
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

stand the change from the singular to the plural, whereas others take an opposite position and declare that it is easier to conceive a copyist making the opposite change. And, on both sides, people contrive to set up a plausible argumentation.

For those reasons—and others might yet be suggested—it seems hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that this passage, like many others, is not capable of receiving an interpretation clearly superior to the others and commanding general assent.

If I were obliged to conclude these remarks in this merely negative manner and to leave the question in suspense, I should not feel at liberty to submit them to the reader. It happens, however, that I can point out a new fact, proceeding from a traveller's experience, which seems to suggest an explanation of this difficult text.

One of my Swiss countrymen, Dr. George Montandon, made in the years 1909–1911 a journey of exploration in Abyssinia, especially in the western part of that kingdom, little known before his investigations. He has given the results of his travels in a very interesting and highly valuable scientific volume, entitled *Au Pays Ghimirra* (Neufchâtel, 1913). On p. 286 he says:

'The Amharic language is very poor in oaths and invectives . . . but the Abyssinians have at least one abusive expression which might be called classical: *Men abatu?* that is, "Who is thy father?" They say it constantly to the animals and even to inanimate objects. Towards human beings, however, they must be very careful, for that insult, thrown at a man, is liable to a heavy fine. Some years ago, an event took place which had political consequences. The Dejaz Ubieh, governor of the Arussi and son-in-law of the Emperor Menelik, held a high position and enjoyed an influence proportionate to his rank. One evening—an evening of storm and wrath—he forgot himself and used the wicked form of speech towards his own wife. The princess complained to her imperial father . . . and the Dejaz lost his province and his wife.'

It is easy to see how interesting these lines are and what a bearing they have on the passage of the Book of Samuel. Indeed, it cannot be proved that an expression, used in old times by the Hebrews had then the same meaning which the modern Abyssinians give it, twenty-five or thirty centuries later. Nevertheless, let us suppose this to be the case. Then the words spoken by the man of Gibeah, at the time of Saul, would have no other purpose than to show either his displeasure or his sceptical unconcern. Looking at the scene displayed before his eyes and seeing the astonishment of these people, he shrugs his shoulders and dismisses, so to say, on an equal footing, all the performers; his conclusion, translated into modern language, would be something like this: May they all go to . . . Jericho!

LUCIEN GAUTIER.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

Herbert Tremaine.

Mr. Herbert Tremaine can write both prose and poetry. His 'Domestic War Novel,' called *The Feet of the Young Men*, has been rewarded with sincere praise and popularity. His new book of poetry, *The Wide Garden* (Daniel; 3s. net), should become as popular. Mr. Tremaine is an Irishman, and the call of that distressful country is ever in his ears. Yet he hears a louder, sadder call. It is the call of the downtrodden and despairing everywhere. This is the poem. Is it not worth remembering even beside Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Children'?

THE CRY.

The hills are loud with our crying: on
the red moors our blood is flowing.
We hid our homes in the woods, the dim
woods green and wet.
But you followed us there; and down
where the blossoms and grasses are growing,
Deep and eager and watchful, your hungry
death-traps are set,
With their teeth for us and our children
when in frolic or feed we forget.

Your cities are full of our sorrows: through
the clashing streets we are herded,
Huddling on limbs that stagger, and
staring with dazzled eyes;
Fresh from the misty hills or the broad
suave greenswards girded
By streams where the water's laugh made
song with the willows' sighs
And the plane-trees had purple shadows
and the thorn-trees were droning with
flies.

We are slain in your houses of slaughter:
we are tied to your torture tables.
We drag your burdens behind us in the
wind and the snow and the rain.
We are victims bedecked at your games
and prisoners in your stables
—(What to us are your toils and your
pleasures?) We give, and we get not again—
You have shared with us none of your
wisdom, but only the load of its pain.

The deep sea itself has no safety, nor the
wild coast's secretest places
Where the eggs of the sea-gull lie and the
smooth-faced seal has his lair.
Your nets swing in the green waters: the
wild birds flee from your faces:
You have fouled the fields of snow and ice
with struggle and snare.
Lo, the fear of your name has climbed to
the azure heights of the air.

Have you ears to hear, yet the sound of
our crying cannot come to you
As you buy in the mart, or hunt in the
field, or sit at the feast?
Have you hearts to feel, that the sound
of our sorrow cannot pierce through you?
. . . We will cry to the God you
worship with temple and altar and priest.
For like a beast He was bound, and was
tortured and slain like a beast.

G. M. Gibson.

Georgina Mary Gibson is the compiler of *Treasure Trove* (Daniel; 2s. net). And *Treasure Trove* is a selection of prose and poetry illustrating (and grouped under) the stages and experiences of the life of man. There are four parts (called Books)—(1) Childhood, Youth, Education, Love; (2) Work, Wealth; (3) The State, Liberty; (4) Man's Inheritance (Wisdom, Art, Joy, Sorrow, Hope). We quote first from Work:

'This talk of brain-work is a trick parallel to the dividing off of Art from labour. Do you not think that the skipper of the fishing boat or the thatcher of the corn-rick works with his brain as much as a company promoter or a Member of Parliament? . . . Waste of food is waste of a means of life; but waste of labour is the waste of life itself.—W. R. Lethaby, 1916. *Address to Students at U. Coll. Lond.*'

Then we quote from Sorrow (the author of the poem is not known):

When all life's uses had grown dark to me
And hope and joy as far off phantoms pale
Of half remembered youth; and love a tale,
A sweet strange tale inwrought with mystery
Of worlds forgotten or of worlds to be;
Ah! then, through that sick stupor of the soul
The voice and presence of my healing stole
And thou didst bid me enter life with thee.
For us o'er desert wastes the sunset glow
Burned as a beacon, and still gardens were
With beckoning gleams and magic whispers rife;
And when for us that range of radiant snow
Lifted day's dying splendour high in air,
We read the sign and entered into life.

H. and M. A. Northcote.

The Rev. H. Northcote, Anglican Chaplain in Boulogne, and his sister (a Roman Catholic) have together issued a small but valuable volume of poems. Among the rest Mr. Northcote includes the version of Habakkuk which he contributed to The Expository Times. Having seen his hand in that fine rendering, we shall quote now one of the poems of his sister. Let it be 'The Derelicts,' a poem impossible but to a living and triumphant faith in Christ.

The Derelicts.

See how they doze; their red-capped heads bent low
Where gleams the fire-light in the Work-house ward,
Or vacant gaze, or stiffly move, and slow,
To fill a pipe, from some small treasured hoard.

Derelicts all! Whom few would care to claim
They found late shelter from life's storm and stress
In this back-water, hiding here their shame,
As counts the world that cares but for success.

Few read, few write;—nor greatly do they care
To follow world events, these are as dreams,
The strife of nations matters little here;
To lack tobacco more important seems.

Dim sighted, hard of hearing, dull and dense,
Stiff jointed, bent, slow-moving to the grave;
Poor souls in prison! Darkened every sense,
Take heart,—airs stir;—the wings of Azrael wave!

The title is *Edith Cavell's Last Thought, and Other Poems* (Kegan Paul; 2s. 6d. net).

Wilfrid Blair.

The title is *Herbs of Grace* (Blackwell; 1s. net), and the whole of the sweet and fragrant little book is occupied with the praise of the Herbs. There is Lavender, Sweet Marjoram, Sage, Sweet Woodruff, there is Borage and Bergamot, there is Thyme, Vervain, Dill, and St. John's Wort, and there is Rosemary.

SWEET WOODRUFF.

Not for the world that we know
But the lovelier world that we dream of
Dost thou, Sweet Woodruff, grow;
Not of this world is the theme of
The scent diffused
From thy bright leaves bruised;
Not in this world hast thou part or lot,
Save to tell of the dream one, forgot, forgot.

Sweet Woodruff, thine is the scent
Of a world that is wise and lowly,
Singing with sane content,
Simple and clean and holy,
Merry and kind
As an April wind,
Happier far for the dawn's good gold
Than the chinking chaffer-stuff hard and cold.

Thine is the odour of praise
In the little, loved country churches;
Thine are the ancient ways
Which the new Gold Age besmirches;
Cordials, wine,
And posies are thine,
The adze-cut beams with thy bunches fraught,
And the kist-laid linen by maidens wrought.

Clean bodies, kind hearts, sweet souls,—
Delight and delighted endeavour,—
A spirit that chants and trolls,—
A world that doth ne'er dissever
The body's hire
And the heart's desire:
Ah, bright leaves bruised and brown leaves dry!—
Odours that bid this world go by!

Francis St. Vincent Morris.

In the frank and manly appreciation of a fellow-student we learn to love this generous-hearted lad, given to good works and godliness with all simplicity. He joined up, of course, at once, and not finding the opportunity of active service, entered the flying corps. The end came soon, and his beautiful face was made yet more beautiful by death. No supreme place is claimed for his poetry. But there is more than promise. This is the last of the verses he wrote:

Through vast
Realms of air
we passed
On wings all-whitely fair.

Sublime
On speeding wing
we climb
Like an unfettered Thing.

Away
Height upon height;
and play
In God's great Lawns of Light.

And He
Guides us safe home
to see
The Fields He bade us roam.

The book is called simply *The Poems of Francis St. Vincent Morris* (Blackwell; 3s. net).

Daphne De Waal.

In a handsome volume, printed on paper of the finest texture, these poems come to us from South Africa, among the first-fruits of a great harvest yet to be. Their author has been sent by the war to this relief for her spirit. But the gift had already been exercised and in some measure recognized in her own country. *Soldiers Immortal, and Other Poems* is the title (Blackwell; 3s. net).

SOLDIERS IMMORTAL.

These are not dead, though they have seen
Death's eyes,
And seen them unafraid. These are not dead
Although they wear no more the earthly guise,
Although they walk no more beneath the skies,
And their last words are said.

Their lives would be imperilled if they went,
Their honour was imperilled if they stayed;
For every hour in idle pleasure spent
Was one more weapon to the foeman lent,
One onward march delayed!

They took their lives then in both hands, and gave
Gladly, without regretting, without dread;
They faced war, agony—even the grave—
With quiet, making no attempt to save
The young years as they sped.

They, young and brave, made sacrifice to Fame,
And followed calmly where their leaders led.
Those who stay now have lost all sense of shame
If they can hear unmoved the honoured name
That these abroad have spread.

They are not dead. Their memories will tell
Throughout all time, wherever men shall tread,
That they attain to heaven who conquer hell,
That they live on for ever who die well!
These died, yet are not dead.

Vera and Margaret Larminie.

It is not always easy to find a quotable poem: in *Out of the East* by Vera and Margaret Rivers Larminie (Blackwell; 2s. net) every poem is quotable. There is a distinct, even a very remarkable, difference in the tone of the two writers—a difference which recalls Charlotte and Emily Brontë—Vera being the Emily. Both are poets, that at least is certain. Let us take two poems, one from each, not saying which is which.

JOY PASSES.

Joy passes:
The elbowings of chance,
The corners of the world,
Brush off the bloom, and sadly are unfurled
All the dear petals of our ignorance;
And pain is born.

Pain passes,
And turns at last to peace.
Time lays a gentle hand
Upon the scars and lets us understand
The meaning of our wounds, and gives us ease;
And wisdom comes.

EARTH HATH NO CHAINS.

Earth hath no chains to bind
The soul inviolate.
The body man shall hold or loose at will,
And fetters even lay upon the mind;
Without the narrow sphere of human fate
The spacious soul abides unshackled still,
Immune from all that life can work of ill,
She dwells in boundless freedom, unconfined,
Nor waits on death her strength to liberate.
Earth hath no chains to bind
The soul inviolate.

Nicholas H. Todd.

Mr. Todd was Master of the Preparatory School, Sedbergh, from 1906 to 1916. In April 1916 he joined the Queen's Westminsters (though he was then thirty-eight years of age), and was killed in France on the 7th of October that year. 'Here and there in the world is found a man who seems to bear a mysterious passport to the intimacy of children. For him the barrier of age does not exist: consciously or unconsciously he is accepted as one of themselves. It is as though in his own passage through the house of childhood he had hit on some hidden door that opened upon a garden of rare delight: and whilst his companions had passed ere noonday far beyond the walls of that fair place, evening had found him still wandering there, content to ask no other home for all his days, if only the happiness be his of welcoming to the wonders of that garden some few fortunates at least of that daily succession of children.'

That was Mr. Todd's gift. As a specimen of his poetry we take a simple short piece called 'In the Transept.' The title of the volume is *Poems and Plays of Nicholas H. Todd* (Sedbergh: Jackson & Son; 5s. net).

Two little bonnets of blue,
Three little faces bright,
Lit by the sunshine glinting through
On two little jackets of white.
One little sailor boy,
Six little sparkling eyes,
Three little hearts as full of joy
As the wandering butterflies.

Still is their childhood set
In a wonderful Paradise,
One little maiden, Margaret,
One little pearl of price.
Still they tread, as we trod,
The paths no grown-ups see,
One little gift of God,
One little Dorothy.

O two little bonnets of blue,
Laugh while the world is young!
Pick God's flowers as you wander through
The vale where God's songs are sung.
There's a Gate you must pass out yet,
There's a land by a Winter sea:
May the angels guard you, Margaret,
Dewhurst, and Dorothy.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

The Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy writes as 'Woodbine Willie.' Half the poems in *Rough Rhymes of a Padre* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. 3d. net) are in dialect—a cockney dialect—half in good literary English. The theme which has taken possession of him is the sorrow and suffering of God. No man suffers from this war, no woman even, as God suffers. For the love of God is boundless. Take

ETERNAL HOPE.

Can the Father in His Justice burn in
Everlasting flame
Souls that sunk in foulest squalor never
knew the Father's Name?

Can the Love of man be greater than Eternal
Love divine?
Can the heart of God be harder than this
hardened heart of mine?

Can the pangs of Hell be endless, void of
object, void of gain,
Save to pay for years of sorrow with Eter-
nity of Pain?

Cursèd be the foul contortion, that hath
turned His love to Hate,
That hath cried at death's dim portal,
'Enter here, and 'tis too late.'

Cruel pride and vain presumption claim to
grasp where angels grope,
'Tis not God but mean man blindness
dims the deathless star of Hope.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

The title is *Whin* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). And as whimsical as the title are the poems in Mr. Gibson's new little volume. It looks as if he felt he had been too serious, didactic almost, in his last glorious book, and now he will make amends by whimsical little rhymes like these. And yet—we must look again. Is this not life? Take two:

THE LONELY TREE.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Men talk of forests broad and deep,
Where summer-long the shadows sleep.

Though I love forests deep and wide,
The lone tree on the bare hill-side,

The brave, wind-beaten, lonely tree,
Is rooted in the heart of me.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

LAMENT.

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings—
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.