

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

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

ing portrait of Canon Barnett as frontispiece and by a fine reproduction of G. F. Watts' 'Love and Death,' of which Mrs. Barnett gives a description 'not only,' as she says, 'because it was of all modern pictures the one which most appealed to my husband, but because in these days, when death is so triumphant and love so impotent and tortured, it may comfort some sad hearts to read the artist's message.'

V. A. BOVLE.

Portslade Rectory.

Three Notes.

OWING to considerable delays and irregularities occurring at the present time in the postal service, the May number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES has only now come into my hands. I venture to send you a few remarks concerning it.

1. Page 343, first column.—Dr. Wotherspoon quotes 1 K 22²¹ according to the A.V.: 'And

there came forth a spirit, and said . . .' The R.V. has in the margin: Heb. 'the spirit.' This is not without analogy with the texts adduced in the same number, p. 378, in Mr. Burn's article.

2. Page 346, first column.—Dr. Mackie, speaking of 'proverbial sayings,' mentions that 'their name in Arabic is *Amthâl*, "similitudes."' One might observe that the Arabic word is, etymologically as well as *quoad sensum*, the exact equivalent of the Hebrew *מִשְׁלֵי*, plur. *מִשְׁלֵיִם*, the usual word in the O.T. for 'proverbial sayings.'

3. Page 378, second column.—Mr. Burn writes: 'Finally, he [Mr. Isaacson] refers to some passage erroneously alluded to as 1 K 2⁷⁷, which I have tried in vain to trace.' This passage is 1 S 2²⁷, the Books of Samuel being called in LXX First and Second Books of Kings, and the number of the verse having been misprinted or wrongly written ⁷⁷ instead of ²⁷.

LUCIEN GAUTIER.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

Charles Vincent.

Mr. Vincent has given his book the title of *Coronel, and other War Poems* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net); for it is entirely made up of poems about the war, and the chief poem in it commemorates the Battle of Coronel. Among the rest, there is a series of sonnets, one addressed to each of the nations at war. We shall quote the last of all the poems in the book:

ENVOI.

In times of blood, and writ in blood,
I give Thee to the world:
Glory to God, our feet have trod
The grapes of pain, that pearled

Our paschal cup, before we passed
To walk the vale, where we,
Since kith and friend on Death attend,
Taste of Gethsemane.

Grief scourges like a windy rain;
Cold gusts from Death pursue,
While men we love, for God above,
In fire their souls renew.

O Lord of Hosts, consume the pride
Of those who drag Thy Name,

With impious ire, through dust and mire;
Lord, winnow them with flame!

Yet winnow too our sin of sloth
Like chaff before the wind;
Our luxury purge utterly;
Give eyes unto the blind.

Give faith, give courage, Master, give
A truer, nobler soul;
Let not our flood of precious blood
Through barren sand wastes roll.

Shall it be said, our faithful dead,
Our best, our hope, our pride,
Our martyred slain, O Lord, in vain
For Thee, for us have died?

Grant to their souls Thy fellowship;
Our enemies forgive,
And unto us, the living dead,
Bring life, that we may live!

Beat down our night with heavenly light;
The prisoned mind release;
And, out of war and battle roar,
Give, Lord and Healer, peace.

Robert Nichols.

The volume called *Ardours and Endurances*, by Mr. Robert Nichols (Chatto & Windus; 3s. 6d. net), is divided into three parts. The second part contains a single dramatic poem entitled 'A Faun's Holiday.' The third part is made up of 'Poems and Phantasies.' It is the first part that we have found most captivating. It takes us captive, body and soul, by its realistic description of the soldier's experience, from the first summons to the final deliverance. More vivid has no description been of all that we have read, none more heart-rendingly real. The whole series must be read for the impression. This sonnet is near the end:

OUR DEAD.

They have not gone from us. O no! they are
The inmost essence of each thing that is
Perfect for us; they flame in every star;
The trees are emerald with their presences.
They are not gone from us; they do not roam
The flow and turmoil of the lower deep,
But have now made the whole wide world their
home,
And in its loveliness themselves they steep.

They fail not ever; theirs is the diurn
Splendour of sunny hill and forest grave;
In every rainbow's glittering drop they burn;
They dazzle in the massed clouds' architrave;
They chant on every wind, and they return
In the long roll of any deep blue wave.

T. McWilliam.

The Rev. T. McWilliam, M.A., is minister of Foveran in Aberdeenshire, and some of his verses in *The Passing Days* (Aberdeen: Smith; 2s. 6d. net) are distinctly Aberdeenshire in spirit and in language. There is in particular a very pleasing Pastoral in four parts on the Foveran Burn, the best of the book. But the war-poems are also worthy. We shall quote the last two verses of the poem entitled 'Youth's Supreme Sacrifice':

To yearning hearts that pray in the night
For solace to ease them of their pain
For those who will ne'er return again,
There shines in the darkness a radiant light—
A Vision of service at God's right hand
For the noble, chivalrous, youthful band
Who gave up their all for God and the Right.

God will repay what we owe to Youth,
Youth that sprang at an Empire's Call,
Youth ready to give their all
For King and Country, Freedom and Truth,
For love of home and a scatheless hearth,
For all that ennobles this transient earth
Imperilled, o'ershadowed by 'woeful ruth.'

Oswald H. Hardy.

'There are things of the spirit which cannot be stifled even by the War. The love of nature, with all its sublimities of meaning and its infinite depths of utterance, the reverence for the past with its vast legacies of thought and illumination, the inspirations of art and travel, felt in the ancient world's calmer spaces and under the sway of her older gods, the pathos of episodes and associations that have dwelt in the mind, remain in thoughtful men and women in spite of even such a convulsion as the present—and perhaps we turn to them with even more gratitude than before, as to a haven where the anxious spirit may at all events find some aspect of peace, some restful pause of reminiscence and reverie.'

That is the chief 'excuse' Mr. Hardy gives for the publication of his poems of travel which he entitles *In Greek Seas* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). We hope that other things will also remain when the war is over, but these things are good. And in this book Mr. Hardy shows how he appreciates them. He is a traveller who has eyes to see. And where he cannot travel he has imagination to conceive. One of the poems is

THE CUCKOO'S CALL

What hast thou seen since last we heard thy call
Echo through English woodlands in the Spring?
What other climes have moved thy heart to sing?
We have no lures to hold thee through the year,
And long e'er our last sylvan remnants fall
Far, far away, beyond our cloudy sphere
Dost thou call other lands to their awakening?
What hast thou seen?

Where hast thou been? For us thou seemest
ever
A messenger to rouse the heart to greet
The heavens above, the flowers around our feet,
And all the whisperings of a world renewed,
A "sursum corda" for our best endeavour.
Thou singest us a new beatitude.
O! yet again thy seraph call repeat.
Where hast thou been?

Hast thou in tropic zones piped thy refrain
 Where tapering palms sway softly to the breeze,
 And turbaned men, reclining at their ease,
 Scarce note thee 'mid the fuller-throated choir,
 Their hearts untouched with that mysterious pain
 The changing seasons in our hearts inspire?
 O! say thou lov'st our homeland more than these
 And all between.

Helen K. Meldrum.

To Miss Meldrum as to Mr. Wells, God was unknown until the war came. She had heard of faith, but had it not.

But Faith, alas! is a chameleon thing,
 And wears as many colours as the spring.

Then Mr. Wells said, 'Our sons have shewn us God.' She took the words as motto of her poem on *The Unknown God* (Erskine Macdonald; 6d. net) and wrote:

And now, *now* when the world is chaos,
 And the Death-Fiend is let loose;
 With the flower of manhood lying,
 Shattered—or dead, or dying,
 While at home the saints are crying,
 'Where is our God?' Ah! where?

There, on the Field of Battle,
 Daring the might of Hell,
 Dying, with Soul triumphant,
 'Our sons have shewn us—GOD.'

Robert Nicolas Tinkler.

That scene on Mount Gilboa, where Jonathan 'put forth the end of the rod that was in his hand, and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put his hand to his mouth: and his eyes were enlightened,' has touched many a man's imagination. To Mr. Tinkler it has been the occasion of one of the finest poems on a Biblical subject in our language.

Surely those bees, in search of better gold,
 Unchallenged passed the bright-eyed cherubim
 And hummed in Eden bowers their joyous hymn
 About the tree of knowledge, making bold
 Among the apple-blossoms till each limb
 Earth's wealthiest hoard surpassed a hundredfold.

I tasted of their treasure and I saw;
 Alone forgotten in the fast begun,
 Heart's ease I had and honey-sight in one,

When lo! a red pursuer, finding flaw,
 A casual voice confronting sire and son,
 Proclaimed the king's decree, and me outlaw.

Those are two of the thirty-five stanzas.

Of the shorter poems this sonnet may serve for example:

THE SOUL'S RECESS.

Alone for all her fellows fades the rose,
 Alone the nightingale, her laureate, weeps,
 Alone the lion on the panther leaps,
 The bee finds honey, and the fish its foes.
 What knowledge has Cordelia of the woes
 That trouble mad King Lear's tremendous
 deeps?

Nay, single by his wife Ulysses sleeps;
 Not Jonathan the heart of David knows.
 What matters language, eloquence of look?

Behind their walls, insoluble though sought,
 Behind the brodered arras of a book,
 Watches the soul alone, oft passion-fraught,
 Aye chambered in a dark and secret nook,
 Thinking its incommunicable thought.

The volume is one of Messrs. Erskine Macdonald's 'Little Books of Georgian Verse.' The title is *Honey-Sight* (1s. net).

P. H. Pearse.

How are we to do anything for Ireland unless we enter into the mind of the Irish? If we read the *Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse* (Maunsel; 7s. 6d. net) we shall be able to enter into the Irish mind, and that more truly than by long living in Ireland. For the Irish will not open their mind to strangers yet, not by long living and generous giving and even sacrifice. But they reveal it in their literature. That is one of the incomprehensible things to an Englishman in the nature of the Irish. In intercourse they reveal nothing, in literature everything. And when it comes from so Irish an Irishman as Padraic Pearse, from so simple and yet so searching a literary art as his, the revelation is as indelible as it is undeniable.

The volume contains Plays, Stories, and Poems. They are all alike in their Irish spirit and their literary accomplishment. But the poems are the least for impressiveness. Nevertheless it is one of the poems that we shall quote, for the plays and the stories are too long for us.

THE MOTHER.

I do not grudge them : Lord, I do not grudge
 My two strong sons that I have seen go out
 To break their strength and die, they and a few,
 In bloody protest for a glorious thing;
 They shall be spoken of among their people,
 The generations shall remember them,
 And call them blessed ;
 But I will speak their names to my own heart
 In the long nights ;
 The little names that were familiar once
 Round my dead hearth.
 Lord, thou art hard on mothers :
 We suffer in their coming and their going ;
 And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary
 Of the long sorrow—And yet I have my joy :
 My sons were faithful, and they fought.

Charles Williams.

Poems of Conformity is the title which Mr. Charles Williams has given to his new volume (Milford ; 3s. 6d. net). One of the poems is called 'Conformity.' Here are the first two verses :

Maid's love that kinship holds in it
 To all loves known of mortal wit,
 Beneath the ageing stars,
 Being a mother and a chief,
 An indefectible belief,
 Blinded by joyous wars,

Hath, sealed in ease of comeliness,
 Friendship, than all things else no less.

Thou know'st, ah *belle amie*,
 How dear beyond all amorous grace
 The ceremonial embrace
 Pledging that amity.

But the virtue and value of the poems will be best seen if we quote one of those that are more manifestly religious. We do not say that Mr. Williams is then at his best, but he is there just as poetical as at any time and most easily understood. Take the poem on

ASCENSION.

The tides of Christendom begin,
 The years of faith and hope,
 A cloud of days receives him in
 As our Lord Love goes up,
 Still from disseminating hands
 Bestowing blessing on our lands.

We shall not find him here again,
 Who felt his first surprise ;
 No loneliness or thrill of pain
 Shall draw him from his skies ;
 Nor shall a second Wonder smite
 Our eyelids with so much of light.

A cloud of days receives him in,
 God unto God returns ;
 To his profoundest origin
 Love manifested yearns.
 But now he was ! but now, my Fair,
 Flickered his presence in your hair.

O look, look ! ere that presence dies
 The Spirit's flame is here,
 Descending in new mysteries
 Ere Christ can disappear,—
 In whom all living must be shared
 That great Nativity declared.

All things he shall in order due
 Bring to remembrance ; he
 Infallibly shall hold us true
 And indefectibly.
 Incredible is this to prove ?
 Ah, how incredible was Love !

A cloud of days receives him in,
 That Christ of yesterday ;
 The years of faith and hope begin,
 While we must watch and pray.
 Our Church her mission hath received,—
 We know in whom we have believed.

Council and law shall hold us fast
 And ritual shall grow stale,
 Yet sense of this assured past
 Shall mightily prevail,
 For in your face the Holy Ghost
 Kept—how long since !—his Pentecost ;

When, darkly burning in your cheek,
 The rushing blood rose high,
 Yet felt its soul and it too weak
 To bear the same God nigh
 Who, on the Apostles being come,
 Enlarged them into Christendom.