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us legitimately to render the first part of the second line thus, 'help in distresses we find.'

But now, what is to be done with מָאֵר ('very'), the closing form in the verse? Certainly, it cannot be utilized as the Massoretes have unwisely fixed it for us, but a slight change in either of two directions will give good sense. It may either be read most simply as the resemblant מֵאֵר ('from calamity,' or, 'against complete destruction'; see Job 18¹² 21^{17, 30}, Ps 18¹⁰, etc.); but as something of this meaning is already given in the preceding noun בְּצָרוֹת ('in distresses'), a preferable substitute is מֵאֵל, which has most to commend itself.

Let us now summarize the benefits arising from adoption of the foregoing suggestions.

First, we rid ourselves of the questionable expression 'very present.'

Second, the grammatical irregularity in Hebrew Syntax produced by the combination 'a present help,' is quite removed.

Third, for the whole verse, there results a simple and beautiful parallelism, and this of a somewhat rare construction, in which the leading features of the first line are given *inversely* in the second: a divine name begins the first, but another ends the second; in the middle of each line there appears the plural of the first personal pronoun ('us,' 'we'); while mention of divine aid comes at the end of the first line, but at the beginning of the second. Thus—

God [is] to us a refuge and strength;
Help in distresses we find from the Almighty.¹

JAMES KENNEDY.

New College, Edinburgh.

¹ On the change from מֵאֵל to מֵאֵל, see Ps 7¹², etc.

Entre Nous.

SOME TEXTS.

Romans vi. 7.]

Mr. Alex. Pallis, who is a Greek by birth and a scholar by training, has written a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. The title is simply *To the Romans* (Liverpool Booksellers' Co., 70 Lord Street).

It is generally held now that the Epistle to the Romans was written in Corinth. Mr. Pallis does not believe that. There is no trace in it of the troubles then existing in Corinth. Nor does he believe that it was written to Rome. It is written to a mixed community of Jews and Gentiles who have become Christians, possessing *agapæ* and therefore an organized Church. But when Paul reached Rome afterwards there were no Christians there, certainly no Gentile Christians, the 'brethren' who met him being brethren according to the flesh. Nor was it written by the Apostle Paul. 'How could St. Paul have told such a puerile untruth as that he went so far as Illyricum? This journey and that to Spain are alike myths on a par with Andrew's tour throughout Thrace, Philip's journey to Parthia, and Matthew's visit to the land of the Sunless and Hole-dwellers.' And then 'the

language of the Romans throughout lacks that spontaneity, unconventionality, and ruggedness which we so very much admire in the Corinthians and the Galatians.' Mr. Pallis believes that the epistle was written in Alexandria by some Jew. 'In its original form the epistle was fairly simple, and its simplicity probably commended it to the Alexandrian faithful and made it popular; with the result that, as it has happened more or less to other popular writings of antiquity, it was tampered with. One of the interpolators, a theologian—or perhaps more than one—tacked on long and irrelevant disquisitions between chapters 6 and 11; and the work was further amplified by all manner of accretions, so that finally it became one of the hardest to follow in Greek literature.'

Mr. Pallis's Commentary is as original as his Introduction. Take the note on Ro 6⁷. The R.V. translation is, 'For he that hath died is justified from sin.' Mr. Pallis says: 'This is a most extraordinary statement; it is in flat contradiction with the view of future retribution, so firmly held by all Christians, and, as a matter of course, shared by our author. I believe that "he that hath died is justified" reproduces a proclamation customary

at funeral rites, which notified that the departed whose remains were being laid in the grave had obtained his grace from God, his wrongs to those present having been forgiven. This comforting idea is still alive among the Greeks, who generally refer to a dead man as *ὁ συχωρεμένος*. As a development, a dead man so forgiven, *δεδικαιωμένος*, became in the popular imagination a *δίκαιος*, a *sinless man*, a *saint*. Cf. Jn 17-19, *for their good I saint myself (= I die)*. It is in this latter sense I think that the interpolator quoted the ritual words as a proof that we, having once died and become *δίκαιοι*, no longer shall be liable to sin.'

1 John iv. 3.

The A.V. reads, 'Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God.' The R.V. omits the words 'Christ is come in the flesh.' In the margin the Revisers offer 'annulleth' for 'confesseth not,' after another Greek reading. Dr. Gore in his new book on *The Epistles of St. John* (Murray; 6s. net) accepts that reading, but thinks that 'annulleth' should be 'dissolveth.' The text is of the utmost importance as St. John's test of discipleship. Every spirit, says the Apostle, that dissolveth Jesus is not a Christian. Dr. Gore takes it to refer to a doctrine which 'dissolves' Christ's person, 'and instead of acknowledging one person, the Son of God made flesh, postulates two persons or beings—a higher divine being called the Son or the Christ, and an ordinary human being called Jesus. Such teaching would accordingly involve the denial that the man Jesus was or is, in His own person, either the Son or the divine Christ, or, to put it otherwise, would deny the verity of the Incarnation—that truly and really the eternal Son was "made flesh."'

SOME TOPICS.

Interpretation.

Messrs. Dent have published a volume of lectures by Stopford A. Brooke on *Naturalism in English Poetry* (7s. 6d. net). They are well worth publishing. Never was Stopford Brooke happier in his chosen and well-worked field of study; never did he lecture with more enjoyment to his hearers. And now that his hearers have become his readers their enjoyment is not in any degree diminished. The lecture in which Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron are compared is one of the finest and truest

tributes to Wordsworth's genius that we have ever read.

But what did Stopford Brooke's audience think when they heard the lecture on 'Shelley and Christianity'? Its vindication of Shelley from the charge of atheism is well enough, though it is not quite convincing. But the astonishing thing is that the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, LL.D., identifies himself with Shelley in almost everything that he says about Christianity. Even this extraordinary attempt at interpretation is accepted: 'From that saying of "Be ye perfect, as your Father is perfect," Shelley infers that Jesus taught that the perfection of the divine and human character was the same. "The abstract perfection of the human character is the type of the actual perfection of the divine." And no truer thing can possibly be said of the teaching of Christ. "I and the Father are one." I, a man, am at one with the Father. This is what I am ceaselessly trying to teach as the very root of the doctrine of Jesus. He said it, not as God, but as a man—not for himself alone, but for all mankind. "We and the Father are one." And the poet saw that truth in Jesus, as we see it now. Indeed, it is the very foundation of all the doctrine of Christ; the ground of personal and social religion; the ground of all human associations and their duties; the ground of the rights of man and of their liberty, equality, and fraternity; the ground of their happiness and their immortality. It is the one saying we should inscribe on the banner of human progress: "We and the Father are one." It is a wonderful thing that Shelley saw this so many years ago, and saw it in the teaching of Jesus Christ.'

Scottish Life.

It may be that Dean Ramsay left some gleanings behind him; it may be that some of his stories can be told over again by this time; and it may be that the Scottish folk who have lived since Dean Ramsay's day are as truly Scottish as ever: in any case the Rev. T. McWilliam, M.A., Minister of Foveran in Aberdeenshire, has collected some fine examples of Scottish wit and wisdom into his book on *Scottish Life in Light and Shadow* (Gardner). The most characteristic chapter is the sketch of 'Weelum.'

"Hulloa, William, that's a new horse you have got! What's become of the old white one?"

"Well, minister," was the reply, "ye see, there wis some kin' o' knots about the beast—a thing I never kint o' in a horse afore, but ane's aye learnin'. I thocht I was gyaun tae loss 'im ategither, so I just selt him till anither man."

"And what did the other man think o' the knots?" said the minister, with a demure face.

'What a twinkle there was in the old man's eyes as he replied, "Deed, noo, it niver occurred to me to mention the thing till him. I jist gied him the beast as I got him mysel."

Mysticism.

Dr. Gore's definition is worth recording. It is quite clear and orderly. He is discussing in his book on *The Epistle of St. John* the question whether the Apostle John (whom he takes to be author of Gospel, Epistles, and Apocalypse) was a mystic. 'By the term "mystics" we describe a class of thinkers who have three special characteristics—first, that they are not content with a surface view of the world or with its external aspect, but (in Wordsworth's phrase) "see into the life of things"; secondly, that they have an intensely vivid perception of the unity of all things in God—they see God in all things and all things in God, and find in communion with God, aimed at and in part realized here and now, the chief occupation of their lives; thirdly, that their method of arriving at truth is not the method of argument or discursive reasoning, but the method of intuition; they do not arrive at truth by critical inquiry or antagonism to error, but by a sort of positive vision or feeling.' Was St. John a mystic, then? 'Now St. John has all those characteristics to an intense degree. He is thus intensely mystical.'

NEW POETRY.

Gladys Cromwell.

Gladys and Dorothea Cromwell 'were born in November, 1885, and inherited possessions, talents, and an exquisite beauty strangely poignant because in the twin sisters the charm seemed more than doubled. There are a few men and women with whom one feels a sense of spiritual mystery: one walks with them always on the road to Emmaus. It was true of these two. They found their home in the unseen. In the outer, material world they existed only by an effort that cost them much, for they

moved as spirits, untouched by crude desires; bending with a shy longing to meet human needs; searching for some solution that should justify their personal immunities, their money, and the grace and luxury to which they had been born.'

'In January, 1918, the two sisters, having enrolled in the Canteen Service of the Red Cross, sailed for France and were stationed at Chalons. For eight months they worked under fire on long day or night shifts; their free time was filled with volunteer outside service; they slept in "caves" or under trees in a field; they suffered from the exhaustion that is so acute to those who have never known physical labour; yet no one suspected until the end came that for many months they had believed their work a failure, and their efforts futile. The Chalonnais called them "The Saints"; during dull evenings, the poilus, who adored the "Twin Angels," found amusement in effort, always unsuccessful, to distinguish them apart. The workers in the Canteen loved and admired them for their courage—that finest bravery which leads fear to intrepid action; they loved them for their rare charm, but they gave them whole-souled appreciation for the tireless, efficient labor which made them invaluable as practical canteeners.'

'After the Armistice, when they returned to Chalons as guests, they showed symptoms of nervous prostration, but years of self-control and consideration for others made them conceal the black horror in which they lived—the agony through which they saw a world which they felt contained no refuge for beauty and quiet thought. In such a world they conceived they had no place, and when on their way home they jumped from the deck of the *Lorraine*, it was in response to a vision that promised them fulfilment and peace. They died on the 19th of January, 1919. Three months later they were buried in France with military honours, and the French Government has awarded them the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille de Reconnaissance française. They gave to the world lives of shining promise and crystal purity, having followed Him who said to His other disciples: Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'

These pines could feel the wind, the snow,
The April sun;
But through them now no changes flow.

These pines could feel the grief and mirth
Of quiet years;
But now they know unchanging dearth.

And they can feel no mood of spring:
Like certain souls
Who find in flame their blossoming.

That is the story. There is nothing to add to
it. Gladys was the poet. Her book is *Poems*
(Macmillan; \$1.50). Take this poem on

THE CROWNING GIFT.

I have had courage to accuse;
And a fine wit that could upbraid;
And a nice cunning that could bruise;
And a shrewd wisdom, unafraid
Of what weak mortals fear to lose.

I have had virtue to despise
The sophistry of pious fools;
I have had firmness to chastise;
And intellect to make me rules
To estimate and exorcise.

I have had knowledge to be true;
My faith could obstacles remove;
But now my frailty I endure.
I would have courage now to love,
And lay aside the strength I knew.

Gilbert Thomas.

The name of Mr. Gilbert Thomas is familiar to the readers of poetry, for he has contributed poems to many periodicals, and he has published five or six volumes of poetry. Now Mr. Thomas has surveyed the whole poetical production of his life, and into one volume called *Poems: 1912-1919* (Swarthmore Press; 5s. net) he has gathered all the poems that he wishes to retain. Let one poem serve to stir the memory, or, if that is unnecessary, to determine the inspiration:

'NOT PEACE, BUT A SWORD!'

'Not peace! A sword I come to bring!—
And with its keen edge didst Thou thrust
The empty pomp of priest and king
Into the empty dust.

Yet was Thy sword our peace! For spurned
Wert Thou, and for Thy blood they cried:
And so on Calvary they returned
The sword—into Thy side!

Nor dreamt they that it should release
(While vengeance thus they were demanding)
That sacramental flow of peace
Which passeth understanding!

Rhys Carpenter.

Mr. Carpenter is not careful to be reckoned a great poet. He sings because he must. He sings most happily when he has children for his theme. His 'Fairy Gold' is a vindication of the reality of the world of fairies. And once at least he becomes truly poetical in his tribute to the justice of British rule. Remember as you read the poem that Mr. Carpenter is a citizen of the United States of America:

A MARCHING SONG FOR ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

From Egypt into China they have builded them
a wall;
They have held the front of Eden on the
Teuton and his thrall;
On the snowy stairs of Elburz you may hear
their bugles call,
'Ye are safe! be at ease! ye are safe.'

There are gardens in the southland where the
Tartar may not go;
There is dewy corn in Babel where the desert
used to blow;
In the vineyards over Gaza you may see the
grapes aglow:
Ye are safe! be at ease! ye are safe.

You shall watch the ships adrift with the
Tigris under keel;
In the crooked streets of Baghdad you shall see
the camels kneel
With the good things out of Persia that the
robber could not steal:
Ye are safe! be at ease! ye are safe!

In the brain of wounded England lay the
silence for a span;
Then she rose and wrought a marvel by the
steppe of Turkestan;

Oh, ye women-folk of Irak ; oh, ye children of
Iran,

Ye are safe ! be at ease ! ye are safe !

The title of the book is *The Plainsman* (Milford ;
7s. 6d. net).

Helen Dircks.

This is the preface to *Passenger*, by Helen Dircks
(Chatto & Windus ; 3s. 6d. net) :

Passenger
Am I
In that machine of days
Which runs
Between the city and the stars ;
No citizen
Of one delight
Or any stopping-place :
I journey
On and on,
Until
I shall become
A freight of dust
at last. . . .

And that is the manner of many of the poems.
It is said to be an easy manner—but perhaps that
was before it was tried. Once and again there is
an ethical note struck, and it is worthy :

WITHHOLDING.

Ah, you will be no thief nor take
The false coin for the true,
Nor let a single soiled caress
Be passed between us two.

And yet you know how sweet 'twould be
To take what you might take ;
But you do hold yourself in love
And honour for my sake.

As you have willed, so let it be,
My dear—and yet, more dear
Is all your true withholding than
If you had held me near.

S. Raleigh Simpson.

The author of *Nondescript Numbers* (Gardner),
Mr. S. Raleigh Simpson, takes the writing of poetry
light-heartedly. The gift of rhyming is most mani-

fest. But the author has an ear for rhythm also.
Here is one of the more serious songs :

CINNA'S SONG.

Some rejoice, while others weep ;
Fixt the doom divine doth keep :
What man soweth he shall reap.

Silent as soft dewes that fall,
Slowly, searchingly for all
Mills of God grind very small.

None can read the book of fate ;
Death gives answer, swift or late :
Seek for light beyond heaven's gate.

Wilfred Rowland Childe.

A most unpretending book of poetry by Wilfred
Rowland Childe is published by Mr. W. Brierley,
Bond Street, Leeds, under the title of *The Hills of
Morning*. But it is poetry. Feed your imagina-
tion on it. No price is named, but it will probably
cost about a shilling. Feast your feeling for style
upon it. Quotation is not easy where the
variety is so manifold. But this sonnet may be
given :

PRAYER TO THE AUGUST ORIGIN.

Let Thy love lighten on the land like rain,
O Father : bind the broken limbs and bless
With balsam our sick hearts : our nakedness
Raiment in glory. Like a flower from pain
Bid our devotion and our rapture rise.
Lo, in this Island cradled on the surge
Thou hast Thy gardens : bid all toilers urge
The herbs to grow, that when the summer
skies

Of opulent June their sapphire patterns trace
Over the minsters and the shining streams
Of Albion, Thy beloved, there may be
Plenteous reward for all Thy tender grace :
Let roses lovely as a poet's dreams
Cover the laughing land from sea to sea !

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