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the very natural mistake of regarding the hills as the hills of Judah, and as the true source of help; whereas Jer 3²³ regards the hills as a rival but fruitless source of relief. The contrast in Jeremiah is thus exactly parallel both in form and in meaning to that in Ps 121¹.

Oxford.

H. G. GREY.

II.

This seems to yield excellent sense as it stands in R.V.: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?' Such a cry might be from an exile on the plains, taunted by his captor, 'The ancient high places are ours in possession,' and needing the comfort given in Ezk 36. On the other hand, it may have sprung from the fears of some townsman, who, like Gaal in Shechem, sees men coming down from the tops of the mountains, or hears of invaders whose chariots have rumbled over the pass, halting across the valley to menace his home. Whatever its origin, it could be appropriately adopted by a pilgrim obliged to traverse a defile on his way to the holy city. Readers of Judith know what an obvious military operation it was to seize upon the ascents of the hill country, because by them was the entrance into Judea; and it was easy to stop travellers from approaching, inasmuch as the approach was narrow, with space for two men at the most. Even in Roman times, the Samaritans did thus waylay and slaughter the passover pilgrims (Jos. *Ant.* xx. vi. 2).

Preston.

W. T. WHITLEY.

Hebrews xi. 27.

Τὸν γὰρ ὁράτων ὡς ὄρων ἐκαρτέρησεν. In connexion with these words it is worth notice that καρτερεῖν

in Plutarch sometimes has the sense of maintaining a fixed unmoved gaze. Thus in the account of the execution of Titus and Tiberius Brutus before their father's eyes we read:

Τῶν μὲν ἄλλον ὃν δυναμένων προσορᾶν οὐδὲ καρτεροῦντων, ἐκείνον δὲ λέγεται μήτε τὰς ὄψεις ἀπαγαγεῖν ἀλλαχόσε μήτ' οἰκτῶ τι τρέψαι τῆς περὶ τὸ πρόσωπον ὀργῆς καὶ βαρύτητος κ.τ.λ. (i. 99. F.).

In ii. 681. C. he tells us that curlews avoid people suffering from jaundice owing to the fact that if their eyes meet the disease is transferred from man to bird:

ὅθεν οὐ προσβλέπουσιν οἱ χαραδριοὶ τοὺς τὸν ἴκτερον ἔχοντας οὐδὲ καρτεροῦσιν, ἀλλ' ἀποστρέφονται καὶ τὰ ὄμματα συγκλείσαντες ἔχουσιν.

Here the most obvious rendering is 'endure their gaze.'

With these passages we may compare i. 996. F., where we are told that Brutus complained that his friends in Rome

καρτερεῖν, ὄρωντας καὶ παρόντας, ἂ μῆδ' ἀκούειν αὐτοῖς ἀνεκτὸν ἦν.

We find, then, that when the Epistle to the Hebrews was written καρτερεῖν could convey the idea of *beholding unmoved by pity, fear, or indignation.*

In the third passage it is *deeds* that are so beheld, in the second *persons*, in the first either deeds or persons. So Luther, Bengel, and others may well be right in taking τὸν ὁράτων as governed by ἐκαρτέρησε, but the meaning would seem to be 'kept his eyes upon' rather than 'clung to.'

G. H. WHITAKER.

Souldern Rectory, Oxon.

Entre Nous.

Edith Sitwell.

There are just five poems in Miss Sitwell's new book, *The Mother, and Other Poems* (Blackwell; 6d. net). But quantity is of no account in poetry. One poem is worth an octavo volume of verse. And these five are poems.

James Stephens.

How long does it take for a poet to become popular? How long did it take Tennyson? How long did it take Browning? James Stephens is neither a Tennyson nor a Browning, but he is a poet, and he has written and published five volumes

of poetry—it is time he were known. The new volume is a surprise. The second half of it contains poems that have received their impulse from the author's love of Dublin city. And yet it contains this :

THE DODDER BANK.

When no flower is nigh, you might
Spy a weed with deep delight ;
So, when far from saints and bliss,
God might give a sin a kiss.

But it is the first part that is the surprise. It gives the book its title: *The Adventures of Seumas Beg* (Macmillan ; 3s. 6d. net). Now Seumas Beg is a small child, gifted with some curiosity and much imagination ; and the surprise is that the poems are so childlike that Seumas Beg might have written them himself. How natural is this :

BREAKFAST TIME.

The sun is always in the sky
Whenever I get out of bed,
And I often wonder why
It's never late.—My sister said
She did not know who did the trick,
And that she did not care a bit,
And I should eat my porridge quick.
. . . I think it's mother wakens it.

And how imaginatively real is this :

THE DEVIL'S BAG.

I saw the Devil walking down the lane
Behind our house. There was a heavy bag
Strapped tightly on his shoulders, and the
rain
Sizzled when it hit him. He picked a rag
Up from the ground and put it in his
sack,
And grinned and rubbed his hands.
There was a thing
Moving inside the bag upon his back—
It must have been a soul! I saw it fling
And twist about inside, and not a hole
Or cranny for escape! Oh, it was sad!
I cried, and shouted out, '*Let out that
soul!*'
But he turned round, and, sure, his face went
mad,

And twisted up and down, and he said '*Hell!*'
And ran away . . . Oh, mammy!
I'm not well.

Lincoln Colcord.

Mr. Colcord is the author of a long poem after the manner of Walt Whitman, of which the title is *Vision of War* (Macmillan ; 5s. 6d. net). With Whitman as with Wordsworth, it is either a hit or a miss. Mr. Colcord, if he never reaches the heights of either, never descends to their depths. Here is a stanza on the place of Religion in human life :

Religion is the indispensable necessity of man—
religion is the soul ;
Religion is belief—without belief, I die ;
For consciousness shall never be explained—and
life is marvellous—and birth is life's abund-
ant miracle—and at the end stands death—
and the soul's destiny beyond—and God
beyond ;
But I may eat and drink my faith, and never
die.
Nothing exists, occurs, or has its being, except
by virtue of its conception in the spirit ;
Everything, in the last analysis, is a religious
manifestation ;
Everything that is thought, is thought for a
religious reason—everything that is done, is
done for a religious reason ;
England is a religious reason—Germany is a
religious reason ;
Man is brought forth out of the womb for a
religious reason—his character is altogether
made up of religious reasons—his death is
a religious reason ;
(Lack of religion is the profoundest religious
reason of all.)

John Oxenham.

'*All's Well!*' is the title which Mr. Oxenham has given to his volume of war poems (Methuen ; rs. net). He dedicates the volume 'To my son Hugo, 2nd Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and to all his comrades in arms. Mr. Oxenham writes poetry and he has faith in God, and these two go together better than some people think. For those who are at the front this is his prayer :

LORD, SAVE THEIR SOULS ALIVE!

Lord, save their souls alive!
And—for the rest,—
We leave it all to Thee;
Thou knowest best.

Whether they live or die,
Safely they'll rest,
Every true soul of them,
Thy Chosen Guest.

Whether they live or die,
They chose the best,
They sprang to Duty's call,
They stood the test.

If they come back to us—
How grateful we!
If not,—we may not grieve;
They are with Thee.

No soul of them shall fail,
Whate'er the past.
Who dies for Thee and Thine
Wins Thee at last.

Who, through the fiery gates,
Enter Thy rest,
Greet them as conquerors,—
Bravest and best!

Every white soul of them,
Ransomed and blest,—
Wear them as living gems,
Bear them as living flames,
High on Thy breast!

J. E. Livock.

Songs and Lyrics of the Inner Life (Jarrod) are divided into Morning Songs, Noontide Songs, Afternoon Songs, Eventide Songs, A Group of Sonnets, and In Memoriam. This is one of the Afternoon Songs:

NEVERTHELESS I AM CONTINUALLY WITH THEE.
Strong words for thee, dear pilgrim on life's
journey,
Howe'er oppressed by fears thy soul may'st be;
Take heart of grace once more, forsooth thou
goest
In peerless company.

And if through sad defection of thy nature,
Thou walkedst orphaned of the touch Divine,
'Nevertheless' must be thy faith's wide doorway
Through which God's light will shine.

Muriel Stuart.

There is no poem in *Christ at Carnival* (Jenkins; 3s. 6d. net) that moves us as the poem which gives the book its name. Its theme is the following of Christ. How is He to be followed? By renouncing family and escaping to a nunnery, or by renouncing self and taking up life's everyday drudgery?

Go back, thou hast two children in thy
house;
Breaking thy holy vows,
Didst think to find thy God in mummeries,
Finding it not with whom Christ said: 'Of
these'

A child is but a shell upon Life's shore,
Fragile, rose-kissed, yet holding for thine ears
Raging of seas, and roaring of the spheres.
Thou hadst no need too heavenward to look up,
Thou discontented soul.
Behold Christ's milky mouth in the china
cup,
Christ's hand that tips the blue-rimmed porridge
bowl!

The rest are lighter, but there is melody in every
one of them.

Eva Gore-Booth.

Miss Gore-Booth is one of the band of Irish poets who are so individual and yet so unmistakable; who being Irish will never found a school, but are manifestly going to make it necessary for the future writer of English literature to find a place for them. Her new book is *The Perilous Light* (Erskine Macdonald; 1s. net). Here are six stanzas from

THE BODY TO THE SOUL.

Oh, soul, when you mount to your flame-built
throne,
Will you dream no dream of the broken
clay?
Will you breathe o'er the stars on your pathway
strown
No sigh for the daisies of yesterday?

As you wander the shining corridors,
 A lonely wave in the ocean of light,
 Have you never a thought of the lake's lost
 shores,
 Or the fire-lit cottage dim and white?

Shall not the dear smell of the rain-wet soil
 Through the windless spheres and the silence
 float?

Shall not my hands that are brown with toil
 Take your dreams and high desires by the
 throat?

Behold, I reach forth from beyond the years,
 I will cry to you from beneath the sod,
 I will drag you back from the starry spheres,
 Yea, down from the very bosom of God.

You cannot hide from the sun and the wind,
 Or the whispered song of the April rain;
 The proud earth that moulds all things to her
 mind,
 Shall gather you out of the deeps again.

You shall follow once more a wandering fire,
 You shall gaze again on the star-lit sea,
 You shall gather roses out of the mire,
 Alas, but you shall not remember me!

Stephen Phillips.

The poem with which Mr. Phillips' new book—*Panama, and Other Poems* (Lane; 4s. 6d. net)—opens, is an earnest entreaty to the United States Government to make the great canal an instrument of international goodwill. It is a good poem, but there are better. This is better, this sonnet so reminiscent of Blanco White's sonnet on 'Night and Death,' although its end is so unhappily pessimistic:

DEATH AND DREAMS.

Beside you though I lie, alone I dream,
 To what a distance in a moment hurled!
 While on the couch so nigh to you I seem,
 My soul is travelling fast a different world,
 Though through the day in field or traffic-
 thunder
 Rarely we wander with divided feet;
 By night how suddenly are we asunder!
 In mine your hand is, yet we may not
 meet.

And fearful then I grow lest you or I,
 If but a dream can make us strangers
 quite,
 In dream should wander whence we cannot
 fly,
 Nor in this earthly house again unite.
 If sleep can so estrange, an eyelid's close,
 Then what a sheer farewell may Death im-
 pose!

Poems on War.

Professor W. Knight has gathered together a second volume of poems on War under the title of *Pro Patria et Rege* (Century Press; 2s. 6d. net). The poems are old and new. They range from Addison to George Edward Woodberry. Reading them steadily forward one is struck with their unabashed paganism. They glorify war and such qualities as physical courage, but how rarely do things that are higher than strife and division come within their ken. Only Alfred Noyes of the moderns that are here keeps the vision quite undimmed. This is Christian:

The world rolls on; and love and peace are
 mated:
 Still on the breast of England, like a star,
 The blood-red lonely heath blows, consecrated,
 A brooding practice-ground for blood-red war.

Yet is there nothing out of tune with Nature
 There, where the skylark showers his earliest
 song,
 Where sun and wind have moulded every
 feature,
 And one world-music bears each note along.

There many a brown-winged kestrel swoops or
 hovers
 In poised and patient quest of his own
 prey;
 And there are fern-clad glens where happy
 lovers
 May kiss the murmuring summer noon away.

There, as the primal earth was, all is glorious,
 Perfect, and wise, and wonderful in view
 Of that great heaven through which we rise
 victorious
 O'er all that strife and change and death
 can do.

No nation yet has risen o'er earth's first nature ;
 Though love illumed each individual mind,
 Like some half-blind, half-formed primeval crea-
 ture
 The State still crawled a thousand years be-
 hind.

Still on the standards of the great World-Powers
 Lion and bear and eagle sullenly brood,
 Whether the slow folds flap o'er halcyon hours
 Or stream tempestuously o'er fields of blood.

The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall.

Mrs. S. A. Barnett has gathered into one considerable volume a large number of papers and articles by her husband, Canon Barnett, and herself. The volume forms a new series of *Practical Socialism* (Longmans; 6s. net). It might have been called 'Practised Socialism,' there is so little theorizing; there is so much self-sacrifice and service. The papers are brought together under comprehensive titles—Religion, Recreation, Settlements, Poverty and Labour, Social Service, Education. What sort of life does it lead us into? This, by Mrs. Barnett herself, is a fair example:

'How did the idea of a University Settlement arise?' 'What was the beginning?' are questions so often asked by Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, or the younger generations of earnest English people, that it seems worth while to reply in print, and to trundle one's mind back to those early days of effort and loneliness before so many bore the burden and shared the anxiety. The fear is that in putting pen to paper on matters which are so closely bound up with our own lives, the sin of egotism will be committed, or that a special plant, which is still growing, may be damaged, as even weeds are if their roots are looked at. And yet in the tale which has to be told there is so much that is gladdening and strengthening to those who are fighting apparently forlorn causes that I venture to tell it in the belief that to some our experiences will give hope.

In the year 1869, Mr. Edward Denison took up his abode in East London. He did not stay long nor accomplish much, but as he breathed the air of the people he absorbed something of their sufferings, saw things from their standpoint, and, as his letters in his memoirs show, made frequent suggestions for social remedies. He was the first settler, and was followed by the late Mr. Edmund

Holland, to whom my husband and I owe our life in Whitechapel. He was ever on the outlook for men and women who cared for the people, and hearing that we wished to come Eastward, wrote to Dr. Jackson, then Bishop of London, when the living of St. Jude's fell vacant in the autumn of 1872, and asked that it might be offered to Mr. Barnett, who was at that time working as Curate at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, with Mr. Fremantle, now the Dean of Ripon. I have the Bishop's letter, wise, kind, and fatherly, the letter of a general sending a young captain to a difficult outpost. 'Do not hurry in your decision,' he wrote, 'it is the worst parish in my diocese, inhabited mainly by a criminal population, and one which has, I fear, been much corrupted by doles.'

How well I remember the day Mr. Barnett and I first came to see it!—a sulky sort of drizzle filled the atmosphere; the streets, dirty and ill-kept, were crowded with vicious and bedraggled people, neglected children, and over-driven cattle. The whole parish was a network of courts and alleys, many houses being let out in furnished rooms at 8d. a night—a bad system, which lent itself to every form of evil, to thriftless habits, to untidiness, to loss of self-respect, to unruly living, to vicious courses.

We did not 'hurry in our decision,' but just before Christmas, 1872, Mr. Barnett became vicar. A month later we were married, and took up our life-work on 6 March, 1873, accompanied by our friend Edward Leonard, who joined us, 'to do what he could'; his 'could' being ultimately the establishment of the Whitechapel Committee of the Charity Organization Society, and a change in the lives and ideals of a large number of young people, whom he gathered round him to hear of the Christ he worshipped.

It would sound like exaggeration if I told my memories of those times. The previous vicar had had a long and disabling illness, and all was out of order. The church, unserved by either curate or officials, was empty, dirty, unwarmed. Once the platform of popular preachers, Mr. Hugh Allen and Mr. (now Bishop) Thornton, it had had huge galleries built to accommodate the crowds who came from all parts of London to hear them—galleries which blocked the light, and made the subsequent emptiness additionally oppressive. The schools were closed, the schoolrooms all but devoid of furniture, the parish organization nil; no mothers' meeting,

no Sunday school, no communicants' class, no library, no guilds, no music, no classes, nothing alive. Around this barren empty shell surged the people, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Thieves and worse, receivers of stolen goods, hawkers, casual dock labourers, every sort of unskilled low-class cadger congregated in the parish. There was an Irish quarter and a Jews' quarter, while whole streets were given over to hangers-on of a vicious population, people whose conduct was brutal, whose ideal was idleness, whose habits were disgusting, and among whom goodness was laughed at, the honest man and the right-living woman being scorned as impracticable. Robberies, assaults, and fights in the streets were frequent; and to me, a born coward, it grew into a matter of distress when we became sufficiently well known in the parish for our presence to stop, or at least to moderate, a fight; for then it seemed a duty to join the crowd, and not to follow one's nervous instincts and pass by on the other side. I recall one breakfast being disturbed by three fights outside the Vicarage. We each went to one, and the third was hindered by a hawker friend who had turned verger, and who fetched the distant policeman, though he evidently remained doubtful as to the value of interference.

We began our work very quietly and simply: opened the church (the first congregation was made up of six or seven old women, all expecting doles for coming), restarted the schools, established relief committees, organized parish machinery, and tried to cauterize, if not to cure, the deep cancer of dependence which was embedded in all our parishioners alike, lowering the best among them and degrading the worst. At all hours, and on all days, and with every possible pretext, the people came and begged. To them we were nothing but the source from which to obtain tickets, money, or food; and so confident were they that help would be forthcoming that they would allow themselves to get into circumstances of suffering or distress easily foreseen, and then send round and demand assistance.

I can still recall my emotions when summoned to a sick woman in Castle Alley, an alley long since pulled down, where the houses, three stories high, were hardly six feet apart; the sanitary accommodation—pits in the cellars; and the whole place only fit for the condemnation it got directly Cross's Act was passed. This alley, by the way, was in

part the cause of Cross's Act, so great an impression did it make on Lord Cross (then Mr. Cross), when Mr. Barnett induced him to come down and see it.

In this stinking alley, in a tiny dirty room, all the windows broken and stuffed up, lay the woman who had sent for me. There were no bedclothes; she lay on a sacking covered with rags.

'I do not know you,' said I, 'but I hear you want to see me.'

'No, ma'am!' replied a fat beer-sodden woman by the side of the bed, producing a wee, new-born baby; 'we don't know yer, but 'ere's the babby, and in 'course she wants clothes, and the mother comforts like. So we jist sent round to the church.'

This was a compliment to the organization which represented Christ, but one which showed how sunken was the character which could not make even the simplest provision for an event which must have been expected for months, and which even the poorest among the respectable counts sacred.

The refusal of the demanded doles made the people very angry. Once the Vicarage windows were broken, once we were stoned by an angry crowd, who also hurled curses at us as we walked down a criminal-haunted street, and howled out as a climax to their wrongs, 'And it's us as pays 'em.' But we lived all this down, and as the years went by reaped a harvest of love and gratitude which is one of the gladdest possessions of our lives, and is quite disproportionate to the service we have rendered. But this is the end of the story, and I must go back to the beginning.

In a parish which occupies only a few acres, and was inhabited by 8000 persons, we were confronted by some of the hardest problems of city life. The housing of the people, the superfluity of unskilled labour, the enforcement of resented education, the liberty of the criminal classes to congregate and create a low public opinion, the administration of the Poor Law, the amusement of the ignorant, the hindrances to local government (in a neighbourhood devoid of the leisured and cultured), the difficulty of uniting the unskilled men and women in trade unions, the necessity for stricter Factory Acts, the joylessness of the masses, the hopefulness of the young—all represented difficult problems, each waiting for a solution and made complicated by the apathy of the poor,

who were content with an unrighteous contentment and patient with an ungodly patience. These were not the questions to be replied to by doles, nor could the problem be solved by kind acts to individuals nor by the healing of the suffering, which was but the symptom of the disease.

In those days these difficulties were being dealt with mainly by good, kind women, generally elderly; few men, with the exception of the clergy and noted philanthropists, as Lord Shaftesbury, were interested in the welfare of the poor, and economists rarely joined close experience with their theories.

'If men, cultivated, young, thinking men, could only know of these things they would be altered,' I used to say, with girlish faith in human goodwill—a faith which years has not shaken; and in the spring of 1875 we went to Oxford, partly to tell about the poor, partly to enjoy 'eights week' with a group of young friends. Our party was planned by Miss Toynbee, whom I had met when at school, and whose brother Arnold was then an undergraduate at Pembroke. Our days were filled with the hospitality with which Oxford still rejoices its guests; but in the evenings we used to drop quietly down the river with two or three earnest men, or sit long and late in our lodgings in the Turl, and discuss the mighty problems of poverty and the people.

How vividly Canon Barnett and I can recall each and all of the first group of 'thinking men,' so ready to take up enthusiasms in their boyish strength—Arnold Toynbee, Sidney Ball, W. H. Forbes, Arthur Hoare, Leonard Montefiore, Alfred Milner, Philip Gell, John Falk, G. E. Underhill, Ralph Whitehead, Lewis Nettleship! Some of these are still here, and caring for our people, but others have passed behind the veil, where perhaps earth's sufferings are explicable.

We used to ask each undergraduate as he developed interest to come and stay in Whitechapel, and see for himself. And they came, some to spend a few weeks, some for the Long Vacation, while others, as they left the University and began their life's work, took lodgings in East London, and felt all the fascination of its strong pulse of life, hearing, as those who listen always may, the hushed, unceasing moans underlying the cry which ever and anon makes itself heard by an unheeding public.

From that first visit to Oxford in the 'eights week' of 1875, date many visits to both the Uni-

versities. Rarely a term passed without our going to Oxford, where the men who had been down to East London introduced us to others who might do as they had done. Sometimes we stayed with Dr. Jowett, the immortal Master of Balliol, sometimes we were the guests of the undergraduates, who would get up meetings in their rooms, and organize innumerable breakfasts, teas, river excursions, and other opportunities for introducing the subject of the duty of the cultured to the poor and degraded.

No organization was started, no committee, no society, no club formed. We met men, told them of the needs of the out-of-sight poor; and many came to see Whitechapel and stayed to help it. And so eight years went by—our Oxford friends laughingly called my husband the 'unpaid professor of social philosophy.'

In June 1883, we were told by Mr. Moore Smith that some men at St. John's College at Cambridge were wishful to do something for the poor, but that they were not quite prepared to start an ordinary College Mission. Mr. Barnett was asked to suggest some other possible and more excellent way. The letter came as we were leaving for Oxford, and was slipped with others into my husband's pocket. Soon something went wrong with the engine and delayed the train so long that the passengers were allowed to get out. We seated ourselves on the railway bank, just then glorified by masses of large ox-eyed daisies, and there he wrote a letter suggesting that men might hire a house, where they could come for short or long periods, and, living in an industrial quarter, learn to 'sup sorrow with the poor.' The letter pointed out that close personal knowledge of individuals among the poor must precede wise legislation for remedying their needs, and that as English local government was based on the assumption of a leisured cultivated class, it was necessary to provide it artificially in those regions where the line of leisure was drawn just above sleeping hours, and where the education ended at thirteen years of age and with the three R's.

That letter founded Toynbee Hall.