

Organized society produces land value. Individuals have a right to appropriate products, but only on condition that they have aided in some way to their production or that. To allow individuals to appropriate land values violates this canon of justice. The obviously just law is to appropriate this peculiar value for public purposes and avoid all assessment of labour products. By the adoption of this simple rule we may then claim that in our social arrangement we are making some approach to the law of Christian brotherhood.

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A PARSON'S PONDERINGS CONCERNING THE REVISED VERSION.

IT is rather late in the day to grumble at the Revised Version; but I can't help it—I must relieve my mind. In preparing for a Sunday's work, I read over the 2nd evening lesson, S. John xx. in the R. V.; and it made me "mad." That R. V. always irritates me. It must make anybody mad—who is a lover of his New Testament, who has (and there are thousands of such) many passages "by heart"—to hear those dear old familiar sentences, with their sweet rhythm, altered and disfigured, for no earthly use that one can see. It jars one's nerves, it rubs one's mind the wrong way, like some atrocious variation thrust into some beloved old tune. That R. V. is responsible for many outbursts of my wrath. Here for instance is the 19th verse so familiar to every church-goer; for it is the opening passage of one of the Gospels for Eastertide. The old Bible reads:—

"The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews." The R. V. thus puts it:—
"When therefore it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews."

Now, in the name of common sense, what is the use of all this changing and shifting and ruffling up of words? What is gained by it, textually, exegetically, homiletically, philologically or otherwise? It will be replied: "It is a more literal translation." Yes, to be sure; as "literal" as if one translating from the French were to render "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" by "How yourself carry-you?" and leave it at that. When I was a school-boy in England, in translating from the classics, I had of course to do so "literally" first; but, that done, the master would always say: "Now put that into good English." And if I left the sentence at last as some of the sentences are left in R. V., I think I should have had what we used to call, in school-boy slang, a "licking." Take, for instance, S. Paul's quotation from the Old Testament in 1 Cor. ii. 9, beginning "Eye hath not seen;" and compare the old and new versions. I grant the passage is difficult to render into good grammatical English. But at any rate the old version makes sense. The R. V. turns it into a mere jumble of words. What is the subject? What is the predicate?

To return to our chapter and verse, "When therefore it was evening," I object to that word "therefore." It is "literal," to be sure; but it is more than "literal;" it is literalism of a debased mechanical character, that defeats its own purposes. It is true that the little Greek word *οὖν* means "therefore"—sometimes, but not always. It is a monosyllable which S. John very frequently uses; it often enhances the rhythm of his sentences. In argumentative discourse it should no doubt be rendered "therefore." But in narrative, especially in such vivid, picturesque, colloquial narrative as S. John's, it serves just the same purpose as our little monosyllables, "now," "so," "then," etc. It is a particle to indicate transition of ideas, change of subject, sequence of events—it is used in repetitions after a parenthesis, etc., just as we use those little words. But the Revisors make it always "therefore," with Chinese stiffness. Now I hate that word "therefore" stuck in everywhere. It's a long word; it takes a long time to pronounce; it's a stiff, formal word; it's a formidable word; it bristles with logic; it suggests premises and conclusions and Euclid's Propositions, and all that sort of thing. It is so different from our friendly little words "then," "so," "now," "yet," "and," or the Greek *οὖν* and *δε*. Let anyone read the two versions, the old and the new, of the 18th chapter, and notice how irritatingly that "therefore" is reiterated in the latter, and he will surely say, as of old wine compared with new, "The old is better." (S. Luke v. 39.)

By the way, I think I have caught the Revisors napping. Out of the twenty times the word *οὖν* occurs in this 18th chapter, in three cases the Revisors have forgotten their own stiff rule of always translating "the same Greek by the same English word." In verse 3 they have left the old rendering "then"; in verses 12 and 16 they have changed "then" into "so." In all the other seventeen instances that horrid "therefore" occurs. I do not know why these three places should have escaped the infliction of their rigid rule. Doubtless it was an oversight.

In some few places the R. V. emendations are valuable from a doctrinal point of view; for instance, in the Gal. iii. 27: "For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ" (e. g., then and there, at your Baptism). But these places are very few, and by no means compensate us for the ruthless carving up of the

old sentences, spoiling the rhythm and beauty of the style.

I wonder at the bad style so often displayed in R. V., especially when the English literature of to-day abounds in such excellent models. In word-architecture the present age seems to be a golden one. It is refreshing to turn from the turgidity of some of the old learned authors to the limpid and yet vigorous writings of our own times. We have, too, all "styles" of word-architecture. There is the pure stately Gothic, graceful and strong, of Professors Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Fred. Harrison, or the "Decorated" of Lord Macaulay, or the "Flamboyant" of Archdeacon Farrar, or even the "Gargoyles" of Carlyle, to select from. But under what style are we to class the R. V.? I should say, early English, debased.

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GEO. J. LOW.

THE SEMITIC NOSE.

A.:

THE Jews not musical? But it appears To me they're even noted for their ears.

B.:

"Their ears," you say! I always thought the Jew Was noted for his nose most, whilst a few Had all but a proboscis which outgrew Anything noselike upon me or you.

Jew (overhearing them):

Yes, Jews are famous always for their noses Since the blest days of the immortal Moses; Yea, long before, when Rachel having cooked That rich ragout for Isaac, Jacob hooked Poor Esau's blessing, which, in vulgar prose, He slyly hooked by following his nose, And handed down both traits the sequel shows.

For as great Samson's strength lay in his hair, So in our noses we the magnet bear, That draws to us the precious ore that flows Into our coffers, hooked from Gentile foes Unblest, unhonoured by our lordly nose.

This nose throughout from Beersheba to Dan, No less than through all times and changes, can Its genuine Semitic kinship show From Royal David downward to "Old Clo:" For, like a red flag to a Bull unfurled, This nose a challenge is to all the world.

Why, Sirs, the very Pyramids display, Clear as if painted only yesterday, This nose of noses, as though neither time, Force of environment, nor change of clime, Could work change here; as though the primal cause Lay central always among Nature's laws, And Nature, having fashioned such a beauty, Had keenly felt it an æsthetic duty To thus continue to the end of time An organ so ideally sublime.

No little pretty, pert, retroussé nose, Nor flat and winged as on the Calmuc grows, Nor chastely chiselled like the dainty Greek, But a good, strong, projecting, honest beak, A nose that shows, except to Gentiles blind, The bent and largeness of a manly mind. For the big, manly nose throughout 'tis rules, Hence Wellington and Cromwell were no fools; For though but Gentiles, yet, big-nosed, they made Not a name only, but a name that paid—

Paid in good golden guineas—paid, but what Compared to all that fell to Rothschild's lot. For theirs, though big, yet lacked the eagle bend— The true persistent set, that links the end With appetite to spur it, till it gains All fruits of earth, and from its hidden veins Draws the rich ore, which means all things in one; For money is, when to its roots we've gone, Accumulated energy—a store Laid up of industry and its results, before It need be used; but just as gases packed In coal or powder look as though they lacked All power of movement, till they prove, let free, Their fearful force of latent energy.

So money can on Ossa Pelion pile, Or pitch the Pyramids into the Nile. The Jew is, then, the wise man, for he knows That out of money every good thing grows.

So Rothschild thought—and energetic, bold, A Jew of Jews, cast in the very mould Of the sly Jacob—heaped up piles of gold And, calmly to weigh matters always used, Thus at one fearful crisis Jew-like mused:

"Napoleon, Wellington, indeed! Who cares Which wins or loses! Only if it squares With this dear Rothschild's interest is what I Ask myself frankly, and forthwith I fly To Paris or London, as the scale Inclines to either side.

But oh! That hail Of leaden death; the 'Old Guard' crushed; and now Blucher upon them; no choice but to bow To despot destiny; the fields all soaked With Frenchmen's blood; and all the highways choked

With dead and dying; while with small remorse They're chased and trampled by the Prussian Horse, Who with drawn swords, like Demons them pursue, Flying pell-mell, for now 'tis "sauve qui peut."

Yes, it is England's innings! So, in spite Of winds and waves, I cross the seas to-night. Such mighty issues hang on speed that I, Cost what it will, on lightning's wings must fly, And buy up shrunken stocks to swell once more Almost to bursting, when from shore to shore The shout is heard of triumph, after I Have turned to my account their victory."

He did it too, and made himself a power, That grows and widens to the present hour.

Such is the great Semitic nose, which gold Scents from afar, instinctive as of old, And needs but to be followed as 'tis bent, Prone to the earth with secular intent, Leaving to fools, for whom such things were meant, The bubble fame, and all such empty things As the poor poet in his folly sings.

But money rules the world! Money is King, And Czar, and Sultan; brings men hope and spring, Gives us society, friends, clothes, and food, And lands and houses, and all earthly good, Pleasures and dignities; yea, once for all, The whiphand of the world! This 'tis is gall To all the feeble strugglers of mankind Who lacking our good noses drop behind.

But in all walks of life it is the same, And we stand foremost in the rolls of fame; With Moltke, Mendelssohn and Beaconsfield, In music, war and statesmanship we wield The sceptre readily; while in the van Of thinkers of the world stands out one man, Spinoza, need I name him, half-divine, His treasured works a deep, exhaustless mine, From which men draw to gild, at second hand, With his rich ore their works, and so command, (Immortal shade!) attention to their own, And so to share the honours of thy throne. For how could half-nosed Gentiles reach a height, To which the Semite mounts by innate right?

Thus in War, Music, Statecraft, Thinking, and In Physics too, with Jenner we command; While yet our Wealth has, in the public view, Into a proverb passed, "rich as a Jew." Thus, standing on a pinnacle of power, The Hebrew is top-sawyer of the hour.

Blest, then, be noses! Not the stunted things Of which the Poet of the Gentiles sings, That petty index of a feeble mind, Devoid of character or bent, inclined To nothing in particular; but ours Is bent with purposive specific powers.

Then, Gentiles, bow submissive and confess Your grand mistake, and curse no more but bless: This nose it is that does it all, I guess.

A.:

We thank you, Mr. Jew, nor shall we speak Of it again, as though a playful freak Of jesting Nature; whereas all she could With skilful hands she did, in serious mood, To make your nose a paragon of noses, Such as bedecked the face of "holy Moses." Blest be the Jew, then, wearing on his face This lordly emblem of his noble race.

Jew:

The Jew, you see, is wise, since always found Wherever 'tis a question of a pound. When nineteen shillings and eleven pence soon Find themselves in the pockets of this coon— The well lined pockets of the cunning Jew, Whose itching palm soon clasps the odd penny, too. 'Twas thus we fought of old for very life, And, through heredity, keep up the strife: Though to be frank, 'twas never 'gainst the grain, But a fierce instinct deep in blood and brain.

And now that fair play is the rule for all, Will "Old Clo" e'en—gone so long to the wall, Though with nose oft of special size and shape— His portly person in good broadcloth drape; While Rothschild regally lends kings the gold To thrash their foes or subjects grown too bold; For nothing can be done until 'tis known If Rothschild will consent to make the loan, And so uphold the pillars of their throne.

A.:

Yet on one point I with you scarce can go. You say your nose a beauty is, but, oh! May it not be a question, if 'tis so?

Jew:

Utility is beauty, as is shown By Socrates referring to his own Wretched apology for a human nose. If smelling be its end, urged he on those He argued with, mine is a beauty then, Handsome as his—that stalwart prince of men, Young Alcibiades, whose nose I've shown