

WHAT TO READ.

MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

- "Catherine of Siena." Johannes Jorgensen. Translated from the Danish by Ingeborg Lund.
 "The Story and the Fable." Edwin Muir.
 "Stalin. Czar of all the Russias." Eugene Lyon.
 "America Expects." Hector Bolitho.

FICTION.

- "Green Glory." John Brophy.
 "The Eagles Gather." Taylor Caldwell.
 "Hunt the Horizon." Simon Dare.
 "The Marquis of Carabas." Rafael Sabatini.
 "Secret Interlude." Sonia Deane.
 "Bird of Brass." Joan Kennedy.
 "Lonely Magdalen." Henry Wade.
 "Charley is My Darling." Joyce Cary.
 "The Woman in the Crowd." Lettice Milne Rae.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- "Europe to Let." Storm Jameson.
 "What of the Night." "Watchman."
 "New Lamps and Ancient Lights." J. A. Spender.

ANGEL FROM A CLOUD.

Have you read "Angel from a Cloud, Wherein is Presented the Romantic Career of John Donne," by Richard Ince?

The author states: "In this romance I have tried to present a portrait of Jack Donne, who, after a wild youth, became Dr. John Donne, the most gifted and saintly dean St. Paul's has known."

His marble bust still stands in St. Paul's. It shows John Donne in a state of meditation, eyes closed, lips slightly smiling, a sense of deep peace enfolding him.

He was appointed to this high office by James I.

Once in an ecstasy he asked "What then is God? God was the Emptiness in the heart from which men flee in terror; God was the white centre of the flame; God was a love so keen that it cut like a sharp sword.

"What were creeds, churches, religions, Christianity, Islam, the beliefs of the heathen?"

"The answer came, not in thought, not in speech, but in instant comprehension. . . ."

"They are *Nothing* except in so far as they express Love, genuine, deep, never-failing good will to all beings. There is not and never was and never will be any true religion worthy of an honest man's respect or devotion save that. The Love that softens and changes men's hearts; it may be through long years of suffering; it may be the twinkling of an eye. The voice of one who for many lives hungered and thirsted after Wisdom and Truth, awakens them, and straightway they vomit the filth that has gathered in their hearts, the filth of anger and vanity; the filth of prejudice, jealousy, bigotry, egotism and greed. They become empty. And (in place of the miserable little self that masquerades as an angel of light) wisdom and love flow into them as pure water is poured into empty vessels. . . ."

And an inner voice said:

"Tell them these things."

And it was because John Donne preached at Paul's Cross in the year 1629, the Religion of Fellowship that he awakened in the hearts of his hearers divine harmony—and through the ages remains England's most eloquent voice which has called men to a sense of higher realities and deeper values and, as the centuries pass, growing more rich, more gently persuasive, more deeply moving.

A WORD FOR THE MONTH.

The question for youth to-day, and the answer to it, were poignantly stated in a little poem by a Belgian writer in the last war. This is, in translation, what he wrote:

I came to a halt at the turn of the road;
 I reached for my ration and lightened my load.
 (I came to a halt at the turn of the road.)

"O weary the way, Lord, deserted of Thee;
 My spirit is faint—poor comfortless me."
 ("O, weary the way, Lord, deserted of Thee.")

And the Lord answered, "Son, be thy heart lifted up
 I drank as thou drinkest of agony's cup."
 (And the Lord answered, "Son, be thy heart lifted up.")

"For them that I loved, I went down to the grave.
 Dare so to do, and thy fatherland save."

("For them that I loved, I went down to the grave.");

Then I cried, "I am thine, Lord, yea, unto this last"
 And I strapped on my knapsack as onward I passed.
 (Then I cried, "I am thine, Lord, yea, unto this last.")

"Accepted the sacrifice, Lord. It is well.

Be it told how for all that was dearest I fell."

("Accepted the sacrifice, Lord. It is well.")

Lord Halifax in his address at Oxford.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

MISS JOAN DAVENPORT.—Many thanks for contribution. Not quite suitable at the moment; am keeping it, with your consent, for future use.—ED.

MISS JANE STEPHENS.—We have every sympathy with your wish to nurse French wounded; but as thousands of nurses are required for the care of our own men it is improbable that the Government would permit the organisation of a second "French Flag Nursing Corps," which did such fine work in the last war; but, as you know, Sir Alfred Keogh and the Red Cross prevented its extension after a time; 250 was the limit, and much suffering and many lives were saved by these highly trained women. We think no nursing is too skilled to offer to the wounded of our Allies.—ED.

KERNELS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

To Help the British College of Nurses Work during the War.

Keep the Flag Flying.

"A Fellow" writes: "As I have just unexpectedly received the enclosed two guineas, I send them to you at once. . . . The very least I can do is to help you to keep our Flag flying as long as I possibly can. . . . I am thankful to say my brother, who was at The Hague, has arrived safely home, and only just in time after a most exciting experience. Those terrible Huns will surely have to pay for their wanton cruelty. Thank God for Mr. Churchill and all our brave fighters."

"A French Hero Salutes."

Miss G. M. H. writes: "I was delighted to have the picture, 'A French Hero Salutes,' and I shall have it framed for my desk. . . . I have looked round for a statue of St. Joan since seeing your beautiful one, but so far I have not seen one I like. I do hope St. George and St. Joan will keep an eye on the Allies and bring them safely through to victory. . . . On the eve of the great Brussels battle,

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