
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

for the god, and afterwards observe a feast." And with this ritual (?) he fastens the sin upon the lamb, and it is recited for whatever god acts according to (his) will. At the same time he fastens the sin upon Silver-town,[1] and then sends a message to the land of the Hittites. So he drives away the lamb,[2] with its neck bound, to the land of the foreigner.'

[1] *I.e.* Boghaz-Keui or Khattu, *Khattu* or 'Hittite' signifying 'silver.'

[2] Here written 'sheep.'

The compound verb which I have rendered 'as a scapegoat' and 'he fastens the sin' is literally 'sin-bind,' the first element in it, *seggan*, or rather the derivative *segganza*, being explained in the vocabularies by the Sumerian *â-gal* and Assyrian *isânu*, 'violent one,' 'sinner.' *Segganza* is the form denoting an agent, *seggas* being the noun 'violence' or 'sin,' while *segganwar* is the verb.

A. H. Sayce.

Oxford.

Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

I believe in God, and I believe in you.

'I think of a doctor on a lonely village station, a very able doctor, but even more effective as a churchman and a leader in evangelization. Not long ago a convert was being baptized—a rare event in that difficult area—and he was answering questions to test his very simple faith. One answer he began safely enough. "I believe in God Almighty, and in the Lord Jesus," but then his training gave way to his experience, and turning to the doctor he burst out, "and, sahib, I believe in *you*."'

That story is told by Mr. Frank Lenwood in *Social Problems and the East* (United Council for Missionary Education). The problems are all discussed in the book, competently discussed as well as earnestly, and there are references for further study at the end of every chapter.

The Pleasure of Dying.

Sir Alexander Ogston, K.C.V.O., LL.D., Surgeon in Ordinary to the King in Scotland, has written his autobiography as a military surgeon. He has seen service in Egypt, in Africa, and in Serbia, and he calls the book *Reminiscence of Three Campaigns* (Hodder & Stoughton; 16s. net).

It has been Sir Alexander Ogston's custom to take notes of what he saw and did and saw others doing. These notes were full enough to enable him to write a continuous narrative of the events of which he was particeps. And so this is the first impression which the book makes—it is good reading, it is truly and undeniably literature.

Let us prove that at once. And let the proof be the description of a funeral—the funeral of a Boer general in the South African war.

'It was growing dark as we walked out for a hundred yards or so behind our hospital camp, and we saw drawn up in two rows facing one another a thousand soldiers, each with his rifle held vertically with its muzzle resting on the ground, while his hands were folded over its butt at the level of his chin. The ranks stood motionless, on each side of a white path which ended, a furlong away from us, in the square walled enclosure where the Boshof dead are laid to rest, and over its walls towered the pines and poplars and blue gum trees planted beside their graves. Down the lane formed by the soldiers walked four British officers bearing a litter, carried at the level of their thighs, on which was the body of General Villebois de Mareuil wrapped in a red rug, and at a slow pace they went on until they had entered the gate and disappeared within the burying ground. M—— and I walked to its north-eastern corner, as many others were doing, and looked over the wall. Ranks of soldiers within it formed two sides of a square portion of ground facing us, and in the corner beside us the body of Villebois was laid by an open grave. By it stood General Methuen and his staff, and facing them were a number of the enemy captives under guard. Some religious words were spoken, a Dutch prisoner came forward and spoke in the "Taal" language a short tribute to the memory of the dead man, when he withdrew a Frenchman followed with an oration to the "brave among the brave," and as each speaker concluded he shook hands with our general and

withdrew himself again among the guarded men. The body was lowered into the grave and the earth filled in upon his corpse amid absolute silence on the part of the whole army and spectators, while the pines above them were as if etched by the blackest funereal ink against the golden yellow patch still lingering in the sky where the sun had set and against the leaden gloom of the rest of the horizon where the thunder clouds were again gathering and the twisted streams of the lightning were playing. The lines of soldiers at the sharp command presented arms, and the bugles wailed out in unison the impressive call of "The Last Post," the signal which marks the end of every day and the beginning of night, when all in the camps retire to rest. The scene, the hour, and all the surroundings fitted well together, and formed a solemn ending to a valiant soldier's life. Then rang out "Order Arms," and the ceremony was over.'

Sir Alexander Ogston tells most fully the story of the Boer war. It is the best told story, from the medical point of view, that has been given us. And it is quite untechnical, so that the average man can enjoy every word of it. There is no doubt a purpose, and a medical purpose, in the telling of it. Sir Alexander Ogston has done much to improve the conditions of living (or dying) in hospital in time of war. He means to do more yet, and he has written this book to help him to do it. In that connexion, however, it is enough for us to notice that he has strong faith in the nurse—the English (we hear his correction—*Scottish*—but let the word go) the English nurse. Scarcely ever did one fail him, and he expected great things; nearly always with all his expectations he was astonished at their unselfishness and their endurance.

One strange passage had better be given in full. Sir Alexander lay in the hospital at Bloemfontein, dying, as it was thought, of typhoid, and he says: 'I believe that unless there be such complications as perforation of the intestines, the death from typhoid is not an unpleasant one for the patient, however appalling it may appear to an onlooker. In my delirium night and day made little difference to me. In the four-bedded ward where they first placed me I lay, as it seemed, in a constant stupor which excluded the existence of any hopes or fears. Mind and body seemed to be dual, and to some extent separate. I was conscious of the body as an inert tumbled mass near a door; it belonged to me, but it was not *I*. I was conscious that my mental self used regularly to leave the body, always carrying something soft and black, I did not know what, in my left hand—that was invariable—and wander away from it under grey, sunless, moonless, and starless skies, ever onwards to a distant gleam on the horizon, solitary but not unhappy, and seeing other dark shades gliding silently by, until something produced a consciousness that the chilly mass, which I then recalled was my body, was being stirred as it lay by the door. I was then drawn rapidly back to it, joined it with disgust, and it became *I*, and was fed, spoken to, and cared for. When it was again left I seemed to wander off as before, by the side of a silent, dark, slowly-flowing great flood, through silent fields of asphodel, knowing neither light nor darkness, and though I knew that death was hovering about, having no thought of religion nor dread of the end, and roamed on beneath the murky skies apathetic and contented, until something again disturbed the body where it lay, when I was drawn back to it afresh, and entered it with ever-growing repulsion. As the days went on, or rather I should say as time passed, all I knew of my sickness was that the wanderings through the dim asphodel fields became more continual and more distant, until about the end of the term of high fever I was summoned back to the huddled mass with intense loathing, and as I drew near and heard some one say "He will live," I remember finding the mass less cold and clammy, and ever after that the wanderings appeared to be fewer and shorter, the thing lying at the door and *I* grew more together, and ceased to be separated into two entities.

'In my wanderings there was a strange consciousness that I could see through the walls of the building, though I was aware that they were there, and that everything was transparent to my senses. I saw plainly, for instance, a poor R.A.M.C. surgeon, of whose existence I had not known, and who was in quite another part of the hospital, grow very ill and scream and die; I saw them cover his corpse and carry him softly out on shoeless feet, quietly and surreptitiously, lest we should know that he had died, and the next night—I thought—take him away to the cemetery. Afterwards, when I told these happenings to the sisters, they informed me that all this had happened just as I had fancied. But the name of the poor fellow I never knew.'

The Hue and Cry.

Miss Eleanor Trotter, who wrote a reliable description of 'Life in Olden Times in Babylon and Assyria,' has now written an equally reliable account of *Seventeenth Century Life in the Country Parish* in England (Cambridge: at the University Press; 10s. net). Miss Trotter has style, but it is quiet and unadorned. There are no 'purple patches,' and we are sure there never were. But if the emotions are never excited, the intellect is never asleep. The facts are full of interest. And we are greatly impressed with the changed world we now live in. Take the matter of 'hue and cry' for example.

'The constable had not only to prevent affrays in his township, but also to ensure that no breaker of the peace was allowed to escape. If a felon, or even a person suspected of felony, fled out of, or came into, the township, the constable was expected to take the initiative in raising the alarm, for he alone had legal authority to enforce his orders, he alone could and did present at the Quarter Sessions any one who disobeyed him. When the constable raised the hue and cry, all the inhabitants of the township had to take part in it on horseback and on foot. They turned out of their homes with knives, bows and arrows — those weapons which they were expected to keep ready for such emergencies — and crying, "Out, out," blowing their horns, with shouting and uproar streamed after the fugitive. As the noise travelled over into the next township, so its constable must make his people take up the pursuit: thus "the hue will be horned from vill to vill." If a murderer escaped, the township was fined for negligence, if a robbery was committed and no township in the wapentake had captured the thief, the whole wapentake was held responsible and an assessment was levied on it to pay to the person robbed the value of the stolen goods: moreover every wapentake through which the thief fled had to take its share in making good the loss.'

Naval Wisdom.

Messrs. Harrap are the publishers of a series of 'little books' much admired by the book-lover and very useful to the speaker. The latest issue is *A Little Book of Naval Wisdom* (2s. 6d. net). There are quotations from as early a writer as Holinshed, and from as late a writer as Lord Beresford; and there are quotations from very many others between those two. What kind of quotations are they? Every kind, as this page, all from Nelson, will show:

'Recollect that you must be a seaman to be an officer, and also that you cannot be a good officer without being a gentleman. — *Nelson, December 1803.*

'There is no real happiness in this world.— *Nelson, to Earl St. Vincent, May 25, 1804.*

'Temporizing may be necessary in small states, in large ones it ought not to happen—it is humiliating.—*Nelson, to Sir J. Acton, June 1804.*

'Small measures produce only small results.— *Nelson, to the Queen of Naples, July 10, 1804.*

'I have learnt not to be surprised at anything.— *Nelson, December 19, 1804.*'

The New Testament as a Charm.

The Popular Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the year 1918–1919 is called *Rebuilding on the Rock* (Bible House). It is as varied a story as ever and as entertaining. The following epistle came from a Greek at Gambela, in the Sudan:

'To the Director of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

'Respectfully I have the honour to inform you that I want you to make New Testaments in the Abyssinian language in a very small size, to be used as charms against the devil, for the Abyssinians. I want you also to make three pictures in it—on the first page the picture of the Holy Trinity, in the middle the crucifying of Jesus, and on the last page the ascension of Jesus. I pray you to let me know if you can do this book or not. If you can do it, how much is the expense? And how long before I can have it? And to whom shall I send the money? And I shall be much obliged.'

NEW POETRY.

Thomas Hardy.

In his eightieth year Thomas Hardy sees the issue of his *Collected Poems* (8s. 6d.) in Messrs. Macmillan's handsome uniform edition of the poets—the edition we prefer to all others and in which we especially cherish Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Tennyson. And many of the poems

are due to his later years, many of the best, nearly all of the most melodious. For in his youth Hardy could not write poetry, but wrote bad prose in artificially correct lines, and nobody believed that he would ever write poetry. Thus it has been his lot to write the verse of an old man in his youth and the poetry of a young man in his old age. When he was seventy-three he wrote:

Out of the past there rises a week—
Who shall read the years O!
In that week there was heard a singing—
Who shall spell the years O!—

In that week there was heard a singing,
And the white owl wondered why.
In that week there was heard a singing,
And forth from the casement were candles flinging
Radiance that fell on the deodar and lit up the path thereby.

No one is able yet to see Hardy's poetry as a whole, and on the separate poems much variety of judgment is expressed. In substance it generally ends in an *ism*—pessimism. Is Hardy a pessimist, then? In his poetry? Assuredly he finds at every step he takes that something is obstructing his way, and he concludes that the feet of all other men stumble over the same obstruction. The whole scheme of things is out of order—if it is a scheme at all. And easy acquiescence is not in *him*.

Has some Vast Imbecility,
Mighty to build and blend,
But impotent to tend,
Framed us in jest, and left us now to hazardry?

Or come we of an Automaton
Unconscious of our pains?
Or are we live remains
Of Godhead dying downwards, brain and eye now gone?

Or is it that some high Plan betides,
As yet not understood,
Of Evil stormed by Good,
We, the forlorn hope, over which Achievement strides?

But that is not sheer despair. It is a question, with an alternative for answer. 'Are we mere puppets dancing to a tune which the Automaton sets? Or are we the poor wraiths and ghosts of what was once Godlike, but which has now hopelessly deteriorated? Or—and here sounds the voice of Hope, the last thing left in Pandora's box—are we the champions of some mighty project and purpose, for which we must cheerfully give our lives if only those who come after us may win where we failed? Mr. Hardy gives us no answer to these questions. "Earth's old glooms and pains are still the same." But what we catch in these lines is the whisper of that divine discontent which can never get satisfaction from a purely scientific view of the world, craving, as it perpetually does, for more light and a more comfortable assurance.'

William Stebbing.

It is a volume containing *Some Greek Masterpieces in Dramatic and Bucolic Poetry* thought into English Verse by William Stebbing, M.A., Hon. Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net).

The selections are from Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, Apollonius Rhodius, and one anonymous writer, the author of 'The Swallow Song.'

Do you know the Swallow Song? We shall take the liberty of quoting it in Mr. Stebbing's 'thinking.' An appetizing taste it will give of a most enjoyable volume.

THE SWALLOW SONG.

IGNOTUS.

Ho! the Swallow, the Swallow is here, and She brings
From the South, and its sunshine, all beautiful things!
Hovering o'er glossy black back, or close pressed
In joy and in love to her buff and white breast.
See how the sisterhood of the fair Hours
Before her can lay a carpet of flowers—
How violet, primrose, myrtle and sallow
Burst into bloom to welcome the Swallow!
Goodman, fling wide open the gate,
Let not my Lady Swallow wait!
Bustle! Bustle! where is the cake,
That here they know so well to bake,
And the wine?
Brimful beakers, please;
With a whole basketful of cheese.
Hungry and thirsty, and coming from far,
Our Lady's not very particular;

But white bread, or brown, be it crumb, be it crust,
Spread a table for Her you will; and you must.
'Go as we came, and take nothing away?'
Her Ladyship does not put up with a Nay!
Good people, take heed! You hardly guess what
A spirit She has, the strong bill She has got;
She might peck off the lintel, or door's-self; then where
To go in, or go out, with your door in the air?
Or, stay: who's there sitting? Why should we not take
The trim little housewife? She's nicer than cake;
Our lady will tuck her tight under her wing;
Light weight for a Mistress who carries the Spring!
Says 'she won't come'? Well, hand out to us instead
A pancake, or bun, or a little pulled bread;
And a twelvemonth from now you'll be glad that you gave;—
A penny's in kindness worth a pound that you save!
To givers the gain;
'Tis all one to the Swallow!
Open your doors to the Swallow, the Swallow!
Nobody keeps his door shut to the Swallow!
Merry urchins are we; and why not you too?
Just slip off your years, and come into our crew!
On, Swallow, on; and, Boys, all, follow, follow!
Hail to the Springtide! Thrice hail to the Swallow!

M. W. Cannan.

You will not find a more poignant after-war note (to be poetry at all) than the note you will find in *The Splendid Days* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) of Miss M. W. Cannan. The news of the Armistice was brought into an office in Paris:

It was quite quiet in the big empty room
Among the typewriters and little piles
Of index cards: one said, 'We'd better just
Finish the day's reports and do the files.'
And said, 'It's awf'lly like *Recessional*,
Now when the tumult has all died away.'
The other said, 'Thank God we saw it through;
I wonder what they'll do at home to-day.'
And said, 'You know it will be quiet to-night
Up at the Front: first time in all these years,
And no one will be killed there any more,'
And stopped, to hide her tears.
She said, 'I've told you; he was killed in June.'
The other said, 'My dear, I know; I know. . . .
It's over for me too. . . . My Man was killed,
Wounded . . . and died . . . at Ypres . . . three years ago. . . .
And he's my Man, and I want him,' she said,
And knew that peace could not give back her Dead.

That poem strikes the note at the beginning. But gradually the bitterness of loss passes into the sense of possession, the possession of a love that death cannot touch. The living and the dead are simply waiting for one another:

When I shall come through all the world at last
Upon some evening late,
And Peter ask me what I did on earth
That he should open for me Heaven's gate,

I shall not try to think of all the things
I did, and failed to do,
But put my hands against my heart that is
A brown bird singing at the thought of you,

And say I was a woman, and I gave
One man all love I had,
And he went out to the Great War and died,
But since I loved him was made very glad.

And Michael, who is leader in God's wars,
Will take the golden key
And say, 'I know her Soldier, let her in,'
And turn the lock, and swing the door for me.

And the great angels will lift up their swords
For me as I go through,
And turn back to their watch again, and I
Shall hold your hands and be again with you.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.