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Entre Nous.

NEW POETRY.

Geoffrey Winthrop Young.

Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on the fine edition they have published of Mr. Young's poems (*Collected Poems of Geoffrey Winthrop Young*; 12s. 6d. net). The beauty of Nature, the joy and goodness of life—'Live life at the full'—are the notes Mr. Young strikes again and again. In the long poem, 'Monks of Mount Athos,' his mountain love is offended by monkish neglect and austerity.

And so, poor fools,
for all their centuries of rules,
of heart denied and sense debarred,
Love with a radiant disregard
is lodging by their very gate,
where, to rejoice its homely mate,
one little busy nightingale
wakes life and laughter through the vale.

There is something dauntless about Mr. Young's poetry as there is about the man himself—he was a noted mountaineer until he lost a leg, and he still climbs, though with what difficulty and laboriousness. He rarely writes in pessimistic mood, but in 'Waste' we have an example of the feeling of the tragedy of life :

WASTE.

Grub for gold with prisoned life ;
mint it at the price of breath ;
let it bear the stamp of strife ;
let it purchase power of death :—
Life and gold, one sweated bar,
lavish it on waste of war.

Dig the gold with good men's toil ;
leave the holes for dead men's graves ;
starve the growth, and hoard the spoil
stored in trenches, heaped on waves :—
Murder, lurking underground,
till the trump of Azrael sound.

Drain the gold, and forge the chain :
drain the strength, and bind the race ;
rouse the brute in man to reign ;
train him for his princely place :—
Flunkey to a nation's pride
in the lust of fratricide.

HIGH HILLS.

There is much comfort in high hills,
and a great easing of the heart.
We look upon them, and our nature fills
with loftier images from their life apart.
They set our feet on curves of freedom, bent
to snap the circles of our discontent.

Mountains are moods ; of larger rhythm and line,
moving between the eternal mode and mine.
Moments in thought, of which I too am part,
I lose in them my instant of brief ills.—
There is great easing of the heart,
and cumulance of comfort on high hills.

Dorothy Wellesley.

In an Introduction to *Selections from the Poems of Dorothy Wellesley* (Macmillan ; 5s. net), W. B. Yeats writes : 'Some months ago, when recovering from a long illness, I read many anthologies. . . . It was perhaps my illness that made me hard to please, for almost all seemed clay-cold, clay-heavy. . . . Then in an anthology edited by Sir John Squire I found poems signed Dorothy Wellesley. . . . I read in excitement that was the more delightful because it showed that I had not lost my understanding of poetry.' So Yeats determined that Lady Gerald Wellesley's poems should be widely read, and persuaded her to make them more accessible in this collection. The poems show her in many moods, from the long philosophical poem 'Matrix' to such amusing efforts as :

SHEEP.

How unconcerned the grazing sheep
Behaving in such manner ;
They stand upon their breakfast, they
Lie down upon their dinner.

This would not seem so strange to us,
If fish grew round our legs,
If we had floors of marmalade
And beds of buttered eggs.

Humbert Wolfe.

Mr. Wolfe had an excellent idea when he arranged with the B.B.C. to give a series of broadcasts of poetry, showing the various moods of man in his

pilgrimage through life. The poems which were read have now been published (*The Pilgrim's Way*; Nicholson & Watson; 6s. net). Not only is the scheme of this anthology attractive and unusual, but the choice of poems, though of necessity a good deal that is well known is included, is wide. The last section is 'Peace,' and we cannot do better than quote from it Mr. Humbert Wolfe's own:

JOURNEY'S END.

What will they give me, when journey's done?
Your own room to be quiet in, Son!

Who shares it with me? There is none
shares that cool dormitory, Son!

Who turns the sheets? There is but one
and no one needs to turn it, Son.

Who lights the candle? Every one
sleeps without candle all night, Son.

Who calls me after sleeping? Son,
you are not called when journey's done.

Edwardian Poetry.

As a sequel to the volumes of Georgian poetry, collected by E. M., there appears, in such good time that along with our welcome there is a feeling of surprise, Volume I. of *Edwardian Poetry* (Richards; 3s. 6d. net). The editor, who has done his work well, prefers to remain anonymous; his anthology consists of forty-seven poems, representing the work of seventeen poets. The two outstanding characteristics in the collection seem to be a certain lyrical quality along with a scrupulous care for form. Are they to be the distinguishing marks of poetry in the Edwardian era?

We quote a poem by Mr. Wilfred Rowland Childe:

THE MINSTREL IN BÉLEM.

I made a golden mantle
For a Nativity Play;
The most terrible of the Magi
Wore it on Christmas Day;
I gave words to say.

I made three golden finches
For the shepherd Hobbinol,
To give to his Dear Darling,
Who is the Lord of us all,
To play withal.

I made of my sorrowful heart
A gorgeous crystal cup,
And I pressed the grapes of the world
For a wine to fill it up—
Mary, give Him to sup!

Freedom.

Dr. Donald Soper has just published *Answer Time on Tower Hill* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). This, with the two earlier volumes, 'Christ and Tower Hill' and 'Question Time on Tower Hill,' will be of help to all whose public service includes open-air speaking and answering hecklers, or, indeed, who are trying under any circumstances to discuss their religious difficulties with the average citizen. Dr. Soper appreciates the general background of mistrust and misgiving out of which his hecklers speak; he doesn't want to notch up a score against them, and he knows that their difficulties are practical. When he speaks on freedom, it is as a practical reality, even though logically it baffles. To the objection that through economic difficulties men are morally not free, Dr. Soper answers: 'No, that's just it. You're out of work, but you're not in prison, and you're not the only exception by any means. Isn't it a fact that this generalization about our inability to resist the pressure of economic stringency upon our moral consciousness nearly always breaks down when you reduce it to individual cases. I'm thinking at the moment of numbers of questioners I have met who have made the very point that you are now making. Their confidence that unemployed men are literally forced into crime because they can't get a job is in direct proportion to the indignation they feel when you suggest that, being unemployed themselves, they can't go straight. They all turn out upon examination to be the exceptions which prove the rule, in the sense that they test it and prove it false. The honesty of many down-and-outs is magnificent. There is something at once splendid and pathetic in the make-up of the young Communist who, loyal to his determinism, insists at the street corner that there is an inevitable causal connexion between poverty and crime, and yet, though suffering acute economic privation himself, is a fine example of individual rectitude, and would scorn the life of theft which he declares by inference to be the only course open to him.'

God reveals Himself.

Speaking of the Bible not only as the story of man's search for God, but of God's search for man, Dr. Soper was interrupted with: 'That sounds all

right, Mr. Speaker, but many of us feel that in the Bible, if there is a God at all, He is playing a game of "hide-and-seek" with us, and in the end *He* wins, not we.'

'Yes, in one way I think you are right. Certainly God does not confront us in all His majesty and power, and force us to acknowledge Him: in a sense, God *has* hidden Himself. But there are more ways than one of playing "hide-and-seek." When we played it as boys and it was my turn to hide, I tried to find the most unlikely and inaccessible spot in which to conceal myself, and I won if at the end of the search I was still undiscovered. . . . Now we play "hide-and-seek" at home with our two little daughters, but the game is played quite differently. While we close our eyes one of them secretes herself noisily behind the arm-chair, leaving at least one leg sticking out. Then she sings out "Ready" in a loud voice, and we begin the search, to the accompaniment of hoarse whispers of advice: "Not over there, Daddy, you're looking in the wrong place." Finally, as we approach the spot, out she jumps, with complete satisfaction, saying: "Good, you've won—you found me, didn't you? Now it's my turn to hide again." Please don't press this analogy too far: but I am trying to say that if the Bible is the story of a game of "hide-and-seek," that game is played as we play it in the drawing-room. God wants us to find Him; He inspires our efforts, and rejoices if we succeed, because our victory is His as well. As we are looking for Him, God reveals Himself to us.'

A Disciple's Prayers.

In *A Disciple's Prayers* Mr. Maillard, of the Prayer Healing Fellowship, has given a prayer for each Sunday of the Christian Year—quoted below is the fine one for the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. What does prayer mean to Mr. Maillard? In the preface he tells us. 'God is the only One who ever prays. Our prayers are but the echo of what God says. All true prayer begins with God.

'It follows, therefore, that prayer is the language of God's love. The more His love fills our hearts the greater will be the ease with which we pray. Love is not afflicted with dumbness. Love is never an arid waste that we should have seasons of dryness, depression, or darkness. Rather these things are human moods for which redemptive love is the remedy.

'Prayer begins with God, and God is the end of prayer. This is its journey. . . . God's love is positive and creative, and therefore prayer must have these characteristics also. It must be dynamic and healing, a veritable instrument of the Spirit of God,

like a flaming sword, to destroy the powers of darkness, of sin, of selfishness, of fear, and of disease. Such prayer is not begging and beseeching One Whose will is doubtful. On the contrary, true prayer is storming and besieging the strongholds of unrighteousness.'

The volume is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who have taken great care over binding and printing. The price is only 3s. 6d. net.

A Prayer for the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

I. Lord, we are not victims of our environment, with its discords and difficulties. We are God's children, children of the Light, and trust in God is our protection.

II. We realize, dear Lord, what is the nature of Thy Healing when Thou givest us to see this aspect of it—that it is to teach us more about the glorious and wonderful Kingdom of God.

With all our hearts we believe that there is enough Power in the Kingdom of God to save the whole world, to heal the whole world. Therefore it is not difficult for us to believe that there is enough Power in it to heal us!

III. O Lord Jesus, wherever we turn to-day there is unrest in the world, a fever of unrest. The world wants peace, *we* want peace. We want Light, the anointing of the Spirit; we want the crucifixion of material desires.

Lord, the world is given over to the worship and the authority of mammon, it is under the heel of a false god.

Many are asking, 'Where is deliverance?' It is written of the deliverance promised to Israel, 'I will yet be inquired of to do it for them.' Lord, we know wherein lies the world's deliverance. It lies in the Power of God released through the prayers of His children. Help more and more of Thy disciples to realize that Thy teaching and Thy promises are true, to act upon them, and to share Thy Victory.

IV. Lord, Thou hast given us such wonderful promises of answers to prayer. We pray Thee to awaken the Spirit of Prayer in the hearts of all, that Thou mayest be able to do for the world all that Thou art longing to do. We offer ourselves as a living response to Thy cry to heal and bless.¹

¹ J. Maillard, *A Disciple's Prayers*, 148.