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Entre Nous.

Alice Meynell.

Could poetry be touched to finer issues than this?—

I dreamt (no 'dream' awake—a dream indeed)
A wrathful man was talking in the park:

'Where are the Higher Powers, who know our
need

And leave us in the dark?

'There are no Higher Powers; there is no heart
In God, no love'—his oratory here,
Taking the paupers' and the cripples' part,
Was broken by a tear.

And then it seemed that One who did create
Compassion, who alone invented pity,
Walked, as though called, in at that north-east
gate,

Out from the muttering city;

Threaded the little crowd, trod the brown grass,
Bent o'er the speaker close, saw the tear rise,
And saw Himself, as one looks in a glass,
In those impassioned eyes.

It is one, and no singular one, of the poems in
this true poet's new book, *A Father of Women*,
by Alice Meynell (Burns & Oates; 2s. net).

E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair.

The title of the book, of which the authorship is
thus divided, is *Black and White Magic* (Blackwell;
3s. 6d. net). And the binder has matched the
title. In the early Christian days it might have
run the risk of burning. But the children's protest
would have saved it. Think what it would have
meant to them to have lost in the fire this delicious
nursery roundelay:

NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

Think, when you sleep
And slip alone into a world of dream,
That fairies creep
Up to the darkling house by glow-worm gleam;
And then kind-eyed
They cast delicious spells at our bedside,
And take you in their keeping
When you are sleeping.

'In and out and round about, while moonshine
is peeping

Through the dimity curtains on the floor and
counterpane,

Puck with his fairy broom is furbishing and
sweeping,

And all the rest in the dimpley light are
dancing, ring and chain,

Cross hands and down the middle and cross
hands again.'

Think, when you wake
And blink your eyelids at the morning's blue,
That fairies slake

Their dainty thirst upon the garden dew,
And tell the flowers

To dress and give them breakfast in their
bowers,

And set the sunbeams shaking
When you are waking.

'Here and there and everywhere, when broad
day is breaking

They troop into the garden, very eager to be
fed.

If the dew is not delivered, they are put into a
taking;

But at last they wander back into the wood
and go to bed

With yawns of gapy gossamer, each fairy
sleepy-head.'

Jean de Bosschère.

Mr. F. S. Flint and Miss May Sinclair have conspired together to make known to the English-reading world the Flemish poet Jean de Bosschère. Mr. Flint has translated a volume of poems entitled *The Closed Door* (John Lane; 6s. net), and Miss Sinclair has written the Introduction to it.

They are remarkable poems. They are so remarkable that it is, as Miss Sinclair calls it, a very wonderful accomplishment for Mr. Flint to translate them into verse, preserving the accent and the rhythm and the vibration of the original. What do they signify? What is Jean de Bosschère? He has been called symbolist, romanticist, idealist, decadent, mystic, and New Catholic. But he is

none of these things, though he may be just a little of them all. Miss Sinclair almost calls him a realist. 'He sees common things, the humblest inhabitants of space and time, *sub specie aeternitatis*. He is like his own looking-glass maker. He holds up his glass at an unexpected angle and shows you a surprising image of the world, a disconcerting image of your own face. And you see him peeping behind his looking-glass like a wise but slightly malevolent sorcerer and enjoying your bewilderment and your embarrassment.'

One of the poems has the title of 'The Doubter.' 'In a hundred and ninety-eight lines you are given all a man's inner life from babyhood to manhood.

I was a green and bitter child,
Like a walnut husk.

I sought in secret for a god I might worship,
A wooden statue of illimitable confidence.

My father's hat was sacred.

He smoked his pipe with integrity,
You pressed yourself close to him,
To snuff the man's smell of him.
He was the world and the essence of the
world,
And the master-orderer of all the mysteries.

And my mother was the bread and butter,
The cold dew of evening and the sweetness of
the cherry,
The white sheets smelling of mignonette,
And the warm circle of lips on my cheek.

My mother was not a body,
But a warmth,
And a slight odour of lemon or amber.
She was not a body, but a certain unique gown,
With her mother's hands
And her moist eyes
Wide-open!

'Is it not beautiful? Is not all childhood there,
with the secret of its heart and the magic of its
senses, all in a few lines?'

Robin Blochairn.

It is only Mr. Alexander Gardner of Paisley who gives us poetry in Scots now. He has given us many delightful volumes, but *Singin' to the Weans*, by Robin Blochairn (2s. 6d. net), will take a good place among them. Let us test its quality by

HAPPIT OWRE THE HEID.

Noo gloamin' grey wons owre the brae,
The dingle an' the dell,
An' hides frae sicht, till mornin' licht,
Ilk flo'eret's hinnie bell;
An' birdies gay that sang a' day,
Gin care they ne'er had pree'd,
Hameward ha'e floun an', coorit doun,
Are happit owre the heid.

Sae bairnies wee maun quat their glee
Their daffin' an' their din,
An' quatin' doun till no' a soun'
Is heard the hoose 'ithin;
Syne, i' the nest they lo'e the best,
They'll cuddle sleepy-e'ed,
When daddie's blest, an' mammie's kisst,
An' hapt them owre the heid.

Oh, bairnies kin', lang be it mine
To share your guileless joys,
An' tak' my pairt, wi' duntin' he'rt,
In a' your e'enin' ploys;
Till ilka pow begins to row,
An' lea's but ae remeid,
To hap ye saft, an' hap ye aft,
An' hap ye owre the heid.

Be't ear' or late ye tak' the gait,
Your ain bit weys to win;
Oh, may ye ne'er gae coortin' care,
Nor seek the tents o' sin.
May angels sweet aye guide your feet
To follow Wisdom's lead,
Till ye be lain among your ain,
An' happit owre the heid.

J. E. Stewart.

Captain J. E. Stewart of the Border Regiment is soldier enough to win the Military Cross; and he is poet enough to write a poem like this:

I was afraid of Fear,
Not of the foe;
And when I thought that those I hold most
dear

My craven soul would know
And turn away ashamed, who praised before,
Ashamed and deep distressed to find it so,
I was afraid the more.

Lo, when I joined the fight,
And bared my breast
To all the darts of that wild hellish night,
I, only, stood the test,
For Fear, which I had feared, deserted then,
And forward blithely at the foe I prest,
King of myself again.

Blessed be God above
For His sweet care,
Who heard the prayers of those whom most I
love
And my poor suppliance there,
Who brought me forth in life and limb all
whole,
Who blessed my powers with his divine
repair,
And gave me back my soul!

The volume is entitled *Grapes of Thorns*
(Macdonald; 1s. net).

Dorothy Kempe.

Mrs. Thory Gage Gardiner, who writes under the name of Dorothy Kempe, has published a volume of poems with the title of *Mary in the Wood* (Macdonald; 1s. net). They are the poems of a woman of education, who has never fallen into the prevailing vice of incomprehensibility. Take these two stanzas from

AT THE ROAD'S ENDING.

O wild, wild converse of the hills,
Deep communing of earth and sky,
My spirit unaccompanied thrills
With intimate joy and liberty,
Matching your music with a song;

On some triumphant pilgrimage
Fares hence into the untrodden years;
Nor lagging feet, nor darkened age,
Nor death of deathless Beauty fears,
There, at the ending of the road!

Percy Haselden.

Many poems have been written on Nurse Cavell. One of the best is Percy Haselden's:

TO THE MEMORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN.

I.

I knew you not, pale sister, whose dear eyes
Had watched in tenderness beside the bed
Of those who suffered—heedless if they bled
For England or for England's enemies;
Not yours to question whence those eager
cries

For comfort in their pain, each weary head
Knew the kind arms that now lie still and
dead

Beneath the star-decked cere-cloth of the skies.

I knew you not, but now the wide earth
knows

How the sick wolves have slain their com-
forter,

Biting the hand that fed them: not for long
Shall these blind monsters vex the world's
repose;

And through the ages shall you grow more
fair,

'A name in story and a light in song!'

II.

Let there be light! Dark shadows clog the sun
While monstrous fingers clutch the hapless
throat,

And savage eyes burn red with lust and gloat
In elemental pride; what powers have spun
The night beneath whose cloak this thing is
done

That shocks the world as if some devil smote
The Mother of the Lord? Do *they* not quote
The Scriptures to their purpose thus begun?

Let there be light—each man a flaming brand
To rout the beasts that war upon the weak
And martyr the mild hands that soothe their
pain;

A clarion resounds throughout the land:
Now let your swords, O men, in vengeance
speak,

That your strong hands shall bring us light
again!

That is a fair example of the poems contained in the volume entitled *In the Wake of the Sword* (Macdonald; 1s. net).

Mary Yelland.

Canon Scott Holland introduces Mary Yelland and her poetry in his most gracious manner. And there is great joy to find that the poetry is even finer than the introduction. Take this:

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

I have not found it yet, but I *shall* find
The heightened life that, just beyond my
reach,
Evades me still, elusive as the wind,
Or comes in dreams too excellent for speech.

Full life, which holds all precious things intact
-From Time's corrosion or detracting loss,
Where all true artist-visions turn to fact,
Where gold is crystal-pure, unmarred by dross.

It lies so near, so near!—a wild bird's song
At dawn will oft unlatch a secret door,
And show me golden vistas stretching long,
Towards life that glows and quickens more
and more.

Or in the beauty of some woodland copse,
The envisaged glory of a life to be
Strikes on me, even as the sunlight drops
Through tender leafage clothing brake and
tree.

I have not found it, but am finding fast,
As yet in glimpses fair but fugitive;
I will not linger in the fading past,
But to the imperishable future turn and live!

The title of the little book is *In the Land of the Living* (Scott; 1s. net).

Samuel J. Looker.

In *Songs of the Wayside* (Author: 18 Allen Road, Stoke Newington; 1s. 3d. net) Mr. Looker shows himself master of many metres. This is a fair example of his thought and the expression of it:

THE INNER LIGHT.

From stress and discords of the common round,
I turn to that quiet faith that bids me hope,
And, chief of all the joys 'neath Heaven's cope,
The inward peace that in the soul is found.
The shocks of Chance, the claws of cruel
Fate,
In vain essay to break my spirit's dower;
The bud of life shall open to its flower,
To render love complete and satiate.
Thus in despite of Time and his harsh mace
That would crush love and memory's choicest
fruit,
Close to my ear Hope sounds her silver lute,
And life again is filled with tender grace,
I would that to Death's hour would sound that
tune,
While skies are blue and loiter days of June.

Anne Glenny Wilson.

Lady Wilson has issued a new and enlarged edition of *A Book of Verses* (Elliot Stock). The following is, we think, one of the new items in it:

BY THE BROOK JABBOK.

Would I could see indeed that desert road
Where Israel strove with One unseen, un-
known,
And so prevailed that, ere the morning shone,
He heard a name, and Heaven itself o'erflowed
Bare hill and barren stone.

All night we wrestle with a shadowy guest,
Silent, like Him who once to Peniel came:
We call him Death, yet dare not ask his
name
While the same witness stars sail down the
west.
And yet our prayers, our tears, may still
prevail,
And when the eternal morning lifts its veil
It may be we shall see him, calm and blessed,
An angel crowned with flame!

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