee, even in thy heart.*

Open, Lord, my inner ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
Thy comfortable voice:
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and silent is the sound;
The whisper of Thy grace.

A Unitarian Anthology.

A Book of Daily Strength (Lindsey Press; 3s. 6d. net), by V. D. Davis, B.A., is a selection of well-

expressed ideas on God and religion by Unitarian writers. The quotations are arranged under texts that are appropriate, and there is a page of the book for every day’s reading in the year. Here, for example, is a quotation from Frederick H. Hedge, giving a good place to piety: ‘The world’s heroes are not unworthy the homage they receive on their own plane. Whatever savours of heroism is worthy of honour. All great and shining qualities, strength, valour, genius—who can help admiring these! I rejoice that such things are; I rejoice that there is power in man to appreciate such. Still, there is something greater than these; they do not exhaust the power that is in man. The piety which dwells in the heights of the soul, which walks and works with God in godlike beneficence, is more sublime than the valour which breasts the shock of armies, than the genius which walks in glory among the stars.’

New Poetry.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

It is thirty years since *The Sonnets of Proteus* were published. Mr. Blunt has never astonished the world again. One of the sonnets (we shall quote it for all its familiarity) became quite famous, and made its author famous. Eighteen years ago W. E. Henley and Sir George Wyndham made a selection from the poetry, and called the book they published *The Poetry of Wilfrid Blunt*. Mr. Blunt did not approve of the selection. He did not approve of the making of a selection at all, and he does not approve now. So he has himself edited the whole of his poetical works, and they have been issued by Messrs. Macmillan in two highly pleasing volumes under the title of *The Poetical Works of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt*.

A list of Mr. Blunt’s published volumes is given at the beginning of the first volume. They are twelve in number, not counting the present complete edition, and they have ranged over the years from 1875 to 1903. The complete edition opens with ‘Esther,’ which was not published till 1892. In placing it first the poet seems to say that it contains his theory of life—that very protest against the conventional theory of life which reduced Henley and Wyndham to leave out as many poems when they published their selection.

After ‘Esther’ come ‘The Love Sonnets of Proteus,’ of which we shall quote the sonnet that

is to carry him to immortality. After that another poem of a different strain will serve to illustrate his manner in religion.

LAUGHTER AND DEATH.

There is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her
cry.

Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man, by some sad mockery,
Should learn to laugh, who learns that he must
die?

THE TWO VOICES.

There are two voices with me in the night,
Easing my grief. The God of Israel saith,
'I am the Lord thy God which vanquisheth.
See that thou walk unswerving in my sight,
So shall thy enemies thy footstool be.
I will avenge.' Then wake I suddenly,
And, as a man new armoured for the fight,
I shout aloud against my enemy.

Anon, another speaks, a voice of care
With sorrow laden and akin to grief,
'My son,' it saith, 'What is my will with thee?
The burden of my sorrows thou shalt share.
With thieves thou too shalt be accounted thief,
And in my kingdom thou shalt sup with me.'

Franklin Henry Giddings.

Why does Mr. Giddings call his book of poetry *Pagan Poems* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). This is the reason he gives: 'The title is chosen not with irreligious intent—quite the contrary. It is chosen to emphasize that inextinguishable "faith in the possibilities of life" which has come down to us through all the religions of the world, from the earliest fears and hopes of the human heart, the earliest questionings of the human mind.' Is this a pagan poem?

TO MARGARET.

Don't be afraid, my little maid,
Of a saint, or a devil or two;
But don't be afraid to be afraid,
If the devil is bigger than you.

George Mackaye.

Mr. Percy Mackaye, the author of *The Present Hour* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net), is an American poet who has found himself much stirred emotionally by the War, and has written some poems about it. But he is hampered by the necessity of preserving his American neutrality. Now poetry is possible only when restraint is removed and the head can express what the heart feels. So this is not the greatest poetry. The best of the book is the second half, which was written before the War began. There a poem on the opening of the Panama Canal has stirred his patriotism to its depths. He begins:

Lord of the sundering land and deep,
For whom of old, to suage Thy wrath,
The floods stood upright as a heap
To shape Thy host a dry-shod path,

Lo, now, from tide to sundered tide
Thy hand, outstretched in glad release,
Hath torn the eternal hills aside
To blaze a liquid path for Peace.

Vachel Lindsay.

Many of the poems in *The Congo, and other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net), have been written for reading in public, and minute directions are given in the margin for the proper way to read them. The first of them describe the customs of the Negro, each poem ending with the refrain:

Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the black,
Cutting through the jungle with a golden track—
whence the title of the volume. We shall quote a very short independent poem:

THE SUN SAYS HIS PRAYERS.

'The sun says his prayers,' said the fairy,
Or else he would wither and die.
'The sun says his prayers,' said the fairy,
'For strength to climb up through the sky.'

He leans on invisible angels,
 And Faith is his prop and his rod ;
 The sky is his crystal cathedral.
 And dawn is his altar to God.'

Richard le Gallienne.

The new book of poems by Mr. le Gallienne opens with the popular one on *The Silk-Hat Soldier* which gives it its title (John Lane ; 1s. net). 'British colonists,' said the *New York Times*, 'British colonists resident in London volunteer, and not even silk hats are doffed before training begins.' On which Mr. le Gallienne wrote. This is one verse :

I've seen King Harry's helmet in the Abbey
 hanging high—
 The one he wore
 At Agincourt ;
 But braver to my eye
 That city toff
 Too keen to doff
 His stove-pipe—bless him—why ?
 For he loves England well enough for England
 to die.

But the general high quality of the poems will be better understood if we read the poem on a 'Soldier going to the War' :

Soldier going to the war—
 Will you take my heart with you,
 So that I may share a little
 In the famous things you do ?

Soldier going to the war—
 If in battle you must fall,
 Will you, among all the faces,
 See my face the last of all ?

Soldier coming from the war—
 Who shall bind your sunburnt brow
 With the laurel of the hero,
 Soldier, soldier—vow for vow !

Soldier coming from the war—
 When the street is one wide sea,
 Flags and streaming eyes and glory—
 Soldier, will you look for me ?

T. Whyte Paterson.

Few things are more difficult than the exposition of a proverb. They who have preached on

texts in the Book of Proverbs know. When a truth has been once expressed in its most condensed and epigrammatic form, who can open it out again into the separate experiences which brought it to the birth without weariness of spirit ? How much more difficult must it be to turn a proverb into a poem. And yet that is what Mr. T. Whyte Paterson has done successfully in his *Auld Saws in New Scots Sangs* (Gardner ; 2s. 6d. net). There is not a weak or a wearisome poem in the book. And the Scots tongue is never at fault. The following example is one of the shortest, not one of the very best. The proverb is 'Pit a stoot hairt to a stey brae.'

Pit the hairt that's stoot
 To the brae that's stey ;
 Gie the ferlies dowf a shouther yont,
 An' gang on yer wey.
 Set a sturdie fit
 To the dreichest mile ;
 Lay a raxin leg to speel the tap
 In the bauldest style.
 Keep yer smeddum up,
 An' yer courage dour ;
 An' haud on the track, tho' teuch an' sair,
 Amang stanes an' stoor.
 For ayont the knowe
 Lies the brawest day,
 To the ane that pits the stootest hairt
 To the steyest brae.

Robert Hugh Benson.

Messrs. Burns & Oates are the publishers of *Poems*, by the late Mgr. R. H. Benson. They are introduced to their readers by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell in a short, all too short, biography, and there is an epilogue by Canon Sharrock of Salford Cathedral, describing Mr. Benson's last hours on earth. This is one of the poems :

AFTER A RETREAT.

What hast thou learnt to-day ?
 Hast thou sounded awful mysteries,
 Hast pierced the veiled skies,
 Climbed to the feet of God,
 Trodden where saints have trod,
 Fathomed the heights above ?

Nay,

This only have I learnt, that God is Love.

What hast thou heard to-day?
Hast heard the Angel-trumpets cry,
And rippling harps reply;
Heard from the Throne of flame
Whence God incarnate came
Some thund'rous message roll?

Nay,

This have I heard, His voice within my soul.

What hast thou felt to-day?
The pinions of the Angel-guide
That standeth at thy side
In rapturous ardours beat,
Glowing, from head to feet,
In ecstasy divine?

Nay,

This only have I felt, Christ's hand in mine.

John Bonus.

There is nothing more poetical or finer in conception in Dr. John Bonus's *Thoughts in Verse* (Longmans; 3s. 6d. net) than the first poem. This is the first half of it:—

Above my lawns at Felixstowe
His giant arms the cedar flings;
And circling doves delight to show
The gleam and glitter of their wings.

And all the air it seems astir
With nature's merry rustic din,
The bees' deep hum, the chafer's whirr,
And all the beetles' kith and kin.

And scented lilies lift anear
To merry bees and butterflies,
Their chalices of nectar clear
That in their fragrant bosom lies.

And oft the comet swallow darts
Athwart the orbit of the dove;
And every bush hides little hearts
That beat for joy, that beat for love.

At the end of the book a short appreciation tells us something of the poet's personality. His degree of D.Ph. et Litt. he obtained at Louvain after missing it at Oxford. He acted as assistant and demonstrator to St. George Mivart. A

medical man, he was also a vegetarian and anti-vivisectionist.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. Thomas Shaw, South Shields.

Illustrations for the Great Text for April must be received by the 20th of February. The text is Ac 6²⁸.

The Great Text for May is Ph 2⁵⁻⁸—'Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross.' A copy of Rutherford's *The Seer's House*, or of Lithgow's *The Parabolic Gospel*, and Coats's *The Christian Life*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for June is Ph 2⁹⁻¹¹—'Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' A copy of Rutherford's *The Seer's House*, or of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series 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. More than one illustration may be sent by one person for the same text. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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