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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

Entre Nous.

'O World Invisible.'

Any new anthology of religious poetry claims our attention, for in it we hope to find some memorable and living poem. Many beautiful verses are written which appear in magazines and weeklies (often American), and some of them are incorporated in slender volumes of poetry which seem to miss their mark. Thus we keep a keen eye on the collections which come out occasionally.

And here is *O World Invisible*, an anthology compiled by Professor Edward Thompson, and published at 6s. by Ernest Benn. Professor Thompson is known to possess a sensitive and rare appreciation of spiritual things; and it goes without saying that his assembly of poems and prose extracts must be precious and valuable. The appearance of the long, thin, pale blue volume, with its excellent type, does him justice.

He has avoided, he tells us in his preface, poetry written with a congregational or communal purpose; it is too busy and prying—too aware of others—to be really devout. 'Religion rises in solitude.' We observe two things which dismay us somewhat, that our collector has not given the names of his authors at the end of his extracts—surely a provoking business this turning to the back of the book to trace them by an index—and also, he has seen fit to include some pieces which we already know so well that they have almost, if we are frank enough to own it, lost their potency through constant repetition. We mean hymns like 'Awake my soul, and with the sun,' 'Abide with me,' and verses such as 'Love made me welcome, yet my soul drew back.' Yet there is but a smattering of these. We glance through the index to see from what Oriental sources verses have been drawn, as Professor Thompson is famed for his knowledge of India. Here is a passage from a remarkable poem by a living Bengali poetess who in her verses combines Vedantist and Christian thought:

In Him no parts are found;
No body locks Him round,
He by compulsion draws none; nay, nor one
That seeketh Him would shun.
Opposing none, resisting none, He still
Bears gifts for whoso will;
In life on life the Eternal Witness stands,
Enlightenment and freedom in His hands.
Then from Kabir, the weaver-saint of the four-

teenth century, we have a translation from Evelyn Underhill and Tagore:

O servant, where dost thou seek Me?
Lo, I am beside thee.

But it is not, probably, in these Eastern writers that the average Briton will choose his treasures of the memory. We have looked through the set of one hundred and seventeen extracts, and desire to give the attentive seeker the news he craves. It is possible that he may not know Sidney Lanier, save through the well-known poem about the Saviour and the woods—in that case he will rejoice exceedingly in the short outburst beginning:

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery
sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of
God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-
hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marsh and the skies.

Who is Elizabeth Bridges? She contributes a fiery little poem entitled 'John Baptist,' picturing the wanderings of the strong saint:

For friend,
The dazzling breathing dream.

Immediately after her poem is a song by a Persian mystic, of which the last verse also lingers:

Drunk tho' we be with pleasure, Thou art our
Faith,
Helpless, without hand or foot, Thou art our
Faith,
Whether we be Nazarenes, Mussalmans, or
Gebres,
Whatso'er our creed, Thou art our Faith!

Many will be glad to read Cardinal Newman's 'Candlemas,' which we do not remember to have seen before. There is a charming wistful poem entitled 'The Doorkeeper' by one who was a famous surgeon in Birmingham, picturing himself shut out, yet permitted to see his dear ones passing in to the Paradise of God. Also important are Professor Thompson's own 'The Man that has Withdrawn,' written on a Tigris boat in war-time,

and 'Rejoicing in Quiet.' William Noel Hodgson's rapidly running poem, 'Before Action,' is finely phrased, and best of all is the unfamiliar poem, John Freeman's 'Prayer to my Lord,' which is surely certain to find a place in many anthologies yet to be made, and of which we quote the last stanza :

If ever Thou canst love me, love me yet,
When sweet impetuous loves within me stir,
And the frail portals of my spirit fret—
The love of love, that makes Heaven heavenlier,
The love of earth, of birds, children, and light,
Love of this bitter, lovely native land . . .
Oh love me when sick with all these I stand
And Death's far-rumoured wings beat on the
lonely night.

Does Dr. Thompson know H. W. Massingham's beautiful verses about the Coming of our Lord? They might well have found a place here. Finally, we thank him for printing Lily Dougall's 'Grant beauty to our dead,' in which she prays that they may be faring on with sunrise in the heart.

C. MILES.

Shere.

William Charles Braithwaite.

There died in 1922 at the age of fifty-nine an outstanding member of the Quaker persuasion, William Charles Braithwaite. He was the eighth child of Joseph and Martha Braithwaite, both Quaker recorded ministers. His father was a conveyancing barrister, and William Braithwaite followed him in the law, afterwards, however, giving it up and joining his cousin in the private banking firm of Gillett & Company, one of the last of the private banks in the country. A number of extracts from the articles and pamphlets of William Charles Braithwaite has been made by his two sisters, Anna L. B. Thomas and Elizabeth B. Emmott. They have also written a short memoir, and the whole is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. with the title *William Charles Braithwaite, B.A., LL.B., D.Th.: Memoir and Papers* (5s. net). The last week of Braithwaite's life was a typical one. 'On the Sunday morning he spoke in Banbury Meeting, on John iii. 16, dwelling specially

on the thought of God and Christ working together for man's salvation. On Monday and Tuesday he attended the Quarterly Meeting at Oxford, and took a leading part in the Conference on the Ministry; on Wednesday he was as usual at the Bank, and in the evening gave the first of a series of six talks at "The Windmill" Adult School Study Circle, on "The League of Nations"; Thursday was a market-day, always a busy business day; on Friday, though feeling far from well, he went up to London by the early train to attend an educational meeting.'

But perhaps two quotations will show the manner of the man he was even better than this enumeration of his activities. Speaking in January 1900 at an Adult School meeting, he says: 'Our nation's life is famishing for want of men—not weather-cocks, veering with every wind of opinion, turning round and round aimlessly, and only serving as straws to show which way the wind blows—but fighting cocks, men of courage and conviction, who will dare to battle for the right. We are sunk in prosperity; inert in the presence of rampant social evils at home and a rampant Imperialism abroad, the old ideals no longer rouse us, faith and conscience and duty are a little out of fashion, and there must be no slackening of any of the forces that revitalize and regenerate the nation. Our Adult School work goes to the very root of our present-day need.'

When his Bank was faced with a crisis at the beginning of August 1914: 'William came to the home at West Bar (after Meeting at Banbury on Sunday morning), and, closing the door, said to his sister: "Dear Aunt Kate used always to uphold her nephews by prayer. I want thee to take her place. We are in great need of prayer now, and I want thee very specially to pray for us and all our partners that we may have wisdom and guidance."''

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