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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

free to do wrong, there would have been no moral worth in his choosing to do right. Even the morality of God, we may reverently believe, depends on the complete freedom of His will. Such necessity of always being righteous and never sinning as is laid upon God must be a self-determined necessity, else no moral valuation could be attached to it. Similarly with man, made in the image of God. He is not a machine or a plaything of fate. He is a moral and responsible being, free, therefore, to choose between evil and good. The sphere of this choice is the sphere of temptation. Creatures not free cannot be endowed with choice; but it is in the exercise of choice alone that temptation can find its opportunity. To infuse worthfulness into the choice of good, freedom to choose evil must accompany it. As Schiller perhaps somewhat extravagantly, yet with essential truthfulness, sings :

God, not to mar the glorious form of Freedom
Suffers that the hideous hosts of evil
Should run riot in His Creation.

Treated merely as a speculation, whether by poets, philosophers, or prophets, the problem of temptation takes us completely out of our depth; treated, however, as a practical matter, it is plain and easy enough. Whatever be the origin of evil, our duty is either to fight against it or to flee from it. Only one course is open to any man for dealing with the temptations of the devil if he wishes to develop his nobler nature, and that is the course adopted by Christ, while with regard to the temptations sent by God we should unceasingly pray that He will never lead us into any temptations beyond our strength to resist and bear, and that in temptations of every kind He will deliver us from their evil and develop in us their possibilities of eliciting and strengthening good.

Entre Nous.

IT is a pleasure to be able to say, after thirty years, that THE EXPOSITORY TIMES is still holding its own. The year just finished has been the most prosperous (apart, of course, from the difficulties due to the cost of production) in its existence. And more expressions of appreciation have been received than in any previous year.

Speaking last month of *The Children's Great Texts of the Bible*, we said that 'Virginibus Puerisque' in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES (where a few of them have been published) and the 'Notes' seemed to be the most popular features of the magazine. A correspondent who has just written, seems to prefer the 'Literature.' He says: 'I am especially interested in the reviews of books. I depend largely on the reviews to help me to decide what to purchase.' He goes on to say: 'I have noticed in your reviews lately several books published by the Methodist Book Concern. I take it that they are published in America. I wrote to Messrs. Simpkin Marshall & Co. and asked them if they could secure the books for me, but they replied to the effect that they were not agents for these publishers. Is it too much to ask you where I can

secure these books?' We shall try to get an answer in time for the December issue.

The Saturday Review for October 9 contains a leading article on *The Children's Great Texts*. The writer of the article found the three published volumes on his desk, looked into them, and was arrested by their freshness and appropriateness. He read on, and then: 'We frankly and promptly confess that we have found these volumes in every sense charming and exactly what such books should be. There are between seventy and eighty addresses in each, the average length of each address being about twelve hundred words. The text is happily chosen and is expounded with a wealth of every sort of suitable comment and an absence of every kind of dogmatic and ecclesiastical pride, exceedingly unusual and extremely refreshing. Each has its heading—"Paper Boats," "Keeping a Diary," "Get up Early," "Playing the Man," "Money Boxes," "A Spider's Web," and so on, and there is not one from which we might not quote most pleasantly. Take, quite at random, for example, the address on "Bird-nesting" in the first volume. The text is Deuteronomy xxii. 6, 7, and runs as follows:—

“If a bird’s nest chance to be before thee in the way, in any tree or on the ground, with young ones or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, but the young thou mayest take to thyself; that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest prolong thy days.”

‘It does not need much imagination to picture the lively interest with which, on a day in May, an audience of young countryfolk, boys particularly, would listen to a little sermon on such a text as that! And really how pleasantly Dr. Hastings delivers himself:—

“It may be that the Israelitish boys knew the little lapwings’ nests which are found in a hollow by the side of a marsh. Perhaps they thoughtlessly scattered the eggs, or perhaps Mr. Lapwing—artful little bird that he is!—lured them away from it with the wonderful antics with which he and his ancestors, generation after generation, have protected their nests. For Mr. Lapwing is the real defender of his nest. The mother bird is generally so frightened that she flies away. But when an enemy approaches, the male lapwing practises the tricks his father taught him. Gradually moving farther and farther away from where the precious eggs are, he turns a number of somersaults, or he does other equally extraordinary things. The onlooker becomes so interested that the nest is forgotten, and the lapwing’s end is gained. It may be, too, that this same experience of having to defend themselves for centuries is the explanation of their pathetic cry.”

‘That may not read like an extract from a paper before the Linnæan Society, but it surely has the air of being an enthralling sermon for youngsters. And then the preacher proceeds, not only to point his moral of the cruelty and cowardliness of bird-nesting in May, of the rights of the birds as fellow-creatures, and of love in little as well as in big things as Christ’s great commandment, but also to adorn his tale by quoting George MacDonald’s pretty verses, “A brown bird sang in a blossomy tree,” with which, no doubt, many of our readers are familiar.’

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Ability.

In the year 1882 Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin, published a book on *The Decay of Modern*

Preaching. He gathered the reasons for the decay into three groups, historical, social, and personal. And first among the personal causes he placed the want of Ability. He called it ‘the greatest and most constant cause.’

I.

What did Mahaffy mean by Ability? Broadly speaking, there are two kinds. There is practical or administrative ability, and there is imaginative or reasoning ability. Evidently he meant the latter. No doubt, he says, ‘the majority of mankind is wanting in this quality; the average of intellect is low, and most people are very dull; but when we find so many men professing to teach from the pulpit who are totally unable to frame a sustained argument—nay, more, unable to understand it when put before them—we cannot but conclude that the abler young men of our day do not adopt this profession, and that our preachers, as a body, are below even the average in intellect.’ Then he records this experience: ‘I remember very well—indeed painfully well—a class of divinity students which I instructed in the Epistle to the Romans, and after labouring a whole term with all possible care, and making them go over the argument, and write it out, and rehearse it, they confessed to me in a body at the end of the term that they had made no advance in it whatever, for that *none of them was able to follow an argument*. They were not many—eight, I think—and such a case only occurred to me once in many years’ teaching; but in every year there were some men of this kind—men who deliberately adopted the profession of religious teaching, with the consciousness that they could not possibly understand what they had to teach. They were, in fact, adopting this profession because they were too dull for any other.’¹

Mahaffy’s opinion is not singular. The humorous anecdotes about the stupid member of the family being sent into the Church are plentiful and widespread. Is it true?

Professor Mahaffy himself allows two exceptions. ‘There are creeds or sections or churches, like the Dominican Order, and the Free Church of Scotland, in which ability in the pulpit leads to great eminence and a high public position.’ Professor Franklin W. Fisk, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, demands that the United States of

¹ J. P. Mahaffy, *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, 51.

America be also excluded. After quoting Mahaffy's experience with the eight students, he says: 'We confess to some doubt whether this fact reflects more upon those theological students than upon their instructor. Certain it is, that no such statement could be justly made respecting any class of students in our American Theological Seminaries. They are, as a body, not a whit inferior in intellect to the young men who throng into the legal and medical professions.'

Professor Stalker (who belongs to Mahaffy's Free Church, now called the United Free Church of Scotland) goes further than that. He believes that *the ordinary minister* has become a minister because of the recognition of unusual powers. 'The first consciousness of the possession of unusual powers is not unfrequently accompanied by an access of vanity and self-conceit. The young soul glories in the sense, probably vastly exaggerated, of its own pre-eminence and anticipates, on an unlimited scale, the triumphs of the future. But there is another way in which this discovery may act. The consciousness of unusual powers may be accompanied with a sense of unusual responsibility, the soul inquiring anxiously about the intention of the Giver of all gifts in conferring them. It was in this way that Jeremiah was affected by the information that special gifts had been conferred on him. He concluded at once that he had been blessed with exceptional talents in order that he might serve his God and his country with them. And surely in a gifted nature there could be no saner ambition than, if God permitted it, to devote its powers to the ministry of His Son.'

Mr. Silvester Horne agrees. He recalls the case of Henry Martyn. There are always some people who argue that men of the first rank in intellectual power are thrown away on evangelistic missions, either to the depraved of their own land, or to the habitations of heathenism. As they watch the academic career of a Henry Martyn till he fulfils the highest ambition of a mathematical scholar at Cambridge University, wins the University prize for Latin composition, is appointed a Fellow of his College, and then dedicates his talents to the mission field, they cry in protest, 'To what purpose is this waste?' But they do not tell us by what means, or in what career, those brilliant parts of Henry Martyn might better have been unified

and consecrated and employed for the welfare of humanity.

II.

Is intellectual ability essential in the ministry? To the preacher, the successful preacher, Mahaffy holds that it is essential. 'No other quality,' he says, 'will make a man an effective teacher of those superior to him in intelligence. They may follow him for the novelty of his doctrine, or the firmness of his character, or the piety of his life; but when he shocks their intellects by want of common sense, or by a display of bad logic,—in fact, as soon as they feel that he is stupid,—he will generally fail to reach their hearts or stir them to higher and purer lives.'¹

Professor Blaikie agrees, in a measure. 'A certain amount and form of *intellectual* ability must be regarded as a requisite for the ministry of the Word. There must evidently be a certain capacity of *intellectual acquirement*. No man is qualified for the office of the ministry (except in cases of great rarity, where other qualifications are extraordinary) who is incapable of furnishing himself with the ordinary branches of theological knowledge, to whom Greek and Latin are but unknown tongues, philosophy a region of mist and cloud, theological discussion a battle-field of hard words, and the history of the Church a mere labyrinth of facts and conflicts, schisms and heresies, that no memory can carry and no brain digest. There must be some capacity to feel at home in such walks, because in these times especially, when speculation is so much in vogue, when educated laymen are often so much in need of guidance, when the library of every Mechanics' Institute has its complement of sceptical works, when young tradesmen and ploughmen are becoming familiar with the infidel arguments of the day, it were presumption in any one to aspire to the office of a spiritual guide who did not know more about these subjects than his people, and who was not better qualified to discuss them.'²

But Professor Fisk altogether denies the necessity. Mahaffy, he says, 'is arguing against the ordering of Divine Providence. For God has made comparatively few men of superior intellect, and hence, if the masses of the people are to have the gospel preached to them, they must hear it chiefly from

¹ J. P. Mahaffy, *The Decay of Modern Preaching*, p. 54.

² W. G. Blaikie, *For the Work of the Ministry*, p. 21 f.

men of ordinary mental endowments. And such, from the first, have been largely the men who have been successful in preaching the gospel. Among the Apostles themselves, there were apparently men of only ordinary intellectual capacity, and such have generally been the ministers of the gospel all through the ages of the church till now. While, therefore, the rarest abilities will find full scope for their exercise in the pulpit, young men of only fair mental capacity, provided they have other essential qualities, need not shrink from entering the ministry. The young preacher of only average ability, who will address himself manfully to his work, using all the helps that God gives him, will succeed.¹

Why, asks Thomas Boston, 'why shouldst thou be so much discouraged (as many times is the case), because thy gifts are so small, and thou art but as a child in comparison of others? Why, if Christ will, he can make thee a fisher of men, as well as the most learned rabbi in the church. Ps viii. 2, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength." Yea, hast thou not observed how God owned a man very weak in gifts and made him more successful than others that were far beyond him in parts? Has not God put this treasure in earthen vessels, that the power might be seen to be of him? Lift up thyself then, O my soul, Christ can make thee a fisher of men, however weak thou art. Follow thou him. My soul desires to follow hard after thee, O God?'²

Mr. Stephen Graham, who has written a whole fascinating book on the 'ideal priest,' ranks intellectual ability far below the Christ life. Among other features, 'he was an able and eloquent speaker, though that does not necessarily mean much. There are many who are able and eloquent. Mere ability and eloquence do not save. Moreover, the merely able and eloquent speaker is not sought by the right sort of people. His success is relatively barren. But when the Christ life has been born in the priest, when the gleam of another world is seen in his garments, there come out of the dull depths of voiceless humanity new types of listeners, the carriers of the divine message.'³

¹ F. W. Fisk, in *Current Discussions in Theology*, ii. 281.

² T. Boston, *A Soliloquy on the Art of Man-Fishing*, 20.

³ Stephen Graham, *Priest of the Ideal*, p. 311.

'Many years ago,' says Professor Jackson, 'it was the writer's privilege to hear Dr. A. B. Bruce defend himself in the annual Assembly of his Church against those who had attacked the teaching contained in his book, *The Kingdom of God*. Some of the speakers in the debate had complimented him on the "intellectual vigour" of his book. This was his reply: "I thank them for the compliment. But I must take leave to say that it is a small thing to me in connexion with such a work, to be complimented on my ability. The question is, Have I seen Christ and helped others to see Him? I would rather be one of the "babes" to whom the things of the Kingdom were revealed than one of the "wise and prudent" from whom they were hid. I would rather be one of the "unlearned and ignorant" men who, through companionship with Jesus, had become imbued with His spirit than one of the Sanhedrin who, with all their learning, could see in Jesus and His companions only a band of bold, lawless, dangerous men, to be got rid of as soon as possible. I have been trying all my life to see Jesus, and to show Him; and if I have failed it will be small consolation to be told that I have written with considerable ability." But he had not failed. Seventeen years later one of the most gifted of Edinburgh's preachers published his first volume of sermons. The dedicatory page bore these words: "To the dear memory of . . . Alexander Balmain Bruce, through whom, to many and to me also, was disclosed the glory of the Son of God." "To see Jesus and to show Him," so to see and so to show Him that through us may be disclosed to many the glory of the Son of God—is it not to this end that the preacher is born, to this end that he came into the world?'⁴

But there is in the Ministry the opportunity for the exercise of ability. Says Dr. Dale: 'I believe in the duty of consecrating to the exposition and defence of Divine truth every faculty and resource which the preacher may happen to possess. There is no power of the intellect, no passion of the heart, no learning, no natural genius, that should not be compelled to take part in this noble service. The severest and keenest logic, the most exuberant fancy, the boldest imagination, shrewdness, wit, pathos, indignation, sternness, may all contribute to the illustration of human duty and of the author-

⁴ G. Jackson, *The Preacher and the Modern Mind*, p. 188 f.

ity and love of God. If the heavens declare God's glory, if fire and hail, snow and vapour, and the stormy wind fulfil His word, if all His works praise Him, then the loftiest heights of intellectual majesty, the most dazzling intellectual splendours, every brilliant constellation in the firmament of genius, the lightnings and tempests of noble and eloquent passion may also praise the Lord and show forth His excellent greatness.'

APHORISMS.

Captain-Jewels (2s. 6d. net), one of Messrs. Harrap's 'Choice Books,' contains seven hundred Aphorisms, gathered and strung by Charles J. Whitby, M.D. It is an extremely attractive little book. As for its contents, one page will be the best persuasive :

575. **Incredible.**—No reasonable being can believe in a just and all-powerful God. The moment he does so he ceases to be a reasonable being.—Louise Gerard, *Life's Shadow-Show*.

576. **Heaven, Hell, and the World.**—Heaven is the work of the best and kindest men and women. Hell is the work of prigs, pedants, and professional truth-tellers. The world is an attempt to make the best of both.—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

577. **God is Love.**—I dare say. But what a mischievous devil Love is!—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

578. **Specialists.**—God and the Devil are an effort after specialization and division of labour.—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

579. **Christianity.**—Christianity is a woman's religion, invented by women and womanish men for themselves.—Samuel Butler, *The Note Books*.

SOME TOPICS.

Never mind me.

One day Bishop Moorhouse was sitting in his study in Melbourne when the door burst open, and an agitated voice from a young servant who rushed into the room, exclaimed—

'Oh, my Lord! the cook has gone down into the pit!'

'What on earth do you mean?' cried the Bishop, starting from his seat to follow her out of the room.

True enough, the cook had made an unexpected descent. In walking across the kitchen carrying a heavy dish, an old board on which she stepped suddenly gave way under her weight, and she fell to the bottom of a dry well underneath. There she lay in great pain till her cries brought the kitchenmaid to her aid. Fortunately the Rev.

A. Wodehouse, Chaplain to the Bishop, was at hand, and he bravely undertook the rescue. He cleverly managed to make the descent, and, with the help of a rope and a ladder, to lift the poor woman from her dangerous situation. It was found that both her legs were broken. But notwithstanding the pain, the first words the heroic creature said on reaching the top were an order to the kitchenmaid, 'Never mind me, but get the Bishop's lunch.' The Bishop was very far from 'never minding.' He was much distressed, especially when he learnt that one of her legs would have to be amputated. He undertook all expenses, saw that she was properly nursed and tended, and on her recovery presented her with a handsome cheque, with which she could set herself up with a chicken-run.

A Person not an Idea.

Edward Carpenter, in his *Art of Creation*, says : 'There are thousands and thousands round us to whom the figure of Christ, say, is an intense, a living, and an actually present reality. It is difficult to suppose that all these people are merely deceiving themselves.' That is true and well said, but he goes on : 'It is a thing of the same character as the deities of olden time.' The whole point, however, is that it is *not* of the same character, that while Christ does represent and gather up all that men found in the deities of olden time, He is not an idea, or the summary of profound feelings, or an 'apparition of the Race Life,' but a Person actually manifested in time, in the conditions of human life. No one supposes that Pan, or the Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gita*, is such a person. He whom men had desired and sought and found—in measure—under all these forms was now fully manifested in a human life, revealing the true nature and purpose of God *in personal and moral terms*. It is in this that His uniqueness consists.¹

We learn in Suffering.

'There was once a poet so sensitive to beauty that he could hardly live, and he sought retirement and isolation from the confusion of the world. In a quiet place he came upon a cherry tree in blossom, and, trembling with delight, he took a house on a hill opposite the field in which it grew. For ten years he lived opposite the cherry tree,

¹ G. B. Robson, *The Kingship of God*, 113.

and every spring when its white blossom was flung out against the blue sky he cried within himself: "How beautiful!" But no poem came of his reaction to its beauty, and at last he wearied of it and of himself, for his spirit was sick with the sickness of the world in which he lived. He journeyed then to a far country, and there he met a lady who had suffered much, so that there was a rare beauty in her, and this too he loved, to the lady's amusement, for she had loved and knew the ways of God and man. Yet to the love that was in her she could not admit him until a great grief came upon her and this to its very depths she showed him. Suffering with her suffering, hurt with her hurt, losing with her loss, he lay like one stunned and longed for the peace of his old isolation, whereat, remembering the cherry tree, he began to tremble. Its beauty lived in him, and at last, his spirit, like the cherry tree, burst into blossom, into white blossom against the blue sky, and at last into love, and into that poetry which is the music of love.'

The writer is Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the book *The Release of the Soul* (Chapman & Hall; 5s. net). It is not an easy book to read: the quotation made is scarcely representative of its clearness. But it is for thoughts and will pay back handsomely.

Conscience.

The Swarthmore Lecture for 1920 was delivered by Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. The subject was *The Nature and Authority of Conscience* (Swarthmore Press; 1s. 6d. net). It has all the style and all the sanity for which Dr. Jones is notable. This is the gist of it:

'Though we cannot make the immense assertion that conscience is absolutely infallible and a precise guide under any and every circumstance of life, it is nevertheless the surest moral authority within our reach—a voice to be implicitly obeyed in the crisis of an action. It is our highest guide. No command on earth can take precedence of it. Nothing more autonomous or more worthy of obedience can be discovered. But, even so, it must not be allowed to crystallise or to become a static, habitual moral form. The Pharisee, the inquisitor and the bigot are appalling illustrations of the dangers that beset the arrested, conformed conscience, even when it is honest. It needs constant re-examination and revision. The influences which re-make and re-vitalise it must have

no terminus. There must always be adjustments to new light, a healthy, living response to fresh truth, and a continual transformation of conscience in relation to the growing revelation of God. It must be under the watchful guardianship of the awakened and enlightened spirit. Conscience is, thus, like the mariner's chronometer. While he is in port he tests it by all the expedients known to the science of the clock-maker. He perceives and realises that it is subject to slight variations. But when he is at sea he implicitly trusts it, reckons it as reliable as the movements of Orion or Arcturus, and sails his ship by its pronouncements.'

Saying Nothing.

If the Rev. E. W. Sheppard-Walwyn's children's sermons, in the volume entitled *The Starved Top-knot* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net), have a fault, it is that they are too long. But that is no fault for the other preacher, or for the reader. They are certainly alive and entertaining. One, for example, takes the word 'Watch' by its letters and discourses on watch your Words, watch your Actions, watch your Thoughts, watch your Companions, watch your Heart. Here is an anecdote:

'A kind-hearted German soldier named Fritz was marching with others through their first French village. A mother was standing in a doorway with her baby. One of the men rushed up with a hideous laugh and did something so horrible I couldn't possibly tell you of it. Fritz sobbed with rage and sorrow, but didn't rebuke the other. Next day he saw another act just as cruel. He shed a few tears, but said nothing. Next day he saw another cruel act, and he shed no tears. Next day another, and he smiled. Next day another and he laughed. Next day another, and who was it that did it? Yes, it was Fritz himself. His conscience made him sob with sorrow the first time, but the result of *saying nothing* to show his righteous anger was that his conscience gradually ceased to speak, until it gave him no more pain.'

SAYINGS.

It is to be observed that great speakers are now making a fashion of quoting (and sometimes originating) sententious sayings. Out of one volume, *World Brotherhood*, we have gathered these:

It is the task of the twentieth century to make the world a Brotherhood.

The unaccomplished mission of Christianity is to reconstruct society on the basis of Brotherhood.¹

It is not so important to believe there is a God as what kind of God He is.²

Christianity is not a competing religion, but a completing one.³

Humanity has struck its tents, and is once more on the march.⁴

Why should war always get the best out of mankind and peace always the poorest?⁵

Now, mark me well, it is inherent in the nature of things that from any fruition of success, however complete, shall come forth something that shall make a greater struggle necessary.⁶

Acts deserve acts, and not words, in their honour.⁷

Democracy means that you are responsible.⁸

No one can walk down the street without seeing that man is a fallen creature.⁹

NEW POETRY.

George Reston Malloch.

Among the poets of the War—whether raised up by it or only quickened into finer frenzy—a place is taken, and a good place, by George Reston Malloch. Of this his new volume entitled *Poems* is evidence enough (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net). It is a volume that in appearance is worthy of its unmistakable merit.

The War has been a philosophical puzzle to Mr. Malloch as to many. But psychologically it is well-pleasing. The men who did their part and died have made man greater than before:

What need to sing of war
To celebrate the dead?
Above our praise they are,
Their own great word is said.

And although there is more than the War in the volume, we choose one poem on the War for example, for the War is the most penetrating theme:

They fall on alien fields
Where far-off battles sway,
The man who loved to live
And chose the noble way:
The boy with steady eye,
Who showed his stubborn heroes how to die.

¹ Quoted by Rev. Tom Sykes from Hatch's *The Organization of the Early Christian Churches*.

² Quoted by Mr. Sykes from Sir G. A. Smith.

³ Rev. Tom Sykes.

⁴ Quoted by Mr. Lloyd George from General Smuts.

⁵ Mr. Lloyd George.

⁶ Quoted by Mr. Lloyd George from Walt Whitman.

⁷ Quoted by Mr. Lloyd George from Pericles' speech.

⁸ Miss Maude Royden.

⁹ Quoted by Canon de Candole from Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Blow from out the dark,
Soft wind, among the dead:
Breathe, thou living spring,
About each fallen head:
Tell them that through our tears
We see a lovelier flower than Nature wears.

H. Orsmond Anderton.

The best of the poems in Mr. H. Orsmond Anderton's *A Wayfarer's Verses* (Birmingham: Cornish; 6s. net) is that which is entitled 'The Human Sob.' But it is much too long for quotation. This short meditation will give a fair estimate of the book as a whole:

MOELWYN.

Range upon range the mountains bare their breasts
Unto the silent night:
The brooding veil of cloud upon them rests—
Above, the stars' pure light.

With all my various powers I bare my soul
Unto the heavens above:
Though lowering clouds of earth between us roll,
Beyond, is changeless love.

C. W. Scriven.

An extraordinary variety of metre is found in *The Listening Room*, by C. W. Scriven, Junior (Selwyn & Blount; 1s. 6d. net). Even in a single poem there is much variety. But the *vers libre* is the favourite. Take this Prayer as a good example:

A PRAYER.

Some broken lumps of marrèd Clay,
And Thou up there!
Come down and take Thy pitying Share
Of these poor broken Clods
Into Thy land.

For what they were, when they came from Thy
hand,
For all they tried to be,
For any little minute free from sin
Because they came from Thee,
Let them come in.

Because Life's Poison soiled a sparkling well,
Because they are, indeed, but fire-charred wood,
Because their Life is now an emptied shell,
Because they fell
Be Thou their Good.

E. C. Wingfield-Stratford.

The title of Mr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's volume is simply *India* (Liverpool: Books Limited; 6s. net). And it is enough.

In the book is an appreciation of India—the country, the people, the religion, even the gods—an appreciation most creditable to an army man. But Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is also a scholar. And yet, with all his appreciation of India, he has sometimes a touch of *Heimweh*. Read this :

THE CUCKOO AT PIPARIA.

Over the Karmic, baked monotony,
Hark love, the cuckoo,
Our English cuckoo,
Holloaing, flinging
Double joy across the fields—
Was it not English, was it not Kentish mirth
Vocal in the heart of Ind?
Did you not hear
Peal of blue-bells blown among the leaves?
Virgin leaves all whispering together?
Big Ryash Wood and Little Ryash Wood and
Moorlands?
And did we dream
Of war, and banishment, and hopeless plains?

Mary Fleming Labaree.

Nowhere has the horror of war been more tragically felt than in the fertile little plain of Urumia in Persia. Mary Fleming Labaree knew the place before the War and sang her songs of it, songs with local colour and the joy of life. The title is *Persian Pictures* (Revell). The War songs are a great contrast. Read 'The Winter Flight to Russia,' or, better yet, the dull despair in

TO-DAY.

Black is the eye,
Red is the cheek,
White is the soul
Of Shirin.
Fire is the heart,
Crimson the hand,
Dark is the soul
Of Mahmud.
Black is the sky,
Stony the trail,
Grey is the rain,
To-day.

Danford Barney.

Dr. Lawrence Mason of Yale has written a Foreword to Mr. Barney's new volume of poetry, the title of which is *Chords from Albireo* (John Lane; 7s. 6d. net). This is the significant part of what he says: 'Mr. Barney's poetry, then, is frankly the poetry of feeling, impression, or intuition, adumbrated by image and symbol, as contradistinguished from the poetry of the strictly intellectual processes, working as it were, or at least capable of being worked out, by a logical

diagram.' If that does not give understanding, then read this :

WOMAN'S SONG.

If we give thanks for any gain of war,
Let mine be only this,
Throughout the cloud there shone one instant star,
All that is mine was for a moment his.
If thanks be meet, let this fulfil my prayer,
One gleam of old lang syne,
That joy of earth and sea, the light and air,
Distilled in him were for a moment mine.
Now though he walk elsewhere nor come again,
My way is ever ours;
He shall be mine, unwitting, and my pain
Shadow new revelation of his powers.
Is that poetry? A little difficult just at first?
But how refreshing, and how capable of a second
reading and a third! Yes, that is poetry, and
there is more in this fine presentable volume.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

Mr. Studdert-Kennedy's *Peace Rhymes of a Padre* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. net) are similar to his 'Rough Rhymes.' This is an example :

INDIFFERENCE.

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged Him
on a tree,
They drave great nails through hands and feet
and made a Calvary.
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red
were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human
flesh was cheap.
When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply
passed Him by,
They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let
Him die.
For men had grown more tender and they
would not give Him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and
left Him in the rain.
Still Jesus cried, 'Forgive them, for they know
not what they do,'
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched
Him through and through,
The crowds went home and left the streets
without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall and cried
for Calvary.

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