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that you project your mind into the future, and, *looking back to the present as the past*, consider what the present possibility or obligation will then appear to have been. The same mental process is displayed in that use of the aorist which is too narrowly named 'Epistolary.' And as applied to moral obligation the idiom is not only logical but psychologically accurate. Is not conscientious decision reached through anticipation, instinctive or deliberate, of the retrospective judgment of conscience upon the choice which has now to be made?

ROBERT LAW.

Knox College, Toronto.

Entre Nous.

WE are always glad to welcome a new magazine. It means a venture of faith. Even when there is money behind it there is faith and hope. And although in very many cases magazine life is short, it is always good to encounter hope and courage. Then it sometimes comes to pass that the magazine lives and is a power for God and truth.

But we have never welcomed a magazine more gladly than we welcome *Voices*. Its shape, the colour of its cover, its softy creamy paper—all that is outward is attractive and original. And its contents are not once a disappointment. They are of two kinds, though these two kinds are one—prose and poetry, illustrating the mind of our time in its attitude to art and life.

Now this is a venture indeed. For there is nothing in *Voices* that is less than the best in literary form and inspiration. And the tone is true. It would be a pleasure to be able to quote, say, Mr. Thomas Moult's sketch 'Of a Lover's Lane Grown Up,' with the lyric ending it—Mr. Moult, by the way, is the editor. But it is not possible. One song must suffice, though it is not in any way picked out for excellence, this by Flight-Lieut. F. V. Branford on

DECEMBER 1918.

Through this pontiff hill I hear
Christ comforting, with ghostly cheer
The last hour of the dying year.

Poor broken-hearted year who fain
From her tomb would turn again
For pardon, that she brought us pain!

Night has strown my heart until
I see the silence of this hill
Is God's sad spirit standing still.
Standing still because he fain
Would let the poor year turn again
For pardon, that she brought us pain!

Voices is published at Henderson's, 66 Charing Cross Road, London, at 3s. 3d. for the quarter. Its monthly issue began in January.

In the 176 pages of the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*, Professor Jacks has managed to find space for twenty-seven distinct articles, including reviews, each signed by one or more authors. It is the day of the short story; it is also the day of the short magazine article. And there is not one of the twenty-seven that has not some element of interest in it, though the interest is somewhat thin in Sir Oliver Lodge's article on 'Ether, Matter, and the Soul,' and in the article on 'The Dismal Preacher' by the Rev. R. H. U. Bloor. Mr. Bloor suffers from following Professor Moffatt, whose article on 'Twisted Sayings' is truly delightful, and worth the money you pay for the journal.

SOME TOPICS.

Three is Company, Two None.

Mr. Stewart McDowall, in his book on *Evolution and the Doctrine of the Trinity*, shows that only in trinity can God be ethically one. It is not enough that the Father should have the Son to love, He cannot love the Son fully but in the Spirit. It is the three Persons that make love perfect. 'The Logos,' he says, 'is Begotten of God, and so is His Son; eternally His Other. The Logos is the expression of God's recognition of Otherness in Himself, without which Activity and Love would

be impossible; He is the reality of God's self-division into I and Thou. And without this reality of self-differentiation, God could not be self-conscious.

'Yet in I and Thou, taken alone, unity is lost. Of necessity the Godhead is divided into I and Thou, Father and Son. If this were all, God would suffer compulsion, not merely from the impossibility of contradicting His own nature, as I and Thou only, and no more—and this would involve the impossibility of creation—but also by the necessary distinction of Thought and Being. The unity is restored in the Holy Spirit, proceeding equally from Father and Son. Being and Thought are made One again in the Essential Freedom of the Spirit. The Holy Spirit is thus the expression of God's recognition of the *Principle of Freedom* in Himself, making the activities of the Godhead glorious in Love.'

'I suppose it will always be more difficult to grasp even the fringe of the truth which is expressed in the personification of the Holy Spirit than it is to do so in the case of the Father and the Son. "I" and "Thou" are personal words. "He" implies a relationship more external, which cannot be applicable to the divine Trinity; and we have no word that implies the perfect relationship of a third person to other two. This is necessarily so, because our personalities are still in a large measure isolated; we have gone so little way towards perfect union in plurality. Mutuality we are beginning to understand, but we confine it to two persons. Moreover, the simple relation of mutuality between two persons seems to us so almost perfect, that a third would spoil it. The familiar proverb that "two is company, three none," goes far deeper than is generally recognised.'

The God we pray to.

'When our thoughts are turned towards anything that we hope for in space and time, we shall most naturally address ourselves to the Universal Soul, which upholds the course of this world and directs it, and seems to be itself engaged in the great conflict between good and evil. When we are praying for spiritual progress and a clearer knowledge of God, or when we are longing for the bliss of heaven and the rest that remaineth for the people of God, it is to the Great Spirit, the King, as Plotinus calls Him, that we shall turn. Lastly, if ever we are rapt into ecstasy, and pass a few minutes in the mystical trance, we shall hope that we are holding communion with the One—the Godhead who "dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto."'[1]

Christians never pray.

'So minutely were their movements scrutinized that they could not even secure privacy for prayer. "Are you a Christian?" asked a Sheikh one day. "Yes; why do you ask?" said Watson. "Well, I saw you saying your prayers, and I thought Christians never prayed."'[2]

The Christian.

In Dr. Smellie's new book, *The Well by the Way*, there are some examples of that kind of originality which enters into the common stock of thought. There is also an originality, even in sermons, which remains apart, fanciful and fruitless. But of this we say at once, Yes, *that* is true, and I ought to have seen it myself. Take his discovery of the word 'Christian.'

The word 'Christian,' says Dr. Smellie, occurs only three times in the New Testament, and he finds a significance in each occurrence.

(1) '"The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch" (*Acts xi. 26*). *There is the wealth of a Christian.*

'Men and women to whom "The Christ" was watchword and talisman, food and comfort and strength, sunshine and dew: this was what the heathen townsfolk of Antioch discovered in these saints of the first century. They coined for them the sobriquet of "the Christians," because, so patently, so obviously, the feeble folk could not dispense with their Christus. He was the Crest on their flag, the Beacon flashing from their hilltop, the Polestar in their sky. Well, it was a clever nickname; and probably the citizens laughed as they fastened it on the eccentric Nazarenes. They took credit for hitting them off neatly and sententiously, with piquancy and point. But, more than once, a nickname has been a tribute, a panegyric, and a diadem of honour; and here is an instance when it was signally so. Cicero crowns Antioch with the superlative *nobilissima*;

[1] W. R. Inge, *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, ii. 203.

[2] Stanley Lane-Poole, *Watson Pasha*, p. 52.

and, in simple fact, the city rose to its noblest, when it garlanded Christ's bondmen with its jest. For the jest was a real dignity, a splendid truth, a wreath which God Himself wove for the brows of those whom He dearly loved.'

(2) '"With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian" (*Acts xxvi. 28*). *There is the hunger of a Christian.*

'In himself, he is at rest and at home. His heart is full to overflowing. He sits at a royal banquet. But, into the home and the heart and the banqueting-hall, the thought pursues him of the poverty and famine of men unacquainted with his feast of fat things. He understands Samuel Rutherford's intensity of longing, when they banished him from Anwoth. "O, if I might but speak to three or four herdboys of my worthy Master, I would be satisfied to live in any of Christ's basest outhouses." He is of one mind with Richard Baxter, when the Act of Uniformity threw him and many who were of kindred spirit with him out of their parishes. "Could we but go among Turks and heathens, and speak their language, I should be but little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers at once in England." Or he is like Paul before Agrippa. The king tries to ward off the apostle's earnestness with a flippant word. "Do you suppose that in so short a time, and with arguments so flimsy, you will coax me into becoming *a Christian*, the votary of a sect which is everywhere spoken against, the adherent and advocate of a puerile heresy?" The impassioned preacher has frightened Agrippa, and he shelters himself behind a sneer, and hastens to escape from one who looks as if he would take no denial.'

(3) '"If a man suffer as a Christian, let him glorify God in this name" (*1 Peter iv. 16*). *There is the cross of a Christian.*

'By the time that St. Peter wrote his Epistle, the world, Jewish and pagan, had wakened up to the conviction that, if Christ should have His way, much which it prized would be undermined, and discredited, and driven clean out of the knowledge and practice of men. It ceased to be a jesting and tolerant world. It became angry. It commenced to annoy, to thwart, and to persecute "the panting huddled flock whose crime was Christ." These were days when a man might *suffer as a Christian*—wild wintry days of biting sleet and hail. And soon the enemies would be girding Peter himself, and carrying him to his crucifixion; would be leading Paul from his dungeon, to die under the headsman's axe on the road to Ostia; would fling Ignatius to the wild beasts in the Roman amphitheatre; would send white-haired Polycarp to the flames in Smyrna. He who means to wear the appellation of Christian in those surroundings will need to be strong and of a good courage. Rather let us say, he will need to cast himself on Christ in the simplicity of an unreserved faith. Then the Lord, Whose Own Cross was incomparably heavier, will enable him to lift his lesser cross, and to kiss its wood and nails and ignominy and pain.'

SOME POETRY.

New Poetry, 1918.

Mr. Blackwell has issued his annual selection of *Oxford Poetry, 1918* (1s. 6d. net). The editors are three: T. W. Earp, E. F. A. Geach, and Dorothy L. Sayers, and they are all three represented in the selection but certainly not over represented. There seems to be less challenge and more sheer poetry in this volume than in any of its predecessors—less challenge to an outside or inside world of respectability, more sheer emotion and its inevitable expression. One curious but surely accidental feature of the book is the regard paid to the lot of the imbecile or insane. The second poem in it, by Basil Blackwell, is on the graveyard of a lunatic asylum:

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.'

And at the very end comes this story, by L. A. G. Strong, of how

RUFUS PRAYS.

In the darkening church,
Where but a few had stayed,
At the Litany Desk
The idiot knelt and prayed.

Rufus, stunted, uncouth,
The one son of his mother:
'Eh, I'd sooner 'ave Rufie,'
She said, 'than many another.

'E's so useful about the 'ouse
And so gentle as 'e can be:
And 'e gets up early o' mornin's
To make me a cup o' tea.'

The formal evensong
Had passed over his head:
He sucked his thumb, and squinted,
And dreamed, instead.

Now while the organ boomed
To few who still were there,
At the Litany Desk
The idiot made his prayer:

'Gawd bless Muther,
'N' make Rufie a good lad.
Take Rufie to Heaven,
'N' forgive him when he's bad.

''N' early mornin's in Heaven
'E'll make Muther's tea,
'N' a cup for the Lord Jesus,
'N' a cup for Thee.'

Gerald H. Crow also has a poem called 'Madhouse Garden.' But we shall end with this pleasanter picture by the same good poet:

TRENCH VISION.

A great bee pottered round the room
And gossiped like a child to itself,
Investigating bloom by bloom
The lilac on the window-shelf.

Outside among the garden beds
The wind went like a laughing boy,
And caught the poppies by the heads,
And chased the honey-bees for joy.

The slanting patch of sunlight crept
Along the floor, across the wall,
And I was there and laughed and wept,
And laughed again to see it all.

M. Winifried Hughes.

It is well understood that religious poetry is difficult to write. The reason is not at all because art is for art's sake; it is because the subjects are too serious to leave the poet liberty. The Hebrews could write religious poetry. They took liberties we cannot take; they dared anthropomorphisms we do not dare. Did they not make the Almighty God laugh and wink as well as speak in the thunder and ride upon the wind?

Miss M. W. Hughes is a religious poet. And she has some daring. Her God is good and great and glad. Take one short song quite typical:

APRIL.

Sandy hollows and silver sea,
Soft white clouds in a cool blue sky,
A winnowing wind, and a lark on high
Soaring and singing exultantly.

Some tiny shrubs around our feet
Are starred with gleaming catkin tips,
And the line of the sandhills swells and dips
Where the living blue and the pale gold meet.

There's joy, sheer joy, abroad in the world,
Making clear the eternal plan,—
A lark thrills, and the soul of man
Leaps up, with flaming wings unfurled.

The title is *Lazarus and other Poems* (Chapman & Hall; 2s. net).

M. S.

'M. S.' are the initials of Mrs. Symington, as we discover in a note from the Queen printed at the end of the volume. The title is *The Lamplighters* (Gardner; 2s.). The poems are simple, patriotic, devout. This is a fair example:

THE BOY WITH 'WINGS.'

Yonder the boy with 'wings,'
For him we pray—
Lord, give him 'wings of faith'
When skies are grey.

Yonder the lad who soars
Through boundless space,
Lord, give him 'wings of strength'
Till the dawn of grace.

Yonder the lad who's safe,
Speeding abroad,
'Neath him th' 'Everlasting
Arms' of his God.

Yonder the boy beloved,
Fighting in air,
Guardian Angel, shield him,
He *needs* Thy care.

John Oxenham.

In John Oxenham's latest volume, *Hearts Courageous* (Methuen; 1s. 3d. net) there is one long, striking poem. But its popularity will rest on the short poems. They have all the simplicity, sincerity, and sentiment we have welcomed the earlier volumes for. Take this example:

What do I owe?
Nay, Lord,—what do I not?
—All that I am,
And all that I have got;—
All that I am,
And that how small a thing,
Compared with all
Thy goodly fostering.

What do I owe
To all the world around?
—To set Thee first
That Grace may more abound;—
To set Thee first,
To hold Thee all in all,
And, come what may,
To follow Thy High Call.

What do I owe
To this dear land of ours?
—All of my best,—
My time, my thought, my powers;—
All of my best
Is yet too small to give
That this our land
May to Thine increase live.

What do I owe
To those who follow on?
—To build more sure
The Freedom we have won;—
To build more sure
The Kingdoms of Thy Grace,
Kingdoms secure
In Truth and Righteousness.

What do I owe
To Christ, my Lord, my King?
—That all my life
Be one sweet offering;—
That all my life
To noblest heights aspire,
That all I do
Be touched with holy fire.

C. N. S. Woolf.

Mr. C. N. Sidney Woolf, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, fell in France in November 1917. His brother has issued a small but precious volume of his *Poems* (Hogarth Press). We quote

A Sonnet.

I think of one, dead in a lonely place,
And the immortal thought that fill'd his breast,
That sent him on his high heroic quest—
Dead in a grave no loving tear shall grace.
Only the image of a dear, lov'd face—
The loveliest, the purest and the best—
Swam in his eyes to soothe him into rest,
To be the guerdon of his finish'd race.

The only guerdon—no! For unseen powers
Built him a grave; God scatter'd precious flowers,
And he lay dreaming of the dear, lov'd face.
Earth has forgotten him, but he has found
The long quest's end—and now the years whirl round
O'er him who dreams there of the dear, lov'd face.

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.