
A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

but hidden uniqueness is John's way: there is no surer way to miss him than to think you know where to have him. (For a sufficient parallel of reflective manner, take $12^{37ff.}$.)

Mr. Strachan (EXPOSITORY TIMES, vol. xxvii. p. 233) points out peculiarities which he thinks mark 2^{23-25} as not Johannine. But, first, I do not see anything here to put the belief outside the *range* of 1^{12}. And the uniqueness of πιστεύω as *entrust* is in accordance with its N.T. rarity, and exactly answered by its Lucan uniqueness, 16^{11}. As for the shifting ray of *trust*, *entrust*, you must hardly be surprised at *any* form of antithesis in John. There is a precisely similar *trust* in expression in 1^{11}, merely smaller in turn—'His own (things, ἴδια). . . . His own (people, ἴδιοι)': and curious word-sensitiveness in the ghastly close characterization of διαβόλου ἤδη βεβλημένος, 13^2. And if μαρτυρέω, in human relation, is just saved from uniqueness by the existence of a *third* (brief) epistle (v.[12]), how many more *hapax legomena* might be dissolved by the existence of three hundred? (3^{28} 7^7 13^{21} do not seem to hold a *strictly* specialized use in very safe keeping). How far, by the way, would you have to read in John's Epistles to find one of his verbal surprises? (ἐψηλάφησαν).

(The syntactical jut of ἃ ἐποίει, projecting the existent *matter-of-fact*—contrasted with His withholding, 2^{18}—resembles the positional jut of εἰσίν, 14^2—the same syntactical instinct.)

Entre Nous.

SOME TEXTS.

2 Cor. i. 8.

'We were pressed out of measure.' The Greek means 'worried out of our lives.' 'A curious case, perhaps unique, in which English possesses a colloquialism the exact counterpart of the Greek. It would, however, be a mistranslation for all that, for the reason that having become colloquial it has lost something of the pathos of its Greek original. In a passage of real pathos, to speak of renderings as happy or unhappy would savour perhaps of double entendre. Suffice it to say that Weymouth's is flat; Way's almost maudlin, and Moffatt's ("crushed more than I could stand") frankly barbarous. 20th Cent. renders well: "We were burdened altogether beyond our strength, so much so that we even despaired of life."'[1]

2 Cor. viii. 2.

'A great trial (δοκιμή) of affliction.' This word δοκιμή 'is evacuated of much spiritual value when it is translated "trial" (*e.g.* Rutherford—"afflictions which try them sorely"). The word "trial" denotes a testing or ordeal. The Greek for such trial is πειρασμός, always rendered "temptation." It does not carry with it any implication as to the result of the test or ordeal. δοκιμή does not mean a process at all: it describes only the result of a process, and only a favourable result: it means the recognition of that merit which has been proved by the ordeal. When the δοκιμή or approval is obtained the πειρασμός or trial is all over, and happily over. Rom. v. 4, "Patience earns approval, and approval carries with it the happy anticipation of reward." 1 Pet. i. 7, "Your faith has stood the test, and the approval so earned is far more precious than gold."'[1]

[1] W. H. Isaacs, *The Second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians*, 42.

Heb. xi. 1.

The Rev. Alexander Nairne, D.D., Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, is the author of one of the best interpretations of the Epistle to the Hebrews ever written, greatly favoured though that Epistle has been. He was a sure choice for the Revised Version edition of *The Epistle to the Hebrews* in the Cambridge series (Cambridge: at the University Press; 7s. 6d. net). It is a strong book. There is no repetition of comment. He sees the meaning of his author directly and expresses it forcibly. The Introduction also, which fills more than half the volume, is a masterpiece of condensed knowledge. The section in which a comparison is made between the A.V. and R.V. translations is particularly useful, and the more welcome that it is so rare. Of other translations Dr. Nairne prefers Moffatt's earlier translation in his *Historical New Testament*. We may quote his note here on He 11^1.

'Translations into modern English, such as Weymouth's or *The Twentieth Century New Testament*, are less acceptable for Hebrews than for other parts of N.T. Moffatt's earlier translation in his *Historical New Testament* (T. & T. Clark) does preserve something of the peculiar flavour

[1] *Ibid.* 57.

of this Epistle. Yet how thin is his rendering of xi. 1: "Now faith is to be confident of what we hope for, to be convinced of what we do not see." Hardly indeed may A.V. be surpassed in that verse: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The half philosophical, half picturesque phraseology of the original is just caught there, and the marginal note on "substance"—"Or, *ground*, or *confidence*"—goes as far as it ought to go in concession to the weaker brethren. The R.V., it must be confessed, attenuates the sense: "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen," and in the margin for "the assurance" "Or, *the giving substance to*"; for "proving" "Or, *test*."'

Then he compares the A.V. and the R.V. We must quote him again.

'In Hebrews A.V. is particularly good, not merely as a piece of English, but as an equivalent of the uncommon Greek style. The advantage of reading in R.V. is not so immediately obvious as in St. Paul's Epistles, perhaps even less so when the proper test of reading aloud is applied. Yet to the theologian, however simple, who does not read to delight his ear but to assure his anxious heart, the satisfaction of R.V. is presently discovered. There is first the inestimable advantage of the pure text. At the outset R.V. strikes the note of hope with "at the end of these days" instead of "in these last days"; then of breadth with "when he had made purification of sins" instead of "when he had by himself purged our sins." It does matter whether Christ came as a high priest of good things to come, or, R.V. margin, of good things that have with His death already come, ix. 11; whether we ought to "consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself," or rather "him that hath endured such gainsaying of sinners against themselves," xii. 3.'

Judg. vii. 7.

'And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you.'

Has any one yet discovered why? Dr. Nelson Annandale, Director of the Natural History Survey of India, has made a new suggestion. We find it in that cleverly edited weekly, *The Children's Newspaper* (May 28, 1921). Dr. Annandale was journeying in Western Baluchistan, close to the Afghan frontier. 'He saw a member of an Indian labour corps drinking at a spring, and drinking very carefully, lapping the surface water with his hand. When asked why he did this so carefully, the Indian answered that he was afraid of leeches—for there is a freshwater leech, which is well known in Palestine, that is apt to lodge in the gullet of men and beasts when they drink directly from the water.' So the three hundred could hold themselves in hand. The rest were so overwhelmed with thirst that they threw themselves down and drank directly from the stream, regardless of consequences.

SOME TOPICS.

The Good Beetle.

'Allegorical treatment has its obvious dangers of becoming grotesque. The writer not long ago heard a sermon in which Revelation i. 14 was taken to mean that the hair of the glorified Christ had turned white from grief at human perversity. One would not recommend allegorical sermons on the Song of Solomon to the extent of the course of eighty-two preached by St. Bernard of Clairvaux; nor would modern congregations find *Solomon's Temple Spiritualised* as interesting as, doubtless, John Bunyan's hearers did.

'But occasional use of the allegorical method is to be recommended, since it is in no way inconsistent with a realization of the actual nature of the Scripture so treated. Even in modern critical commentaries some reference to allegorical use may be *ad rem*. In Habakkuk ii. 11, *e.g.*, it is the allegorical interpretation of the Septuagint "beetle" in the sense of "beam" as applied to the Crucifixion, that explains a strange title applied in patristic times to Christ—*bonus scarabæus*. Yet there is not one word about this in recent critical commentaries.'[1]

Lot's Wife.

The Dean of Rochester has written an Introduction to Mr. Donald Maxwell's *A Painter in Palestine* (Lane; 6s. 6d. net). It is a truthful introduction, but it was not necessary. No one will pick up the book and read a page of it without reading it to the end, so lively is the style, so enlightening the illustrations. Mr. Maxwell writes as an artist, with an eye to the lie of the land and

[1] H. F. B. Compston in *The Beginnings of the Divine Society*, p. 59 f.

its colour, but he is a believing artist. He believes in the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, and offers a full discussion of 'the place where they laid him.' He believes in the visit of the Wise Men from the East and the star which led them—not from the East to Jerusalem but from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. And he believes in Lot's wife:

'The story of Lot's wife has become as mythical as Father Christmas. Yet this is only because we live in Balham or Kensington, where the metamorphosis of a respectable resident into a pillar of salt would be looked upon as rather a tall story. To the denizens of the Dead Sea plain the fact of a lady being struck dead by touching a live wire would be equally difficult of belief.

'During the fearful storm, the salt marshes, across which Lot and his family were fleeing, would be white with driving dust and salt. To-day can be seen encrusted objects, and there are many pillars of salt, and the fact that Lot's wife, turning to meet the storm, being suffocated and overwhelmed is a perfectly natural occurrence and not at all, as many have tried to show, a thing that needs an effort of faith to believe.'

Race.

What is *The Practical Value of Ethnology*? In a lecture now published under that title (Watts; 1s. net), Dr. A. C. Haddon tells us that one of its uses is to deliver us from pride of race. He says: 'As late as the year 1900, Anno Domini, a book was published in the United States of America, on the title-page of which we read: "The Negro a beast, but created with articulate speech, and hands, that he may be of service to his master—the White man." This book was published by the American Book and Bible House, St. Louis, Mo., and the publishers are convinced, when it is "considered in an intelligent and prayerful manner, that it will be to the minds of the American people like unto the voice of God from the clouds."'

Folklore.

But Dr. Haddon finds many other uses for the study of Ethnology. To the British official in any part of His Majesty's dominions it is simply invaluable. And it might deliver us from some of our superstitions—'folklore' is Dr. Haddon's word—at home. He gives two examples: 'A lady living within the shadow of the walls of Harvard University maintains that carbons from arc lamps are a sure preventative of neuralgia.'[1] 'In many motor-cars is suspended a perforated stone, usually a sea-rolled flint with a natural bore; this stone is supposed to act as a protective amulet. It is supposed to confer safety on the fastest travelling motor-car, and there is many a speedy driver who in his heart ascribes his immunity from accidents to the strange power of the perforated pebble.'[2]

Confucius Worship.

When the *Yasaka Maru* was torpedoed there went down with her to the bottom of the Mediterranean three volumes typewritten, being a history of all the stations of the China Inland Mission—the author, the Rev. Marshall Broomhall, M.A. Fortunately, as he thought, Mr. Broomhall had another copy at home. But he has not been able to publish it. So now he has resolved to tell the same story in portions, here a little and there a little. The first portion is the life-story of Pastors Chang and Ch'ü, the one a Buddhist priest, the other a Chinese scholar. The title is *In Quest of God* (China Inland Mission; 5s. net).

It is a popular book and it is illustrated popularly. But Mr. Broomhall has a good literary sense and a keen interest in accuracy. In one place he gives an account of the worship of Confucius, an entirely reliable account, for he consulted Professor E. Parker, Dr. Soothill, and Dr. Du Bose, all of whom had seen the ceremony.

'Twice a year, for approximately the last two thousand years, Confucius has been worshipped in the spring and autumn by the Emperor in Peking and by the officials and *literati* throughout the whole of China. In every city, even those of the lowest rank, would be found a temple of literature, where Confucius is represented either by a wooden tablet bearing his name and titles, or, in more rare cases, by an image. This great bi-yearly sacrifice takes place in the fifth watch of the night, when one ox, twenty-two sheep, and twenty-two pigs are slain. In the capital cities the ceremonies are on a large scale, the Governor-General, with thousands of attendant mandarins and scholars, taking part. What with the chanting and the music, with the flag-bearers and dancers bending their bodies to right and left, with the pouring out of the libations and the richly clad company in the

[1] F. Russell, President's Address, American Folk-Lore Society, *Science*, 1902, p. 569.

[2] *Daily Chronicle*, London, March 14, 1903.

artificially lighted grounds, the occasion is one of no little magnificence.

'Let the reader picture to himself the gloom of a huge Chinese temple, lit with many-coloured Chinese lanterns, in those early hours of the morning long before dawn. Let him imagine the unpleasant carcases of victims laid upon the altars before the tablet of the Great Sage and his canonised disciples, whilst all around stand a great concourse of officials, civil and military, watching a slow-time dance, something after the fashion of our minuets, performed by fifty youths, while several bands, each of six players, discourse shrill music, the air of which and the instruments employed all being similar to those with which Confucius was familiar. All the while the singers and dancers sing and posture as the words, "Great is Confucius, philosopher, the primal seer, the primal sage" are slowly chanted. Symbolic offerings will be seen standing upon the tables between the incense vase flanked by two candles upon the altar, and a roll of spotless white silk spread out upon the floor ready for burning after the departure of the spirit.

'While this is proceeding, half a dozen high officials, clad in their gorgeous robes, will be seen standing in the courtyard below the steps under the open sky, now prostrating themselves with foreheads to the ground, now, at each offering, marching up the side steps to the hall, there again prostrating themselves, then back again to the courtyard below. At length at dawn the high priest arrives, having, if he has obeyed the recognised ritual, fasted for the three preceding days, and slowly the ceremonies proceed to their close, when a great chorus is sung:

Confucius, Confucius! how great is Confucius,
Before Confucius there never was a Confucius,
Since Confucius there never has been a Confucius,
Confucius, Confucius! how great is Confucius.

'"It is an impressive and a curious sight," writes one who has witnessed it, "leaving one with a feeling in the weirdness of the dark night as of one suddenly transported back through thousands of years of time to an age which is long past."'

J. H. Fabre.

J. H. Fabre is the excellent preacher who can preach to every single person present. His new book is *The Story of the Fields* (Hodder & Stoughton; 8s. 6d. net). A chapter at a time may be read to the very youngest as they go to sleep. The next in understanding will spell one out and feel the joy of it. The schoolboy will read and read and go out to the fields to find it all true. And the 'grown-ups' will wonder at God's works and wish Fabre had been fashionable in their school-days. The preacher too may be carried back in thought to the days in which he discovered Hugh Macmillan.

RECENT POETRY.

H. L. Hubbard.

The Dreamland of Reality, by H. L. Hubbard (Dent; 4s. 6d. net), is described as 'a Book of Mystical Verses.' And not only is it true to its description, but also gives us an unusually clear idea of what mysticism is. Thus:

None Other.

Do you hear the country laughing in the spring-time of the year?
Then be certain 'tis none other than the Laugh of God you hear.

Do you see the branches quiver of the slender forest tree?
Then be certain 'tis none other than the Kiss of God you see.

Do you see the starry splendour of illimitable dark?
Then be certain 'tis none other than the Robe of God you mark.

Do you feel the spirit lifted far above a world of sin?
Then be certain 'tis none other than the Life of God within.

The Introduction is by Mrs. Stuart Moore (Evelyn Underhill). She says: 'In Mr. Hubbard's poems we find the eternal truths of mysticism stated as they could only be stated by a writer of our own day: and with a freshness, simplicity, and directness which should make a wide appeal to the many who are now seeking within a world of change for some assurance of unchanging Reality.' That is good sooth and well said. Add this only, that the volume is most attractive in appearance, and you have the assurance of money right well spent.

W. H. T. Gairdner.

We knew that Mr. W. H. T. Gairdner was an authority on Islam, we did not know that he was a poet. His *Saul and Stephen* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. net) proves him to be a poet also. It is a dramatic poem based on the early life of St. Paul. And we dare to say that however intimate you may be with the story it will give you a more vivid conception of its reality. No quotation is of much service. Try this. One of the Christians has given the rest warning of the approach of Saul and his persecutors, but has himself been seized:

'SAUL. Ha! they have flown. Whither have they gone, traitor? No reply? Beat him, men; make him smart for his foul treason. (*The* DISCIPLE *is beaten with rods.*) Still silent?

THE DISCIPLE (*groaning*). The Lord forgive thee!

SAUL. Bind him and take him to the prison. Propose to every man and every woman the test, "Jesus is Accurst"; he may then go free.

THE DISCIPLE (*with ecstatic face*). Jesus is Lord!

SAUL (*vociferating*). Silence! Wilt make me mad (*striking him on the mouth*)? Away with him! (*They leap on him and force him out.*) Some to the houses, some to the city synagogues! Away!

[*Exeunt violently.*'

G. A. D'Arcy-Irvine.

An enlarged edition of *Poems*, by the Rev. Gerard Addington D'Arcy-Irvine, has been published by Messrs. Nisbet (2s. 6d.). Mr. D'Arcy-Irvine is an Australian. He is Rector of St. Michael's, Rose Bay, and Vaucluse, Sydney, Canon of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, Archdeacon of Cumberland, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Sydney. His poems are Australian. Most of them are suggested by incidents in the War. One of them is a sonnet in honour of Edith Cavell. Occasionally one comes upon a startling rhyme, as 'draw' with 'more,' or 'dawning' with 'morning.' Is that Australian? Surely not. A fair example (in spite of the rhyme) is

THE TWO BIRDS.

Blithe was the song a little bird sang
To greet the new day at its dawning;
Pleased with its life, its happy notes rang,
And brightened the joy of the morning.

Soft was the lawn, where children at play
Ran shouting and telling their pleasure;
Gay was the garden where, hung from a spray,
Loud carolled our saffron-hued treasure.

Cruel the butcher bird, swooping in rage,
The moment he found us unwary;
Feathers and stains on the bars of the cage
Tell the fate of the little canary.

E. Hamilton Moore.

There is a strong flavour of Islam in E. Hamilton Moore's new volume, *The Fountain of Ablutions* (Cambridge: Heffer; 3s. 6d. net). Its title is taken from the first, which is also the longest, poem, a tribute to Abu Yusuf, a Mohammedan saint, who prayed without ceasing.

While dawn and noon and dusk and every day
He comes to say
His rosary of worship, and, that done,
Towards Mecca turned, makes thus his orison:

God, there is no God but He!
Time is not when He shall not be,
The ever-living, never-sleeping,
That earth and heaven hath in keeping,
And past and future in His ken,
Yet stoops to hear the prayers of men.
What's wisdom but a spelling o'er
The letters of His infinite lore,
Whose hand upholds the worlds and guides,
Untired, the stars and drifted tides?
To Him unending glory be,
For, lo, there is no God but He!

But passing out of the Mohammedan atmosphere (which curiously savours of Pharisaism) we read and undisturbedly enjoy such poems as this:

LIBERTY.

I heard a captive skylark sing,
His prisoned breast against the bars,
And still he strained his fluttering wing
That should have soared among the stars.

No wider world beyond the cage,
No secret grassy nest he knew,
Yet rapture claimed its heritage,
And quivered to its native blue.

I heard him sing his happy lay,
I heard him fling his challenge clear
To bonds that hold the fettered clay
But keep no freeborn spirit here.

O poet heart! O valiant dust!
When dark I sit and prison-pined,
Shall I not share thy starry trust
And sing, and leave my bars behind?

Louis Golding.

A Queen's College Miscellany is published at the Holywell Press, Oxford. For it is the work of

graduates and undergraduates of Queen's College, Oxford, not Queens' College, Cambridge. It is much varied in manner, in excellence, in everything. And the variety is half the charm. For there is charm—even in the shape of the book. How shall we show its quality? This by Mr. Louis Golding is for 'Search me and know me':

SECOND SEEING.

If he be truly Christ
The Sacrificed,
Then I am deaf and blind as they
Who hung him up between
The two thieves mean,
In Calvary upon a moaning day.

If I not recognize
Within his eyes
The slow bloodfall down pools of pain,
Nor on contracted brows
The thorns that house
Their swords about the anguish of his brain;

If I do not perceive
His mother grieve
Below the rood where he hangs crossed,
Nor hear the sea and wind
Cry, 'Thou hast sinned!'
Then woe is me that I am doubly lost.

This is not he alone
Whom I have known,
This is all Christ's since Time began.
The blood of all the dead
His veins have shed,
For he is God and Ghost and Everyman.

Oliver C. de C. Ellis.

Samson Adami (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes; 1s. net), which gives Mr. Ellis's book its title, is a short dramatic poem on Samson and Delilah. It consists of two scenes, in one of which Samson falls asleep and is shorn of his locks, while in the other Delilah visits him in prison and ministers to him. She is represented as loving him but for the moment of betrayal loving her country more. She loves him enough to elect to die with him. There is another dramatic poem on Orpheus and Eurydice. Both are 'swift and poignant, and not without haunting cadences,' as Professor Herford in his Foreword says. The rest of the book is less arresting, but enough to make sure that Professor Herford is right again when he says that Mr. Ellis has 'the stuff of poetry in him.' 'Gnothi Seauton' has most philosophy in it. We quote the first five stanzas:

There is a spark of godhead in my breast,
Caught from a far Elysian altar-flame
Burning beyond the reach of mortal quest
Where dwells the Deity Who hath no name.
In witching guise the wondrous knowledge came
That I was charged to cherish God-given fire,
To make therefor a temple of my frame,
To mount therewith the zenith of Desire;
Whilst baffled Ill beholds the building of her pyre.

Hither I came not knowing, not desiring,
Even as sets upon the gaunt Earth-face
The cosmic dust, which rode and rides untiring
Through the long silence of the greater Space.
Hither I came as others of my race,
Making no vain refusal nor complaint,
But voiceless, thoughtless, helpless, motionless;
Nor even wondering at the High Constraint
Hither unasked compelling, here retaining pent.

Whence came I then; and how, and what, and why,
And who perchance will answer if I ask?
Will the Constraint that brought me here reply?—
That were an easy ending to my task;
But hid behind impenetrable mask
His face and form may not be looked upon.
Sometimes in long, bright sunbeams do I bask
And think they are His fingers—but anon
The grey Earth-mist half stifles me: and they are gone.

I grew; and finding others of my kind,
I copied them;—insensate mimicry—
They gave me doles of body and of mind;
I fed and learned; and then I found in me
The seat of Pain. So, wondering timidly,
I cast my other tutors all aside
And learned of Pain what might and might not be.
I feared my mistress sorely; and I tried
To please her, till at length my fear grew sick and died.

For something bade me look on her with scorn;
My eyes awakened to her paltriness:
Some sense of Right and Wrong—a changeling born—
Some thought of courage, some desire to bless;
Some yearning to outstrip her and progress
To where the giants stood, immune to fear;
I read of martyred saints, and reading—Yes,
Desired that even I, some coming year,
Should on the altar lie of some Ideal dear.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works, and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street, Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.