

Haig's "Tanks" and Job's Leviathan.

In his immortal stories of the British Tanks, which will rank with Captain Bairnsfather's "Fragments from France" as the finest humors of the war, Mr. Philip Gibbs has more than once referred to the new armoured monster as Behemoth or Leviathan. Certainly the rhetorical description of Leviathan in the 41st chapter of Job is a remarkable anticipation of the New Terror. The following verses are particularly à propos :

His bones are as strong pieces of brass ; his bones are like bars of iron.

Who can open the doors of his face ? his teeth are terrible round about.

His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal.

They are joined one to another, they stick together, that they cannot be sundered.

Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out.

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron.

The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves ; they cannot be moved.

His heart is as firm as a stone ; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid : by reason of breakings they purify themselves.

He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

The arrow cannot make him flee : sling stones are turned with him into stubble.

Sharp stones are under him : he spreadeth sharp pointed things upon the mire.

He maketh a path to shine after him ; upon earth there is not is like.

He beholdeth all high things : he is a king over all the children of pride.

"Little Fritzie went to war ;
John Bull shot off a five point four :
When he'd registered the hits,
John Bull picked up the bits of Fritz."

—Y.