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Romanticism, is totally out of keeping with the New Testament, and also—this is the point I wish to make—with Greek literature. Neither has anything for the dilettante or for the pedant, though the dilettante and the pedant have frequently tried to lay hands on both. As Mr. Livingstone puts it, in his acute book on *The Greek Genius*, 'there are two literatures in the world which are at war with this spirit; they are very different in their conclusions, for they start from widely different presuppositions, but they are very much alike in their determination to see things as they are. One of these is Greek literature, the other is the New Testament. Both to the early Christians and to the Greeks life was too real a thing to be surrendered to sentiment and sham.' Greek literature resisted the temptation to unreality which sprang out of the artistic temperament; the New Testament resisted the religious temptation to unreality, and the one is as subtle as the other in its tendency to seek consolation in unreal fancies, to pose, to be affected either in disclaiming or in expressing moral passion. The severe criticism to which the New Testament has been subjected during the past thirty years has made it impossible to regard this collection of books as a mosaic of texts to be fitted into proofs of dogmas. But it has also done away with the notion that the New Testament is the

book of a timid, conventional little society which shrank from contact with the facts of life and sheltered itself behind pretty fancies about God and the world. It was not written for such persons, nor by such persons. Its writers are not self-conscious artists, and its audience is not a handful of dainty, sentimental spirits, who hesitate to face living issues. There is no pathos in the New Testament, in the sense of a weak, regretful, affected attitude to life. The pathetic thing about the New Testament is the way in which it has sometimes been perverted into a book for people whom the apostles would have found it difficult to recognize as alive at all. Whatever the next thirty years bring, in the shape of critical methods and results, one is safe to predict that they will more and more leave honest students with the impression that this is a literature which is never tired, and therefore never eccentric or affected. You may grow old as you work at it, but in this little collection of Greek books you discover what classical students find in Greek literature, not simply the satisfaction of dealing with the sources, which is always freshening to the mind, but a spirit of youthfulness, a moral reality, a vitality, a directness, a refusal to evade great issues, which more than repays any trouble spent upon the language.

Entre Nous.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Self-respect.

I. 'I RECENTLY listened to two distinguished scholars who occupy important chairs in the University of Berlin. One appeared in rusty garments and soiled linen, while he droned away in a lifeless fashion for nearly an hour. The sight roused in me an instinctive resentment. I felt that his appearance was an insult to his hearers, and that it betokened a want of self-respect, however far these things may have been present to his conscious thought. They ought to have been present to him. There is an everlasting incongruity between great learning and dirty collars. The other man held an equally high rank in scholarship, but he was dressed in faultless taste. His neck was clean,

his linen was immaculate. His beard was closely cropped and carefully brushed, his coat was closely buttoned. He was "a gentleman and a scholar." There was nothing foppish about him; he was simply a clean, wholesome man who had a keen perception of the fitness of things. It was a pleasure to look at him, and he spoke as he looked, with freedom, exactness, and fiery animation.'

The story is told by Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, one of the Yale Lecturers on Preaching. Notice the words 'it betokened a want of self-respect.' But has the ambassador to think of himself? Is 'self-respect' a word proper to one who beseeches men *in Christ's stead*? The Bishop of Durham thinks it quite proper, and who has a finer sense of ambassadorship than he? By 'self-respect' he

dares to translate the Greek word *αἰδώς*. That word occurs only once in the New Testament; for the best text throws it out of He 12²⁸, where it is rendered in the A.V. by 'reverence.' The single occurrence is 1 Ti 2¹⁰, in reference to the adornment of women: 'shamefacedness' being the A.V. translation (R.V. 'shamefastness').

Dr. Moule speaks of it as 'that noble pre-Christian ethical term which lay ready and waiting to be glorified by the Gospel.' How so, if it is used in the New Testament but once? It is used but once because it falls within that greater word which means reverence toward God. It is no longer, as in classical Greek, a word standing by itself and expressing an attitude that is simply human and self-regarding. In the New Testament self-respect is the attitude of the man or woman who has been bought with a price and now belongs to another. And the very rarity of its use is a sign of the completeness of the change wrought by the new relationship. If one is still to be encouraged to have self-respect, the encouragement is to something very much finer than the old pagan virtue, however homely the encouragement may be.

Dr. Moule's is as homely as Dr. Behrends'. 'Let the man be seen by those who are about him, and who in one way or another wait on him, to be quite simple while quite refined in ways and habits; to be active and wholesome in the hours he keeps; to hold self-indulgence under a strong bridle (shall I say, not least the self-indulgence which cannot do without the stimulant and without the pipe?); and he will be in a fair way to commend his message indoors. Let him be seen, without the least affectation, but unmistakably, to find his main interests, within doors as well as without, in his Lord and His cause and work; to be the avowed Christian at all hours; and he will be doing hourly work for Christ.'

2. But the ambassador for Christ may go further. Paul exhorted Timothy to suffer no man to despise him, and Dr. Behrends in another place of his book on *The Philosophy of Preaching*, says he exhorted him to maintain his self-respect. And he makes the modern application: 'The advice has not become obsolete. It was never needed more than now. There is no place where decay and loss of power so surely and swiftly follow upon moral timidity, or that want of intellectual poise which a noble self-respect ensures, as the pulpit. The preacher, as the herald of God, should be the humblest of men;

but that humility should inspire him with an unusual and sustained boldness when he speaks to his fellows, under the profound conviction that what he has to say the whole world, from prince to beggar, needs to hear and heed.'

This is the form of self-respect, we think, which the Roman Centurion had and which he expressed in the words, 'I also am a man under authority.' It was just because he was under authority that he could issue his orders and be obeyed. He himself had no authority; the orders were the Emperor's. Jesus greatly commended the Centurion for his words. They recognized in Him authority also, and just the authority which He claimed. He was sent. He carried the mandate of the Father. 'The words that I say unto you I speak not from myself: but the Father abiding in me doeth his works.' And just as He was sent by the Father, so are we sent by Him. Therefore our self-respect when we see that no man despises us is not a 'self-regarding virtue,' it is Christ-regarding and imperial.

SOME TOPICS.

Patriotism.

The Rev. Dr. Carter has written down some of his experiences with the men to whom he ministered in hospital. *The Gospel to War-Broken Men* is the pathetic title of the book (R.T.S.; 1s. net). This is one of his recollections: 'A lad of the Black Watch held my hand in a final good-bye. "God bless you," he said, "I'll think of you over there." "It is God's own kingdom," I replied. "I know," he said, "but oh, sir, I wish I could have gone to it round by Scotland."

Paradise scientific.

This is from the new edition of *The Coming Polity*, of which the authors are Mr. Victor Branford and Professor Patrick Geddes:

'There is an old and venerable Babylonian tradition, transmitted by Israel to the west, that man had once long ago a home and a garden given him to care for, which were the masterpiece of the divine Geotect, and to which all since planned are but what their kindred garden suburbs are to Paradise. The story tells how he and his wife lost home and situation together, and merely through yielding to what are our common modern desires, of things fair to the eye and sweet to the taste, with luxuries of "intellect and culture," as well. The story is thus plainly

and psychologically true. Its lesson is that the adjustment of our life and surroundings must be not merely geotechnic, much less merely neotechnic. It must also be spiritual; assuredly not merely intellectual: on that point the story is clear. Its emotional element must be not only large and impulsive, but also sincere, and therefore ring true in action.

Clothed upon.

Dr. Kelman has some moving incidents to describe in his Yale Lectures. This is one: 'A young officer of my acquaintance was killed in France. Three days later his sister dreamed that she saw him sitting in a mess-room with his fellow-officers evidently in the highest of spirits. "Why, Dick," she said to him, "I thought you were dead." "Dead!" he shouted, tossing back his head with a hearty laugh. "No, we're not dead; we're only waiting for new uniforms."'

Helping.

The Comtesse de Franqueville, whose biography is noticed among the literature, had much experience in helping. She says:

'There are three lessons experience gives as to helping others; and the more your neighbours differ from yourself in their circumstances and ways, the more need there is to study and follow these rules—

"I. You *must* know your neighbours' *tastes* as well as sorrows, sins and wants. There is as much difference among individuals and classes as there is among nations. One man's meat is another man's poison, and *vice versa*. This is true in every possible application.

"II. You *must* respect their liberty and rights. Be patient under rebuffs, and blame yourself for stupidity or want of tact; it is a safe presumption.

"III. You *must* keep your eye on Christ and the individual. Numbers stun and confuse. Keep your eye on Christ and a man—not millions. Take the food from Him and give it, and it will, though you may not see it, feed a multitude."

Special Providences.

For the fundamental things of apologetic go to a scholarly Unitarian. For an exposition of the doctrine of God, for a defence of the theistic against the materialistic interpretation of the Uni-

verse, go to the Rev. Sydney Herbert Mellone, M.A., D.Sc. His *God and the World* (Lindsey Press; 2s. net) is most effective. Dr. Mellone has the calm courage of the scholar; he has the sure touch of the literary artist. And he is not content with generalities. Is he discussing the doctrine of Providence? he discusses also the belief in 'special providences.' And he accepts them. He says:

'There are those who believe that they can point to such events in their lives, though they were full of trouble or tragedy. In sorrow and suffering there is "a deeper voice across the storm"; a voice, still and small, yet stronger than the tumult of our grief, saying, "It is I—be not afraid." I will mention two expressions of this, which have reached me. One says: "This [the feeling of God's sustaining presence] only came to me after great trouble—very depths of trouble; and the realization of God which it brought seemed to make all the trouble worth while. But I cannot put it properly into words, and I do not like to try." Another: "My experience tells me that it is in and after sorrow of the most hopeless sort—as in the death of one we love—that God's relation to us is felt to be at once personal and fuller, richer and more comforting than any human personal relations can be." Many could bear witness to this, if they were willing or able to speak.'

The Venture for Sunshine.

The Rev. W. Y. Fullerton calls his new book *God's High Way* (Morgan & Scott), and also a book of 'old ideals and new impulses.' Of the 'old ideals' we may perhaps discover an example in the sermon on the words, 'Many are called, but few chosen,' where he tells us that 'the thought is not that some are accepted and that some are rejected, but that amongst those that are accepted only a few achieve renown. It is the idea of choiceness rather than of chosenness that underlies the words.' And of the 'new impulses' we may perhaps find a case at the end of the volume where he describes his first ascent of the Sparrenhorn in July 1881:

'On this first visit when I had barely begun to climb I was met by those who had started earlier. They had not got half-way and were coming back because the mists had descended and it was useless to go farther. They passed, and, reluctant to give

up my quest, I waited, sitting on the hillside under the mist.

'Two things came to remembrance. Below, I could yet see the smoke from the only house on the plateau apart from the hotel and the Swiss *chalêts*. It was the cottage of Professor Tyndall, who, in my native city, as President of the British Association, had made his challenge on prayer, when I was then in my teens. I thought of that, and then I recalled the covenanting story of Peden the prophet, how when he was pursued by his enemies he cried to God to cast the lap of His cloak over him, and the mist came down on the Scotch hillside, and hid him from his foes.

'Then, quite simply, I accepted the challenge of the unbeliever and of the believer, and asked God, Who has all power over the works of His own hand, graciously to lift the mist; and I went on. It was foolhardy if you please, presumptuous perhaps, and what happened may of course be described as coincidence. But there is always something more in the depths of the soul's experience that is not satisfied with such criticisms or explanations. There came a rift in the mist; I got to the top in safety, and in brilliant sunshine gazed on the wonderful panorama of peaks and glaciers. After ten minutes' ecstasy, prudence urged me to descend. The mist descended more quickly, but I got back in peace, the only one who happened that day to have the advantage of the sunshine.'

Professor Sayce.

Mr. J. T. Hackett, in *My commonplace Book* (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d. net), gives a good reason for the existence of anthologies. 'The Blanco White sonnet,' he says, 'I could find *nowhere* except in collections of sonnets, which in my opinion are little read. It will be observed that in anthologies alone can Blanco White's one and only poem be kept alive.' He might have added other examples. He might have told us that we should have difficulty in finding Professor Sayce's poetry without anthologies. We might not have known that he was a poet. Mr. Hackett himself recovers for us two delightful satires from the old *Academy*, one on Haeckel's manner of finding 'matter, matter everywhere,' the other on Renan's way of finding Renan everywhere.

Mr. Hackett, however, refuses to call his book an anthology. It is simply a collection of the good

things which he came upon in his reading. Well, it is itself good reading, not to be read continuously, but to be taken up at odd moments and enjoyed. And Mr. Hackett's own notes are sometimes as good as the good things he has discovered. After telling us where he found the two poems by Professor Sayce which he quotes, he proceeds to tell us something of their author.

'Anything about Professor Sayce must be interesting to the reader, and I, therefore, need not apologize for mentioning the following incidents, which, I imagine, are known only among his friends. In 1870, during the Franco-German War, Mr. Sayce was ordered to be shot at Nantes as a German spy, and only escaped "by the skin of his teeth." It was just before Gambetta had flown in his balloon out of Paris, and there was no recognized government in the country. Nantes was full of fugitives, and bands of Uhlans were in the neighbourhood. Mr. Sayce was arrested when walking round the old citadel examining its walls—not realizing that it was occupied by French troops. Fortunately some ladies of the garrison came in during his examination to see the interesting young prisoner, and, after Mr. Sayce had been placed against the wall and a soldier told off to shoot him, they prevailed upon the Commandant to give him a second examination, which ended in his acquittal.

'Mr. Sayce was also among the Carlists in the Carlist War of 1873, and was present at some of the so-called battles, which, he says, were dangerous only to the onlookers. He also once had a pitched battle with Bedouins in Syria.

'Professor Sayce (he became Professor in 1876) has also the proud distinction of being the only person known to have survived the bite of the Egyptian cerastes asp, which is supposed to have killed Cleopatra. He accidentally trod on the reptile in the desert some three or four miles north of Assouan and was bitten in the leg. Luckily he happened to be just outside the dahabieh in which he was travelling with three Oxford friends, one of them the late Master of Balliol. The cook had a small pair of red-hot tongs, with which he had been preparing lunch, and Professor Sayce was able to burn the bitten leg down to the bone within two minutes after the accident, thus saving his life at the expense of a few weeks' lameness.'

NEW POETRY.

Cale Young Rice.

In the year 1906 Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton issued in this country a handsome volume (paper you gloat over) by a young American poet named Cale Young Rice. Its title was *Plays and Lyrics*. In his own land Mr. Rice is greatly appreciated: did the volume 'catch on' here? Perhaps it did, for now the same publishers have issued the same poet's works complete to date in two bulky but beautiful volumes. The title is *Collected Plays and Poems* (12s. net).

Of the Plays, which occupy much of the space, what can be said? What can be said of any man's plays these three hundred years? It seems so easy to write plays. Did not Wordsworth say that even he could have written plays, plays like Shakespeare's, if he had had the mind? It proves so difficult. If these plays were set beside other modern plays, they would, we believe, show up all right. And possibly they can be acted with effect. But—well, we hurry on to the Poems.

What a gift of rhyme and of rhythm Mr. Rice has. Listen to this:

When the wind is low, and the sea is soft,
And the far heat-lightning plays
On the rim of the West where dark clouds nest
On a darker bank of haze;
When I lean o'er the rail with you that I love
And gaze to my heart's content;
I know that the heavens are there above—
But you are my firmament.

When the phosphor-stars are thrown from the
bow
And the watch climbs up the shroud;
When the dim mast dips as the vessel slips
Thro' the foam that seethes aloud;
I know that the years of our life are few,
And fain as a bird to flee,
That time is as brief as a drop of dew—
But you are Eternity.

You see there is no lack of technique. What he sees he can make others see, and even give great pleasure in doing it. What is wanting, then? If anything is wanting, it is the great purpose. It is the sense of a high calling. It is the joy of discovery in the deep things of God. Mr. Rice is not irreligious, nor is he indifferent. But he is not carried away by the vision and the glory.

Yet again, he comes near it. Here are two of the shortest of the poems:

A SONG FOR HEALING.

(On the South Seas.)

When I return to the world again,
The world of fret and fight,
To grapple with godless things and men,
And battle, wrong or right,
I will remember this—the sea,
And the white stars hanging high,
And the vessel's bow
Where calmly now
I gaze to the boundless sky.

When I am deaf with the din of strife,
And blind amid despair,
When I am choked with the dust of life
And long for free soul-air,
I will recall this sound—the sea's
And the wide horizon's hope,
And the wind that blows
And the phosphor snows
That fall as the cleft waves ope.

When I am beaten—when I fall
On the bed of black defeat,
When I have hungered, and in gall
Have got but shame to eat,
I will remember this—the sea,
And its tide as soft as sleep,
And the clear night sky
That heals for aye
All who will trust its Deep.

THE STRIVER.

When I struggle, with human hands,
The hands of God betray me.
When I cry, 'I will win or die!'
His silences dismay me.
Yet, when a victim, low I lie,
His victor-wreaths array me.

For I have held but one defeat
Final and faith-abjuring;
Held—when strife at its worst was rife—
But *this* thing past the curing:
*Failure to see how surely life
Grows great with great enduring.*

William Watson.

Sir William Watson's new volume, *The Super-human Antagonists* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net), derives its name from the poem which occupies fully half its pages. For the machinery of that poem the author has gone to Persian mythology. Its topic is the ancient (and to some men and women still so awful) problem of the existence of

evil in the world. 'I have borrowed from that mythology its fundamental idea: the idea of a world ruled by two mutually hostile beings, Ormazd and Ahriman, the Good and the Evil Spirit: and I have brought into my story, with sufficient modification of their native attributes, three of the many divinities or demigods who in the Zend-Avesta are pictured as revolving about the central figure of Ormazd, the all-beneficent. That is the full account of my obligation.'

The metre is Homeric, not in the length of line or beat of syllable, but in its effect on the English ear. Thus:

Reverberant, vibrant, nor less broad and deep
Than the sea's utterance round the cloven steep,
Was his rich-billowing voice, each cadence grave
Being like the lapse of a sonorous wave
When it withdraws down a resounding shore.
And after his last word, there hovered o'er
That council a brief silence, tremulous
As with expectancy, till Rashnu thus
Put it to flight.

Of the shorter poems we take the liberty of quoting one. Its title is

BEHOLD!

O Thou that with a signal canst control
All seas that roll;
O Thou that with a whisper canst assuage
All winds that rage:
Behold how softer than the human breast
The wild bird's nest!
Behold how calmer than the world of men
The wild beast's den!

Joyce Kilmer.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are the publishers in this country of the prose and poetry of *Joyce Kilmer*, edited, with a Memoir, by Robert Cortes Holliday (2 vols., 12s. net). The prose volume contains essays, letters, and 'miscellaneous pieces'—chiefly two dramatic sketches, called 'Try a Tin To-day' and 'Some Mischief Still.' The essays are on 'Holy Ireland,' 'The Gentle Art of Christmas Giving,' 'A Bouquet for Jenny,' 'The Inefficient Library,' 'The Poetry of Hilaire Belloc,' and 'The Catholic Poets of Belgium.'

Mr. Kilmer was of Irish descent and a fervent Roman Catholic. He had his discipline. 'Dear Father Daly' (this is one of the letters)—'I do not like to burden my friends with my troubles, but you have certain opportunities that I lack, so I am asking you the greatest favour. Please pray for the healing of my little daughter Rose. She is dangerously ill with infantile paralysis. This is a disease that has appeared among mankind only

recently, and physicians are uncertain how to treat it. She is staying in New York with her mother to be near the doctor, and I am staying here nights to take care of my other child. Of course the maid is here during the day, so the house is kept up. But Rose cannot move her legs or arms—she was so active and happy only last week—she cannot even cry—her voice is just a little whimper—the danger is of its reaching her lungs and killing her. I cannot write any more. You know how I feel. Pray for her.'

The memoir is written with much enthusiasm. This is of one aspect of the essays: 'If Colonel Roosevelt had never done anything other than what he has done in writing, he would undoubtedly be highly esteemed as an American man of letters. And people have made very creditable reputation, as humorists who never wrote anything like as humorous essays as those of Joyce Kilmer. They fairly reek with the joy of life. They explode with intellectual robustness. They are fragrant in fancy, richly erudite in substance, touch-and-go in manner, poetic in feeling, rocking with mirth, and display an extraordinary *flair* for style.'

But we like the poetry most. Let us quote two short poems:

THANKSGIVING.

The roar of the world is in my ears.

Thank God for the roar of the world!

Thank God for the mighty tide of fears
Against me always hurled.

Thank God for the bitter and ceaseless strife,
And the sting of His chastening rod!

Thank God for the stress and the pain of life,
And oh, thank God for God!

KINGS.

The Kings of the earth are men of might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night,
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, Who made them all,
Is fair and gentle, and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—
Let them think of Him to-day!

R. C. Trevelyan.

This short poem on Clouds is a good example of Mr. Trevelyan's thought and manner:

I sit upon the hill and watch the great clouds
drifting by.

Each of them takes a form and gesture as
though it were a living thing,

With a life nobler and more gigantic than ours.
Their shapes change, imperceptibly flowing from
form to form,

With each form a new mood,
 With each mood a new remorseful envy.
 Their passion and grandeur make me ashamed
 of Man's littleness.
 I long to forget it for ever,
 And share in that life of measureless form and
 energy.
 But alas, there is no road thither.

It is not a robust faith; it is not a cheerful
 optimism. Is it not our duty as well as our
 pleasure to be of a cheerful countenance and to
 trust? The title is *The Death of Man* (Allen &
 Unwin; 3s. 6d. net).

Arthur Waley.

Mr. Arthur Waley has published *More Trans-
 lations from the Chinese* (Allen & Unwin; 3s. net).
 There is also in the book a translation of some
 prose tales—very well worth reading for their own
 intrinsic interest. The poetry is simple and
 primitive.

Since I lay ill, how long has passed?
 Almost a hundred heavy-hanging days.
 The maids have learnt to gather my medicine-
 herbs;
 The dog no longer barks when the doctor
 comes.
 The jars in my cellar are plastered deep with
 mould;
 My singers' carpets are half crumbled to dust.
 How can I bear, when the Earth renews her
 light,
 To watch from a pillow the beauty of Spring
 unfold?

Helen and Bernard Bosanquet.

Zoar: A Book of Verse, by Helen and Bernard
 Bosanquet—that is the title (Blackwell; 3s. 6d.
 net). Bernard Bosanquet's portion is translation
 from Goethe. Take this from 'Hermann and
 Dorothea,' as example:

The gifts we longed and prayed for
 The great gods send them down,
 They send perhaps a martyrdom
 When we desired a crown;

But though our wishes painted them
 In fraudulent disguise,
 The gifts we longed and prayed for
 Are here before our eyes.

The original poems are by Helen Bosanquet.
 There is in them all a sense of ministry as well as
 of poetry. The words quoted above the following
 sonnet are 'Mediums are said to be doing a good
 business':

'Have we not earned our rest?' Oh, hear them
 plead
 Whom Death has drawn across the dividing line.

You should have kept their memory as a
 shrine,
 A holy place, where he who runs might read
 The lovely record of a noble deed;
 Nor sought, with restless craving for a sign,
 By vulgar aid to break the peace divine
 Which gathers round the kingdom of the freed.

Were there indeed no barrier that could save
 Their spirits from the importunity
 Which looks to necromancy for a proof
 The dead will talk with us, nor hold aloof,
 Far better were the silence of the grave
 Than life entangled in futility.

Walter Wingate.

Poems, by Walter Wingate (Gowans & Gray;
 3s. 6d. net), are some in English and some in
 Scots. One of each dialect could be quoted with
 effect, but the tongue that is most natural to the
 poet shall have the preference:

THE EVENING SERVICE.

The win' was loused as the sun gaed hame,
 It roared in the vennel, it rived at the roof;
 And the bell in the steeple swang, swang,
 Cryin' the folk to come.
 The bell in the steeple swang, swang,
 But the folk grew fain o' their ain fireside,
 When the blirts o' the rain played skite on the
 pane,
 And the win' played wow in the lum.

Intil the kirk it was lown and quate,
 An elder here and an auld wife there;
 Wi' a dizzen or twa in the backmaist raw,
 And a lassock to sing in the choir.
 A lassock or two that were blate and mim,
 In a kirk sae big, and cauld and toom;
 The openin' psaum maist dee'd in a dwaum,
 Pluft oot like an ill-blawn fire.

And I thocht as I sat and countit them a',
 Wi' my breeks wat through at the knee—
 'When the Shepherd comes here His sheep to
 ca',
 Will *thae* be a' He will see?'

A. Kirchberger.

Day-Springs is 'a Book of Verse and Prose' by
 A. Kirchberger (Bell & Sons). Half the book is
 occupied with a Play—a Play of Nature and God
 and Love and Little Children, very charming.
 The prose consists of short essays on Heather, the

Sphinx and the Mona Lisa, the Sleeping Lake, and the Memory of a Vision—every essay well-chosen words married to wholesome thoughts. The verse is true poetry—all the little that there is of it. Once it is a poem of intimacy with the God of love and rest; and once it is perplexity:

Do you remember how they fell,
Great God—in the whistling, blinding hell
Of fury? Nay, but I will pray
You did not see.

And now they speak of victory,
I'm glad—but when they shout
I think of how we shouted as the knife went in,
And then somehow—forgive me—but I doubt
Of God—and bloodshed and unspoken sin
Seems quite the simplest thing.
I don't think I could sing
Of Victory, just yet.

No matter! They do it well
The men of many words,
Writers and politicians, they who sell
Our lives; the little singing birds,
And the parouquet—the press.

I've seen men, dying, bless
God for their death—
I've heard them with slow-drawn breath
In agony curse him for life,
And with them I have blest and cursed
Until belief and unbelief are nursed
Alike in me—and God is fled,
Perchance to gather up the dead
From the ocean and the land.

The enemy is beaten—I am glad. And yet—
I watched him die, and saw the life squeezed out
Of eyes and throat—you understand
—As yet—as yet I cannot shout.

Edward Wyndham Tennant.

'We all loved him, and his loss is terrible. Please accept my deepest sympathy. His Company was holding a sap occupied by Germans and ourselves, a block separated the two. Bim was sniping when he was killed absolutely instantaneously by a German sniper. His body is buried in a cemetery near Guillemont. The grave is close to that of Raymond Asquith, and we are placing a Cross upon it and railing it round to-day. Forgive this scribble, we are still in action, and attack again to-morrow morning. Bim was such a gallant boy.'

That was the word sent by Lt.-Col. Seymour of the 4th Batt. Grenadier Guards to Lady Pamela Glenconner announcing the death of her eldest son. Lady Glenconner has written his biography.

Edward William Tennant: A Memoir—that is the title (John Lane; 21s. net).

It is a surprise of biography, and it is a surprise of boyhood. Lady Glenconner has kept back nothing; everything is of love and courage and truth, from earliest childhood till that day Col. Seymour writes of. 'When things were at their worst he would pass up and down the trench cheering the men, and it was a treat to see his face always smiling. *When danger was greatest his smile was loveliest.*' That is from a private soldier. 'To say why we loved him is difficult; it was chiefly because he was so absolutely himself, and how lovable that self was is difficult to express. His actions were entirely unselfconscious, and often beautiful. Bim always went straight to the heart of things, and people.' That is from the letter of a friend.

His love for his mother was wonderful. We know the poem he wrote about her when he was a mere child (it has already been quoted in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES). From school when eleven he wrote: 'Some one said here to-day that they had seen something in a magazine about your being the loveliest lady in England. I felt jubilant indeed! Then some one told me they had heard it said that Daddy was one of the best shots in England, that made me feel happy too. Then somebody—I suppose in fun—asked me if you went in for the "Throne" beauty prizes. That made me laugh. To think of the silly women who do go in for them, when if you appeared they would say, "Here cometh one the latchet of whose shoe we are unworthy to unloose." I am very proud of you, darling Mummie.'

His poems are included in this volume. We shall be content to quote one of the shortest:

A finer heritage than house and lands
Is mine: for on the canvas hanging there
More love is centred and instilled more care
Than in broad acres. He who understands
What deep-laid passions ebb'd through brush
and hands

Of these brocaded masters, long since dead
(Their souls are with us yet, tho' life has fled),
Let him who feels the magic of their wands
Thank God afresh, and let him sit and gaze,
Trying to stir within his troubled mind
The splendour of those oft-depicted days.

With what romance is every portrait lined!
Each sweeping stroke a softly-flowing phrase,
That word by word its story doth unwind.

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