

revelation of duty to the captives by the waters of Babylon. They were to labour, to make their new land their home, to pray for their new home, and—I dare to say—to sing the Lord's song in a strange land as a testimony to the heathen. But the author of Psalm cxxxvii. would have none of this. He would nurse his sorrow, measuring in thought the long weary distance between the old land and the new. He would recall his last look at Zion, the savage slaughter in which not even infants were spared, and the eager malice of the neighbouring Edomites who shouted for the utter destruction of the walls of the city. On such thoughts the Psalmist chose to dwell. No little child growing up at his knee in a new home in a new land should turn him from thoughts like these. He turned away from the new life God had appointed, *and fell*.

What can brooding thoughts lead to but to a desire for revenge, or to impotent hatred of some one whom we rightly or wrongly connect with our

sorrow? The most repulsive wish or curse in the whole Psalter comes from the mouth of the man whose persistent grief we sometimes think to be so beautiful and touching. The psalm which begins with a grief which looks almost noble, ends with the devilish cry: 'Blessed shall he be, that taketh thy little ones and throweth them against the rock.'

Not without the providence of God has this strange passionate psalm been included in the Psalter. The warning it gives is clear. The savage cry with which it closes is no accident; it follows naturally from the brooding grief with which it opens. From beginning to end the psalm is written in one spirit, an evil spirit placarded before our eyes for our warning. The Psalmist's gaze is fixed on the past with vain regret; his attitude is the exact opposite of St. Paul's: 'Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal' (Phil. iii. 13).

Entre Nous.

No one is likely to miss Professor Davidson's comment on Moore's *Judges* in this issue. Another volume of the series is nearly ready—Professor Gould's *St. Mark*; and a volume of the International Theological Library is also just at hand. It is Professor Fisher's *History of Doctrine*.

Professor Slater's article on Professor Loofs of Halle will be welcome to those who have followed the first lectures which Dr. Sanday has delivered in Oxford as Lady Margaret Professor. In newspaper phraseology, Dr. Sanday may almost claim to be the discoverer of Professor Loofs; for it is said that even in the distinguished audience he had before him there were not a few who had never heard the name.

Well, we also have made a discovery. And lest any one should snatch it, let us hasten to make

it known. We have discovered a great explorer, a devoted missionary, and a charming writer, and these three are one. His name is George Leslie Mackay. His book is *From Far Formosa*. It has just come in, and cannot be touched in the solemn review columns, for they are out of hand. But it is a delight to be able to catch a corner of this page, and hurriedly make known our discovery. For this is the missionary book we shall be reading and rejoicing in when the longest nights are on us. Its publishers are Messrs. Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier. Its price is 7s. 6d.; and this is a very moderate price for so richly illustrated, artistically bound, and altogether excellent a volume.

Dr. Salmond's *Christian Doctrine of Immortality* has had a reception that is perhaps unparalleled for so big a book and so knotty a subject. But men have felt that it was a big book that was

needed now, a book that would not nibble at the subject, but cover it, and cover it dispassionately.

An amusing discussion is going on at the present moment in the *Guardian* about the advisability of authorizing the Revised Version. The topic has come up again through the issue this month of the Revised Version of the Apocrypha (which we shall touch upon in our next). There is still much variety of experience and of opinion, not merely on the authorizing of the Revised Version, but on the Revised Version itself. One writer complains that he does not know what to make of nephelim and rephaim and azazel and athanim and asherah and kaheb in suphah (it is evident from his spelling,

if it is his, that he has not made much of them yet), and he sympathises with 'the old woman' who lamented that they have taken away the giants out of the Bible.

Another tells of a clerical club in Kent, two of whose members, when the Revised Version came out, 'expressed themselves in general terms strongly against the novelty.' They were E. J. Selwyn of Pluckley and Dr. Welldon of Tunbridge Grammar School. 'We agreed at one of our meetings to go through the Pastoral Epistles and compare the two versions, and I have my copy still, with annotations made on the spot. And they were nearly all to this effect, "Well; that is a great improvement, certainly."' The volume which our two friends denounced in the lump they blessed altogether in detail.

The Song of Songs.

BY THE REV. J. E. FOX, M.A., CANON OF WAIAPU, NEW ZEALAND.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(Chap. iii. 6-11.)

[Enter Inhabitants of Jerusalem, singing.]

What perfumed cloud is this?

The monarch's bride, I wis!

See the pillared incense rising from the train.

The litter of the King!

And round it in a ring

Royal guards are marching, threescore men of main.

Each has his trusty arms

Because of night alarms.

See they are guarding the palanquin

Solomon built for a favoured queen;

Fashioned of cedar from Lebanon,

Pillars of silver 'tis borne upon,

Golden its base, with a purple seat,

Love is inlaid in its deep retreat:—

Over all the daughters of Jerusalem!

Cry we loud and summon them;

Zion's daughters, as is meet,

Come ye forth your king to greet,

Royal Solomon!

See he comes in radiance great,

Crowned as when in bridal state

Joyously he shone,

When his mother crowned his head;

In the day that he was wed.

SCENE 2.

(Chaps. iv. 1-vi. 4.)

Enter KING SOLOMON (who addresses the Maiden).

O love, thou art fair! hail, fair one, hail;

Thine eyes are as doves' behind thy veil;

Thy hair, as a herd of fleecy goats

On Gilead's mountain—wide it floats;

Thy teeth, like a flock of sheep new-shorn,

Snow-white from the washing, none forlorn,

For each one its pearly twins hath borne;

Thy lips like a line of scarlet thread,

And comely thy mouth is fashioned;

Rose-white are thy temples 'neath thy veil,

A piece of pomegranate, pink and pale;

Thy neck is as David's tower to me,

The armoury famed for symmetry;