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parables of seeking and finding. At the same time, the first two are Christ's apologia for receiving publicans and sinners, and the third is a parable of encouragement and appeal to the two sons.

In the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin, he who has lost seeks until he finds. Then he calls his friends and neighbours together, and they rejoice. The joy of finding is within that circle.

In the Prodigal Son, it is the lost one himself who seeks, and seeks until he finds. The parable clearly indicates that the welcome is prepared for the sake of the son, and that it is he especially who was lost who has the experience of joy. If this be so, we have to read the central part of this parable, not so much from the father's side, *i.e.* as a message or gospel for sinners, as from the son's—as the experience of a returning sinner. While such an experience may be in harmony with the gospel, in the nature of the case it cannot be taken as an adequate statement of the gospel. The Church's hymns on the experience of pardon provide an ample illustration of this.

The difficulty on any interpretation of this parable lies in the problem of the elder son.

We have called this the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Should we not call it the Parable of the Two Prodigal Sons? Though one goes to the far country and wastes his substance in riotous living, and the other stays at home and is moral and industrious, yet both are in want and have the same heart-hunger. It may be too fanciful to see any significance in the fact that the Lost Sheep wanders away, while the Lost Coin is in the house; but it may suggest that the third parable is a reversal of the first two, and that the latter part is an encouragement to the elder brother rather than a rebuke. Had Christ wished to rebuke the Pharisee, He would scarcely have put the word

τέκνον into the father's mouth, nor yet the words, 'All that is mine is thine.' There is no indication that the father seeks the younger son, but he goes out into the field and 'intreats' the elder son to come in. The elder son, it is true, is surly and discontented, but would not a true psychology say that this is often an expression of heart-hunger? The main point seems to be, not as Plummer says, that the father had always recognized his services, but that he had not recognized his father nor realized his home. We know that generally it is easier for the prodigal to find his way home than for the respectable 'moral' man. We preach *to* the prodigal—there is a great temptation to preach *at* the 'moral' man. The father speaks of the joy at home. Would it not come as a disturbing revelation to the elder son, and later, discover for him a way to that experience? In the first two parables the joy which one has in finding that which was lost is the centre of Christ's apologia. In the twofold third parable, the centre, as an encouragement and an appeal, is, on one hand, in the joy which the returning prodigal experiences, and, on the other, in the joy to which the father intreats the elder son. He had been looking in the wrong direction—the father would turn him to that which alone could satisfy him. Even here the emphasis is to be laid not upon the father's action as upon its probable effect later upon the son.

Reading it in this way we may see the sequel to this parable in the words of St. Paul (Ro 11^{25, 26}), 'A hardening in part hath befallen Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in: and so all Israel shall be saved.'

If this interpretation be sound it gives a unity to the whole chapter, and especially to the third parable.

W. P. ROBERTSON.

Stirling.

Entre Nous.

Literature and Art.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER have reissued *Pilgrims in the Region of Faith* (2s. 6d. net). This is the Rev. John A. Hutton's introduction to Amiel, Tolstoy, Pater, and Newman. Mr. Hutton does not count upon an intimate knowledge

of these immortals. If we know them not at all we may enjoy the book. But then we will desire greatly to know them.

While issuing another commentary on Dante, Mr. Gauntlett Chaplin has the hardihood to quote Voltaire's remark: 'Dante has had commentators;

this is another reason why he will not be read.' His vindication is that he has much Dante in his book and little commentary. His method is to select passages and translate them, introduce them by a simple explanation, pass on to other passages, and so make Dante himself, with this modicum of explanation, his own interpreter. The *Paradiso* is touched and no more. Mr. Chaplin excuses the shortcoming by saying, 'It may be that the perfect flower of Dante's poetic genius blossoms there; but that flower is for few, and he who would enjoy its fragrance must seek it in the original.'

Take these four stanzas from the beginning of canto iii. of the *Inferno*:

'By me ye pass into the House of Woe:

By me ye pass into Eternal Pain:

Within these portals dwell the Lost for aye.

'Twas Justice that inspired my Architect:

By Power Divine were my foundations laid:

By Highest Wisdom, and by Primal Love.

Ere I arose, created things were not,

Unless Eternal, and Eternal I:

Let none who enter here hope evermore.'

Such were the words, in gloomy colours writ,

That I, perplexed, above a gateway read.

'Master,' I cried: 'Their sense is very dark!'

No effort is made to secure literalness in the translation, but a great effort to obtain lucidity and intensity. The title of the volume is *Dante for the People* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net).

Mr. Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry* (Elkin Mathews; 4s. 6d. net) is not perhaps in any case an elementary manual, but its difficulty is due to the unfamiliarity of its style, and passes away with the reading. For it is not a bad style. The chapter on the enjoyment of poetry is the last but two. Before it come twelve chapters which tell us what poetry is and how it is to be discerned. In the thirteenth chapter we are told that to enjoy poetry we must 'possess a love that has many eyes, as many as the flowers of the field'; next that we must have 'the power of lingering with energy'; and thirdly, that we must exercise faith. Every chapter is illustrated and no chapter is over-illustrated. The fourteenth gives us rules for composing poetry, and the fifteenth faces the utilitarian squarely by showing how very great is 'the practical value of poetry.'

Mr. Claud Field continues to translate, and Messrs. Rider & Son continue to publish, the works of August Strindberg. The new volume is *The Growth of a Soul* (3s. 6d. net). They will together have the pleasure of knowing that they have introduced Strindberg to the reading public of this country; and they are no doubt aware that by so doing they are enriching our literature not a little. It will be a surprise to many a reader to find how easy it is in this excellent translation to understand Strindberg; greater will be the surprise that his thought is so fresh and fertile when it is understood.

To their 'Readers' Library' Messrs. Duckworth have added (by permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons) a volume of essays by Coventry Patmore. The title is *Principle in Art, Religio Poetae, and other Essays* (2s. 6d. net). It is likely to be as popular as any volume in the Library. For Coventry Patmore is passing out of the idolatry of the few into the wide world of permanent appreciation. His language is becoming intelligible and even attractive; his thought is found to be wholesome and uplifting.

The book-buyer, even the moderate book-buyer, will have cause to thank Mr. R. A. Peddie, if his guide to the identification of *Fifteenth-Century Books* (Grafton & Co.; 5s. net) comes into his hands. For in it are explanations of all the little things that puzzle—the printers' marks, colophons, signatures, watermarks, and the like. There is also a rendering into modern English of the Latin names of places, and there is a valuable bibliography of the whole subject.

Messrs. Macmillan have now issued in one volume the edition of *The Works of Tennyson* (10s. 6d. net), edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson, which contains the poet's own notes. Hitherto this edition has been obtainable only in the Eversley series in nine volumes. We prefer the Eversley volumes still; but this handsome book is sure to be popular, probably beyond all other editions. Lord Tennyson has written a brief biography for it.

Messrs. George Bell & Sons have reissued, in Bohn's 'Antiquarian Library,' *The Bayeux Tapestry: A History and Description*, by Frank Rede Fowke. After the history and description come the plates, full page, and seventy-nine in

number. In this cheap form the book will become a widely prized possession.

Stories from 'Aunt Judy,' with illustrations in colour by Ethel F. Everett (Bell; 2s. 6d. net), will surely be one of the Christmas successes. For it combines the two requisite things—a pretty book to catch the eye and a good story to charm the mind.

The 'Fellowship Books,' edited by Miss Mary Stratton, have their distinctiveness. They are artistic and literary with a determination not to be diverted into the teaching of ethics or religion. The editor's desire is to express 'the human ideal and artistic faith of our own day.' But the authors seek to uplift and direct that ideal and that faith, which is no doubt the editor's aim also. Three new volumes have been published—*Freedom*, by A. Martin Freeman; *Romance*, by Ernest Rhys; *Childhood*, by Alice Meynell (Batsford; 2s. net each).

A happy return for healing—bodily, mental, spiritual—rendered by one of Scotland's highland streams, illustrated happily by photographs of the stream, is *The River of Content* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). The author is the Rev. J. R. P. Sclater, M.A.

It is nearly always best to read essays separately. Perhaps we might say always—with one exception. The exception is the essays contributed by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll to the *British Weekly* under the form of letters and the name of Claudius Clear. Many years ago, when Dr. Robertson Nicoll invited his readers to tell him which of the features in the *British Weekly* appealed to them most, a large number—if we are not mistaken in our recollection, a large majority—said the Letters of Claudius Clear. And yet it is probable that every one of that majority will now say, when the new volume containing a selection from these letters reaches them, that they should be read at a sitting one after another like the chapters in a book. For then two things, each of utmost consequence, become visible. First, the comprehensiveness of the author's interests in literature; and next, his grasp of each interest. The comprehensiveness is visible at once. The grasp is discovered by the rapidity of accurate allusion. Who else knows Masson and Mark

Rutherford? Anyone—any competent critic or book-reader. But who else knows every scrap of their writing and every turning in their way of life?

The title of this volume is *A Bookman's Letters* (Hodder & Stoughton; 4s. 6d. net).

Mr. J. M. Kennedy has given an account of *English Literature, 1880-1905* (Sampson Low; 6s. net). It is not an exhilarating story. There is skill and originality in plenty among the authors of the last five-and-twenty years, but it is technical skill and originality of form and phrase. Of wider view or deeper reverence the signs are painfully absent. Mr. Kennedy has even to declare the pervading presence of a realism that is offensive. And yet he is no Puritan. With his whole heart he hates what he calls Puritanism. He is altogether on the side of 'art for art's sake and let the moralities take care of themselves.' Yet he is offended; his literary taste is offended; and he offers little expectation of lasting fame to the great majority of those who have a name in our midst; for realism that is unblest with higher aims than variety of appeal to the sexual is doomed to death.

There are brighter spots in the dull and dirty atmosphere. There are men and women who have written well and purely. But on the whole the literature of the quarter of a century ending with 1905 is occupied more with form than with substance, and the matter so artistically set forth has little in it that makes for progress. This disappointing conclusion does not deprive the book of interest. Well written as it is, with intimate and by no means unsympathetic knowledge, it could not fail in interest since it speaks of the men and women we know, most of them still living. There is no other book that brings the literature of our own time and country so vividly and so courageously before us. Mr. Kennedy is by no means timid in praise or blame, and he usually gives sufficient quotation to enable us to test his judgment.

Mr. Dundas Harford has republished the anonymous English version of Richard Rolle of Hampole's *De Emendatione Vitae*, which appeared about 1400. He has modernized the spelling and written a useful introduction, being himself deeply interested in this bit of mystical writing, and hoping to interest us also. The title is *The Mending of Life* (Allenson; 1s. 6d. net).

The Humour and Pathos of the Australian Desert is all that it claims to be and more, in the hands of the Rev. John Beukers (Stockwell; 4s. net). The humour and the pathos, excellent separately, are irresistible together, compelling laughter and tears unceremoniously. Mr. Beukers is a descriptive writer of some skill, and he is patiently observant of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

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Poetry.

Claud Field.

The Seatonian Prize for 1913 was gained by Mr. Claud Field, M.A., of Corpus Christi College. The subject is *St. Paul at Athens* (Cambridge: Bowes; 1s. net).

W. H. Davies.

Mr. Elkin Mathews has published a reprint of *New Poems* by William H. Davies (1s. 6d. net).

W. Trego Webb.

Messrs. Headley Brothers are the publishers of *By Siloa's Brook*, by W. Trego Webb (1s. net)—hymns that are songs, songs that are hymns, a most rare achievement.

Stephen Phillips.

To his many volumes of verse Stephen Phillips has added *Lyrics and Dramas* (John Lane; 4s. 6d. net). The Dramas—'Nero's Mother,' 'The Adversary,' and 'The King'—are more successful than the lyrics. They are more complete, and they count for more in the imaginative interpretation of life. The lyrics are either slight or unfinished in their thought. This on tears is slight enough, yet a lyric.

TEARS.

Sad is the crystal tear
From eyes of youth,
Sadder the slower drops
Of married ruth.
Sad tears if maid or wife,
Brimming to fall;
Often the tearless eye
Saddest of all.

A. E.

The separate volumes of A. E.'s poetry are greatly cherished—*Homeward, Songs by the Way,*

and *The Divine Vision*. But we prefer a complete edition—not that we may cherish all the poems equally, but that we may make a selection of our own. The complete edition of A. E.'s poetry is called *Collected Poems* (Macmillan; 6s. net). Its height of imaginative emotion is sometimes too high for easy reading; with patience and the snatching of the occasion the height is gained. Sometimes, however, the thought and expression are easy, elementary, and universal. Take two of the simplest and shortest poems:

PAIN.

Men have made them gods of love,
Sun-gods, rivers of the rain,
Deities of hill and grove:
I have made a god of Pain.

Of my god I know this much,
And in singing I repeat,
Though there's anguish in his touch,
Yet his soul within is sweet.

UNCONSCIOUS.

The winds, the stars, and the skies though
wrought
By the heavenly King yet know it not;
And man who moves in the twilight dim
Feels not the love that encircles him,
Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids press
Lips of an infinite tenderness,
He turns away through the dark to roam,
Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

Cambridge Poets.

Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913: An Anthology chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard (Heffer; 5s. net)—that is the title-page. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch writes an introduction, not claiming more for the poetry in the book than is meet, but for poetry itself claiming all things. It stands, he says, in the shoes of the Scottish (why Scottish?) farmer who prayed, 'O Lord, take everything from everybody else, and give it *all* to me.' Eight-and-thirty poets are represented here, and the effort, after close reading, to say this is better than that, has failed. Many of them we have not heard before, and it demands much familiarity to know a poet. To carry out our usual way, let us quote one poem. And let it be for courtesy a poem by the editor herself, who is known in the world as Mrs. Constantine Graham.

THAT TWO PERSONS CANNOT BE ONE.

The years have judgement given. They have done

Slowly to death the hope that was in me
That I could fuse my life with life of thee—

Such life was withered ere it had begun.

Yea, when we thought our bodies' love had won
Our very souls from longing to be free,
And we were one, as waves and deep are sea,

Time knew he gave such glory unto none.

O love of mine, if I may not be thou,

If all myself was never mine to give,

If lone as we were born, we lone must live,

'Twas better, finer, to misunderstand

The ways of love, than coldly touch thy hand,

Content with chilly lips upon my brow.

Jeanie Morison.

Jeanie Morison (Mrs. Miller Morison of Hetland) has published *Poems Old and New* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). There are English poems and there are Scottish; and the Scottish are not weak and sentimental, nor are the English stiff and dry. Mrs. Morison can think in both languages, else she could not write so equally in both. Many of the poems are on texts, and finer illustrations of these texts one will go far to find. Thus:

'AND PETER.'

'And Peter,'—so the women say he said,
The white-robed angel on the sealed stone
In Joseph's garden, at the glittering dawn.
Could it be, think you, message from the dead?

'Tis sure the grave is empty.—Could He see
My tears beneath the olives on the grass,
Wet three nights since with bloody sweat? alas!
And I—I could not watch one hour with Thee!
O Jesus—Master! Lord, it cannot be,
Thy closed eyes could read the breaking heart
Of him whose lips denied Thee, where Thou art!

—Yet He who oped blind eyes, may He not see

Through death-sealed lids? 'And Peter.' It is He,

None else could guess!—I will to Galilee.

R. C. Phillimore.

Introducing *Poems* by R. C. Phillimore (Sidgwick & Jackson), Mr. John Masefield claims for them a quality that is as rare in literature as in other things—the quality of personality or individual point of view. And he gives this example from the merry poem 'To All Land Children':

I would rather play with a conger eel,
If only because such a beast can feel
When I pinch his tail, than with all the flowers
That do nothing but grow through the livelong hours.

Again he says: 'The gipsy poems have all the charm that gipsying has for us; they give us that sense of the desire to escape which is often like a drunkenness upon the city dweller, and they are full of that respect (it is very nearly envy) which all the civilized feel for men and women who have been strong enough to give up everything in order to possess their own souls, facing the wilderness proudly with a little music and a tale or two.' It is enough that Mr. Masefield introduces the book, but still we may quote:

' To us she was a beautiful thing,
Delicate, wise, and strong;
But to him she was just everything,
And he to her did belong.

We thought, that she should have to die
Was cruel and wrong and bad;
But he just took it patiently,
For she was all that he had.

Our minds were racked to find the cause
Why the world went so astray;
But his was set to know the laws
She'd want him to obey.

Edward McQueen Gray.

From his ranch in New Mexico, Mr. Gray sends *A Vision of Reconciliation, and other Verses* (Methuen; 2s. 6d. net). Many of the verses are patriotic, some passionately so. There is one on Cuba in 1897. This is the end of it:

Outstretched before my homesteads lie
Deflowered maids and mothers slain;
O God of justice, hear my cry:
Revenge on Spain!

Devoted to a cause sublime
My butchered children still are free;
Sweet Liberty! their only crime
Was love of thee.

O'ermatched, but not o'er mastered yet,
They fight for Freedom till they fall;
To Cuba give without regret
Life last of all.

The careless nations stand aloof;
Will no one Freedom's cause defend?
Will no one in the hour of proof
Be Cuba's friend?

'Tis well; the gains of cowardice
Be theirs, I fight my fight alone;
Jehovah, Lord of Sacrifice,
Thou wilt atone.

Donald MacAlister.

Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., having gathered some translations together and called them *Echoes*, the volume has reached a second edition (Maclehose; 2s. 6d. net). The verses have their own value, as we shall see, but first of all they show their author's accomplishment. Some are from the German, some from the Irish, some from the French, some from the Greek; again, some are into German, some into Scots, some into Welsh Romani, and some into Norse. Here is one from German into Scots:

BACK AGAIN.

Twa traivlers gaed ance to the Hielans awa,
I' the hairst: ah! it's then that the Hielans are
braw!

The tane he gaed—to be like the lave;
The tither his ain heart's grienin drave.

An' when they baith were cam hame again,
Their friends an' neebors were unco fain,
An' deaved them wi' spierin, ane an' a'—
'Weel, what hae ye seen i' thae Hielans awa?'

The tane he gantit an' scra't his pow—
'Oh! naething bye-ordnar that I mind o':
Jist hill an' heather, an' loch an' linn,
An' the blue o' the lift, an' the glint o' the
sinn.'

The tither leuch laigh, an' the like spak he,
But wi' blithesome face, an' wi' glisterin ee—
'Ay! hill an' heather! an' loch an' linn!
An' the blue o' the lift! an' the glint o' the sinn!'

Biography.

The Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule, has gathered four papers together out of the *Sunday at Home*, and published them with the title *Memories of a Vicarage* (R.T.S.; 1s. net). It is the Vicarage of Fordington, near Dorchester, where his father was vicar from 1829 to his death in 1880, and where all the family but two were born. Very tender memories cling to it, and very tenderly does Dr. Moule recall them. To the mother especially is the tribute touching and beautiful.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott have issued new and cheaper editions of two of their most successful biographies, *Richard Weaver's Life Story*, by the Rev. J. Paterson, M.A., B.D. (1s. 6d.); and *The Life of D. L. Moody*, by his son, W. R. Moody (2s. 6d. net). They have also published their annual series of Calendars, Motto Cards, and Christmas Cards, all strictly evangelical and supremely artistic.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier have done a service to Christ by republishing in one convenient volume those appreciations of men and women by Dr. Alexander Whyte which have appeared from time to time in separate volumes. There are thirteen of them, and so the book is called *Thirteen Appreciations* (3s. 6d. net). They have done a service to Christ, for in this form the studies will reach a wider public; and as each was a word spoken unmistakably on behalf of the evangelical faith and spoken in season, so the influence of this volume will be greater than the influence of each separate appreciation.

We say that each of the appreciations is a word spoken on behalf of the evangelical faith. Yet the most impressive thing about them is that they are appreciations. Who are here? Santa Teresa, Jacob Behmen, Bishop Andrewes, Samuel Rutherford, Thomas Shepard, William Guthrie, James Fraser, Thomas Goodwin, Sir Thomas Browne, William Law, Bishop Butler, Cardinal Newman, John Wesley. Now every one of these men and women is studied appreciatively. If there is good in them it is discovered, and it is gloried in. And yet not one word is said, or thought conceived, that is out of harmony with the most ardent evangelical love for the Christ who died to save. How

easily would some minds have wandered all over the world, finding good everywhere because they had no clear sense of the difference between truth and untruth. It is the glory of Christ in this author that he can maintain the distinction inviolate and yet find truth in Cardinal Newman and in Samuel Rutherford.

The Maréchale.

The Rev. James Strahan, M.A., the author of that commentary on the Book of Job which has been everywhere accepted as the ripest fruit of Old Testament scholarship and New Testament grace, has written a short biography of Mrs. Booth Clibborn, the eldest daughter of General William Booth. The book receives the name by which, long before her marriage, Catherine Booth was known all over the earth, *The Maréchale* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.). Mr. Strahan has a double claim to be Mrs. Clibborn's biographer. He has married one of her daughters, and he is in uttermost sympathy with all her work.

What shall we say about the book? That it is well written? Mr. Strahan is a master of the English language. But we do not think of the writing. What we must say about it is that it moves us not less surely and not less searchingly than one of the Maréchale's own addresses. For the purpose of preaching the gospel, for reaching the heart and shaking the conscience, for the insistent offer of salvation to all men, the very object of the appearing of the grace of God in Christ—this book is an instrument so mighty that the Salvation Army and every other agency or Church that has the preaching of the gospel at heart should send it out by the thousand along with the *War Cry* or the *Missionary Record*.

J. Denholm Brash.

No better short biography has been issued this season than the story of J. Denholm Brash, which has been written by his son, and is published under the title of *Love and Life* (Kelly; 2s. 6d. net). Never was man better served by his biographer, and it is a triumph of talent and affection that so discriminating, frank, attractive, and altogether admirable a biography has been written by his own son. The book proves that for the most enjoyable of biographies no startling incidents or even famous names are necessary. The Rev. J. Denholm Brash was a Wesleyan Methodist minister

who served his Church just as all other ministers do, going from circuit to circuit, and right well content. Yet we read the story of his life with unabating interest; it shows him so right-minded, so large-hearted, and altogether so worthy of a good biography.

Florence Nightingale.

Has Annie Matheson been fortunate or unfortunate in having her biography of *Florence Nightingale* for children ready just when the great biography of Sir Edward Cook is issued? Fortunate probably. For the attention of every one will be directed to its subject, and what we find good reading for ourselves we shall wish our children to enjoy. It is a handsome volume, and well illustrated. The whole life-story is told, not in infantile language certainly, but concretely, clearly. There are even thrilling passages in it, such as the narrative of Lord Raglan's visit to Miss Nightingale when she lay in fever. 'I have no fear of fever or anything else,' he said; and his visit did her good. The publishers are Messrs. Nelson (3s. 6d.).

Arthur Mursell.

Arthur Mursell was born on the 14th of November 1831, and he has just written his autobiography—*Memories of my Life* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net)—with the buoyant confidence of a lad of eighteen. He describes his experiences and tells his stories with unconcealed relish, enjoying them the more the more boisterous they are. He calls himself a preacher and a pedlar (which means a lecturer), and says: 'I took up the first to help others to live better; and I added the other to enable myself to live at all.' He describes himself as 'nothing if not sentimental, with a redeeming dash of the Chauvinist and buffoon.' A Baptist minister, he made friends of all sorts of men. He lived familiarly with Roman Catholic priests and less familiarly and more occasionally with professional thieves. Here is one of his anecdotes:

'A sample of the exaggerated Sabbatarianism in vogue in Scotland at this time led me very near a scene, if not to the police court. Coming out of church upon a Sunday morning, with the tune of the last hymn still vibrating in my head, I was softly and abstractedly whistling the rhythm of the tune as I turned into Sauchiehall Street, when a policeman with vividly red whiskers strode ponderously

to my side and said, "Ye mauna whistle on the Sawbath day." I was too taken aback for the moment to offer any plea of justification, and No. 9 of the C division strode solemnly on in the execution of his duty. But the thought that I might have found myself in the adjoining cell to a beery pickpocket for the misdemeanour of whistling the old hundredth psalm, was a combination of the arbitrary and absurd which was edifying and perplexing.'

Henry J. Pope.

There are two Methodist men of the name of Pope, and they have to be kept distinct: William B. Pope was the theologian—'beloved of all, even of those who were unable to follow his profound and instructive discourses'; Henry J. Pope was the statesman, and is the subject of this biography. They were not in any way related, but they were very good friends.

'Dr. Henry J. Pope,' says Sir Robert Perks, 'was a man who would have made his mark anywhere. In law, or commerce, he would have stood in the front rank. As a statesman, he would have easily attained Cabinet rank.' But he was not anxious to be called a statesman. He was even a little sensitive about it. He won his triumphs by the use of the gifts which go to make the statesman; but when he was described as 'the Bismarck of the Wesleyan Church,' or when one newspaper spoke unhappily of his 'craft,' he was a little uneasy. For the last fifteen years of his life he acted as Home Mission Secretary; and so strong was his influence in council that in 1906 one asked, 'Have you noticed the manner in which Dr. Pope dominates the Conference?' But again 'dominate' is not the word. 'It was,' says his son, who writes the biography, and writes it so well, 'it was just practical sense, shrewdness, an instinct for the best thing to do.'

Speaking of an earlier time in his life his son says: 'To those who were not closely acquainted with him, he might appear almost preternaturally solemn. His outlook on the world was distinctly puritan, and he viewed the amusements of fashionable society with the aversion of one who had been trained in the atmosphere of rigid piety. But he was not by nature narrowly intolerant, and he was saved from the excesses of the melancholic temperament by a quiet sense of humour. At this time he was tall and thin, with his strongly marked

features cast in a serious expression. Dignity and serenity characterized his deportment in repose, and, even in the glowing moments of his fervent preaching, he was serious and impressive rather than vivacious and buoyant.'

His greatest service to Methodism and to Christianity was the steady and successful encouragement he gave to the founding of missions in great cities, especially in Manchester and in London.

The title is *The Life of Henry J. Pope*, by his Son (Kelly; 5s. net).

John Cosin.

Mr. Percy H. Osmond, M.A., has written *A Life of John Cosin*, Bishop of Durham from 1660 to 1672 (Mowbray; 8s. 6d. net). What claim has Cosin on our remembrance? This in especial, though much more than this, that he was 'probably the ruling spirit in the last revision of our Prayer Book.' Mr. Osmond tells the story of the Revision fully, devoting to it a chapter of fifty-nine pages. At the present moment it is the chapter that will be read with most attention. It may be said further, that no one should consider himself quite qualified to give an opinion on Revision until he has read it.

The history of Bishop Cosin's life is told with admirable clearness and with as admirable fairness. Mr. Osmond is in sympathy with what we should now call Cosin's ritualism, but he is not incapable of perceiving the mistakes that Cosin and those who worked with him made. The Savoy Conference is described with an unmistakable leaning towards the position of those who won, and yet this judgment is expressed:—

'The result was a most deplorable schism: about 1200 ministers (in addition to the 800 who had been deprived under the Act of the Convention Parliament) refused to conform, some of them, like Baxter, retiring into lay communion, but the majority forming, so far as the persecuting zeal of Church and State permitted, separate congregations. A Hundred Years' War had thus ended in the apparent defeat of Puritanism; but the fact that vast numbers of the nation now stand aloof from the Church's ministrations and find it difficult to restrain their resentment at the position she holds as the so-called "National" Church, can only lead to the reflection that she had gained but a Pyrrhic victory.'

Of the Bishop's character the leading traits, gathered together at the end, are: undoubted learning; next, love of controversy and skill in the conduct of it; rapacity and generosity; boastfulness—'rarely could any one have been more determined that his left hand should know what his right hand was doing'; irritability; and lastly (in his will), faith, hope and charity. The balance seems to be the wrong way; and yet Mr. Osmond is on Bishop Cosin's side, and certainly says nothing to send any reader to the other side.

Francis Thompson.

'In the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, for June 1898, Canon Sheehan, author of *The Triumph of Failure*, wrote:—

"For the present he will write no more poetry. Why? I should hardly like to intrude upon the privacy of another's thoughts; but Francis Thompson, who, with all his incongruities, ranks in English poetry with Shelley, and *only* beneath Shakespeare, has hardly had any recognition in Catholic circles. If Francis Thompson had been an Anglican or a Unitarian, his praises would have been sung unto the ends of the earth. He would have been the creator of a new school of poetry. Disciples would have knelt at his feet. But, being only a Catholic, he is allowed to retire, and bury in silence one of the noblest imaginations that have ever been given to Nature's select ones—her poets. Only two Catholics—literary Catholics—have noticed this surprising genius—Coventry Patmore and Wilfrid Meynell. The vast bulk of our co-religionists have not even heard his name, although it is already bruited amongst the Immortals; and the great Catholic poet, for whose advent we have been straining our vision, has passed beneath our eyes, sung his immortal songs, and vanished."

Thus Canon Sheehan writes of Francis Thompson. And it is curious that the impression was strong and widely shared that his Roman Catholic friends trumpeted his fame too loudly, simply because he was a Roman Catholic. This is denied by Mr. Everard Meynell who writes the biography—*The Life of Francis Thompson* (Burns & Oates; 15s. net). Probably most of us would agree now that loud trumpeting was never necessary, his merit as poet being altogether too great to be affected thereby. We may be found to be wrong. But at present, to whom Francis Thompson

appeals at all, to them he appeals so powerfully that Canon Sheehan's reference to Shakespeare is rather an irrelevance than an impertinence.

Sir Edward Cook, in his biography of Florence Nightingale, tells us that she owed some of her great glory to her name. How much of Francis Thompson's appeal is due to his history? The son of a medical practitioner in Preston, he was sent to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, to be prepared for the priesthood, if found fit to be prepared; and after seven years he was returned on his father's hands. 'He has always,' said the President, 'been a remarkably docile and obedient boy, and certainly one of the cleverest boys in his class. Still, his strong, nervous timidity has increased to such an extent that I have been most reluctantly compelled to concur in the opinion of his Director and others that it is not the holy will of God that he should go on for the Priesthood.'

His heart was in the priesthood, and when his father sent him to Owens College, Manchester, to study medicine, it was a hopeless, almost an insane, step. He even attended the classes only fitfully, but he learned to take laudanum, and of course he failed. Then he went to London.

Mr. Meynell manages the story of the London life well. It was most difficult to manage. He shows us enough; he does not torture us with too many of the gruesome details of it. One wonderful picture, never to be forgotten, is of the street girl who befriended him, treated him with perfect respect, and when he was found and like to become famous, disappeared. He searched many days and many months in vain. What can we say about it? It baffles all our calculations, it upsets all our theories about good and evil.

He was found by the Meynells. He sent a manuscript to the office of *Merry England*, of which Wilfrid Meynell was editor. It lay unread for six months. Then part of it, a poem, was printed and led to discovery and astonishment. That the work should be so good, whoever did it—that was wonderful; that any literary work at all could be done by the man who presented himself in the office—that was more wonderful. The Meynells took charge of him. Would they have begun had they known what it would mean? Yes, they would have begun without hesitating. He left off the opium for a time and found, as De Quincey, that then he could write as never under its

influence. He sent an essay on Shelley to the *Dublin Review*. It was rejected. Some twenty years after the manuscript was again sent to the same review and was accepted. When it appeared the *Dublin Review* ran into a second edition, the first experience of that in all its history of seventy-two years.

But he could not be saved physically. His habits were not the habits of health. He kept no appointments in time; usually he did not keep them at all. He lost himself in the streets; he wandered round and round his room. 'One landlady's memories of him are supported by the carpet in his room, which is worn in a circle round his table. All night long he would walk round and round; in the morning he would go to bed. There was, she observed, a delicate precision in his manner that forbade all familiarity. His prayers, pronounced as if he were preaching, she often heard.'

He had great joy in his poetry, but also great pain. 'I shall never forget when he told me,' writes Mr. Wilfred Whitten, 'under the mirrored ceiling of the Vienna Café, that he would never write poetry again.'

At one time he would declare 'Every poem is a human sacrifice'; but at another—

'It is usual to suppose that poets, because their feelings are more delicate than other men's, must needs suffer more terribly in the great calamities which agonize all men. But, omitting from the comparison the merely insensible, the idea may be questioned. The delicate nature stops at a certain degree of agony, as the delicate piano at a certain strength of touch.'

He died at dawn on November 13, 1907. He was forty-six years of age.

Florence Nightingale.

Two biographies of surpassing merit have been published within two years, biographies of so great merit that they are likely to be found in future lists of the greatest ten in the language, *The Life of John Ruskin* and *The Life of Florence Nightingale* (Macmillan; 2 vols., 30s. net), and Sir Edward Cook has the distinction of having written them both. In both cases he had a great subject, with abundance of good material, and in both cases he has risen to the height of his undertaking.

The Life of Florence Nightingale is a revelation. Only in dribblets, and of doubtful authenticity, did information of her life after the Crimean War leak out to the public. A few knew that that episode, which touched the popular imagination as no other episode of the century touched it, was but

one event in a long life of the most strenuous activity. A few knew this to their cost—Cabinet Ministers, for example, heads of departments, and inefficient public persons generally. Her health broke down in the Crimea. Henceforth she was confined to her room, expecting death any day yet never concerned; but she lived for fifty years and more after she returned from the Crimea, and from her room, for much of that time, she worked for the health of the Army, the health of the Navy, for Hospitals and Nurses, for the welfare of India, for the better sanitation of cities at home and abroad. She directed the policy of ministers and of ministries in all these matters, wrote innumerable letters, saw innumerable persons, including queens and empresses, prime ministers, governors general, and ordinary individuals. She published books also, and made herself the greatest force of her time in the cause of health and happiness, as she was declared by men of slow speech to be the greatest woman. 'Florence the First, Empress of Scavengers, Queen of Nurses, Reverend Mother Superior of the British Army, Governess of the Governor of India' was Mr. Jowett's description of her.

The lesson of her life is that to every one the opportunity comes, let every one be ready for it. The opportunity to Florence Nightingale was the horror of the hospitals at Scutari when the Crimean War was waging. She had heard a call—not certain to what, certain only that it was to something in the nature of nursing—and she prepared for it. She believed with all her soul in the leading of God's hand, but she left nothing undone to secure that the purposes of God were accomplished. She believed, it might be said, in God and in statistics. Sydney Godolphin Osborne wrote to the *Times* from Scutari and said: 'Every day brought some new complication of misery to be somehow unravelled. Every day had its peculiar trial to one who had taken such a load of responsibility, in an untried field, and with a staff of her own sex, all new to it. Hers was a post requiring the courage of a Cardigan, the tact and diplomacy of a Palmerston, the endurance of a Howard, the cheerful philanthropy of a Mrs. Fry. Miss Nightingale fills that post; and, in my opinion, is the one individual who in this whole unhappy war has shown more than any other what real energy guided by good sense can do to meet the calls of sudden emergency.'

She believed in God and statistics; she believed also in man; she believed in the salvability of men. She believed in the British soldier and in his salvability; and she loved to tell stories of his heroism. 'I remember,' she wrote, 'a sergeant, who was on picket, the rest of the picket killed, and himself battered about the head, stumbled

back to camp, and on his way picked up a wounded man, and brought him in on his shoulders to the lines, where he fell down insensible. When, after many hours, he recovered his senses, I believe after trepanning, his first words were to ask after his comrade, "Is he alive?" "Comrade, indeed! yes, he's alive, it is the General." At that moment the General, though badly wounded, appeared at the bedside. "Oh, General, it's you, is it, I brought in, I'm so glad. I didn't know your honour, but if I'd known it was you, I'd have saved you all the same." This is the true soldier's spirit.' She never used 'we' except when she meant herself and the soldiers. They all knew it. 'At this time'—it was near the end of the war, and she was recovering from an attack of fever—'at this time a horseman rode up to her hut, and the nurse, Mrs. Roberts, who had been enjoined to keep the patient quiet, refused to let him in. He said that he most particularly desired to see Miss Nightingale. "And pray," said Mrs. Roberts, "who are you?" "Ah, only a soldier," replied the visitor, "but I have ridden a long way, and your patient knows me very well." He was admitted, and a month later was himself laid low and died. It was Lord Raglan.'

She had many friends, some most devoted. We might say almost all most devoted, for she had the power of bringing to her feet nearly every one who saw her. There were especially Mr. Sydney Herbert and Arthur Hugh Clough, Dr. Sutherland and Mr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol. And there were women high and low—from the very highest, indeed, to the very lowest—who were as utterly her devoted servants as these men. For while she expected much she gave much. And her graciousness was a gift of great price. She had many natural gifts—humour, sincerity, clear-sightedness, tact—and she exercised them all to the utmost. Thus it was that she succeeded even in India. 'It was the opinion of a competent authority that the sanitary progress which had been made in India during the years covered by Miss Nightingale's review "had no parallel in the history of the world."' Did any one ever get round the caste barrier before? 'Calcutta had "found the fabled virtues of the Ganges in the pure water-tap." When the water-supply was first introduced, the high-caste Hindoos still desired their water-carriers to bring them the *sacred* water from the *river*; but these functionaries, finding it much easier to take the water from the new taps, just rubbed in a little (vulgar, not sacred) mud and presented it as Ganges water. When at last the healthy fraud was discovered, public opinion, founded on experience, had already gone too far to return to dirty water. And the new water-supply was, at public meet-

ings, adjudged to be "theologically as well as physically safe."

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. B. J. Cole, Edinburgh.

Illustrations of the Great Text for February must be received by the 20th of December. The text is Ac 3⁶.

The Great Text for March is He 2¹⁸—'For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.' A volume of *The Greater Men and Women of the Bible*, or of Winstanley's *Jesus and the Future*, or of Nairne's *The Epistle of Priesthood*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for April is Ro 13¹ along with 1 P 2^{13, 15}—'Let every soul be in subjection to the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; and the powers that be are ordained of God.' 'Be subject yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. For so is the will of God, that by well-doing ye should put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' A copy of Allen and Grensted's *Introduction to the New Testament*, or Walker's *Christ the Creative Ideal*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for May is Ph 1⁶—'Being confident of this very thing, that he which began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.' A copy of Charles's *Studies in the Apocalypse*, or of Allen's *Introduction to the New Testament*, or of Sayce's *Religion of Ancient Egypt*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for June is Ro 1¹⁸—'For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold down the truth in unrighteousness.' A copy of any volume of the *Great Texts of the Bible*, or of Winstanley's *Jesus and the Future*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

Those who send illustrations should at the same time name the books they wish sent them if successful. More than one illustration may be sent by one person for the same text. Illustrations to be sent to the Editor, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.

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