
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

Entre Nous.

To recapture the Weekday Service—that is the deepest desire. When it fell away men knew that a time of non-churchgoing was at hand. When it is recovered that distressing experience will come to an end.

But how is the Weekday Service to be recaptured? By co-operation. 'It seemed good unto the Holy Ghost, and to us.' So it is in all God's work, and so rigidly that the Holy Ghost does not work unless we work with Him.

We have to make the Weekday Service interesting. There are those who refuse to make any service interesting. They dislike the methods which they have seen resorted to, and condemn the end because the means were bad. But if we are not interesting we will not be listened to. And if we are not listened to? To be interesting every time is to win.

We must have tools. The Russians could not win because they had no weapons. Our weapons are our books. The speaker cannot speak without books any more than the Russians could fight without munitions.

A book has been published for the purpose of being used to recapture the Prayer Meeting and the Senior Bible Class. Its title is *Faith*. It is the second volume of a series issued by Messrs. T. & T. Clark on the 'Great Christian Doctrines.' It is divided into eighteen chapters, a fair season's work, to be shortened or lengthened at will.

SOME TOPICS.

The Old Men.

Mr. Cecil Roberts has an Introduction to his volume of poems. It is a quotation from 'The late Lieut. Archibald Don.' This is the quotation: 'To many of us, I am sure—for I can judge of the others by myself—the greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences and has let them loose upon the world. The city editors, the retired majors, the amazons, and last, but I fear not least, the Venerable Archdeacons, have never been so free from contradiction. Just when the younger generation was beginning to take its share in the affairs of the world, and was hoping to counteract the Victorian influences of the older generation, this war has come to silence us—permanently or temporarily, as the case may be.

'Meanwhile the old men are having field-days "on their own." In our name (and for *our sakes* as they pathetically imagine) they are doing their very utmost, it would seem, to perpetuate by their appeals to hate, intolerance, and revenge, those very follies which have produced the present conflagration. . . .

'Were we but in sympathy with the older generation we should care not a pin for Belgian mud or German bullets. As it is, the older men are apt to fill some of us with indescribable depression, for they will blindly sacrifice, perhaps, not only us, who matter little, but our ideals too, which matter a great deal.'

Gambling.

Professor George Herbert Palmer in his book on Altruism, noticed among the literature, has something to say about gambling. 'Living long among college students and observing their natural pleasure in all sorts of moral experimentation, I have come to believe gambling the vice most likely to wreck character. All forms of vice are bad enough. It is shocking to see a young man drunk. But drunkenness grows steadily rarer, and, after all, a drinker remains pretty much himself when the fit is off. I have had friends of this sort who when not in liquor showed the same interest in worthy things as other men. But when I see the gambling habit getting hold of a young man I despair of him. For several reasons it is unlikely he will be good for much thereafter. Seldom does a vice or virtue have only a single root. On the one hand the gambler gives up rational modes of guidance, ceases to calculate clearly, lives on the unexpected, and looks for some deliverance to drop from the sky. A hectic anxiety takes possession of him and disorganizes his life. But there are results worse still. Gambling, in contrast with honest trade, admits only a single gain. I can gain nothing for myself except by damaging another. I must directly seek his harm. The tradesman benefits himself through benefiting his customer. His business is grounded on the double gain. He draws profit, it is true, from another man's pocket, but he does not, like the gambler,

stop there. He puts back into that pocket a little more than the equivalent of what he took out. The gambler breaks up this mutuality and lives as a bandit by attack. Thus dehumanized and shut up to his separate self he rots. When trade allows the double gain to drop out of sight, it too becomes gambling and shows the same predatory tendencies. Honest trade is a different matter. Its mutual profit carries altruism through a community more wholesomely than can any arbitrary will.'

The Oriental Christ.

Mr. Arthur Bertram, whose book *In Darkest Christendom* is noticed among the books of the month, has no love for the modern patron whether of a 'living' or of Christ. He says, 'the class of writers, whether spiritualistic or "philosophical," who meet with the readiest acceptance to-day, although they usually patronize Christ, are fond of referring with lofty superiority to His message as an "Oriental religion," or to belief in that message as a "mediæval faith." These men really believe they know more than Christ! Oh, the madness of human conceit! Who ever found Christ wrong? Where else can we turn and find such essential truth—such insight and judgment? Perhaps we ought to use loftier words when speaking of Him, but these suit our purpose best for the moment. Dealing as He does with matters of the heart and conscience, He speaks directly, and—we are disposed to think—particularly, to this age. He is speaking, in fact, to *us*. As I read His words I am impressed with the fact that He knows the people *I* know; He knows our modern society through and through; He knows our politics, He knows our "religion," and He knows our press. And He knows *me*, as I am often constrained painfully to confess. In the sphere of the matters with which He deals, local and temporal conditions have no place. His message is not "Oriental," though it was first spoken under Eastern skies; it is universal. He speaks to the human heart, which remains the same—east, west, north, and south—from the days in which He spoke on earth to the end of the age. And never man spake like this man. Under His eye, all distinctions of wealth, learning or social position fall away like the rags they are. At His first word, He gets right down to the man underneath all his self-assumed distinctions, and deals with *him*; what he *is*, what he *does*, and what are his motives. Not what is his position, his politics, his philosophy, or even his "religion."'

NEW POETRY.

Charles Hamilton Sorley.

A new edition has been issued of *Marlborough and Other Poems*, by Charles Hamilton Sorley (Cambridge: at the University Press; 5s. net). It is the Fourth Edition, and it is intended to be definitive. The poems are now arranged in four groups according to subject, while within each group they are printed as nearly as may be in the order of their composition. The prose pieces added to the third edition are retained, and a few notes have been appended to them. There is a beautiful photogravure frontispiece from a drawing in chalks by Mr. Cecil Jameson. For illustration we choose the last of the poems. It is written in memory of another; it is his own In Memoriam:

There is no fitter end than this.
  No need is now to yearn nor sigh.
We know the glory that is his,
  A glory that can never die.

Surely we knew it long before,
  Knew all along that he was made
For a swift radiant morning, for
  A sacrificing swift night-shade.

Dora Sigerson.

This is the last book of poetry we shall have from Mrs. Clement Shorter. *The Sad Years* it is called (Constable; 5s. net). For all the poems in it were written after the beginning of the war. They were arranged for publication by the author shortly before her death, which took place on the 6th of January 1918. Katharine Tynan writes an introduction to the book. Speaking of Dora Sigerson's death she says: 'She attributed it herself to her intense and isolated suffering—isolated beyond the perfect sympathy of her devoted husband—over the events following Easter week, 1916, in Dublin, and the troubles which menaced the country she adored. I think she need not have felt so bitterly isolated; the spirit of humanity is strong in the good English—and the good English are very good—but the fact remains that she broke her heart over it all; and so she died,

as she would have chosen to die, for love of the Dark Rosaleen.'

'I will not speak,' says Katharine Tynan, 'of her beautiful poetry, essential poetry, always with a passionate emotion to give it wings. It is for the critic. No one will say she was not happy in her English life, though her heart was always slipping away like a grey bird to Ireland. She had a very full life and she had absolute devotion and knew what a precious thing she had.'

For estimating the poetry itself we are still too early or already too late. But we can enjoy it. This for example:

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

What will you do through the waiting days,
What will my darling do?
Will you sleep, or wander in those strange ways
Until I can come to you?

Do you cry at the door as I cry here,
Death's door that lies between?
Do you plead in vain for my love, my dear,
As you stand by my side unseen?

Who will comfort your difficult ways
That were hard to understand,
When I who knew you through all your days,
Can give you no helping hand?

When I who loved you no word can speak,
Though your ghost should cry to me,
Can give no help, though my heart should break
At the thought of your agony.

You were shy of strangers—and who will come
As you stand there lone and new,
Through the long years when my lips are dumb
What will my darling do?

John McCrae.

Some of the best poetry of the war has been published in *Punch*. One of the best poems that have been published in *Punch* had the title 'In Flanders Fields. That poem was written by Lieut.-Col. John McCrae, M.D. Here is the story of the writing of it. It was told in a letter from Major-General E. W. B. Morrison, C.B., who commanded Dr. McCrae's brigade at the time. 'This poem,' General Morrison writes, 'was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres Canal, and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods in the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of battle he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery. Just as he describes, we often heard in the mornings the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he mentions having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic metre. I have a sketch of the scene, taken at the time, including his dressing station; and during our operations at Passchendaele last November, I found time to make a sketch of the scene of the crosses, row on row, from which he derived his inspiration.'

And now for the poem:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

That poem will now be found as the first of a volume of poems written by Dr. McCrae in a volume entitled *In Flanders Fields* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). The volume contains not only Dr. McCrae's poems, but also a short biography by Sir Andrew Macphail. The biography tells us that Dr. McCrae was a Canadian and a man of some distinction in his profession. Along with Dr. Adami he was the author of a text-book of pathology. He volunteered first for the Boer War and then for the Great War. He died in hospital, of pneumonia, on the 28th of January 1918.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts's *New Poems* (Constable; 2s. 6d. net) make a small book, but the book is all poetical. And in poetry, if in anything, it is quality that counts. We are not yet far enough away from the war to miss war poems, nor are we likely to be for many days to come. But the note of this book is the love of nature more than the horror of war. Take this on

THE GOOD EARTH.

The smell of burning weeds
  Upon the twilight air;
The piping of the frogs
  From meadows wet and bare;

A presence in the wood,
  And in my blood a stir;
In all the ardent earth
  No failure or demur.

O spring wind, sweet with love
  And tender with desire,
Pour into veins of mine
  Your pure, impassioned fire.

O waters running free
  With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
  Life that is clean and strong.

O good Earth, warm with youth,
  My childhood heart renew.
Make me elate, sincere,
  Simple and glad, as you.

O springing things of green,
  O waiting things of bloom,
O winging things of air,
  Your lordship now resume.

George Willis.

The Y.M.C.A. has been criticised and it will be criticised again. Here is an unsolicited testimonial. It is somewhat long for our space but we shall make room, for the good cause. It is found in a volume of racy verse by Mr. George Willis, entitled *Any Soldier to his Son* (Allen & Unwin; 1s. 3d. net).

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

I'm not exactly young, Sir, and I shouldn't like to say
That the Army of Good Christians would ever pass me 'A';
But I wasn't disconcerted by the words above your door,
For I found a name that fitted in the second of the four.

I was still a man, I reckoned, though a soldier of the Line,
I'd a human soul inside me, though I couldn't call it mine.
And, sometimes, even a soldier likes a word from civil lips
To salt his plate of porridge or to sauce his fish and chips.
The Army found us fodder, but the only place I knew
Where a man could get a meal was in the tavern kept by you.
I own I sometimes wriggled when you hooked me on your line,
When I sought your bar at supper-time and found it 'Closed till 9,'
When I found you serving hymn-books or extemporizing prayer,
But I took the hook and chewed it, I was caught, I own it, fair;
And your service was a respite from the same old changes rung
On the same war-weary curse-words and the same old Army dung.
And though it wasn't filling, like your porridge and your buns,
Your music served to drown awhile the booming of the guns.

You were always fit and smiling at the old pot-wallah job;
You never lost your temper with the seething, jostling mob.
Though you didn't lose your temper, you'd have lost a quid or two
If the grub we didn't pay for had been counted off your screw.
You didn't have to rough it in the trenches, but we know
It wasn't all too cushy on a night of blinding snow,
When half the tents were rocking and the other half were flat,
To wonder if your own would stand another gust like that.

Though you weren't the same as we were, though you wore a braided suit,
We didn't have to pass you at 'Attention' or Salute.
But now I touch my cap to you, with many thousands more,
As the one good friend and fellow of the boys who fought this war.

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.