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Entre Nous.

SAYINGS.

Sadhu Sundar Singh.

'THE children of God are very dear but very queer. They are very nice but very narrow.'¹

'The capacity for religion is not like the capacity to appreciate art. It is rather like thirst. Is there any man who does not become thirsty? Just as thirst has been created to make men use water, so the religious thirst has been created to make men come to God.'²

'Let us look at the three crosses on Calvary. He who hung in the centre died *for* sin. One of the thieves was penitent and anxiously pleaded with the Lord. He heard his prayer and promised him that he would be with Him that day in Paradise. He went with Christ to Paradise, not after many days, but that very day. He died *to* sin and lived in Christ. The other thief sought to save his body without being penitent. "If you are the Son of God, save yourselves and us," he said. He lived for his body and died *in* sin. Though near the Lord of Life, he died in sin without being saved.'³

SOME TOPICS.

The Incarnation.

'There was a King. His Grand Vizier was a learned and saintly man. When travelling in Palestine the Vizier was deeply moved as he heard about Christ, and became a Christian. When he returned home he told the people that he was a Christian, and that he believed in the Saviour who came to this world to save sinners. The King said to him: "If I want anything to be done, I tell my servant and it is done. Then why should the King of Kings who is able to save men by a word come to this world Himself and become incarnate?" The Vizier asked for a day of grace before giving his answer to the question. He sent for a skilled carpenter and asked him to make a doll and dress it up exactly like the one-year-old son of the King, and to bring it to him the next day. The next day the King and his Minister were in a boat together, and the King asked him

for an answer to his question. At the same time the carpenter came and stood on the shore with his doll. The King stretched out his arm to receive the child, who, he thought was his own child. According to instructions previously given by the Vizier, the carpenter let the doll fall into the water. The King at once jumped into the water to rescue the drowning child. After a while the Vizier said: "O King, you needed not to leap into the water. Was it not enough to bid me do it? Why should you yourself jump in?" The King reflected: "It was a father's love." The Vizier said: "Love was also the reason why, in order to save the world, the all-powerful God became incarnate instead of doing it by His mere word."⁴

Revelation.

A volume of addresses by the late Professor W. N. Clarke, the author of 'Outlines of Theology,' has been published by Mr. Humphrey Milford for the Yale University Press. The title is *Immortality: A Study of Belief* (8s. 6d. net). Besides the address on Immortality there are addresses on Mystery, the Atonement, Huxley and Phillips Brooks, Revelation, and the Ministerial Calling. Of them all we count the address on Revelation at once most characteristic and most valuable.

'Return a moment to the older view. If there is any such thing as revelation, it comes from God. It presupposes a God who desires to bring high truth to bear upon men for their good; and it implies, or means, that somehow, in accordance with his strong and friendly will, realities that have power upon human duty and welfare are brought home to human heart and life. Many have been the pictorial forms in which the act of revealing has been set forth. Revelation is conveyed by voice from heaven, by graving upon rock, by conventional sacred signs, by inward whisper to the soul, by inspiration of words to be spoken, by dictation of words to be written. Written records have been relied upon to preserve the body of truth revealed. Most of these portrayals suggest, or have been suggested by, the intellectual idea of man and truth. Truths undiscoverable have been given by God. They have been given in words,

¹ B. H. Streeter and A. J. Appasamy, *The Sadhu*, p. 20.

² *Ibid.* p. 85.

³ *Ibid.* p. 173.

⁴ *Ibid.*

and are to be taken into the common stock of thoughts, mentally apprehended, spiritually accepted, and practically applied.

I am not ruling this method out: But I note that now we look into the face of man the actor—man upon whom truth is to be influential through his being moved by it. Man is now to be impelled. What then will revelation be?

Revelation may not always be the presentation of truth in forms for the mind. It may consist at heart in the setting free of a spiritual power to perform its impelling work. In accordance with the strong and friendly will of God, some divine, eternal, spiritual force, adapted to influence our life, may be started into effect, or placed in new conditions of power, where it will exert its proper influence in making character and conduct. Some great spiritual reality may be launched into effectiveness, so that it touches the heart and moves the springs of action. This will be revelation to man the actor, and revelation good and Godworthy. Evidently a truth that is thus launched into power need not be totally new, unknown and undiscoverable. It may be so, or not. But probably any spiritual verity set free for such divine conquest will be one that men know well enough to give it access to them, and yet need to know far better. It will have connection with what is known already, else it would be powerless, but it will be truth that the world is suffering for; and the result will be that men are aroused, inspired, and led to action, by the spiritual force that has been set free upon them. Such revelation will not need to be attested by miracles, or certified by fulfilment or prophecy. It is attested by its own evidence, and certified by its own reality.'

Some other Seeds.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson has rewritten and greatly enlarged the scope of his 'Natural History of the Year,' published in 1896, and has called the new book *Nature all the Year Round* (Pilgrim Press; 4to, pp. viii, 253, with illustrations; 12s. 6d. net). Dr. Thomson has a way of making his latest book his best. This is a delightful book to look at and more delightful to read. Moreover, it abounds in quotable things—even in the pulpit. And they are the more quotable that they suggest more than they express. Take this on seed:

'What are the chances against the sown seed?

It may fall on the wayside and the birds of the air may eat it, as the famous parable says. It may be picked up and carried home by an ant, and made into a biscuit. It may be devoured by many a seed-eating animal. It may fall into some situation where it sprouts too quickly, and having no grip of the ground, or becoming a seedling out of season, it may come to naught. "Some other seeds fell on stony soil where they had not much earth, and shot up at once because they had no depth of soil; but when the sun rose they got scorched and withered away because they had no root." Some may fall under the shadow of the parent tree, which is very unprofitable; some may be carried on the wet feet of birds into water, where they are not at home; and some that sprout in suitable places may have too many competitors to succeed. "Some other seeds fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them."

'One of the lessons, then, that a study of Nature suggests, is that life is not easy. Both plants and animals work against odds. Of the hundreds of seeds which are set adrift from a parent plant, how many ever sprout? and of those which sprout, how many grow up? It is just like a long race. There are perhaps two dozen at the start; but here one gets blown, and there another loses heart. And how many are left at the finish? So with plants and animals in life's race; were there not so many to begin with, how few there would be in the end!'

New Jerusalem.

Mr. E. S. Bouchier, M.A., lately a Classical Tutor in Oxford and now one of the Masters at Bristol Grammar School, who has already written books on Spain, Syria, and Sardinia, has written *A Short History of Antioch*, from 300 B.C. to A.D. 1268 (Blackwell; 12s. 6d. net). He calls it a *short* history, and fears that it is open to a charge of superficiality. Yet it is a volume of 324 pages, besides the pages occupied with the Introduction. But of course Antioch is a city with a history.

The book is well written. And it is written with ample knowledge. Moreover, there is originality in it. Mr. Bouchier believes that the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse is the city of Antioch. Is that not original? Nowhere else have we seen even the suggestion, far less the detailed comparison, that we find here. The 'great and high mountain' of Rev 21¹⁰ is the Silpian Mount, the central one of

Antioch's three hills, and which rose to nearly 1500 feet above sea-level. The 'twelve angels' are the cherubim which since the time of Titus guarded the Daphne gate of Antioch where was a synagogue of the Jews. But we must let Mr. Bouchier speak for himself.

'When Jerusalem had been reduced to a heap of ruins, with no apparent hope of restoration, and the powers of evil were still enthroned on the seven hills by the Tiber, it is not surprising that the thoughts of the exile in Patmos, seeking to encourage his readers by the promise of a better world which should take the place of the selfishness and cruelty of the age, should revert to the finest city in the East, the first home of the Christian name, where the faith had never yet been persecuted, and from which it had been carried to the farthest parts of the known world. From the great and high Silpian Mount he looks down on the vast walled enclosure, the marble colonnades glittering like glass, the pillars with their gilding making the whole city seem as of pure gold. The cherubim which since the time of Titus guarded the Daphnetic gate have become twelve angels; the life-giving waters of the Orontes passing through the midst of the streets—streets which alone in the cities of the Empire were so brilliantly illuminated that there seemed no night there—were overhung on either side by plantations of fruit-trees. At the widely open gates the rich eastern caravans were constantly pouring in the glory and honour of the nations. Yet it was an Antioch purified and sanctified that alone could deserve the title of a New Jerusalem. Its countless heathen shrines have disappeared, the grosser elements in its society, the sorcerers, the fornicators, the murderers and idolaters, have been forced outside its gates. The old Jewish idea of a garden paradise with which the Scriptures open has, by the time their close is reached, been overborne by that of the splendid Hellenistic city-state.'

NEW POETRY.

Mary E. Boyle.

In the front of *Drum-na-Keil* (Stirling: Eneas Mackay; 1s.), Miss Boyle quotes these words:

And that? Why, that's a Sacrificial Stone.
Yonder the place unchristened babes were laid.
A hundred years ago an unknown maid

Was buried there too. Why? I know not why.
They say she could not wait her time to die,
Life was too heavy, or a spell was cast . . .
A lovely place to rest with sorrow past,
And fairy babes to save one feeling lone.'

On those lines she makes her poem. It is a true poem and it preserves the mystery of its motive. Here is one of the cantos:

Why shines the moon so wondrous bright
On Drum-na-keil, on Drum-na-keil?
Yon brightness is not clear moonlight
But baby souls who dance by night,
It brings bad luck to see that sight
On Drum-na-keil, on Drum-na-keil.

What rock is that which casts a shade
On Drum-na-keil, on Drum-na-keil?
Ah! go not near it, reckless maid,
For many a victim there has laid
His life down. Many are afraid
Of Drum-na-keil, of Drum-na-keil.

Who is yon maiden silent, dark,
At Drum-na-keil, at Drum-na-keil,
Who stands like a grim question mark?
The wind will bring the answer, hark!
A sound half cry, half red deer's bark.
From Drum-na-keil, from Drum-na-keil.

Ah! dancing souls and watching soul,
On Drum-na-keil, on Drum-na-keil,
We leave to you your heathery knoll,
For life you paid a heavy toll,
And dead, is that your only goal?
Dark Drum-na-keil, dark Drum-na-keil?

Francis Caulfeild.

Mr. Francis Caulfeild, B.A., is the latest translator of the *Odyssey*. *The Odyssey translated into English, in the Original Metre* is the title (Bell; 7s. 6d. net). What that metre is and how it should be read Mr. Caulfeild tells us. 'The hexameter line consists of six feet (or bars), each of which is composed either of two long syllables,

the spondee (--) or of one long syllable followed by two short ones, the dactyl (-~). The first four feet may be either spondees or dactyls indifferently: the fifth foot is almost always a dactyl: the sixth foot is always a spondee. In the middle of each line is a pause (the *cæsura*) needful to give steadiness to the metre: the pause generally comes in the middle of the third foot, thus:

“Māņý ä | tīme in thē | dēēp | his | heārt wās |
mēltēd fōr | trōublē,”

but it is occasionally delayed to the fourth, thus:

“Lōōsing thē | rōpe frōm thē | grēat piērced |
stōne | tō | which it wās | fāstēned.”

If the *cæsura* falls in a dactyl, it *may* be placed after the first of the short syllables thus (-~ | ~): this is called a *weak cæsura*. Stress is always laid on the first syllable of each foot: and in particular it is essential that the first syllable of each *line* be firmly and deliberately pronounced.’

Now if these directions are followed, especially the last of them all, the enjoyment obtained from Mr. Caulfeild’s version of the *Odyssey* will be very great. It is a version in modern English. And that is good. For it is just as absurd to translate Homer as the Bible into English that is centuries old; both were written in the popular language of their day. How modern Mr. Caulfeild is you may see by this.

It is Nausicaa speaking:

So did she speak, and called aloud to her
fair-haired attendants:

‘Where are you running, my maidens? Come
back! The man will not eat you!

Do you imagine this stranger is some uncivilized
savage?’

Or by this, which is from Antinoüs:

‘Pair of clodhopping fools, who have no more
sense than an infant,
Why are you blubbering there, and upsetting
the lady your mistress?’

She has got plenty of trials as it is, through
losing her husband,
Let alone being annoyed by a couple of asses
like you are.’

But we must quote a longer passage. Let it be
the description of the ‘high-roofed’ house of
Alcinoüs:

But meantime godlike Odysseus
Came to the famous house of Alcinoüs, where,
in amazement,
Dazed for a while he stood, and pondered in
front of the threshold.

For, as it were, a gleam of the sun or the
moon in its brightness
Shone from the high-roofed house of the king
Alcinoüs Greatheart.

For, to the right and left, from the threshold as
far as the angle,

Ran great walls of brass with a steel-blue
cornice along them:

Doors too, of massive gold, the interior buildings
protected,

Hung from door-posts of silver that rested on
brazen foundations:

While that the lintel above was of silver, the
handle was golden.

And, on each side of the door, were dogs of
gold and of silver,

Dogs immortal and ageless, thus cunningly
wrought by Hephæstus

That they might guard in safety the house of
Alcinoüs Greatheart.

And, by the wall, inside, from the threshold as
far as the angle,

Seats were at intervals fixed, and with delicate
tapestry covered,

Work of the women: and there the Phæacian
chieftains were seated

Eating and drinking: and this, for the whole
year round was their habit.

And, to complete the scene, there were boys on
pedestals standing,

Fashioned of gold, and by each a torch of pine-
wood was carried

Turning the night into day for the banqueters
 all through the palace.
 And, at allotted tasks, some fifty handmaids
 were working:
 Some of them now, in mills, the mellow barley
 were pounding:
 Some at the looms were seated, and some were
 twirling the spindles,
 White hands all in a flutter like leaves of the
 quivering aspen.
 While, from the threads of the warp, the liquid
 oil drips gently.
 For, as Phæacian men excel all others in
 rowing
 Swift ships over the sea, so likewise their women
 in weaving
 Easily beat all others: for this is the gift of
 Athené,
 Knowledge of beautiful arts and good under-
 standing in all things.

Cale Young Rice.

It is no time since we noticed Mr. Cale Young Rice's complete Poetical Works. Already they are incomplete. A new volume has been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, entitled *Shadowy Thresholds* (7s. 6d. net). The volume opens with an essay on the criticism of poetry, a well-written, illuminating essay, containing first a definition and then a division of poetry. This is the definition: 'Poetry is the expression of our experience in emotional word-rhythms more lyrically measured or organized than those of prose, and having some permanency of appeal not possessed by mere verse.' And this is the division: 'Another source of the critical confusion of both today and yesterday has been due, it seems to me, to the failure of critics to comprehend the fundamental relationships of realism, classicism, and romanticism—and the subvarieties of each. For that impressionism, symbolism, mysticism, idealism, transcendentalism, futurism, imagism, etc., are but varieties of these three fundamental divisions of poetry, or of other literature, can easily be shown.'

As example of the poetry in the new volume we shall choose the poem which gives the book its title:

THRESHOLDS.

Each moment is a threshold, each day and
 hour and year,
 Of what has been, of what shall be, of what
 shall disappear.
 And thro' them slips the Universe, with still or
 throbbing tread,
 From the mystery of the living, to the mystery
 of the dead.

Each moment is a threshold, that leads invisibly
 To grief that glooms, joy that looms, to dull
 satiety.
 We pass to them with passion, and out of them
 with peace,
 And all the way is struggle, or rapture—and
 release.

Each moment is a threshold, to Being's House
 of Breath,
 Or to the void, silence-cloyed, in Being's House
 of Death;
 But all we know of either in these words has
 been said,
 'Today we're with the living, tomorrow with
 the dead.'

Each moment is a threshold, but God is in the
 House,
 God too, we think, somehow to link the
 Morrows with the Nows.
 Or if He is not, marvel! For man himself is
 God,
 Seeing a world that should be, within a soulless
 clod.

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