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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](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php)

pdfs are named: [Volume]\_[Issue]\_[1<sup>st</sup> page of article].pdf

## Entre Nous.

### SOME TOPICS.

#### The Expository Times.

THERE is encouragement in this letter, dated September 19, 1919, but there is something else, and it is for that something else that it is quoted here:

'After taking in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES from the first number, I felt I must write to you and express my gratitude for the help it has been to me during these years. I have been pastor here for thirty-five years, and during the last thirty years THE EXPOSITORY TIMES has been a constant inspiration both intellectually and spiritually. From no other source except the Bible have I derived so much help. Being pastor of a small church, with living now £130 and no house, you will understand how I look forward to it month by month, notwithstanding I have been able to obtain your DICTIONARY, 5 vols., and also CHRIST AND THE GOSPELS.

'I thought it would not be presuming too much to write and tell you this, as I had intended giving it up with the September issue, but after seeing your programme for the coming year it is impossible.'

#### Sympathy.

*Elemental Drifts* is the title of an anonymous booklet published by Mr. Stockwell (1s. 6d. net). It contains short paragraphs of which this is one: "I told her," she said to me, "that there is something worse. It may have been selfish; it may have been cruel, but . . . it was true."

"I have lost my son," she cried piteously, and looked to me for comfort. I had been her bridesmaid. "Is it for ever? Do you think I have lost him for ever?"

"No!" I said to her. "Not for ever; you will find him again. But I can never lose a son to find him there—you have given your boy and it is agony, but would you change places with me?"

"O happy mother! through all the anguish of your suffering heart, what is your grief to mine?"

"And you said that to her," I exclaimed reproachfully, "at such a time!"

"I may not have spoken aloud," she said after a pause, "for she kissed me."

#### A Particular Providence.

In *The Coming Miracle* (Marshall Brothers; 3s. 6d. net) the Rev. T. L. B. Westerdale gives us his interpretation of 'the great prophecy of Isaiah and Jesus concerning the Jewish race and its dramatic fulfilment in history.' He records this experience:

'For that sermon I had studied particularly two chapters of the Bible, the 7th of Daniel and the 16th of Revelation. From these chapters I believe we can discern the time in which we are living. "To know that time" is advice given to us by the Founder of my Church, John Wesley.

'After the service I went for a walk with my host, who was very kind to me, but who—I felt—did not accept a word of my message. Quietly he began to reason with me, and great fear fell again upon me. Had I done right? Had I obeyed the voice of God, or of my own imagination? What did the future hold for me if I pursued this policy? There would be no future for me in Methodism. I was told that very few of my brethren believed in a visible Second Coming of Jesus. People were already warning me that I should be regarded as an ignoramus, a foolish youth preaching obsolete old wives' fables, an "unsafe" man, a crank, hounding one idea to death, emptying churches, alienating sympathy, doomed to be side-tracked and useless. My dearest friends begged me to put away prophecy and get out into the fresh air. They said it was an evil thing and poisonous, and had ruined many men. And now I had preached on it!

'All these thoughts flocked into my mind as I walked along the road with my host, when suddenly I stopped dead, my eye fixed on a piece of paper lying there on the pavement before me. Something within me said: "Pick it up!" I felt it was an extraordinary thing to do, but I did it. It was a page from a Bible. One glance showed me that it was the 7th Chapter of Daniel! No other pieces of paper were lying about anywhere. Something said: "Keep it!" I did. The following Wednesday afternoon I was walking alone down a sandy lane near the village of Great Totham, thirteen miles from Chelmsford, and was again pondering over my extraordinary sermon of the previous Sunday,

wondering what would be the result of it, and whether any one would believe it, and whether I should have to do the same thing again in other places, and generally feeling miserable and ill at ease, when, suddenly, I again stopped dead, for there in the centre of the lane, a few feet before me, was a piece of paper—just one piece with no other pieces lying about anywhere. Something said: "Pick it up." I did. Imagine my amazement when I found it was a page from a Bible. *One glance showed me that it was the 16th Chapter of Revelation!*

'I put this piece of paper by the side of the other piece which I had kept in my pocket-book, and I have them to this day.

'*These were the two chapters I had studied for my sermon at Chelmsford!* The 7th of Daniel and the 16th of Revelation!

'I stood there in the lane spellbound. Had Jesus Himself appeared and spoken to me I should not have had a stronger confirmation of my conviction that I had done right, and was obeying the voice of God, than I got in that moment.'

#### Gehenna.

Professor Paul Haupt has a note on Gehenna in the Report of the Johns Hopkins Philological Association for 1918-1919. As that official document is not likely to be accessible, we take the liberty of quoting it.

Gehenna, the Biblical name for the place of the future punishment of the wicked, represents the Aramaic form (*Gê-hennâm*) of the Heb. *Gê-hinnôm*, i.e. the *Valley of Hinnom*, south of Jerusalem. The final *m* was dropped in *γέεννα*. Similarly *Maria* is shortened from *Μαριαμ*, Heb. *Miriâm*, which may mean *fat* or *milky*, milk-white (cf. Arab. *Mâriyah*). *Mary* does not mean *Star of the Sea*; *stella maris* is a corruption of *stilla maris*, drop of the sea, Heb. *mar-iam* (see *American Journal of Semitic Languages*, vol. xx. p. 152 n., *American Journal of Philology*, vol. xxvii. p. 162).

Hinnom is generally supposed to be a proper name. If this view were correct, the variants *Gê-ben-hinnôm* and *Gê-bênê-hinnôm*, the Valley of the Son of Hinnom or of the Sons of Hinnom, would be strange. *Hinnôm* may be the infinitive of the reflexive of Heb. *nûm*, to slumber, which is used in a number of passages of the sleep of death, so that *bênê-hinnôm* would correspond to *οἱ κοιμώ-*

*μενοι* (1 Th 4<sup>18</sup>) or *οἱ κεκοιμένοι* (Mt 27<sup>52</sup>) or *οἱ κοιμηθέντες* (1 Th 4<sup>15</sup>), which are used in the New Testament for the dead (cf. Syr. *dámké*, the dead, lit. *sleepers*, and Jn 11<sup>13</sup>).

It has been suggested that the name *Ἀχελδομαχ* in Ac 1<sup>19</sup>, which is explained to mean *field of blood*, signifies *field of sleep* = cemetery; but the final *χ* is as unwarranted in this case as it is in *Σειραχ* = *Sirâ*; cf. the *τ* in our *idear*, etc. (see Dalman's *Aramaic Grammar*, 1905, p. 202, n. 3). For the reflexive form *hinnôm*, to sleep, we may compare *κοιμᾶσθαι*, *εὐιάζεσθαι*, *κατακλίνεσθαι*, *κατάζεσθαι*, *κατακείσθαι*, *κατήσθαι*, French *se coucher*, and Assy. *utûlu* = *nutahhulu*, the reflexive of *na'âlu* = Heb. *nahâl*.

Also Kidron, the name of the deep depression in the ground on the east of Jerusalem, between the Temple hill and Mount Olivet, seems to mean *κοιμητήριον*, cemetery; Heb. *qidrôn* may be a transposition of *riqdôn*, resting-place, from *raqada*, which is a synonym of *nâma*, to sleep, in Arabic. Similarly Aram. *qidrâ*, pot, appears in Assyrian as *digaru*. Arab. *raqdah* denotes the time between death and resurrection. The Jews as well as the Christians and the Mohammedans of Palestine believe that the Last Judgment will be held in the Kidron valley, and it is the dearest wish of every Jew to find a grave there. The left bank of the Kidron, far up the western side of the Mount of Olives, is covered with the white tombstones of the Jews. Some Jewish teachers believe that the bodies of the righteous buried in foreign lands will roll back under the ground to Palestine to obtain a share in the resurrection preceding the Messiah's reign on earth (see Hastings' *DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE*, vol. ii. p. 562).

The Kidron valley is called also the Valley of Jehoshaphat. This designation (which cannot be traced beyond the fourth century of our era) may be based on the fact that in the account of the Maccabean victory, given in 1 Mac 16<sup>8</sup>, Simon's son, John Hyrcanus, is said to have pursued the Syrian invaders as far as Kedron. This, however, is not the Kidron valley east of Jerusalem, but the fortress of Kedron, the present *Katra*, south-east of Jamnia near the Mediterranean. The Book of Joel, which refers to a Valley of Jehoshaphat, was written toward the end of Simon's reign (about 136 B.C.), when King Antiochus VII. Sidetes sent his general Cendebæus against Judah (see Haupt, *Armageddon*, in the

*Journal of the American Oriental Society*, vol. xxxiv. p. 412).

Both the Valley of Hinnom and the Kidron valley seem to have been ancient burial grounds. According to 2 K 23<sup>6</sup> the graves of the common people were in the Kidron valley, and in Jer 2<sup>28</sup>, 19<sup>2-6</sup> the Greek Bible has for *the Valley* (of Hinnom) the rendering *πολυνδριον*, a burial-place for many. In Jer 31<sup>40</sup> we find after *the whole, Valley* (of Hinnom) the addition: [*with = despite*] *the dead bodies and the offal*, followed by *has-šeremôt* which is a corruption of *has-šerefôt*, cremators, *πυραί, πυρκαϊαί*, Lat. *ustrinae, busta*. Heb. *šerefâ* is synonymous with *tofeth* or, rather *téfât*, the Aramaic form of Heb. *šéfôt*, fire-place, ash-heap (see *Journal of Biblical Literature*, vol. xxxv. p. 157).

The flaming pyres with the dead bodies of the apostate Jews, on which the Maccabees feasted their eyes when they went to worship JHVH in the Temple, were in the Kidron valley, between the Temple hill and Mount Olivet. There were plenty of corpses to feed the worms and the fires: *their worm died not, and their fire was not quenched* (Is 66<sup>24</sup>; cf. Mk 9<sup>48</sup>). Worshippers on the Temple hill could not have seen the corpses in the Valley of Hinnom. The two valleys have often been confounded: e.g. the great Moslem traveller Ibn Batûta (1304-1378) says (vol. i. p. 124 of the Paris edition) that the valley of Gehenna was east of Jerusalem. In the pre-Exilic period heathen images and altars were repeatedly cast into the Kidron valley and burnt there (cf. 1 K 15<sup>13</sup>, 2 K 23<sup>4-6, 12</sup>, 2 Ch 16<sup>15</sup> 29<sup>16</sup> 30<sup>14</sup>). But on Doomsday the Kidron valley will see many of those who sleep in the dusty ground awake, some to everlasting life, and some to utter disgrace and everlasting abhorrence (Dn 12<sup>2</sup>).

#### NEW POETRY.

D. F. G. Johnson.

The Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, tells us in an introductory note to *Poems*, by Donald F. Goold Johnson (Cambridge: at the University

Press; 4s. 6d. net), that Mr. Johnson was a son of the manse, that he was educated at Caterham and Cambridge (where he won the Chancellor's Medal for English Verse in 1914), that he joined the Roman Church, and that he fell in France in 1916. 'A trench had to be held at all costs and the Germans prevented from advancing. Johnson without hesitation undertook the task but bade his friends good-bye, fully certain that he should not return.'

The poems written during the war are very different from the early poems. Not that they are either bitter or 'realistic.' They simply pass from play to performance, from indifference to responsibility. Some of them are absorbingly religious. In the 'Ode on the Resurrection' there is poetic power as well as piety. 'Victor Victima,' which we shall quote, at once finds a way into our hearts and may yet find a way into our hymnals:

#### VICTOR VICTIMA.

O sov'reign Body broken on the tree,  
Mine is the traitor kiss that hangs Thee  
there:

Yea, and the garden of Thy pale despair  
My heart's Gethsemane,

That garden where, upon the darkling sward  
Drunk with the greed of hell, the wage of  
death,

Stealing upon Thee, with her treacherous  
breath  
My soul betrays her Lord.

Lo! mine the anguish of Thy piercé side  
My malice is that spear that woundeth  
Thee;

Yet for Thy recreant lover, Lord, for me,  
In silence Thou hast died.

Still move Thy gentle lips to love and rue,  
While round Thee mock the children of  
Thy pain,

'Forgive them, Father, for their hearts'  
disdain,

They know not what they do.'

Breathe now, dear Jesus, as Thy darkness falls  
 The peace no terrors quench, no pains  
 dismay;  
 Bring me, all-crucified, with Thee to-day  
 Into Thy father's halls.

---

**Leslie Hinchliff Winn.**

Once more we have a volume of poems half war and half pre-war. And once more the war poems are the most momentous. For war like other calamities has the office assigned it of trying the hearts and reins of men. The pre-war poems in Leslie Hinchliff Winn's *Through Two Windows* (Palmer & Hayward; 2s. 6d. net) are of the country and the sea. The war poems are of the contemptible little army. The matter of death is imminent. This ode is slightly reminiscent of Blanche White :

If it were not that days arise from night  
 And fall again to night for quiet sleep;  
 If it were not that we can always creep  
 Into the velvet hours bereft of light,  
 Closing the house of thought to each delight  
 The day has given: or—if Earth did not  
 sweep  
 Its silent orbit through enshadowed deep,  
 So eyes might see God's millioned candlelight!

We might have feared death's shadow-folded  
 rest,  
 Thinking no dawn would glow of beauty's fire,  
 But every night we find by morning blest,  
 And all its hours are set with twinkling  
 quire.  
 Day makes us long to lie upon night's breast  
 So, but for death, who would a life desire?

---

**Norman Hugh Romanes.**

These *War-Shrine Fragments* (Oxford: Gadney) are dedicated by Mr. N. H. Romanes to the memory of Lieut.-Colonel Maitland Hardyman, D.S.O., M.C., who fell leading his regiment to

victory on August 24, 1918, aged 23. And although there are other poems in the book, the 'Fragments' are the best of it, fullest filled with poetic passion, best fitted with poetic phrase :

What then is their song's exultation as they pass  
 through burning and slaughter?  
 Wonders of earth and sky and sea and river,  
 Field and mountain and flood, and light and  
 darkness,  
 The hosts of heaven, the sunshine and changing  
 seasons,  
 Winds and storms of God, the rain and thunder  
 clouds,  
 White frosts and covering snows in winter,  
 All the beauty of earth their song and mine  
 would celebrate.

And heavenly life they sing, the joy of every  
 creature  
 Moving upon old earth or beneath her waters  
 unseen,  
 Or wafted about the skies on happy pinions  
 Great and small, leviathan, tiniest insect,  
 The everlasting joy of all living things is in  
 their song,  
 Last of all, most perfect, the spirit of man  
 divine,  
 The high adventuring soul of man victorious,  
 The sorrowful, afraid, self-accusing, weak spirit  
 of man.

---

**Claude Houghton.**

The title of Mr. Claude Houghton's volume *The Tavern of Dreams* (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d. net) is derived from the last poem in it, a dramatic poem in which the education of the voices that come with the wind through the fields is shown to be better than the scientific instruction that city life affords, though it is more perplexing in its purpose and more painful in its process. The shorter poems are experiences of a mind that has freed itself from the chains of rationalism but has not yet found the assurance of faith :

## THE PALACE OF LOVE.

In the twilight land of Silence,  
 On the frontier of Death,  
 Love reared a mighty Palace,  
 (So an ancient legend saith)  
 Where the cypress tree and myrtle  
 Stood guardians of a gate,  
 Whereon was strangely carven:  
 'Who loves may laugh at Fate.'

In a starlit land of beauty  
 By a moon-made silver sea.  
 Joy thrilled the lilac shadows  
 With celestial harmony:  
 Dreams danced among the moonbeams,  
 Hope crowned the gliding hours,  
 And Love, asleep, lay smiling  
 Among the dreaming flowers.

Grief crept into the portal  
 Of the palace of Love's dream  
 When the young moon strayed in beauty  
 Through the starry skies a gleam;  
 And upon the midnight magic  
 Rose a wondrous song of pain,  
 And Life was all its burden  
 And Death its deep refrain.

Then Love awoke and listened,  
 Then Love in silence wept,  
 And through the moonlit portal  
 With head down-bended crept:  
 And cypress tree and myrtle  
 Beneath the white stars' light  
 Saw Grief and Love together  
 Pass out into the night.

In a twilight land of Silence  
 On the frontier of Death,  
 There lies a mighty ruin,  
 (So an ancient legend saith)  
 Where the weeds and moss half cover  
 A lichen-mantled gate,  
 Whereon is strangely carven:  
 'Who loves may laugh at Fate.'

H. L. Hubbard.

The book of verse called *Epiphanies*, by H. L. Hubbard (Heffer; 2s. net), is a book of most melodious and most religious poetry. Let us no more complain of the dearth of sacred poets. We are now recovering the God we lost when the war began.

## PURGATION.

## I.

God held me in the hollow of His Hand  
 And smiled at me.  
 Through all the busy days I caught  
 The radiance of His smile: I faced the world  
 In the reflection of His light;  
 Upon my lips a song, deep in my heart a  
 prayer  
 That through my life His light might tinge the  
 world—  
 God was my all, and joy was everywhere.

## II.

And then He turned His face away; the light  
 was gone,  
 Gloom fell on all my life; I struggled to get free.  
 And in my struggle, I well nigh forgot  
 Where I was hiding, and who held me close.  
 God's face was turned, I knew not how He  
 looked;  
 Pain sat enthroned upon my aching heart,  
 Dull, gnawing grief, and horrid darksome fear  
 Ruled all my life. The Crown of Thorns was mine.  
 Naked I stood and broken, waiting long,  
 Not knowing where I was, tortured with thoughts  
 Of what had been.

## III.

And then at last I caught a glimpse  
 Of that averted Face.  
 I saw it mirrored in the smiling eyes  
 Of little children.  
 I knew the night had passed, and with the  
 morn  
 Had come a joy, and that deep peace  
 That passeth knowledge, for I saw again  
 His Face: and lo, it bore the marks  
 Of all my struggles. He had borne them too,  
 And on His toilworn Face there lingered still  
 The impress of that wondrous tender smile,  
 More beautiful than before, telling of conflict past,  
 —Aye, and of victory won.

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