
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

These written 'sources' were many, but in course of time it was inevitable that one or two would become more widely known than others. Possibly one of them would deal entirely with the Galilean ministry, another with the Judean, or with the events of the Passion Week. Again, one may not have been an historical sketch at all, but merely a 'light on the daily path from the sayings of the Master': a treatise dealing with the Christian's attitude towards the problems of his daily life and religion.

St. Luke at any rate knew of many such, and presumably used some of them, selecting, adding, editing as it seemed good to him. Thus we have endeavoured to trace the primitive Christian literature down to the time when organized Christianity demanded some definite textbook of the life and teaching of our Lord. St. Paul must have felt the want of something of this sort, and it was perhaps the perception of this 'long-felt want' that led his companion St. Luke to compile his Gospel, too late for the use of his master.

The difficulties that meet us now are connected with the synoptic problem, which is not the subject of this present paper. My object has been to try and show the probability of the existence of Christian writings two decades before the earliest Epistles of St. Paul.

Entre Nous.

TWO TEXTS.

Isaiah xl. 4.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has issued three volumes. One is *The Gospel in Many Tongues* (6d.), specimens of five hundred and forty-three languages in which some portion of the Bible has been published and circulated by the Society. The text chosen is Jn 3^{16}. One is *The 117th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society* (1s.). And one is a condensed Report, called *Good Will Toward Men.* The last is at any rate the most readable. Here is a specimen of its contents:

'At a Bible meeting held last winter at Kelvedon, Essex, Mr. James Rhoades, well known as a poet, made this striking comparison: "I am strongly reminded of two lines of the poet Æschylus, who lived in the sixth century before Christ—lines strangely reminiscent of that passage in the 40th chapter of Isaiah, 'Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' They are such grand-sounding lines that perhaps I may be allowed to quote them:

Κελευθοποιοὶ παῖδες Ἡφαίστου χθόνα
ἀνήμερον τιθέντες ἡμερωμένην—

which mean, being interpreted, 'The road-making sons of Hephaistos (the old Greek fire-god) making tame the savage places of the earth.' It was by the aid of fire that they were enabled to hew down forests and reclaim the waste—fire which Prometheus was supposed to have stolen from heaven for the benefit of mankind. And when I read of these colporteurs—these 'the-holy-book-to-sell-run-about-men'—wading through swamps and plunging into pathless jungles, carrying with them a more sacred fire than Æschylus ever knew of (though he was a most religious man, continually insisting on the omnipotence and justice of the Supreme Being), I think of these men as being the pioneers, the sappers and miners, of the armies of Christ, bearing ever about with them the same marching orders, *Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.*"'

Luke v. 8.

How far afield may one dare to go to find an illustration? The text is, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' First of all introduce Chum Andrews, the pride of the cricket eleven at school. Chum Andrews wants to be a farmer, but his father has determined to make a draper of him. Now it has come to pass that only the prosaic aspects of the drapery business are recognized by the world.

Take Mr. H. G. Wells as instance. 'Mr. Wells spent his early days as an assistant in a draper's shop; and he has been ridiculing and denouncing the business ever since. "For a couple of years," he tells us, "I slept in one of those abominable

dormitories, ate the insufficient food supplied, and drudged in the shop. Then when I was fifteen, I ran away one Sunday morning to my mother, and told her I would rather die than be a draper. Perhaps," Mr. Wells adds a little caustically, "perhaps, but for that revolt, I might now be the proprietor of a little business over the door of which would be inscribed: H. G. Wells, Cash Draper."' Take the Poet of the Breakfast Table for another instance. 'Like everybody else, he pokes fun at the draper. He laughs at that electrical briskness of movement, such as one may see in a squirrel, which characterizes the drapery salesman wherever you find him. His life behind the counter is, he says, a succession of sudden, snappy perceptions and co-ordinated spasms. Somebody asks for six yards of purple calico, three yards wide. "Up goes the arm, bang! tumbles out the flat roll, and turns half a dozen somersets, as if for the fun of the thing; the six yards of calico hurry over the measuring nails, hunching their backs up like six canker-worms; out jump the scissors, snip, clip, rip, the stuff is whisked up, brown-papered, tied, labelled, delivered, and the man is himself again, like a child just come out of a convulsion fit. Think of a man's having some hundreds of these semi-epileptic seizures every day, and you need not wonder that he does not say much, these fits take the talk all out of him."'

But the Poet of the Breakfast Table is not quite sure that that is the whole story. Perhaps the draper 'has an inner life, with its own deep emotional and lofty contemplative elements!' For what has the drapery business to do with? Dress. Dress? Is that commonplace, unemotional? '"Women," as Mr. A. C. Benson points out in one of his essays, "women have a sense of the importance, and even the sacredness, of dress of which a masculine mind can form no idea. One sees women gazing into shops where costumes are displayed with a rapt and intent vision, in a joyful dream, which one does not see displayed by men before a tailor's window."'

And now we approach our text. 'When Chum Andrews is a few years older, he will recognize that the customers who throng his counter are not all actuated by vanity. Some of the deepest and the finest traits in human nature may drive a man —or a woman—to the draper. Has not Mr. C. J. Dennis told us the story of "Jim of the Hills"? Jim is a timber-worker; he is employed at a saw-mill. One day, whilst Jim is busy at his saw, a group of visitors enter the mill.

There were others in the party, but the one that got my stare
Was her with two brown, laughin' eyes, and sunlight in her hair.

'Jim, dazzled by the sudden apparition of so much loveliness, trips over some timber and falls against the machine.

Next thing I know the boss is there, an' talkin' fine and good,
Explainin' to the visitors how trees are made of wood.
They murmur things like "Marvellous!" an' "What a monster tree!"
An' then the one with sunlit hair comes right bang up to me.
"I saw you fall," she sort of sung; you couldn't say she talked,
For her voice had springtime in it, like the way she looked and walked.
"I saw you fall," she sung at me; "I hope you were not hurt";
An' suddenly I was aware I wore my oldest shirt.

'Now here is a striking and significant thing! As soon as Jim sees the face that, to him, is sweeter than all other faces, and hears the voice that is melodious with springtime song, he thinks of—*his shirt*! And we may be sure that, very shortly afterwards, Jim was numbered among the customers of the draper! The draper's assistant saw a burly young worker from the sawmill come into the shop and ask for a shirt; he never dreamed of the sunlit hair and the springtime voice that lay behind the prosaic request.

'When Chum Andrews comes to make such discoveries as this, his eyes will be suddenly opened. He will see that the romance represented by Jim and his shirt is but a spark and a scintillation of the greatest romance of all. A tremendous principle lies behind it. You might have told Jim a hundred times that he was going to work in a worn-out shirt, he would have taken no notice. But the moment he saw the sunlit hair and heard the springtime voice, then suddenly he was aware he wore his oldest shirt! You might have told a

certain young Jew a hundred times that he was a man of unclean lips, dwelling in the midst of a people of unclean lips, he would have taken no notice. But when he saw the Lord high and lifted up, His train filling the temple, he cried out, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" You might have spoken to Peter a hundred times about his waywardness and unbelief, he would have taken no notice. But when he saw the Son of God displaying His divine authority over land and sea, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" Chum Andrews must not hastily conclude that there is nothing but vanity in drapery.'

Is it all lawful? Is it possible? As the illustration of a text? As a whole sermon? It is Mr. F. W. Boreham's way. The illustration is one of eighteen all to be found in the latest born of Mr. Boreham's books, *The Home of the Echoes* (Epworth Press; 6s. net).

TWO TOPICS.

The Transfiguration.

'A few nights later, beside a small fire we had built in the cool of evening, I tried to tell old Donald something about the Transfiguration, how Christ had gone up on the mount with Peter and John and James, and what had happened there.

'"It wasn't that Christ Himself was actually changed as He prayed on the mountain-top," I said to Donald. "The change was in Peter and John and James, who in these moments saw Christ with a new vision and a new understanding. The Transfiguration was simply a mental process of their own; they saw clearly now where before they had been half blind. And I am wondering if this old world of ours wouldn't change for us in the same way if we saw it with understanding, and looked at it with clean eyes?"'[1]

Burke as Apothecary.

And then, how does Burke end the day? There is no light more instructive on this extraordinary man than that he ended by compounding pills for his poorer neighbours who were ill. Talk of cutting blocks with a razor! The man whose eloquence was the delight of his country, whose writings created an impulse over the world such as no political writings perhaps have ever exceeded, sat down to waste his time, as some might have thought it, in compounding rhubarb with other disagreeable adjuncts into remedies for his poorer neighbours. And as he did so he told a story which I think is worthy to be told on such an occasion as this. He said, 'I am like an Irish peer whom I used to know, who was also fond of dealing out remedies to his neighbours. One day that nobleman met a funeral, and asked a poorer neighbour whose funeral it was. "Oh, my Lord," was the reply, "that's Tady So-and-So, the man whom your lordship cured three days ago."'[2]

[1] J. O. Curwood, *God's Country*, p. 103 f.

[2] Lord Rosebery, *Miscellanies*, i. 143.

NEW POETRY.

W. H. T. Gairdner.

We know now that, besides being an authority on Muhammadanism, Mr. W. H. T. Gairdner is a dramatist. In the new volume we have *Four Biblical Plays* published together but paged separately (S.P.C.K.; 5s. net). One is on Joseph and his Brothers, one on Passover Night, one on the Last Passover Night, and one on Saul and Stephen. We prefer the Biblical play to the Biblical novel. It does not jumble fact with fancy in our minds so dangerously. It is more imaginative. It is more creative.

Margaret L. Woods.

Just the half of Mrs. Margaret L. Woods's new volume, *The Return, and Other Poems* (John Lane; 6s. net), is occupied with the drama of 'The Death of Edward III.' And for that drama the book is sufficiently notable. But we must keep ourselves to the poems. One of them is a memorial of the first battle of Ypres—the most inexplicable still of all the events of the War. Mrs. Woods has her explanation. In the Preface she says: 'The poem on the first battle of Ypres was not in any way suggested by the Angels of Mons fable, but by a private letter. The writer, a young man of high character and intelligence, was acting as interpreter at the time of the battle. He questioned a considerable number of prisoners as to the cause of the apparently inexplicable withdrawal of the Germans on three occasions. The reply was always the same, "We dared not advance when we saw your immense reserves." We had, in fact, no reserves.'

The poem is too long to quote and too good for mutilation. Take rather this:

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.
Stillness profound
Steeps like a balm the wounded body wholly,
More still than the hushed night brooding around.
The moon is overhead,
Sparkling and small, and somewhere a faint sound
Of water dropping in a cistern slowly.
Now lies the Lord in a most quiet bed.

Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.
One little grated window has the tomb,
A patch of gloom
Impenetrable, where the moonbeams whiten
And arabesque its wall
With leafy shadows, light as a caress.
The palms that brood above the garden brighten,
But in that quiet room
Darkness prevails, deep darkness fills it all.
Now rests the Lord in perfect loneliness.

Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.
The sorrowing women sometimes fall asleep
Wrapped in their hair,
Which while they slumber yet warm tears will steep,
Because their hearts mourn in them ceaselessly.
Uprising, half aware,
They myrrh and spices and rich balms put by
For their own burials, gather hastily,
Dreaming it is that morrow
When they the precious body may prepare.
Now sleeps the Lord secure from human sorrow.

Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.
Peter sleeps not,
He lies yet on his face and has not stirred
Since the iron entered in his soul red-hot.
The disciples trembling mourn their disillusion,
That He whose word
Could raise the dead, on whom God had conferred
Power, as they trusted, to redeem Israel,
Had been that bitter day put to confusion,
Crucified and interred.
Now sleeps the Lord unhurt by Love's betrayal.

Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.
Have they not peace to-night who feared Him, hated
And hounded to His doom,
The red thirst of their vengeance being sated?
No, they still run about and bite the beard,
Confer, nor cease
To tease the contemptuous Pilate, are affeared
Still of Him tortured, crushed, humiliated,
Cold in a blood-stained tomb.
Now rests the Lord, crowned with ineffable peace.

Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart,
That mortal life His mother gave Him ended.
No word save one
Of Mary more, but gently as a cloud
On her perdurable silence has descended.
Hush! In her heart
Which first felt the faint life stir in her Son,
Perchance is apprehended
Even now dimly new mystery, grief less loud
Clamours, the Resurrection has begun.
Now lies the Lord serene, august, apart.

David Smith.

Professor David Smith is not a poet. Few professors are. But he has one true and touching poem in his little book *The Heavenly Visitant* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net).

Ye are always singing the good Lord's praise,
And publishing all that His hand
Has wrought for you in the bygone days,
And all that His heart has planned.

And verily all that ye say is true;
For I gratefully confess
That whatever the Lord has done for you
He has done for me no less.

But when I remember the weary ways
Which my feeble feet have trod,
And the human love which all my days
Has helped me along the road,
Then the love of man is my song of praise
As well as the love of God.

And I hardly think I would ever have seen
The love of God so clear,
Unless the love of man had been
So visible and near.

Fay Inchfawn.

The new volume of verse by Fay Inchfawn—*Verses of a House-Mother* (R.T.S.; 3s. net)—is in two parts. The themes of the first part are found 'in the house,' of the second 'out of doors.' But out of doors is never far from home. We quote this:

TO A HUMBLE BEE.

(*Killed by a Tennis Ball.*)

How should this be? You velvet dusty fellow!
Poor pilgrim! Sorry sport of circumstance,
Who had no quarrel with the universe;
Who took the good, nor railed against the worse,
But, with a calm content,
Came joyfully and went.
Now, on your back of tawny orange yellow
You lie, while robins peer and midges dance,
And Canterbury bells
Toll softly sad farewells.

At home in temple of the tall Madonna;
Beloved of Foxglove and Delphinium;
Long, through the day, they'll listen for your coming,
And miss, perchance, the low contented humming
That made your common days
So eloquent with praise.
You craved no boon from men; you sought no honour;
Dear vagrant Bee! You owned no rule of thumb!
Nor minded things too high.
And now you have passed by!

Yet, I've a hope. The atoms of your being,
The thing that was most truly *you*, abides.
The little homely singing heart of you,
That was in tune with rain and sun and dew,
Is still abroad somewhere,
Free as the fragrant air;
Known by the Loving; blest by the All-seeing;
And this I know, though I know nought besides,
That He is good and true,
So, all is well with you.

A. J. Farnsworth.

Mr. Farnsworth is a hymn-writer. On the occasion of the unveiling of a memorial tablet in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Welshpool, a hymn was sung of his own composing. Take two verses of it:

One call is Thine,—that men from earth break free;
One stern command,—to leave whate'er is gain,
And these have answered; let their zeal remain
A fadeless record in love's memory.

Thy Cross, O Saviour, flamed before their eyes,
Their inspiration and their conscious power;
Thy blood was peace in strife's most troubled hour,
Thy mighty triumph their unclouded prize.

But the volume entitled *In Memoriam* (Stockwell; 2s. net) is a volume of poems. Once or twice they are paraphrases, and then they may be sung. Again we quote two verses. The paraphrase is of Isaiah 12:

I will give thanks, O Lord!
I will Thy goodness praise;
Consuming wrath was my reward
For devious ways,
But Thy just anger turned,
Thou didst my sorrow see,
And in my need Thy mercy yearned
To comfort me.

Behold! my saving God,
Who didst my soul release,
How do I long to trust Thy rod,
And learn Thy peace!
Thy love is all my song,
More love to me impart,
For Thou alone when evils throng,
Salvation art.

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