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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

'House.'

WHY does the tenth commandment appear to omit children, the most sorely coveted possession of all (from the Eastern point of view at any rate)? In the light of Gn 16⁶ 30¹, 1 S 1⁶, the temptation was obviously strong. I suggest that 'house' is the equivalent of 'family' here, as in Gn 12¹⁷ 50²², Ex 16³¹ 19³ 40³⁸, 2 S 7¹¹, among many passages which might be cited. Does this account for the

precedence of 'house' over 'wife' in Ex 20¹⁷ (but see LXX order, which = Dt 5²¹)? The notion may seem fanciful, but it seems to me improbable that in a land where sterility was regarded as a blight from heaven, a man's dwelling-place should be inserted and his family omitted. It seems doubtful whether a dwelling would be a common cause of envy, especially so early.

HARRINGTON C. LEES.

Beckenham.

Entre Nous.

THE offer is made of a complete set (20 vols.) of *The Great Texts of the Bible* (or the equivalent in other books chosen from T. & T. Clark's Catalogue) for the best series of illustrations from the War, suitable for pulpit or platform. The illustrations should be sent in February.

The illustrations need not be copied out. Papers, periodicals, or clippings may be sent. But the topic or text illustrated should be clearly marked. Stamps should be sent for return if desired.

Poetry.

John Mason Neale.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have issued a complete edition of the Hymns, original and translated, of John Mason Neale. The title is *Collected Hymns, Sequences and Carols* (6s. net). Another volume will be issued containing the poems. The editorial introduction is signed by Dr. Neale's daughter, Mary Sackville Lawson, to whom we must attribute the labour and success of this most necessary undertaking, though she speaks as if others had been associated with her. The collection makes a closely printed crown octavo volume of 460 pages. In some ways the most interesting part of that volume is the part containing 'Hymns for Children,' in which Dr. Neale attempted, very unsuccessfully, 'to free our poor children from the yoke of Watts.'

Arthur Edward Waite.

That sometimes illuminating, often perplexing, but always striking writer on Mysticism, Mr.

Arthur Edward Waite, is also a poet. And his poetry is more than his prose. Whether it is something in poetry itself or in him, there is less to perplex and more to please in his poems than in any or all of his prose writings. His volumes of poetry are these: *Strange Houses of Sleep* (1906); *A Book of Mystery and Vision* (1902); *Lucasta: Parables and Poems* (1889); *A Soul's Comedy* (1887); *Israfil* (1886, 1894).

The poetry in these books has all been collected now into two very handsome volumes and published under the title of *The Collected Poems of Arthur Edward Waite* (Rider; 2 vols., 21s. net).

Each volume has its contents most elaborately described. The description is nothing less than an interpretation of the poem. Sometimes it goes beyond interpretation and becomes a little homily of its own on the subject of the poem. For example, on 'Wings of Fire' this is given in the contents: 'The sacramental life of Nature is often so encouraging in its aspects, that we are inclined to regard it as the only veil which separates us from the Divine. And yet there are other of its aspects which hint at unknown forms of sacramentalism behind it, some of which interpenetrate our own, at least intermittently. There are indications also of the interference of lower sacramental orders quite distinct from the presence of moral evil in the world. While it is the soul's end to rise above all the cosmic systems, it may be doubted whether this is attainable except through the pomp and adornment of several sacramental lives. What follows is therefore the expression of the soul's desire to be dissolved. Things that look near are sometimes very far

away—as in the tropics of the physical world, so in certain torrid zones of supersensual thought.’

We shall not attempt to analyze Mr. Waite’s gift. For many reasons it will be better to follow our usual method and offer two of the poems for consideration :

WITNESSES OF SILENCE.

Man’s heart is for himself a volume writ
In cipher, having no true key to it ;
And other hearts discourse on every side
Language, to which no lips have e’er replied.

Then

OF SLEEPING AND WAKING.

That virgin peer who sought the Holy Grail
Found in the castle hall his senses fail,
By heavy slumber strangely overweigh’d.
The pomp, through smoke of censers slowly
sway’d,

Swept by him, prone with limbs that never stirr’d
And lips that moved not with the questing word,
Which would the hidden mystery reveal
And the King’s hurts and all the country heal.
Therefrom the woe wax’d greater, more and
more.

So also we, who our sad state deplore,
Of hidden oracle and holy lips
Ask secret lights, the passwords and the grips ;
But when the vision from the veil replies
Sleep falls full heavy on our souls and eyes,
And, whatsoe’er is spoken or withheld,
It utters nothing to our senses spell’d.
O Knight of Arthur’s court, after great stress
You saw the hallows which could heal and bless :
May we in time our long enchantment break
And to the word of life from sleep awake !

G. K. Chesterton.

Messrs. Dent have issued a fourth edition of *The Wild Knight*, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton (3s. 6d. net). They have issued it in most attractive form ; and they have had the privilege of adding new poems to this edition. We may quote one poem ; we think it is characteristic :

GOOD NEWS.

Between a meadow and a cloud that sped
In rain and twilight, in desire and fear,
I heard a secret—hearken in your ear,
‘Behold the daisy has a ring of red.’

That hour, with half of blessing, half of ban,
A great voice went through heaven and
earth and hell,
Crying, ‘We are tricked, my great ones, is
it well?’

Now is the secret stolen by a man.’

Then waxed I like the wind because of this,
And ran, like gospel and apocalypse,
From door to door, with new anarchic lips,
Crying the very blasphemy of bliss.

In the last wreck of Nature, dark and dread,
Shall in eclipse’s hideous hieroglyph,
One wild form reel on the last rocking cliff,
And shout, ‘The daisy has a ring of red.’

E. J. Thompson.

Mr. Edward J. Thompson is not known as Mr. Chesterton is. But he also is a poet. Most of the poems in *Ennerdale Bridge, and other Poems* (Kelly ; 2s. 6d. net) have India for atmosphere. But they do not depend on locality, they are of the mind which Milton tells us is its own place always. This poem has another atmosphere than that of India :

CANA.

The wine ran out, the bearer’s warning glance
Answered the bride’s inquiring countenance.
To Mary’s heart there came
Sorrow lest envious tongues the feast profane,
And scalding tears of shame
Fill up and stain
Another woman’s eyes, to bear the blame
Of poverty that from its lavished store
Showed naked now and could provide no more.
One word that mother spake,
Enough—behold the sleeping virtue wake
Within the Son ! Behold those pots arow
And brimmed with ruddy glow !
Hear the Feastmaster’s voice, rejoiced, amazed,
In generous chiding towards the bridegroom
raised :

‘Men give the good wine first, then why hast thou
Kept the best wine till now?’

Even thus, even thus indeed,
Thou dost prevent our need,
Quickening, by looks divine,
Life’s simple pleasures to a richer shine.
Yet more than this transfigured water, Lord,
Thy presence at the board.

R. L. Gales.

Mr. R. L. Gales writes his poems on familiar topics, but the treatment is all his own. The poem which gives its name to the volume *David in Heaven* (Simpkin; 3s. 6d. net) is daring in conception but charming in execution:

David leads the countless quire
Where the singers never tire,
Larks that sing the whole day thro'
In the immeasurable blue;
Cherubim and seraphim
In the tumult of their hymn
Are as winds that fan the fire.

That is one verse. But the book will be appreciated better by the quotation of this shorter poem:

BONUS LATRO.

They took him from his robber-cave
To die on Calvary;
The wise ones of the world were blind,
But the Good Thief could see.

They set him by the Lamb of God,
He felt an awe-struck fear;
The great ones of the earth were deaf,
But the Good Thief could hear.

Around him surged the crowd that mocked,
On the hillside that day;
The righteous men at best were dumb,
But the Good Thief could pray.

He went to take his due reward
When his day's work was done;
The godly men had played and lost,
But the Good Thief had won.

In my death's hour, when it may be,
Bone Latro, pray for me.

The Great Text Commentary.

The best illustration this month has been found by the Rev. W. S. Peebles, Annan.

Illustrations for the Great Text for March must be received by the 20th of January. The text is Ro 7^{24, 25}.

The Great Text for April is Ac 26²⁸—'And Agrippa said unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian.' A copy of Law's *The Tests of Life*, or of Cohu's *Vital Problems of Religion*, and Shaw's *Christianity as Religion and Life*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for May is Ph 2⁵⁻⁸—'Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross.' A copy of Rutherford's *The Seer's House*, or of Lithgow's *The Parabolic Gospel*, and Coats's *The Christian Life*, will be given for the best illustration sent.

The Great Text for June is Ph 2⁹⁻¹¹—'Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' A copy of Rutherford's *The Seer's House*, or of any volume of the 'Scholar as Preacher' series 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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