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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](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

if you like) which contained the Fourth Book of Maccabees as well as the Second; so that the antiquity of the Fourth Book is no longer a matter of conjecture; it is a demonstrated fact. That is a real gain in the critical study of the Apocrypha.

When we ask ourselves what difference of thought may be noted between the two writers, both of whom are strenuous advocates of martyrdom, or, at all events, great admirers of the martyr spirit, we see that the most striking difference is this, that where the Jewish writer says

*ἀφορῶντες εἰς Θεόν,*

the Christian substitutes

*ἀφορῶντες εἰς Ἰησοῦν,*

which is entirely in agreement with his theology throughout the whole of the Epistle.

Returning to the passage in 4 Mac, where the spectators of the struggle are said to be the world and the life of man, it will probably be felt that there is something wrong about

*ὁ τῶν ἀνθρώπων βίος.*

What one would expect is not an obscure phrase, which is only, if correct, a duplicate of the onlooking *κόσμος*, but some expression of the interest which God Himself takes in the conflict. If we write the expression in the form

*ὁ τῶν ἀνων βίος,*

we can easily correct it to

*ὁ ἀγώνιος;*

that is, to the deity who presides over the games.

RENDEL HARRIS.

*John Rylands Library,  
Manchester.*

## Entre Nous.

THE eleventh volume of THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS has been published. The last volume is well on the way.

The new volume carries the topics from SACRIFICE to SUDRA. Its greatest words are SACRIFICE (ten separate articles), SAINTS AND MARTYRS (eleven articles), SALVATION (nine articles), SECRET SOCIETIES (four articles), SECTS (nine articles), SERPENT-WORSHIP (three articles), SIN (fifteen articles), SLAVERY (six articles), SOUL (ten articles), STATE OF THE DEAD (eleven articles), and STONES (four articles). Then there are great single articles. The article on the SALVATION ARMY has been written by General Booth. The SAMARITANS are described by Professor W. J. Moulton, who has studied them on the spot. SAMARITAN SECTS are described separately by Professor Schmidt of Cornell. There are two articles on the SCAPEGOAT, there is a full account of SCHOLASTICISM by Dr. Mellone, and a most helpful article on SCIENCE by Professor Arthur Thomson. The SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY is described by Professor Davidson, and SENSATIONALISM by Principal Rees. SEMITES belongs of right to Dr. G. A. Barton, just as SETTLEMENTS does to Mr. Herbert Stead, and SIBERIA to Miss Czaplicka. The difficult article

on SEX has been written by the Arthur Balfour Professor of Genetics in the University of Cambridge. Two valuable articles, full and authoritative, follow one another, one on SOCIALISM by Dr. Mellor, the other on SOCIOLOGY by Professor Hobhouse. A remarkable article on the HOLY SPIRIT, running from page 784 to page 803, has been written by a comparatively young scholar of rare ability and enthusiasm, Mr. Birch Hoyle. Besides the article on SALVATION (Christian), Professor Kilpatrick of Toronto has written one on SOTERIOLOGY. Both are fine examples of what we are wont to call 'experimental theology,' and will make their mark on the thought of the future. Two articles for specialists and by specialists are STONE MONUMENTS by Professor Macalister and STRANGERS by Sir P. J. Hamilton-Grierson.

The biographies are numerous—perhaps more than in any previous volume. They include Savonarola, Schleiermacher, Schopenhauer, Sidgwick, Simon Magus, Socrates, Sophocles, Spencer, Spinoza. The last named article may possibly be described as the most valuable article in the volume. It is very long but not one word is wasted. For the author, Mr. E. E. Kellett, Master at the Leys School, Cambridge, went over his

manuscript again and again to remove every useless epithet. The writer of this notice made recently a study of Spinoza, as thorough as he could command the time for, and found nothing to be for a moment compared with Mr. Kellett's article for clearness and insight.

## FOR THE MINISTRY.

### Self-Suppression.

1. Always, says Dale, the highest kind of work implies the renunciation of all thought of personal display. The artist who is anxious that you should see how perfectly he can paint, instead of being anxious to paint perfectly, is certain to spoil his picture. He will annoy you by wasting his power on the satin coverlet of a bed or on a velvet dress, instead of using it to tell the story which he is professing to place on the canvas. The speaker who, instead of trying to enlarge your knowledge, to awaken your sympathy for suffering, or fire your indignation against injustice, is trying to show how well he can speak, will be equally unsuccessful. He may, perhaps, win the admiration of foolish, half-educated people, but he will excite no real interest, will kindle no passion, will produce no deep and enduring impression: men of sense will call him an impostor. He will not be even heard patiently by an audience of any kind that is really in earnest about the subjects he is professing to discuss. Ornamental speaking—speaking which is nothing more than an exhibition of intellectual strength, dexterity, and grace—may be well enough on ceremonial occasions, at public dinners and the like; but when the minds of men are occupied with grave questions, speaking of that sort is hissed and howled down by a rough popular meeting, and is got rid of in an equally summary manner by the most cultivated and dignified assembly.<sup>1</sup>

¶ Flaubert says of his *Madame Bovary* that if it succeeded in giving an illusion it is because of the impersonality of the book. 'That's one of my principles; one mustn't write about oneself (*s'écrire*). The artist should be in his work what God is in creation, invisible and all powerful. . . . And then art should rise above personal affections and nervous susceptibilities. It is time, by pitiless method, to give it the precision of the physical sciences.'<sup>2</sup>

2. Self-effacement is not the negation of personality. It is its perfect complement. Individuality

and yet self-effacement, and the greater the personality the more thorough the self-effacement. We must guard against the danger of the strong will dominating the weak; we must watch against forgetfulness of our limitations. Like the Baptist, while we must take care to be a voice, that is, a real sound and not a mere echo, we must also take care to be only a voice, that is, the expression of such a personality as is summed up in the words, 'Not I, but Christ.'

¶ It is a matter of common agreement that Shakespeare the Dramatist had a power that may be called infinite and hidden: infinite, because it is exhibited in a whole world of life: hidden, because it is exhibited only through the inhabitants of that world and never apart from them. But to add to this the words 'impassive' or 'impersonal' is a violent contradiction in terms. Activity and personality cannot be found anywhere in a higher degree than in Shakespeare's combination of creative force and ingenious artistic concentration. He does not, like Flaubert, treat men as he would treat mastodons or crocodiles for a museum; he does not stuff them with straw; what he puts into them is that which is in himself, the breath of his own vitality. So strong is the impression which he thus produces that critics like Dr. Brandes have believed it possible to trace in his works not only the movements of his spirit, but the actual footprints of his external life. Others, finding always in his characters exactly what they find in the characters of the world around them, imagine that there must have been, over and above all these, a Shakespeare of whose character no record is left, a Shakespeare who succeeded in concealing himself. But Shakespeare's ingenious concentration is the reverse of an attempt at concealment; it is the negation of a pose, a self-disguise, an adopted point of view. If he had a wider and more comprehensive vision of human life than Byron or other poets, if he treated it more tolerantly and was more completely absorbed in the study of it, that is only to say that he had a different and a more intense personality.<sup>3</sup>

¶ The best preacher, like the true artist, never obtrudes himself. What does the writer of *Job* or of *Hamlet* tell us about himself? Everything and nothing. On this subject Dr. A. B. Davidson held strong opinions. 'When I say that the preacher should speak his own experience, it is not meant that he should refer to himself in illustration or let his own experience come formally into view. There is nothing more repulsive than egotistical preaching—references to one's own deep experiences. Such things may tell once in a way. People will gape when they hear them even when repeated, but they would gape if you told them anything personal, though it were about your wife's wardrobe or your children's teething. A man may never allude to himself and yet speak in such a way as to make men feel that everything he says has been graven deep by the pen of actual experience on his own heart.'<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> R. W. Dale, *Nine Lectures on Preaching*, 59.

<sup>2</sup> A. McDowall, *Realism*, 100.

<sup>3</sup> H. Newbolt, *A New Study of English Poetry*, 60.

<sup>4</sup> J. Strahan, *Andrew Bruce Davidson*, 189.

3. This is the paradox of power in the pulpit. We must, before all things, be ourselves; and yet we must, above all things, suppress ourselves. In the order of nature's gifts we must be ourselves; we must yield to no temptation, which ambition or indolence sets before us, to be mere copyists of another man's talents. But in the order of moral and spiritual life we must suppress ourselves. We must learn the meaning of that apostolic thought—'I, yet not I.' The man must be himself, but yet he must crucify self. For only thus can the fulness of his very self come forth. Galahad realized this when he cried, 'If I lose myself, I find myself.' If self-expression be a true instinct, the safe avenue to self-expression lies through self-repression; for self-consciousness is the hindrance of all free expression, whether by pen or pencil or tongue.

¶ The last counsel which I will give you as merchantmen in the business of the kingdom is this: *you never help the business by advertising yourself.* Self-advertisement is deadly in the ministry of the Lord Jesus. Puffy, showy paragraphs concerning ourselves and our work; egotistical recitals of our powers and attainments; all forms of self-obtrusion and self-aggression—all these are absolutely fatal to the really deepest work committed to our hands. Our fellow-labourers know when our work is marred by self-conceit. The devil is delighted when he can lure us into self-display. Our own highest powers shrink and wither when we expose them to the glare of self-seeking publicity. They cannot bear a light like that, and they speedily lose their strength and beauty. I urge you to avoid it. Never tell people what a clever fellow you are. Never write a private paragraph to the newspaper giving its readers the same information. It was said of the Master whom we serve, 'He shall not strive, nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.'

It was the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

Of one thing we can be perfectly sure: when we display ourselves we hide our Lord; when we blow our own trumpet men will not hear 'the still small voice of God.'<sup>1</sup>

He held the lamp of truth that day  
So low that none could miss the way;  
And yet so high to bring in sight  
That picture fair—the World's Great Light—  
That gazing up—the lamp between—  
The hands that held it scarce were seen.

He held the pitcher stooping low  
To lips of little ones below.  
Then raised it to the weary saint  
And bade him drink when sick and faint.  
They drank—the pitcher thus between—  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Jowett, *The Preacher*, 242.

He blew the trumpet soft and clear  
That trembling sinners need not fear:  
And then with louder note, and bold,  
To raze the walls of Satan's hold.  
The trumpet coming thus between,  
The hand that held it scarce was seen.

But when the Captain says, 'Well done!  
Thou good and faithful servant, Come,  
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,  
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp!'  
The weary hand will then be seen  
Clasped in those pierced hands, naught between.

#### A TEXT.

##### Acts vi. 4.

The Rev. J. Stuart Holder, D.D., has gone *Chapter by Chapter through the Bible*, and under that title has published four volumes of devotion (Marshall Brothers; 21s. net). It is not the ordinary expositor's volume. A text is chosen from chapter after chapter, and on that text a page (and no more than a page) is written. The writing is devotional rather than exegetical, but there is thought in it. The best account of the work will be given by the quotation of a page from one of the volumes:

"We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word."

'Service for Christ involves nothing less than this. Its demands, alike with its issues, require that a man should give himself entirely to its activities. For if it is to be fruitful it can never be a mere overplus tacked on to the ordinary activities of life. Its inner and outer spheres are here well defined. The secret life of prayer alone prepares and qualifies for the public life of ministry. And each of these is equally necessary in order to accomplish the glory of God. For while work without prayer is sheer presumption, prayer without work is mere fanaticism.

'Power for service is not so much an acquisition as an accumulation. A man becomes strong for the ministry of the Word only as he devotes his entire life toward its fulfilment. To understand rightly the necessity of this preparation puts new emphasis on the giving of ourselves to prayer. For it is in prayer that motives are tested, ideals examined, plans adjudged, and relative worth revealed. As the mariner adjusts his compass before a voyage, so the servant of Christ prepares himself for the ministry of the Word.

'Ministry, which is the expression and outcome

of life thus lived before God, may be of infinite variety, but is always a mediation of His Word to others. For this the world hungers, and without this it perishes. It cannot but involve conflict and opposition from the great adversary, and can in consequence be sustained only as its inspiration is fed at the hidden springs of communion with God. But we fail entirely if we fail to "give ourselves."

### SOME TOPICS.

#### A Plymouth Saint.

One day in 1888, 'under the heading of "A New African Explorer," *The Times* gave a brief account of Arnot's travels: "His outfit was of the most slender character. He travelled practically unarmed. He was almost everywhere received with friendly welcome by chiefs and people, who clearly appreciated his confidence. If he had any grievances, he never took the law into his own hands; he invariably appealed to native tribunals, such as they are, and never without receiving practical justice. . . . Mr. Arnot struck north-west (of the Barotse) through that wonderful country of rivers, to Bihé. The hydrography of this strange region he has helped to unravel. One can stand almost on the very spot where rivers rise that flow north, south, east and west. . . . One thing he seems clearly to have proved, that Livingstone's Leeba, coming from the north-east, is the real Zambesi, and not the river which comes out of Lake Dilolo."

Arnot died on May 15, 1914, at the age of fifty-five. His biography has been written by Mr. Ernest Baker. The title is *The Life and Explorations of Frederick Stanley Arnot* (Seeley; 8vo, pp. 334; 12s. 6d. net).

What a book it is. Not a biography, it is an autobiography. It is made of Arnot's diaries and letters, with just the occasional sentence of connexion. To get the good of it there must be no skipping, and it is a 'full' book. If Arnot had been a Roman and not a Plymouth Brother the whole machinery of canonization would have been set going. His endurance in travelling, the discoveries he made, his stand for righteousness, his poverty, his courage, his progress, his miracles—all would have been shown in their marvellousness, and Father Damien would at last have been lost sight of in the glory of a greater saint.

For *courage* take this: 'Just as I was dropping off, I heard a prolonged ominous rustle among the dank grass and leaves that made my litter. I suspected that a snake, roused by the warmth of my body, was drawing closer. As soon as I awoke in the morning, I remembered my bedmate, and with one spring, cleared both bed and bedding. Then with the help of my boys I fished my rugs away, and after beating around with long sticks, out wriggled a deadly black mamba, some six feet long, which we quickly despatched.'

For *poverty*: 'My poverty, I may say, is complete. My bed sheets and table-cloth, in fact everything saleable has gone for food. I am now living on the fag-end of a garden of sweet potatoes which I bought some months ago, on a basket of rice I got as medical fee, and on a bag of native corn one of the chief's head wives gave me as she was gathering in her harvest. I had given her a dress when I came. So I get along. The other morning I was lying in bed distressing myself on my scanty fare, having no sauce to sweeten my meal or my rice, the goats having dried up some months ago, and wondering when I was to get any, when, to my surprise, here comes a leg of beef from the chief. He had killed one of his six or eight small oxen, the last thing one would have dreamed of, as he thinks everything of his few cattle. This bit of fresh meat brought me round wonderfully. I went in for two meals a day, and lived high for three or four days. I am down again to herbs, however. In all things we have the privilege of being thankful to God and content with the things we have.'

And all the rest of the virtues of a saint might be illustrated equally well. Even the true St. Francis playfulness is not wanting. He sends delightful letters home to his children. 'Tell Ray that coming up in the steamer we had six Sikh soldiers on board and they were all seasick, so that there were six seasick Sikhs.' 'Tell the boys that I heard of an asylum that had a ward in it for motor car madmen. A visitor was being shown round the asylum, and when he was brought to the ward for motor men he saw no one in it and was much surprised. But the attendant said, "Oh! they are all here. There! Under each bed! Don't you see them? Each one is mending his motor car.'" 'Mr. Bailey [the teacher] has lots of funny stories. He has just told me of a boy who was asked to make a sentence with

"toward" in it. The boy wrote "I tore my pants." Another was asked to write a sentence with "boys," "bees" and "bear" in it, thinking he would write about a bear stealing a boy's honey. But lo! the sentence ran in the exercise book: "Boys bees bare when they are swimming."

#### Church Music.

The Rev. A. S. Duncan-Jones, M.A., has written a manual of *Church Music* for Dr. Sparrow-Simpson's Handbooks of Catholic Faith and Practice (Scott; crown 8vo, pp. ix, 109; 3s. 6d. net). 'Once we travel,' he says, 'outside the universal Catholic plain-chant of the Church, the most suitable source to go to is the music of the country.' Does he mean 'Scots wha hae,' and 'Annie Laurie'? Does he wish us to follow after the Salvation Army band? Yes, that is his meaning. 'In individual cases the secular association may be too strong.' But 'after all was it not Wesley who said: "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?" Broadly speaking a folk-song element is invaluable; because in the main they are wholesome, honest and direct, the children of the open air and not of the footlights or the Albert Hall. When we have composers who from childhood have been soaked in plain-song and folk-song, one may expect a brilliant renaissance of English Church music.'

#### In Arabia.

'It is a commonplace among students of Paul to represent his object in going to "Arabia" immediately after his conversion as seeking "a period of quiet for reflection." "In the months of solitude in Arabia, his soul alone with God, he meditated on the revelation made to him, and his distinctive Gospel took its shape." "He went into retirement for the purpose of grasping in thought the details and the bearings of the revelation he had been put in possession of, and when he returned to mankind he was in possession of that view of Christianity which was peculiar to himself and formed the burden of his preaching during the subsequent years."

'The conception underlying this, the traditional interpretation of Paul's history, is that what is fundamental in his gospel and preaching was a rounded body of doctrine regarding Christ and His relations to men. His apostleship was the result of his thought, and necessitated by it.

'We are, however, convinced that this reading of Paul's Christian life is not only mistaken, but is mainly responsible for much of that mistrust of Paul which is characteristic of not a few among modern Christians. Many serious students can only see in him the destroyer or the perverter of the simplicity of the gospel of Jesus. Such, however, have always interpreted the Apostle's life by his thought, and not his thought by his life. But it is a mistake to consider Paul as primarily a theologian and secondarily a prophet of religion. The true view is that Paul is primarily and wholly a prophet of religion; and that his theological thought is incidental to the prophetic work he had in hand.'

That quotation is from *The Master Builder*, a study of the Life of the Apostle Paul, by James Mathers, B.D., O.B.E., of Bangalore, India (S.C.M.; crown 8vo, pp. 160; 4s. 6d. net). It is enough to show the independence of the author and the right he has to be independent. (But why was he not prevented from building on another man's foundation? His title is the title of Dr. Walter Lock's well-known book.)

#### The Mystical Artist.

Miss Evelyn Underhill has often tried to make the average educated Englishman understand what mysticism is, and she never tried more earnestly than in the book which she has most recently written and which Messrs. Dent have published with the title of *The Essentials of Mysticism, and Other Essays* (crown 8vo, pp. 245; 8s. 6d. net). Has she succeeded?

If she could prove that the authors of the books of the Bible, Old Testament or New, are Mystics, she would win her case at once. She deals with the New Testament in an essay on 'Mysticism and the Doctrine of Atonement.' She does not prove it there. In that article there is nothing to prevent Dr. Denney, if he were yet with us, still saying that 'much of what appears [in St. Paul] to favour the idea of a mystical as going beyond a moral union is the language of passion, which has a poetic and emotional truth—a kind of truth which is necessary to religion—but which loses its truth the moment it is turned into prose. It is just like the language of passion in which the sacramental bread and wine are called the body and blood of Christ. No other language would satisfy Christian feeling. Yet they are *not* the

body and blood of Christ, and a great deal that is written about the mystical union seems to me as unreal as transubstantiation.'

Miss Underhill deals with the Old Testament more incidentally, and chiefly in the essay on 'The Mystic as a Creative Artist.' Here also it is a matter of language. Let us listen and then consider:

'What is the general method by which any man communicates the result of his personal contacts with the universe to other minds? Roughly speaking, he has two ways of doing this, by description and by suggestion; and his best successes are those in which these two methods are combined. His descriptions are addressed to the intellect, his suggestions are appeals to the imagination, of those with whom he is trying to communicate. The necessities which control these two ways of telling the news—oblique suggestion and symbolic image—practically govern the whole of mystical literature. The span of this literature is wide. It goes from the utterly formless, yet infinitely suggestive, language of certain great contemplatives, to the crisply formal pictorial descriptions of those whose own revelations of Reality crystallize into visions, voices, or other psycho-sensorial experiences. At one end of the scale is the vivid, prismatic imagery of the Christian apocalypse, at the other the fluid, ecstatic poetry of some of the Sufi saints.

In his suggestive and allusive language the mystical artist often approaches the methods of music. When he does this, his statements do not give information. They operate a kind of enchantment which dilates the consciousness of the hearer to a point at which it is able to apprehend new aspects of the world. In his descriptive passages, on the other hand, he generally proceeds, as do nearly all our descriptive efforts, by way of comparison. Yet often these comparisons, like those employed by the great poet, are more valuable for their strange suggestive quality than for any exact parallels which they set up between the mystic's universe and our own. Thus, when Clement of Alexandria compares the Logos to a 'New Song,' when Suso calls the Eternal Wisdom a 'sweet and beautiful wild flower,' when Dionysius the Areopagite speaks of the Divine Dark which is the Inaccessible Light, or Ruysbroeck of 'the un-walled world,' we recognize a sudden flash of the creative imagination; evoking for us a truth far

greater, deeper and more fruitful than the merely external parallel which it suggests. So too with many common metaphors of the mystics: the Fire of Love, the Game of Love, the Desert of God, the Marriage of the Soul. Such phrases succeed because of their interior and imaginative appeal. We have numerous examples of this kind of artistic language—the highly charged imaginative phrase—in the Bible; especially in the prophetic books, and the Apocalypse.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.

I will give thee treasures of darkness and hidden riches of secret places.

The Lord shall be a diadem of beauty.

He showed me a pure river of the water of life.

I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters.

I saw a new heaven and a new earth.'

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#### NEW POETRY.

Walter de la Mare.

Mr. de la Mare is one of our greatest poets, and he never falls below his greatness. It is true that he reaches a height in the lyric which he attains in no other kind, but he is never less than great.

Into two volumes, beautifully printed and bound, a treasure for the lover of books, Mr. de la Mare has gathered all the poetry he desires to preserve, written since the opening of the century. *Poems 1901 to 1918* is the title (Constable; 27s. 6d. net). The first volume contains 'Poems: 1906,' 'The Listeners: 1912,' and 'Motley: 1918.' The second volume is distinct; its contents are 'Songs of Childhood: 1901,' and 'Peacock Pie.'

How can a choice be made? This is one of the Listeners:

#### SILENCE.

With changeful sound life beats upon the ear;

Yet, striving for release,

The most seductive string's

Sweet jargonings,

The happiest throat's

Most easeful, lovely notes

Fall back into the veiling silentness.

Even amid the rumour of a moving host,  
 Blackening the clear green earth,  
 Vainly 'gainst that thin wall  
 The trumpets call,  
 Or with loud hum  
 The smoke-bemuffled drum :  
 From that high quietness no reply comes forth.

When, all at peace, two friends at ease alone  
 Talk out their hearts—yet still  
 Between the grace-notes of  
 The voice of love  
 From each to each  
 'Trembles a rarer speech,  
 And with its presence every pause doth fill.

Unmoved it broods, this all-encompassing hush  
 Of one who stooping near,  
 No smallest stir will make  
 Our fear to wake ;  
 But yet intent  
 Upon some mystery bent  
 Harkens the lightest word we say, or hear.

And this from volume ii. is out of 'Peacock Pie' :

NOBODY KNOWS.

Often I've heard the Wind sigh  
 By the ivied orchard wall,  
 Over the leaves in the dark night,  
 Breathe a sighing call,  
 And faint away in the silence,  
 While I, in my bed,  
 Wondered, 'twixt dreaming and waking,  
 What it said.

Nobody knows what the wind is,  
 Under the height of the sky,  
 Where the hosts of the stars keep far away  
 house  
 And its wave sweeps by—  
 Just a great wave of the air,  
 Tossing the leaves in its sea,  
 And foaming under the eaves of the roof  
 That covers me.

And so we live under deep water,  
 All of us, beasts and men,  
 And our bodies are buried down under the  
 sand,  
 When we go again ;

And leave, like the fishes, our shells,  
 And float on the Wind and away,  
 To where, o'er the marvellous tides of the air,  
 Burns day.

Basil Blackwell.

Annual volumes of poetry written by Oxford men and women have been appearing for some time. Three years' work is now published in one volume: *Oxford Poetry, 1917-1919* (7s. 6d. net). The publisher is Mr. Basil Blackwell. Now Mr. Blackwell is not publishing these volumes merely as a commercial undertaking. He is himself keenly interested in Oxford poetry. He is himself one of the Oxford poets. It is fitting therefore that we should quote the one and only poem of his own which he has allowed entrance into this volume. It is printed in stanzas of two lines each, thus :

With naked turf-plots three by six in symmetric  
 precision spread  
 You see, between its walls of red, the graveyard  
 of the lunatics.

But these lines are too long for our page. He will allow us to make four lines of the stanza :

AT THE PAUPER ASYLUM.

With naked turf-plots three by six  
 In symmetric precision spread  
 You see, between its walls of red,  
 The graveyard of the lunatics.

No cenotaph or obelisk  
 Holds memory in graven speech ;  
 Sole epitaph accorded each  
 A number on a painted disk.

In nameless uniformity,  
 With few to know and none to weep,  
 While space allows, their freehold keep  
 The men that God has made awry.

And these within their straitened fold,  
 Who nothing owned, were owned of none,  
 Possess of all beneath the Sun  
 What God and man could not withhold.

So close they lie, a skeleton  
 Might give his rotting friend a nudge  
 And say, 'If you or I were judge,  
 We should not moulder here alone.



Lest we might harm our fellow-men,  
 They prisoned us, and now exhaust,  
 To speed a cosmic holocaust,  
 The blood and gold they grudged us then.

The world had seen less misery  
 With us for prince and presbyter,  
 Who sometimes knew the fools we were,  
 And in our folly could not lie.

But happier we who lived in scorn,  
 And dying, passed from human thought  
 Than they whose sophistry has bought  
 The curses of a race unborn.'

Charles Whitby.

Take this sonnet from Dr. Whitby's new volume,  
*The Rising Tide* (Elkin Mathews; 5s. net):

#### LIFE AND WORK.

O, not for time but for eternity  
 Live thou who wouldst of life's true savour  
 taste;  
 Spill not the goblet nor consume in haste  
 What God Himself cannot restore to thee!  
 The wings of chance, the wheels of destiny  
 Await thy bidding; fools are they who waste  
 In wanderings that may not be retraced  
 The hours that spell defeat or victory.

Build thou with strenuous patience on the  
 heights  
 A fabric fair, substantial and sublime;  
 A home for kindred arduous and delights,  
 A refuge for the weak, and for the strong  
 A fortress which the myrmidons of Time  
 Shall fret with vain assaults through ages  
 long.

How is it, now, that a man who can write with  
 a fine idealism like that can also write, and place  
 first in his book, such utter and shameless realism  
 as the 'Song of the Rising Tide'? The one is  
 poetry, the other is not.

Eden and Cedar Paul.

A pleasant and easy introduction to *The Appreciation of Poetry* has been written by Eden and Cedar Paul (Daniel; 2s. 6d. net). It does not

profess to carry us far, but it carries us all the way  
 of its profession. For it shows us how to enjoy a  
 poem and even how to know it when we see it.  
 The quotations are numerous. This is one:

#### THE SONS OF MARY AND THE SONS OF MARTHA.

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have  
 inherited that good part;  
 But the Sons of Martha favour their mother, of  
 the careful soul and troubled heart.  
 And because she lost her temper once, and  
 because she was rude to the Lord her  
 guest,  
 Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world  
 without end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages, to take the  
 buffet and cushion the shock;  
 It is their care that the gear engages; it is their  
 care that the switches lock.  
 It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is  
 their care to embark and entrain,  
 Tally, transport, and deliver duly, the Sons of  
 Mary by land and main.

Lift ye the stone or cleave the wood, to make  
 a path more fair or flat,  
 Lo! It is black already with blood some Son  
 of Martha spilled for that.  
 Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as  
 an altar to any creed;  
 But simple service, simply given, for his own  
 kind in its common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—  
 for they know that the Angels are on their  
 side.

They know that in them is the Grace confessed,  
 and for them are the Mercies multiplied.  
 They sit at the Feet and they hear the Word—  
 they know how truly the promise runs;  
 They have laid their burden upon the Lord,  
 and—the Lord, He lays it on Martha's  
 Sons.

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