

Pinches asks if Ninip was the name of the most high god of Jerusalem, as the names of god and city are united in the Berlin Tel-el-Amarna tablet, No. 106, sent by King Ehed-Tob to an Egyptian Pharaoh, before 1500 B.C. Mr. F. L. Griffith continues his account of the Rhind Mathematical Papyrus, a curious treatise on arithmetic and mensuration. Professor Hommel's Assyriological Notes are chiefly on Sumir and Akkad, the designation of the two peoples over whom the early Babylonian kings ruled, and Professor Piel's Notes on Egyptian Philology have no interest for the ordinary reader. It is time that the once active Society of Biblical Archaeology either woke up or died. It is living now chiefly on the memory of former greatness, and as a convenient vehicle for the publication of its president's monotonous translation.

Rudyard Kipling has a curious poem, unlike anything else of his I have seen, in December's Scribner. It is entitled "McAndrew's Hymn," and is introduced by the following—"Extract from private letter." " . . . and the night we got in, sat up from twelve to four with the Chief Engineer, who could not get to sleep either . . . said that the engines made him feel quite poetical at times, and told me things about his past life. He seems a pious old bird; but I wish I had known him earlier in the voyage." Kipling's Scotch is wonderfully good for a foreigner to the vernacular doric. He has got the complex character of the devout Calvinist, repentant of past sins as a John Newton, strong in simple faith, but not above justifying himself to his Maker, and deep in love with his engines, to a hair. The poet's knowledge of such engines is phenomenal for a poet; I boast no such skill, but it reminds me of—my youngest boy. Here is a sample from the beginning of the Hymn:—

"Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,

An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always steam,
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, Oh, God,—
Predestination in the slide o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace flame—my 'Institution.'
I cannot get my sleep to-night, old bones are hard to please :
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God and these
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain
Through all the seas of all thy world, slam-bangin' home again."

Mr. Andrew tells of his great temptation off Pumbawa Head, where, for a time, he renounced his mother's God, but came back to faith again. Here is a clever couplet:—

"Hail, snow and ice that praise the Lord : I've met them at their work.
And wished we had anither route, or they anither kirk."

This is the song of the engines:—

"Now, a' together hear them lift their lesson—their's an' mine—
'Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'"

I suppose, like Chief Engineer McAndrew, a man knows when he is doing God's work in the world, even when he feels that he might do it better.

I have had a letter recently from an old student settled in a city in the West. I like to receive letters from my fine old students, as I often do. But this one was glad to see the first "Talk" of the session, and asks me to say a word about Du Maurier's "Trilby," and Conan Doyle's "Refugees." I have