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Entre Nous.

SOME TOPICS.

Atonement.

Three Sermons on the Atonement, by Professor A. C. Headlam, have been published by the S.P.C.K. (6d. net). This is their substance: 'We must remember that there has always been behind the influence and power of the appeal of the Cross an intellectual belief in the meaning of the Atonement. All the explanations given may seem to us imperfect and inadequate, that is quite likely to be the case, but it does not follow that because we cannot explain sufficiently or completely what the Atonement means that therefore it does not mean anything. I think it must be obvious to every thoughtful person who muses over the meaning of righteousness and sin, to any one who has felt in any way, however imperfect, either the ideal of what he ought to be or the imperfection of his own attainment, that the universal feeling of mankind, that atonement and expiation are necessary for wrong-doing, responds to something real. I do not pretend to be able to say exactly what this is, or to define its meaning fully and precisely. The mistake that we have made has been to be anxious to explain everything. We feel that each of the imperfect explanations which have been given may represent some part of the truth. The Atonement was a victory over evil, it was a sacrifice offered up for us, it did fulfil the law of righteousness, it does mean the bearing of the sins which we have committed.'

Temperies.

A handsome volume entitled *A Spiritual Retreat*, by Father Alexander, O.F.M., has been published by Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne (10s. net). The addresses are twenty-five in number. Each address is suggested by one of the clauses of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, of which the text is given at the beginning of the book and a translation in rhymed verse beside it.

Take the second and third verses:

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

The translation is:

O Thou, of comforters the best;
O Thou, the soul's delightful guest;
The pilgrim's sweet relief;
Thou art true rest in toil and sweat,
Refreshment in th' excess of heat,
And solace in our grief.

Then take the clause 'In æstu temperies.' The address is on the passions. They are in themselves neither good nor bad: good if the goal is God, bad if the goal is self-indulgence. They are fundamentally, however, only two in number—love and hatred. 'From love and hatred spring all the other passions. *Desire* is a movement of the soul towards the object of one's love—leading the spiritual man towards supernatural goods and the worldly minded towards the things of earth. "If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God: mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth" (*Col. iii. 1, 2*). *Aversion* means a recoil from the object hated. It withdraws the man of God from sin and its occasions, and fills the carnal man with distaste for virtue and for its votaries. *Joy* signifies rest and peace in the possession of what is desired. The spiritual delight in the Lord, who is their "reward exceeding great" (*Gen. xv. 1*). "And your joy no man shall take from you" (*St. John xvi. 22*). The carnal-minded cry, "Peace, peace," and there is no peace. "There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord" (*Isa. lvii. 21*). *Sadness* follows the loss of a desired object, or the presence of one detested. The man of God is sad only when he fears he has incurred the Divine displeasure; the carnal man grieves when he is deprived of what ministers to his bodily comfort or his pleasures.'

Trespases or Debts?

A volume of Studies in the Theology of the Lord's Prayer has been written by the Rev. John S. Hastie, M.A., B.D., and published under the

title of *The Threshold of the Temple* (Stockwell; 7s. 6d. net). As he promises, the author gives us more than exposition of the separate clauses of the Prayer. That is done also, and it is done so well that we must use this exposition in addition to all our already existent and excellent books on the Lord's Prayer. But that is by the way. The author's aim is to use the Lord's Prayer as the basis of an essay on the Lord's theology. What mental attitude to God and man on Christ's part does the Prayer assume? What relation to God and Christ and brother man does it call upon us to enter into? Now Mr. Hastie is a scholar and a Scottish theologian. His interest in theology is his interest in God, and his interest in God is his interest in life. He writes so that we feel as we read his book as if in life there were nothing worth thinking of except the God with whom we have to do and what we have to do with Him.

Notice one point. Shall we say 'debts' or 'trespasses'? 'The Old Testament in its Decalogue uttered and reiterated its formula, "Thou shalt not . . ." To keep off the forbidden ground is to avoid trespasses. But in the New Testament we find a greater and more exacting type of goodness, greater, because it has cut itself off from such an elementary thing as trading in negations, and more exacting, because it has replaced the vexatious multiplication of negatives by one time-long, heaven-high, world-wide "Thou shalt." Our debt in one word is obedience to the command of Christ, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself." "Trespasses," in a word, is the mild, exculpatory term, while "debts" is the stern, uneasy, incriminating word. And more, "debts" is the accurate translation of the Greek word. So, on every ground, it were wise to drop the elegant and inaccurate "trespasses" and to use only the illuminating and mordant "debts."

SOME TEXTS.

The Alexander Robertson Lectures for 1917 were delivered by the Rev. T. H. Weir, B.D., M.R.A.S., Lecturer in Arabic in the University of Glasgow. They are now published with the title of *The Variants in the Gospel Reports* (Paisley: Gardner; crown 8vo, pp. 150; 6s. net). What did it mean to listen to the lectures? It must be easier to read the book. For Mr. Weir wastes no

words, and every sentence that he utters needs consideration. His idea is that many (if not all) of the verbal discrepancies in the Gospels can be explained by the supposition of translation from an Aramaic original. And not a few of them he explains. Text after text is examined, with sometimes surprising and sometimes convincing results. Take two of the texts:

'Matt. viii. 9.

'The centurion says he is a man "under authority," but the explanation which follows shows that what he means is that he is a man *in* authority. The Semitic word for authority, abstract or concrete, is *sultān*—Joseph was Sultan in Egypt (Genesis xlii. 6)—and the verb means, not to put under authority, but to make Sultan. There can be little doubt that what the centurion really said was, "I am a man in authority." This is more fitting to a Roman.'

'Matt. x. 29.

"One of them (the sparrows) shall not fall to the ground without your father" gives us the impression that the sparrow falls *dead*, and this appears to be the meaning of the Greek also. The Greek word answers to the Hebrew *nafal*. This again has not only the different senses of the English verb "to fall," but it has also the special meaning of to *alight*. Rebekah alighted (literally, fell) from her camel (Genesis xxiv. 64), and Naaman from his chariot (II. Kings v. 21). The saying of Jesus would therefore mean that a sparrow does not even *alight* on the ground without God.'

Two volumes have been published at the Oxford University Press entitled *The New Lessons Explained*. The sub-title is 'A Short Exposition of the Lessons from the New Lectionary for Sundays and Holy-Days.' The first of the two volumes, on the Old Testament Lessons, has been written by Professor C. F. Burney (6s. net); the second, on the New Testament Lessons, by Professor Sanday and the Rev. C. W. Emmet (3s. 6d. net). This, we believe, is the last work that Dr. Sanday was engaged on. With the exception of a revision of the New Testament Index and a few final corrections for the press, it was completed before he died on September 16, 1920. It is a most fitting close to his work on earth. For it combines the finest scholarship with the most

practical aim, and it is all wrought in the interest of that Church which was indeed to him as a Mother in God.

But to give some idea of the notes we shall make a quotation from Dr. Burney's work. It is from the story of Gideon's rout of the Midianites.

Judg. vii. 7.

'The reason why the 300 were retained and the great bulk of the host rejected has formed a puzzle to interpreters. It seems obvious that (in so far as the test was one of *attitude*) the main part of the army who knelt to drink, and raised the water in their hands, were, humanly speaking, the better suited for the enterprise, as adopting a method in the practice of which they were the less likely to be taken by surprise by a lurking foe than those who rested on their hands, or lay prone on the ground so as to lap like a dog by placing their mouths to the water. But if we take into account the fact that the whole narrative, 7²⁻⁵, is obviously intended to emphasize the lesson that victory results from divine assistance and not from the numbers or tactics of the human instruments employed (cp. v. 2), it seems likely that the lapping method, which, from the purely human point of view, might seem to amount to criminal carelessness in presence of the enemy, may have been taken by the narrator as exhibiting trust in the protection and assistance of God, as opposed to the anxious alertness of those who believed that their hope of success depended upon themselves. If this is so, a commentary on the narrative may be found in 1 Sam. 16⁷: man looks at the outward appearance of fitness; but God looks at the heart.'

Mark ix. 36.

Samuel Pollard, the Chinese missionary, translated the New Testament into the Miao language. He had Yang Yah-Koh to help him. 'Yah-koh and I did the ninth and tenth of St. John. The story of the blind man was delightful. Yah-koh laughed heartily again and again at the way the man showed that he was more than a match for all the people who bothered him. I wished I could tell this story as it appeared to Yah-koh. I enjoyed the work very much.

'James (= Yah-koh) and I are working hard every day translating St. John. We have got to the end of the eighteenth chapter to-day. I enjoy the work intensely. The picture of Jesus, as He

appears to one who carefully and slowly reads the Gospel, is wonderful. My heart sometimes is full of amazement at our glorious Jesus. What a gentleman He was! What a hero! How tender! What a match for all His bitter enemies!

'When translating the passage describing how Jesus took a child into His arms and used him as a text to teach the disciples from, my Miao assistant pressed me to add the word "kissed" to the translation. I said it was not there. My friend said, "It must be there: Jesus must have kissed the little one; He could not have helped it. 'And when He had taken him in His arms and kissed him,' He said," so would my friend have rendered the verse.'

John xiv. 9.

'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.' These words 'contain the root of the Christian life. Mark well; it is not enough in order to see the Father in Jesus Christ, and, therefore, to recognize Jesus Christ, to know and to believe that He is God at the same time that He is man. I do not know Jesus Christ because I admit the verbal proposition: Jesus Christ is God. The Son is in the Father, the Father is in the Son. These are abstract terms, and our Lord is a living being. Therefore, I see God in Jesus Christ only—I know Jesus Christ only—when I apply myself to see under what traits God shows Himself in Jesus Christ, and what particular idea, proper to Himself alone, God gives me of Himself in Jesus Christ.'

That exposition is taken from a volume on *Our Lord's Last Discourses*, by the Abbé Nouvelle, former Superior-General of the Oratory, translated from the French into English by M.E.M. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 6s. net). It is a fair example of the wisdom of words which marks the whole book. There is exegetical insight and there is spiritual acquiescence throughout. The great discourse throws its awe upon the writer and makes him respond to the uttermost.

NEW POETRY.

Gerald Gould.

The Journey, by Gerald Gould (Collins; 6s. net), contains odes and sonnets. The subject is the same throughout, the pleasure and the pain of love; and as both odes and sonnets are addressed

directly to the beloved, there is a strong feeling wrought in us that we are reading both Shakespeare and Mrs. Browning and reading both at once. That does not signify imitation: it signifies poetry. Mr. Gould believes he too has the right, because he has the power, to let love speak out:

I tracked my sin and bound it—but they err
 Who have set different worlds for love and sin:
 I forced my sin to silence, shut it in
 The night of memory where stars confer—
 Dumb stars and strong, sequel and harbinger:
 But all without is marred by what's within,
 And lo, my best thought to my worst akin,
 Myself half gaoler and half prisoner!

Shall it not be, when all things cease to be:
 When God fulfils his purpose, and lets go
 The tortured twisting flames of life, and so
 Discrowns the mountain and dispels the sea—
 That he shall look in his own heart, and know
 The thing he caged, the thing he hurt, was he?

Edward Davison.

Mr. Edward Davison is the editor of an Anthology from the *Cambridge Poets, 1914-1920* (Cambridge: Heffer; 7s. 6d. net). The poets include Rupert Brooke, James Elroy Flecker, Siegfried Sassoon, J. C. Squire, R. C. Trevelyan, and E. Hilton Young. There is therefore good poetry in the book. And all the good poetry in it is not confined to those names. We have marked eight poems to choose from. Their authors are E. Keppel Bennett, Geoffrey F. Fyson, D. B. Haseler, J. H. F. McEwen, Siegfried Sassoon, Fredgond Shove, E. Hilton Young—only two of the five well-known names are among them. The women are not in great force or favour—not nearly so numerous as in the volume which came from Oxford. But the women can write too, and they can write about the war—witness Kathleen Montgomery Wallace's 'Died of Wounds,' or Ada M. Harrison's

NEW YEAR, 1916.

Those that go down into silence . . .

There is no silence in their going down,
 Although their grave-turf is not wet with tears,
 Although Grief passes by them, and Renown
 Has garnered them no glory for the years.

The cloud of war moves on, and men forget
 That empires fall. We go our heedless ways
 Unknowing still, uncaring still, and yet
 The very dust is clamorous with their praise.

One thing is welcome—their simpleness throughout. There are few exceptions—a real pull on Oxford. Here is one of the simplest: the author Mr. E. Hilton Young:

CHRISTMAS.

A boy was born at Bethlehem
 That knew the haunts of Galilee.
 He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
 And learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,
 And love the homely faces there;
 And for all other men besides
 'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,
 My own dear downs, my comrades true,
 But that great heart of Bethlehem,
 He died for men he never knew.

And yet, I think at Golgotha,
 As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
 They saw with love most passionate,
 The village street at Nazareth.

Cyril G. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor calls his book *The Phantom Fiddler* (Daniel; 3s. net). And it is a good title, the title of a good poem. But there are other poems to be preferred both for the meaning they convey and for the language in which they convey it. There is this poem, for example, the very first in the book:

BALLAD OF THE WINDING ROAD.

I am the Road, the Winding Road,
 And this is the song of me:
 In rain or shine I twist and twine
 As far as the eye can see;
 And though men may rest on my cold white
 breast,
 I stretch to eternity.

I am the Road, the Silent Road,
The symbol of Right and Wrong—
I'm old and hard, and my face is scarred
By the feet of the ceaseless throng;
By the winds that lust for my wanton dust,
By the skies which have proved me strong.

I am the Road, the Gleaming Road,
That calls to the sons of men
To quit the toil of their native soil
For the cities beyond their ken;
And I lure the pride of the countryside
From mountain and moor and fen.

I am the Road, the Gay Young Road,
That leads to the haunts of fame;
My hedgerows ring with the songs of Spring,
And the west wind breathes my name;
And the sun's warm rays set my pools ablaze
Till my heart is a big white flame.

I am the Road, the Sorrowing Road,
That lies at the feet of night:
I hide my hurts in her trailing skirts
And I shrink from the fierce moonlight
That makes gaunt ghosts of my finger-posts,
And powders my milestones white.

I am the Road, the Old, Old Road,
And nobody holds me wise—
But a man has debts, and a man forgets
When the road behind him lies. . . .
O, I've seen disgrace on a woman's face
And death in her staring eyes.

I am the Road, the Winding Road,
And this is the song of me: ●
In rain or shine I twist and twine
As far as the eye can see;
For a man must play, and a woman pay,
And a road wind eternally.

Rebecca and Maurice Hime.

Half the volume of 'Occasional Verses' called *Christmas Roses* (Churchill; 3s. 6d. net) belongs to Mrs. Rebecca and half to Dr. Maurice Hime. And that means variety. But that is only one element in the amazing variety of theme and treatment, rhyme and rhythm which we encounter in the book. And the most startling variety of all is in the illustrations. They range from a rather

fine reproduction of Holman Hunt's 'Shadow of Death,' to the most grotesque drawings of anxious and awkward golfers. The most serious contribution is entitled 'Wild Oats,' a sermon in rhyme on the text, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' Here is a stanza:

Who touches pitch is sure to be defiled:
Virtue with Vice can ne'er be reconciled.
Committed sins leave deadly stains behind
On each transgressor's heart, and soul, and mind.

Can nought these marks of Satan's reign efface?
Nought but repentance, earnest prayer, and grace.

Yet those who peace's pleasant paths forsake,
Can never all the ground they have lost retake.

By many a ruthless tyrant Earth is curst:
Of all her tyrants Sin is far the worst.

Sylvia Lynd.

The poems in Sylvia Lynd's new volume, *The Goldfinches* (Cobden-Sanderson; 3s. 6d. net), are poems of outdoor life or the things of the home and the heart. For 'common is the commonplace' to most of us but not to the poet. Of the Mower she sings:

His shirt rank with sweat,
His neck stained with grime;
But he moved like the cadence
And sweetness of rhyme.

And she finds romance in

THE WHISTLING BOY.

It is not the whistling of blackbird or wren,
Nor yet the plump chaffinch that sings in the lane;

But a little starved boy that is crooked and lame,
A little starved ruffian that hasn't a name.

He's always in want and he's always in woe,
A load on his back and an errand to go,
A devil to fight and he'll fight six to one,
Or poke out a half-smothered wasps' nest for fun.

In a lapful of sorrows his infancy lay,
The mother who bore him she soon ran away,
His grandmother reared him in poverty cold,
And the life of the young was the grief of the old.

Sure not from his father such happiness came,
And not from his mother who left him in
shame,

The song of green fields, of the streams and
the groves,

The song of sweet hopes and of confident
loves.

Oh, what puts that spirit of spring in his
breast,

Oh, what makes him pipe like a bird by its
nest.

Oh, what makes him whistle like blackbird or
wren,

The little lame ruffian rejected of men?

Charles Murray.

Mr. Charles Murray considerably furnishes the reader of his new book with a glossary—a full glossary in four columns. But it is only the Scotsman, and withal only the Aberdonian, who can read the poems with freedom. The glamour is gone as you turn to see 'what that means.' The title is *In the Country Places* (Constable), and of the six-and-twenty poems the most truly reminiscent of country life is the first, but we can only quote the 'moral' at the end:

It's thirty year, said ye, it's forty an' mair,
Sin' last we were licket at squeel;

The Dominie's deid, an' forgotten for lang,
An' a' oor buik learnin' as weel.

The size o' a park—wi' the gushets left oot—
We'll guess geyan near, I daur say;

Or the wecht o' a stot, but we wouldna gyang
far

Gin we tried noo the coontin' in 'Gray.'
'Effectual Callin'' we canna rin throu'

Wha kant it aince clear as the text,
We can say 'Man's Chief En'' an' the shorter
'Commands,'

But fat was the 'Reasons Annexed'?
Oor heads micht be riddels for a' they haud in
O Catechis, coontin' or date,
Yet I'll wauger we min' on the mornin's lang
syne

When it wasna oor wyte we were late.'

Patrick Macgill.

The *Songs of Donegal* of Patrick Macgill (Herbert Jenkins; 5s. net) should be read either imme-

diately before or immediately after Mr. Murray's book. Aberdeenshire and Donegal—it is not the dialect that differs, it is the whole outlook on life, the whole inflow of eternity. The scenes are of the open country and the open heart in both, but think of the bewilderment of the Aberdonian over

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

There was a widow and her son.
They lived, the two, in Inishmell—
Her son was bad, and when he died,
St. Peter packed him off to hell.

And in her cabin night and night
When darkness fell and lights were dim,
The widow thought upon her son
And wept through all the night for him.

'A mother's love can draw,' she said,
'Her children from the deepest sea,
But it will never bring my son,
My erring son again to me.'

And saying thus, she wept at dusk,
And saying thus, she wept at dawn,
And then she died. Her uncle grabbed
Her farm. His name was Connel Bawn.

She went to Heaven. There a crowd
Was standing waiting by the gate.
'Now, Widow Bawn,' St. Peter said,
'You've caused the crowd, so you must wait.'

'I've caused the crowd!' said Widow Bawn.
'I do not know what you're about!'
'Your tears on earth,' St. Peter said,
'Have put the Devil's furnace out.'

So we've to house all sinners here
Until the flames of Hell are lit,
For what's the good of souls in Hell
Without a flame to warm the Pit.

So now it rests with you, Good Soul,
To have the fire relit or drawn.'
'Then light it up,' the Widow said,
'And keep it hot for Connel Bawn.'

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